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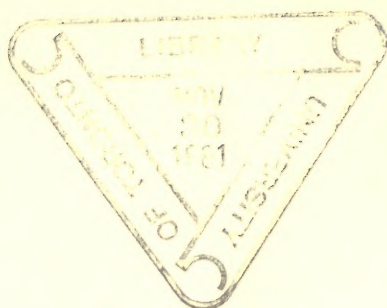
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NO. DCCCCLVII.

JULY 1895.

VOL. CLVIII.

GLIMPSES OF SOME VANISHED CELEBRITIES.

SEPTUAGENARIANS are not, as a rule, disposed to congratulate themselves on having reached such an advanced stage on the journey of life; but when that venerable age has been attained with faculties unimpaired and memory keen as ever, there is a strong compensation for its manifest disadvantages in the vivid recollection of distinguished personages met during a long career, whom the present generation can never have known otherwise than by tradition. That is my actual position, and it leads me to the conclusion that my recollections of various stars which have ceased to shine on earth may have a certain value from the fact that very few now living can at all share them with me. I shall confine myself to records of those who have passed from this world, and most of whom have probably no immediate relations left among us,

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so that I cannot risk hurting the susceptibilities of survivors.

One of the earliest of my noteworthy recollections is that of a dull depressing day under Scottish skies, when I shared the easy-chair in which my father's dearest friend reposed, with his kind arm thrown round the little girl who nestled by his side—an elderly man with grey hair falling over his prominent forehead, thick bushy eyebrows almost hiding the eyes that were at that moment dim and sad, but capable of gleaming with fiery enthusiasm when roused on subjects immortalised by his genius or connected with the welfare of his beloved native land. His countenance then wore a sombre expression; for it was a marked and mournful day in the life of Walter Scott—almost the darkest he had ever known—since

the blow which had struck him the evening before, when he returned home from a gay dinner-party in our house, announced the total wreck of his fortunes, the loss of many years of arduous labour, and the necessity of recommencing yet more strenuous and painful toil if he was to save any portion of the lands at Abbotsford that were so dear to his heart. He had come for quiet and refuge from visitors to my father's house, where he was as free as in his own; but he said frankly, he felt unequal to any society but that of his friend's youngest child, who would amuse him with her merry *bavardage*. So I was left alone with him that afternoon, and the scene is present with me as if it were yesterday. Sir Walter, addressing me with the gentle "dearie" he was wont to apply to little children, told me that he did not wish to speak himself at all, but he would be glad to listen to some fairy stories if I had any to tell him. Nothing was easier to me, as fairies and hobgoblins were the constant companions of my thoughts at that period of my existence, and I plunged at once into a wild invention of what I imagined to be the manners and customs of such frolicsome beings, to all of which he listened patiently for a long time, and often laughed out heartily in spite of his overhanging gloom. I was very sorry when a grave person in authority came to take me back to my schoolroom, and leave the greatest of all story-tellers to forget the child's fantastic romance in his own dark thoughts.

That is one of my most pleasant recollections of Sir Walter Scott; but another very marked remembrance I have of him, which is less agreeable to myself, while it illustrates the extreme thoughtfulness and kindness with which he

always treated the children of his friend. Although in those days Sir Walter was to me only a most delightful old gentleman, who gave me charming presents and was the grandfather of my special companion and playmate, little delicate Johnny Lockhart, I yet knew perfectly well that he wrote books which were actually printed, and could be seen bound in volumes on our drawing-room table. This fact raised a very perplexing question in my mind as to what could possibly be the sensations of a person who saw some one else engaged in reading the very pages they had written themselves: it appeared to me a most extraordinary position for any one to be placed in. What could be their feelings? Would they be dreadfully ashamed, or perhaps very proud; or would they snatch the book away and pretend they had nothing to do with it? I felt I must solve this mighty problem, even at the risk of encountering stern rebuke for disobeying the laws which regulated my behaviour in various respects. One day Sir Walter was dining at our house. I was, of course, too young to be at table; but I was allowed to spend half an hour in the drawing-room when the guests came up from dinner. On this occasion, brimful of a great project, I hurried down and found myself fortunately alone for a few minutes before they appeared. I abstracted from the table one of the novels which I knew to have been written by Sir Walter Scott, and took my place on a little stool by the fire-side with the book open on my knees; then I waited till the heavy halting step of the great author sounded on the stair, and he came into the room leaning, as usual, on the strong stick which his lameness rendered necessary. He came to-

wards me at once, with his accustomed cordial kindness to children, and seeing me apparently engaged in reading, he said with a smile, "Well, my little lady, what have you got there? I suppose it is the 'Arabian Nights.'" I raised my head very solemnly, and fixed my eyes with a scrutinising gaze on his kind face as I said slowly, "No; it is a book called 'The Abbot.'" For a moment he looked much astonished at the audacity of this mite of a child, for whom in any case his novels could not at that time be considered suitable reading, as being far beyond her comprehension; then his expression changed to one of decided displeasure, and he half turned to my father, who had not noticed me; but remembering apparently that he might draw down vials of wrath on my head if he made known my impertinence, he gave me a look which showed me that I was at once to close the book and put it away, and then he left me and engaged my father in conversation, so that my small escapade should not be known, which it never was till I now reveal it some sixty years later. Children and dogs were, in truth, the object of Sir Walter's strongest regard, and the chief sources of his happiness through life. His grandchildren — John Hugh, Walter, and Charlotte Lockhart — were all most dear to him; but his affections centred chiefly on the thoughtful intellectual boy Johnny, who, after a few years of suffering from spine complaint, sunk into the grave at a time when the shadow of death was already so closely enshrouding his illustrious grandfather that he was no longer capable of the acute grief which would earlier have been roused in him by that untimely departure.

Johnny had read the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' dedicated to himself, and they had roused in him very warlike aspirations, ill and feeble as he was. I remember him so well lying on the sofa in our drawing-room, and making me help him in the management of a toy gun he possessed, to the great danger of my mother's old china, if to nothing else.

My own childish regrets when I finally lost sight of gentle, clever Johnny, some time before his death, were at last dispelled by the arrival of two new charming playmates, whose names are connected with some very tragic episodes in history. Charles X., the exiled King of France, had taken refuge in the old Palace of Holyrood when he was driven from his throne and country; and he brought with him his grandchildren, the son and daughter of the murdered Duc de Berri — Henri Dieudonné, Duc de Bordeaux, known later as the Comte de Chambord, and his sister Louise, whom we were told to call simply Mademoiselle; their mother, the Duchesse de Berri, being engaged in her heroic adventures in La Vendée and elsewhere, which were brought to an ignominious close by her unfortunate attachment to a man in no way fitted to mate with her. It was thought well that the royal children should have some English companions, and as my parents were acquainted with the Duchesse de Gontaut, under whose care they were, my sister and I were chosen to associate with them, both at Holyrood and in our own house. The Duc de Bordeaux was somewhat more carefully guarded than his sister, so we chiefly met him in the Palace; but Mademoiselle was allowed to come and spend many

happy days with us in our home. A more delightful companion could not have been granted to us. She was a bright vivacious child, full of intelligence and feeling, and although merry enough when engaged in play with us, she was yet perfectly conscious of her own position and the reverses of her family, and often speculated in the quaintest manner as to what her own fate was likely to be—whether she was to find herself on some European throne, or in neglected obscurity,—perhaps in a prison. Sometimes, in accordance with these previsions, we would vary our amusements from hide-and-seek and other games to the arrangement of a mimic Court, in which Mademoiselle was perched on a throne formed of cushions piled upon the table, while we acted as ladies-in-waiting, and went through all the ceremonies of presentations and solemn petitions humbly laid at her Majesty's feet. On these occasions the little Princess conducted herself with the most perfect dignity, and showed the keenest recollections of all the etiquette of her royal home in the beloved Paris she was to see no more. Mademoiselle's visits to our house came to an abrupt and painful end by the dastardly action of a French revolutionary, who waylaid her as she was alighting from her carriage at our door, and heaped curses on all who bore the name of Bourbon with the fiercest invectives. Her governess, with the help of our butler, succeeded in hurrying the terrified child into the house and closing the door on the miscreant, who would have followed; but poor Mademoiselle came flying into the drawing-room, sobbing out her indignation and terror. "Il a dit des injures de mon cher grand-père," she repeated over and over again as we

tried to pacify her, and it was some time before she recovered her composure.

After that unpleasant incident the King, Charles X., decreed that neither of the children should leave the precincts of the Palace, and thenceforth all our meetings with them took place at Holyrood. We always went there in the evening when the hours of instruction for the royal children were over, and although the King himself was never present, the ladies and gentlemen who had accompanied him in his exile were always there, ready to assist in making the time pass pleasantly for all. I have a special recollection of one of those evenings, from an absurd little incident connected with myself which was very characteristic of French vivacity and enthusiasm. The amusement provided for us on that occasion was the illustration of a charade by drawings, giving our own conception of the various meanings attached to each syllable, and the prize given to the one who was found to have been the most successful was to be the drawing executed by M. d'Hardevilliers, one of the King's gentlemen, who was an admirable artist. The word given was "courtship," and pencils and paper having been provided for each of us, we all sat down to the table. The scene is before me now. The Duc de Bordeaux, a quiet fair-haired boy, laboriously setting to work in perfect silence; Mademoiselle, full of animation and excitement, talking rapidly in French and expressing her hopes of winning the coveted prize. I was the youngest child in the room, and my attempts must have been of the crudest description. What I made of the Court scene I do not remember, but when it came to the ship I portrayed, I added a flag to it which was about

twice the size of the vessel itself. Then it occurred to me that my conspicuous banner would be the better of some ornamentation, so I drew some flowers upon it, entirely the offspring of my own fancy. When the finished drawings were collected for judgment, my flowery flag instantly attracted the attention of the loyal French exiles, and a universal cry arose, "*Les fleurs-de-lis! les fleurs-de-lis!* the dear sympathetic child has drawn the *fleurs-de-lis* in honour of France!! *O la chère petite! la charmante enfant!* to her must the prize be awarded without doubt." I was much too shy and shamefaced to make any avowal of the fact that I knew nothing whatever about the *fleurs-de-lis*, and that no sentiment towards France had inspired me in executing the meaningless hieroglyphics on my flag. So M. d'Hardevilliers' beautiful drawing was presented to me—most unworthy of it—and it is in my possession to this day, a graceful representation of the different meanings of the charade.

The subsequent fate of bright, high-spirited Mademoiselle is well known. She became the wife of the Duke of Parma, who was cruelly assassinated when their children were growing up round

them; and their granddaughter, Princess Marie Louise, is now sharing the somewhat unsteady throne of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is grandson to Louis Philippe, so that the houses of Bourbon and Orleans are united in their marriage. The ultimate disappearance of the Comte de Chambord from the arena of this world is, however, enveloped in a mystery, of which scarcely anything has been known in England, or even generally in France. An account of the Prince's last illness has recently been given by a very distinguished French writer, who affirms positively that Henri V. was poisoned, and offers certainly very cogent reasons for this belief. We subjoin in a footnote some extracts from his statement, by which our readers can judge for themselves how far he was right in his conclusions.¹

The royal children passed out of our lives, and we saw them no more; but other notable figures follow them quickly on the stage of memory. I think that very few persons indeed can now be living who remember the father of Mr Gladstone. I have a vivid recollection of him, as a kind action towards myself was the

¹ The Comte de Chambord, sixty-three years of age, strong and robust, had returned from Goritz, where he had passed the winter, to Frohsdorf, and was perfectly well. Suddenly on the 14th of June 1883 he was seized with abdominal pains and violent sickness, accompanied with raging thirst. He rolled on his bed from intolerable pain, and said, "*Je suis empoisonné.*" His strong constitution enabled him to rally, and he quite recovered. The doctors, unable to account for his illness, said there must be a cancer. He answered, "*Il n'en est rien, vous pouvez appuyer sur mon estomac. J'ai beaucoup souffert, mais je ne souffre plus.*" On July the 14th he took food with great appetite, spoke and moved as usual, and was perfectly at ease. He received congratulations on his recovered health on his *fête-day*. He passed several hours every day in his garden, but in the night of the 8th-9th of August the same symptoms returned with redoubled violence, and continued till the 24th, when he died. The Comtesse de Chambord would not allow an *autopsie* to be made; for although all said he had been poisoned, she could not bear to believe that her constant care had not prevented it. The body was, however, embalmed, and that enabled the five doctors who examined it to prove at least that there had been no cancer.

cause of a visit he paid to my mother, with whom I was when he came into the room. She was staying for a short time at Leamington, my father having remained in Scotland. He had there met Sir John Gladstone, whom he knew well, and heard from him that he was himself just starting for Leamington. These were the days when postage between England and Scotland was very heavy, and my sister had that morning given my father a letter to post which was addressed to me. He took it from his pocket when Sir John said he was about to stay in Warwickshire, and laughingly concluding that a letter from one little girl to another could hardly be worth postage, asked if it would trouble him to drop it at my mother's door. Sir John took it at once, but instead of sending it by a servant, he came himself and paid us a very pleasant visit. I was sitting on a low seat in a corner of the room, and having shaken hands with my mother, he came up to me and gave me the letter with a few kind words. I raised my eyes to him as I took it, and saw a tall quiet-looking man, simple though dignified in manner, with somewhat heavy features, which, according to my recollection, bore no resemblance to the striking countenance of his distinguished son. That was not, I think, the only occasion on which I saw him, but it is the one most impressed on my memory. I have, however, clear remembrances of other members of the family, especially two very old ladies—great-aunts, I think, to Mr Gladstone—who wore the most wonderful erections on their heads in the shape of highly starched caps, with huge ruffs round their necks, and whose manners were solemn and austere to the last degree, even

towards their contemporaries; as to me, they looked over my head and took not the smallest notice of me. I received, however, great kindness from a much nearer relation of Mr Gladstone's—his only sister. She was a good many years older than myself, and had often had me with her as a child in her own home; but after I grew up I met her again in Warwickshire, and was then her almost daily companion. She was a tall fair-haired lady, with very winning manners, and by that time she had become a Roman Catholic, and was a most ardent convert; her whole conversation was on that subject, and it was her great desire to make proselytes. I went with her once to see a beautiful life-sized picture of the Madonna and Child by an old master, and she fell into a sort of trance in contemplation of it, from which we had great difficulty in rousing her. She passed away several years later in a convent abroad, where, I believe, she was living only as a boarder and not as a nun.

It was in Warwickshire also that I made the acquaintance of Sir John Franklin while I was still quite a child. The stout, good-humoured gentleman, whose image appears before me as I write his name, is associated in my mind with an event in which he took the keenest interest—a total eclipse of the sun; but the amusement afforded by a rather absurd incident connected with it, I am afraid, engrossed my childish mind more than all the scientific explanations of the phenomenon which Sir John Franklin was so well qualified to give. In those primitive days it was held that the best mode of witnessing the obscuration of the sun was to watch it through pieces of smoked glass, with which we

were all duly provided when we sallied forth to an open piece of ground where nothing impeded the view. The result was that in the course of a few minutes the noses of every one present were severely blackened—unconsciously to themselves—and the appearance of the whole scientific party was irresistibly comic. Sir John Franklin appeared then so full of life and energy and high spirits, that it was difficult to think of him afterwards as the worn-out suffering hero of that last fatal voyage, which held the country in suspense as to his fate, during a period cruelly long and trying to his wife, and to all who had relations among his companions in the ice-bound vessels. One of my cousins was of the number, and I well remember the sensation in his home when some of the relics of the disastrous expedition, afterwards brought back, were identified as having belonged to him.

We were at that time very intimate also with a soldier hero, Sir Hope Grant, whose subsequent career has caused his name to be remembered with distinction in the army; but I can only speak of my personal acquaintance with him when he was a young, singularly attractive man, and it is as a skilled musician that I recollect him rather than as a military hero. He played splendidly on the violoncello, which instrument, he gravely informed me, was his wife, and it certainly seemed to my childish intelligence as if a very remarkable union existed between the two. He could make it express every shade of his own feelings, whether sad or joyful, and at that period it undoubtedly occupied much of his time and thoughts. Later, when the serious work of his profession came upon him, I

believe he discarded it altogether. The last visit that I remember his having paid us called forth a characteristic trait of the Scottish nature which amused him very much. We were spending the summer in a country-house in Scotland, not far from the town where his regiment was quartered. One Sunday afternoon, when I was playing on the lawn, I saw Sir Hope ride up to the door to call on my mother. Being Sunday, every one of our pious Scottish servants had gone to church, excepting the cook. He had dismounted and rung the bell, and I had run up to speak to him, when she appeared in answer to the visitor's summons. She was a great gaunt woman, with a decidedly stern countenance, who looked as if she might have faced a regiment herself without alarm, and she scowled from under the frills of her huge cap with an expression which showed that she considered a gentleman who paid a visit on the "Sawbath" to be a most godless person. She grimly admitted that her mistress was at home, but added there was no one but herself to show him to the drawing-room. "They have all gone to the kirk, as it behoved them to do." "That does not matter," said Sir Hope; "I dare say I can find my way; but would you kindly take my horse round to the stable?" "Me!" she exclaimed, flinging up her arms with a gesture of horrified amazement—"me touch that fearsome beast that could trample me into a jelly, and on the Sawbath too! No! not for a' the airth!" "But, my good woman, he is perfectly quiet," Sir Hope said; "he will not hurt you. I cannot leave him here loose; do take him round." But she only answered with inflexible severity, "No' for a' the airth!"

I wouldna touch yon beast at the best o' times, forby the Saw-bath!" Poor Sir Hope looked perplexed; he had no idea where the stables were, and he wanted to go into the house and see his friends. I had been in fits of laughter at the scene, but I came to the rescue. "Let me take your horse," I said; "I am sure he will go nicely with me." "Yes, that he will," said Sir Hope, gladly putting the bridle into my hand; "he will follow you as gently as possible;" and so he did, only, as I began to run when we started, the horse set off at a quick trot, and going a great deal faster than I could, it ended in his taking me triumphantly to the stables instead of the original arrangement, and he landed me there quite out of breath, and holding on with difficulty to the connecting bridle. The last time I ever saw Sir Hope Grant was on the occasion when he took leave of us just as we were embarking for Greece, where the next seven years of my life were spent.

Many distinguished persons of various nationalities became known to us while we resided in Athens; but, as was to be expected on that classic soil, there was always a large influx of English travellers. Some amongst these, bearing well-known names, still happily survive, and may not therefore be mentioned here; but there are others who remain with us now only as illustrious memories. One of these last, with whom we had much pleasant intercourse, was Arthur Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. He was young then, and distinguished by the most light-hearted buoyancy of disposition,—always animated—always eager to see and know thoroughly every object of interest in

that rich treasury of the past—wildly enthusiastic about Greece and all that it could reproduce of the ancient glories he had studied in his scholarly youth. He had, however, already taken holy orders at that time, and he preached one Sunday to the very small congregation of English-speaking people who assembled to hear him. His bright earnest face and natural eloquence were very attractive; and we were prepared for the inevitable text taken from the account of St Paul's visit to Athens, which was invariably chosen by every English clergyman who addressed us from that pulpit. It never seemed to occur to any of these gentlemen that they might not be the first who had hit on that appropriate theme; on the contrary, they generally looked round with an expression of serene satisfaction at their admirable choice, and we simply had to listen patiently to the slightly varied readings of a most familiar topic. When I met Dean Stanley again it was many years later in England, and the change which had passed over him was remarkable and somewhat sad. His bright vivacity was all gone, his manner subdued and quiet; but he recalled with interest many circumstances of our intercourse in the sunny days we had spent together under the cloudless skies of Greece.

During the whole of one lovely spring-tide in Athens we had the society of Captain Basil Hall, an old friend of my father's, who was a clever author of some repute in those days, though his name is probably scarcely known to the present generation. He came to Greece from Palestine, where he had been spending some time with his wife and daughters, and much as he was interested in all that he saw

in beautiful Hellas, we noticed a strange preoccupation in his manner, as if his mind were intensely occupied with some secret subject, which he seemed never to forget even when visiting sites that had the strongest claim on his attention. My father put our carriage at his disposal, and often drove with him to spots of which the very name had an indescribable charm; but still Basil Hall would sit silent, in deep thought, apparently almost unconscious of his surroundings. At length one day he revealed to my father the cause of his continual abstraction. He believed that during a night he had spent at the Holy Sepulchre the Lord Jesus Christ had appeared to him there in visible form. He entered into very circumstantial details respecting the vision he maintained he had witnessed, and it was evident from his manner that he was in a strangely excited state of mind. It was no surprise, therefore, to my father, though a source of much regret, when he heard later from England that Basil Hall had fallen a victim to complete aberration of mind, and did not long survive the development of the malady.

Another of my father's old friends who came to visit us in Athens was the widow of Sir Humphry Davy, a most vivacious old lady, who was much more given to sentiment than to science. I am afraid I must own that she afforded me a good deal of wicked amusement from the extremely sentimental relations she succeeded in establishing with my kind old father, to which he submitted with much patient good-humour. I think she must have been attracted by him when she had known him many years before in

his youth; but she would insist on spending most of her time seated with him in a bower in the garden, and vehemently dismissed any of the junior members of the family who ventured near the favoured spot. To our young eyes they seemed a very ancient couple to be engaged in so romantic a flirtation; but my father met our sarcastic congratulations by assuring us that she told him many good stories, and amused him very much. One of these in connection with her celebrated husband was comical enough. Sir Humphry was alone in his room one evening attired in a dressing-gown and a night-cap, constructed on the ancient conical pattern, with a tassel for the apex, of which I suppose hardly a specimen could be found in these degenerate days. Suddenly he saw a mysterious light on the ceiling of his room for which he could not account in any way. His scientific zeal was roused at once to discover the cause: it must be a reflected light, perhaps from some celestial phenomenon in the sky. He rushed to the window and looked out, but all was as usual in the darkened heavens. He extinguished his lamp, thinking that its flame might have become singularly polarised on the ceiling; but there was no change in the circular light over his head except that it seemed growing brighter. He tried every plan he could think of to explain it, but in vain. The great man was completely puzzled—he stood gazing upward open-mouthed, while his acute brain was intent on the mystery. Presently, however, he became aware that the receptacle in which the wise brain was enclosed had a sensation of unpleasant warmth, while an odour, apparently due to the frizzling of hair, was making it-

self strongly felt. Involuntarily he snatched off his night-cap, and then discovered that he had set fire to the tassel thereof in bending over the lamp while engaged in an experiment, and the strange circle of light was at once explained, to his no small indignation.

Sir Walter Scott gives an admirable *résumé* of the history and character of Lady Davy in his *Journal* (vol. i. p. 107), to which we may refer our readers for further details of her eccentricities.

At the time when we resided in Athens it was the home also of a splendid old soldier, whose name, it is to be hoped, has not been forgotten in England—General Sir Richard Church. Previous to his residence in Greece he had been appointed to suppress brigandage in Italy, and had accomplished his onerous task with indomitable courage and admirable judgment. The most notable incidents of his striking career have already been published in the pages of ‘*Maga*,’¹ so I will speak of him only as we knew him—a refined courtly gentleman, somewhat reserved and holding aloof from general society, but charming to those whom he allowed to be his friends. To me personally, a mere young girl, he was exceptionally kind. I used to ride out every evening, and in that country an escort in addition to the groom was indispensable. During one whole year my father was unable to go with me, and, to my great delight, our Ambassador, Sir Edmund (afterwards Lord) Lyons, arranged that I was to accompany him whenever he had time for his evening ride. He was a delightful

companion, and nothing could exceed his good-natured kindness to me, while the pleasure of those happy evenings was enhanced by the fact that General Church very frequently joined us. On one occasion his characteristic energy displayed itself in an amusing little incident. As it was much too hot in Attica to go out before the sun had set, the greater part of our ride was performed in starlight only, if there was no moon to brighten our way. One night, when it seemed unusually dark, I was riding between the two gentlemen, and was startled by our horses, all three, suddenly stopping and refusing to advance an inch on the road: an obstacle of some kind there evidently was, and in the complete darkness it was unwise to force the horses to go on till we could ascertain what it was. The gentlemen called to the three grooms, following each of us respectively, to go forward and examine the mystery. Mine was an Italian, the other two were Greeks, but not one of them had the courage to move. They would have faced a band of soldiers, but a mysterious enemy, who might be demoniacal, was not to be lightly encountered by the superstitious men. General Church gave vent to an exclamation which, if they had understood it, would have rendered them tolerably ashamed of themselves, and flinging himself off his horse, he put the bridle into Lord Lyons’ hand and went quickly forward: then we heard him burst into a fit of laughter, and he came back to us exclaiming, “It is nothing in the world but a sheep lying full length in the middle of the road. Here, you cowardly fellows,” he added

¹ The events of General Church’s career, already recorded in ‘*Maga*,’ are, we are glad to say, to be republished more fully in a separate volume this autumn.

in Greek to the grooms, "go and lift it out of the way at once," which they did, slinking past the General in his manifest wrath with great trepidation.

General Church occupied a very high position in the estimation of those who had the pleasure of knowing him in Athens, as well as in all parts of Greece. The noble history of his past career had won for him a great reputation, and his presence was eagerly desired at Court and in Athenian society generally, where the *corps diplomatique* and their adherents had infused a strong foreign element; but he did not easily lend himself to the universal desire for his company. He led a very retired life, associating almost exclusively with his friends at the English Embassy, but his name still lives in Greece as an honoured memory. England lost one of her finest old soldiers when Sir Richard Church was laid in his last resting-place.

I saw Lord Lyons once again many years later when he came to Oxford to receive the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causâ*. He called on us after the Encenia, and when he saw me he turned to me, saying, "Shall we take a ride together to Kephissia" (a village near Athens)—he said it with a rather sad smile, for since those bright days of my youth, long past, he had himself gone through the vicissitudes of the Crimean war, where he did distinguished service, and he felt that the weight of years would soon incapacitate him for the active devotion to his Queen and country he had always displayed; and so it proved too soon. He was most tenderly cared for at the last by his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and passed away in strong faith and hope to the realms unseen.

Another notable personage who was often in Athens while we were there, seems never to have been known and appreciated for his intellectual qualities, though his position, as ultimately the occupant of a throne, gave a certain prestige to his name. Maximilian, Crown Prince of Bavaria at that time, was the elder brother of Otho, King of Greece, but very far in advance of that unsuccessful monarch in mental power and a high range of thought. He was a man of very pleasant manners, frank and unassuming; but I believe we owed it to the fact that we hailed from *les Iles Britanniques* that we had many opportunities of conversing with him, for he was delighted to have a chance of speaking in English with any one. He knew the language thoroughly, only, as it happened that the tutor from whom he acquired it was a native of Caledonia "stern and wild," he spoke it with the strongest possible Scottish accent, and even made use of broad Scotticisms with most ludicrous effect. I can never forget the dismay I experienced at the first speech he addressed to me. Like most young people, I often amused myself with writing verses, which were simply worthless, and defied all rules of versification. This propensity on my part had been mentioned by some indiscreet friend to the Prince, and when I was presented to him at a Court ball he met me with the astounding remark, "I hear you have been a great poet from your earliest childhood!" I trust he was speedily undeceived; but the conversation having begun on this theme, gave him the opportunity of talking about many of our real poets, with whose works he appeared to be well acquainted. Had Maximilian been in his brother's place events might have turned

out very differently in Greece, but he was soon called to occupy his father's throne in Bavaria. His subsequent history and that of his family were deeply sad. His own death resulted from what appeared to be a most trifling accident; and the tragic fate of his eldest son and successor, who was drowned in the dark lake, into which he dragged his best friend along with him, will not have been forgotten; while the son who still lives as titular king is well known to be a hopeless lunatic.

One of my most interesting acquaintances at that period of my life was the Count Gonfalonieri, the friend and companion in prison of Silvio Pellico, who wrote '*Le mie Prigione.*' We had left our home in Greece for a few months one summer, and on board the steamer which was conveying us from Athens to Venice we met the devoted patriot, whose name was revered in Italy as that of one who had suffered a martyrdom in the effort to free his beloved native land from the Austrian yoke. The remarkable volume in which Silvio Pellico gave an account of his "*Prisons*" is still, we believe, popular at the present day, and its striking records have lately been reproduced in a cheap edition; but at that time it was most highly appreciated, and the name of his companion in captivity at once roused our strongest interest, for we knew all he had suffered, and the noble endurance and self-devotion with which he had fought and agonised for that dear Italy to which had been given "*dono fatal della beltà.*" The strife was over, the struggle ended, and he was an old man when we met him, whose white hair, soft as silk, fell round a countenance still strikingly handsome, faded and worn as

it was, and contrasting with the sombre darkness of his eyes, where the fire of enthusiasm still flashed forth at the slightest allusion to the political condition of his native country. The prevailing expression of his fine old face was, however, that of intense sadness; one poignant memory still pierced his heart with undying pain, in the bitter recollection of that cruel moment when, having been at length released from his dungeon, he heard that his idolised young wife had died during the period of his detention, and that his jailers had not even had the humanity to apprise him of the fact. To see her beautiful face light up with joy at his return, to be with her once again, had been the longing hope that alone brightened his dreary captivity, and all the while she had been lying wrapped in the dust of death, and nothing remained to him but the tombstone that recorded the date of her departure long before. I do not think this cruel remembrance was ever absent from Count Gonfalonieri's mind night or day; but he seldom alluded to his mournful past in conversation with us, though he and I especially became great friends, and I enjoyed his society immensely. The evening before we were to land at Venice he came to me when I happened to be alone on deck, and after ascertaining that no one was within hearing he asked me if I would grant him a little favour. I was ready to do anything I could for the gentle courteous old man, and begged him to tell me how I could serve him. Then he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, that he had certain compromising political documents with him which, if discovered by the custom-house officials, would consign him back to prison, and might even endanger

his life. He was a marked man under suspicion, and everything he possessed would be carefully examined; but the luggage of a young English girl travelling simply for pleasure with her parents would scarcely be looked at, and even if these incriminating papers were found among my letters, it would not be supposed they could be there for any revolutionary purposes,—would I therefore consent to take charge of them and convey them safely on shore for him? I could restore them to him at the hotel. Of course I consented, and safely accomplished his commission, with no other result but a rather comical look of dismay on my father's kind face when I told him I was assisting in the plot, I believed, of a secret Society against the Italian Government of the day. I never saw Count Gonfalonieri again after I restored his seditious papers to him, and he did not live long afterwards.

A few years later, when we were settled in England, I had a somewhat similar mission to perform on behalf of a French gentleman who was a devoted adherent of the exiled King Louis Philippe. We had made his acquaintance at Constantinople as the companion of Monsieur de Saulcy, a celebrated *savant*, with whom we were intimate. He was a *membre de l'Institut*, and widely known for his numismatic studies, whereby he had made some remarkable discoveries. His friend, however, was wholly absorbed in his devotion to the Orleans family, and when we parted he asked me whether I would undertake the task of posting letters for him in England at frequent intervals, addressed to his unfortunate King at Claremont. He said that he dared not risk its being known in Paris that he was in corre-

spondence with the exiled royal family, and I imagine, from hints he gave me, that he was cherishing some secret plans on their behalf. The posting of his letters was an innocent enough proceeding, and so I forwarded many missives to the poor old King till death made his exile from France hopeless and final. My poor friend himself died soon after, a disappointed and heartbroken man.

Among our acquaintances while we lived in Athens there was one whose name claims no public recognition, but whose subsequent fate might well have brought him the honour and glory to which a willing and fearless performance of duty in face of certain death amply entitled him. He was a young English officer on leave from his regiment, in good circumstances, and highly connected, with the golden promise of a happy and successful life shining unclouded before him. He lives in my recollection as the very embodiment of light-hearted gaiety and enjoyment of existence. Frank and sweet-tempered, a first-rate musician, and in every way a charming companion, he frequented our house constantly during his stay in the Greek capital, and then passed from the sphere of our knowledge to resume the work of his profession; but we heard of him soon again, when the Crimean war was at its height, as one of the six hundred who received the fatal order at Balaclava, which sent them to inevitable destruction. With the rest of his noble comrades he, as Tennyson sang in his poem on the heroic action,

“Asked not the reason why,¹
Theirs but to do and die,”

and, well knowing his doom, galloped on to the field of death.

A few hours later, when the desperate charge was over, he was found wounded in a most terrible manner, but perfectly calm and uncomplaining: with a great effort he took from within his tunic a pocket-book containing bank-notes, and gave it to the officer bending over him, murmuring, "For the poor," and so expired without another word.

The celebrities whom I came across after our return to England were for the most part men who had won their laurels in literature. At the very first dinner-party to which I went I sat next to a gentleman whose conversation was strikingly brilliant and witty: I was told that he was William Aytoun, who had written 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' and many other poems. I had read these with much enjoyment, and soon found an opportunity of telling him how greatly I admired them. He received my complimentary remarks in silence, and then made a speech, with the quaintest solemnity, which I found it rather difficult to answer. "It is very fortunate for me," he said, "that I can write verses; it is my only chance of winning favour, because I am so excessively ugly." Involuntarily I turned to look at him, critically, for the first time, and saw that he had stated an undoubted fact. His homely face, with its large rugged features, was certainly such as he had described it; but his eyes were bright with lurking laughter, and his expression was so amiable and kindly that no one would have thought of describing him with the severity he had dealt to himself. I met him often afterwards, and found him not only amusing and interesting in conversation, but an admirable literary critic, who gave me

terse and clear accounts of many books of the day.

Another poet with whom I spent a few days in a country-house was Walter Savage Landor. I found him a very courteous agreeable old gentleman; but there was nothing whatever in his words or manner to indicate that he could have been the author of poems such as that in which the verse occurs—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

He seemed to me a man devoted to society, and especially to that which was to be found in the ranks of the upper ten thousand; but perhaps I did not know him well enough to judge him fairly.

It was otherwise as regards Longfellow, with whom I had a much shorter acquaintance, but who impressed me as a man whose ardent spirit was on fire with thoughts and feelings that had little enough to do with this workaday world, and who was already soaring in imagination through those unknown spheres to which he passed in reality very soon after by the gates of death. So it was also in the case of Turgenev, the Russian novelist, with whom I had a long conversation only a very short time before he was taken from this world. He was a very picturesque-looking man, with long grey hair floating round his keen intellectual face. I was charmed with him, he was so gentle and sympathetic, and made no secret of the fact that he loved England and the English for qualities and conditions of existence which he could not hope to find in the wide expanse of his native country.

Within the last few years so many admirable accounts of what is called the Oxford Movement have been given to the world that the subject has been exhausted to a degree which would render any reminiscence of the chief actors therein superfluous and unwelcome. I will therefore only briefly mention some of the notable actors in it whom I saw. I heard Cardinal Newman preach the sermon which was his only public utterance in Oxford after his secession to the Church of Rome. That startling step had been taken many years before, and he had become old and worn, and had a trying cough which often interrupted his words; but nevertheless he seized the opportunity to deliver in his old home a highly controversial discourse, in which the claims of St Peter, as he understood them, were set forth with uncompromising vehemence. His voice was never heard again in the city which had loved him so well after that day. I heard Dr Pusey preach several times, but one of his sermons was so characteristic of the man that I remember it with especial clearness: he began it in these words, "My brethren, let us go down alive into the pit;" and thither indeed we did go, conducted by him with a minuteness of detail and a descriptive realism which made a foreign lady who accompanied me declare emphatically that he must have visited the locality himself. A sermon by the gentle and poetic John Keble has left very little trace on my mind; but it is otherwise with many eloquent addresses by which Henry Parry Liddon could hold the attention of his hearers enchained during periods of unusual length. The last time I saw him, I had an opportunity of estimating the

herculean labour he had undertaken in writing the 'Life' of Dr Pusey. At the time when the unattached students were admitted to Oxford, Dr Pusey strongly objected to the innovation, and he came to see me on the subject, as he thought I could give him some information bearing upon it. Canon Liddon wished to have a record of that conversation, and I sat with him in his room, where he took it down in writing. Before I left him he said he should like to show me the material which had been placed in his hands for the 'Life.' He took me up to a room in Christ Church, which was filled from end to end with letters, papers, and pamphlets of every description: they were heaped in shelves on the walls, they covered the floor, and there was scarcely room to stand without treading on them. They seemed to me to indicate an appalling amount of work, such as could hardly be accomplished in a lifetime. I said this to Canon Liddon, and he answered: "It is so, and I know that I shall not live to finish it." He proved right in this conviction; and it is thought that his arduous task, much too exhausting for his delicate state of health, hastened the end of his valuable life. With these more recent celebrities my records must close.

It seems strange to think that all those of whom I have written—who are still such vivid personalities to me—should in truth have passed beyond all human sight and knowledge; but happily those memories can never really die which are brightened with the fair lustre of noble qualities and brilliant genius.

F. M. F. SKENE.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MONA MACLEAN.'

"Moin Kind, wir waren Kinder,
Zwei Kinder, die am Handtuch."

Vorbei sind die Kinder'spiele,
Und Alles tollt vorüber."

HUNTER.

I.

SHE was as winsome a little lady as heart could wish, and I don't suppose she ever looked sweeter than she did that autumn night in the gloaming, when all the brilliant colours of the sunset shone faintly back from her fresh white frock.

She had climbed half-way up the great wooden gate of the carriage-drive, so that her dimpled elbows could rest on the top. The smooth beech hedge swept round behind her, throwing its cool green tints into the folds of her baby skirt; and on the other side of the drive, the silver-grey pods of an old laburnum dangled caressingly above her dainty head. And well they might; for the battered sun-bonnet had fallen back, and the fluffy red-gold curls were blown about a face that reminded one of the budding moss-roses a few yards off.

"Happy laburnum!" I had said one day when I found her thus—for the old gate was a favourite watch-tower, and a small worn patch on the paint of the centre bar bore witness to the frequent pressure of her baby feet,—“happy laburnum! When you grow a little taller, he'll be able to kiss you. That's what all the other old trees are gossiping and laughing about. Do you hear?”

Her face grew very solemn for a moment, and then she broke into a scornful little laugh.

"Why, that's the wind!" she

said contemptuously. "You talk like the fairy-books."

"And of course you don't believe *them*?"

She shook her head half regretfully.

"I haven't believed them since I was—oh, such a *nee* little girl. I haven't believed them since——"

"Since when?"

"Since I saw Auntie putting the things in my stocking."

"You ought to have been asleep!" I said indignantly, for I had very definite ideas as to how a well-organised child ought to behave in the great affairs of life.

"I lay awake on purpose," she said placidly; "but of course I b'tended to be asleep, or Auntie would have gone away again." She sighed. "I did so dreadfully want it all to be true—Santa Claus, I mean—but it was no use if it wasn't real."

"Child of the age!" I exclaimed with a smile and a sigh. "No use at all, of course. Well, ta-ta! Poor old laburnum! You'll hold up your head like a man if you take my advice. There's an awful snubbing in store for you if you don't."

The little lady nearly toppled off her perch in the effort to see the presumptuous spray above her head.

"Horrid old thing!" she said indignantly. "Do you know it's *poisonous*? Nursie found me eating

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green peas in the garden one day, and she said if I ate one single laburnum seed by mistake—I'd *die!*"

Her blue eyes grew round with horror as she approached this climax; but that expression soon gave way to an apologetic little smile.

"Of course Nursie's an old silly," she said with the air of a mature philosopher who has reconciled himself to the conviction that his fellow-countrymen are "maistly fules." "I believe she thinks I'm a baby still." This with a pregnant side-glance at me. "As if pea-pods grew on trees, and were skinnny and knubbly like that!"

But here I am maundering on with my own recollections of the little lady, when I only wanted to tell the tale of the fairing she got from Duncairn. Poor little lady! I heard her try to tell the story herself the other day, in the gay, bright world that has just claimed her as its own; and I loved her none the less when the eager cultured voice broke down in a child-like sob.

Yes, it was her watch-tower, that great wooden gate,—the coign of vantage from which she looked out with longing eyes on the forbidden world. Not much of a world, I admit, if it had not been forbidden! Only a dusty private road, separated from the turnip-field beyond by a great uneven bank, topped by scraggy ash-trees, and starred over with blue-eyed speedwells and yellow tormentilla.

Behind her lay the territory in which she was free to roam at will,—one of those rare old gardens, the very memory of which is a legacy of peace and rest to many a weary soul. A garden where the spacious strawberry-bed was bounded by old-world roses; where an occasional hedge of sweet-peas broke the monotony of kail and brocoli; where,

even in the show-beds under the sitting-room windows, dear old flowers that most of us have not seen since childhood straggled at random over the warm brown earth, and followed their own wild will.

But at this stage of her development my lady was pleased to consider that she had exhausted the possibilities of the garden. True, she had woven countless daisy-chains on the dear old lawn, where nobody presumed to think the daisies out of place; she had pinched her fingers with the passive Snapdragon, and made him act the part of whale in the wondrous drama of Jonah; she and her dolls had made believe to dine on "rice and curry" from the marguerites, and on "mince" from the luxuriant tufts of red sorrel, which to be sure had no business at all in the cabbage-bed; she had captured a few unhappy caterpillars, in order to determine for herself whether the story of their turning into butterflies must not be relegated to the despised region of fairy-tales, but had wisely decided on the third day that life was too short for an experiment so prolonged; she had even made attar of roses, with liberal help from the tarred old water-butt beside the tool-shed, and had succeeded in persuading herself for nearly two days that the gruesome compound was going to prove a success; she had—— But no, I cannot honestly maintain that she had exhausted the true inwardness of the strawberry-bed. Such delights, however, are apt to pall, even at the mature age of six, and in my little lady's case their enjoyment was hedged in by divers restrictions which prevented their being by any means always available.

So she stood on the gate, looking out on the forbidden world—as many a captive maid has done be-

fore her—a forlorn little beauty that only a knight with a heart of stone could resist.

A long, long time passed—nearly five minutes perhaps—and then an approaching figure came in sight, —surely the quaintest little knight you ever beheld!

He was shuffling along in hob-nailed shoes a size too big for him, and he wore a shabby corduroy suit several sizes too small. The elbows and baggy knees were worn quite threadbare, and manifold patches of varying date covered the regions of maximum wear and tear. And yet it had a beauty of its own, that poor old suit. It had weathered sun and rain, and outdoor play and toil, till bounteous Mother Nature had almost come to look on it as one of her children, and had warmed its shabby surface into something not unlike the mellow tints with which she clothes the walls and tree-trunks.

But, alas! “the trail of the serpent is over it all;” and, even if he had been a born painter, I fear the little knight was too much a man of the world to be consoled by his own artistic value. He knew well how great a gulf separated him socially from the little lady, for—although a sort of tacit exception was made in his own particular case, on the ground that he was a “cannie laddie,”—he was aware that a well-defined rule forbade her speaking to the cottar-children unless some responsible person was at hand.

He saw her now, of course, the moment he came in sight of the gate; but, boylike, he pretended not to see her, while at the same time he clutched his old cap with an awkward gesture that might easily have been taken for an accident. From which you may guess that, although he was only a common Scotch laddie, this little knight of mine, he was rich in

the possession of a good mother with old-fashioned ideas on the subject of “mairners.”

The little lady grasped the top bar of the gate with her chubby, sunburnt hands, and, bending low over it to send her voice across the road, she called in a mysterious whisper—

“San-dy!”

The boy turned his head, smiled somewhat sheepishly, and continued his shuffling gait.

“*Sandy!*” she called imperiously.

No man on earth could have resisted that,—not even a man of nine; so he crossed the road rather doubtfully, and lifted an honest, brown Scotch face, framed with straight fair hair. It was not at all a remarkable face; only serious, “cannie” (as the cottar-folk said), with sweet gentle curves about the firm little mouth.

“Cut me a switch!” said the little queen.

Oh, Rosie, Rosie, did you even then read the other sex by instinct? How could you possibly know Sandy’s weak point, the straight road to his heart? How could you know that only the day before he had found a knife by the roadside? Old and rusty, it is true, and with the large blade broken across; but an honest knife still, and one that responded bravely to a long course at the grindstone.

Sandy’s grave little face shone like a sunbeam, and, darting across the road, he hastily examined the undergrowth of the nearest ash, in search of a suitable switch. He chose a royal one at length, and the brave knife was already at work on it as he crossed the road again to her side.

“No, no, no!” she cried, with an impatient little stamp of her foot. “Don’t peel the skin off; you’ll make it sticky! And let the leaves alone, please,” she con-

tinued more gently, mollified by his instant obedience. "I'll pull them off for myself."

He handed up the switch, and wiped the trusty blade on his sleeve rather ostentatiously, hoping she would take notice of it; but my lady's cleverness, after all, had its limitations.

"They're gey teuch," he said deprecatingly, after a pause, pointing to the switch in her hand. "It's ill gethrin' them without a knife."

But the lady was examining the points of the switch with a critical eye, and did not deign to notice his treasure at all.

So poor little Sandy was reduced to a direct attack. "It's an auld ane," he said humbly, holding it up to her, "an' no by-ordinar bonny; but it's a braw ane tae cut!"

She looked at it with fastidious eyes.

"It's very ugly," she said candidly. "You should see my Auntie's knife! It's a teeny-weeny thing the colour of bluey-white milk."

He did not answer immediately. He was too much of a philosopher not to have discovered before now that women cannot be expected to look at things from a man's point of view.

"Ay," he said slowly at last, "I've nae doobt it's bonny; but I wadna wunner if she'd no be muckle pleased gin she catched ye cuttin' switches wi't!"

This argument was irrefutable, and Sandy was emboldened to proceed.

"Noo mine's," he said, "is no fit for the like o' her; but it's unco stoot; in fac'"—why not clinch the argument at once?—"it's like my fairther's!"

But the little lady was once more absorbed in her switch. "There!" she said at last, holding it up in well-pruned elegance. "Next time Nursie takes me to see the pigs, I'll switch the flies off their backs!

Sandy, mustn't it be dreadful to be a pig?"

Sandy gazed open-mouthed. His imagination was not equal to the strain she put upon it.

"They're so hidjus," she went on, "that's the first thing; and then they're always in a mess,—that's the second thing; and then —*I'm quite sure their tails are no use at all!*"

Sandy listened in respectful silence to this lecture on Natural History.

"It would have been so easy for God," she continued, "even if He wanted to make them ugly, to give them proper tails. Look how the horses can swish the flies off! And they don't need to half so badly with their thick coats. I think it's dreadful; and then on hot days—ugh!"

Sandy ventured humbly on a practical view of the case, even although it was not strictly relevant.

"My Mither says whiles she disna ken what we'd dae, wantin' oor pig. Mony's the time my faither himsel' hasna a bite o' butcher-meat frae Sawbath tae Sawbath!"

This was beneath contempt.

"Swing me, Sandy!" said her ladyship serenely, moving like a crab to the end of the gate where she would get the benefit of the maximum motion.

Sandy looked round doubtfully. "I doobt she'd no be pleased gin she catched us at it."

"Who?" asked the child frowning. "Auntie has gone away; she won't be back till to-morrow night. Nursie is at supper."

"An' she's left ye here yer lane?"
"Oh no! Sarah is taking care of me; but she met a gentleman she knew, and — I *think* — she's giving him some raspberries. You mustn't tell! Sarah wouldn't be pleased if Auntie was to hear of it. She's letting me stay up an extra

half-hour, but she made me promise not to go beyond the garden. I suppose," she added ruefully, "*you* can go to the farm as often as ever you like?"

He shook his head.

"It's fower ere I get hame frae the schule; an' then I hae my lessons tae get, an' odd jobs tae dae for my Mither."

"It can't be nice to go to school and get the tawse," she said meditatively; "but then there are such lots of things you can do! You can walk along the dykes, and wade in the burn, and climb the straw-sou, and ride in the corn-carts—oh, Sandy, it must be fine to be a boy!"

"Woa, Snowflake!" Sandy looked up shyly, breathless with the exertion of pushing the heavy gate. "I'm no carin' sae muckle about thae things," he said, with a little air of superiority, "but I'm gaun tae the Fair the morn!"

It was well that the fiery steed had checked its pace, for the lady nearly lost her balance in the excitement of the moment.

"*Sandy! No!*" she exclaimed.

He nodded.

"Oh, Sandy, you lucky, *lucky* boy! I do want so dreadfully to go to the fair! I heard the servants speaking about it ever so long ago, and I begged and begged Auntie to take me. But she only laughed, and said it wasn't a place for little girls. Oh, why *didn't* God make me a boy!"

Sandy racked his brains, as many a wiser man has done before him, to find some suitable words of consolation, but in vain.

"Kirsty—that's my big sister"—he said at length,—“her that's in the dairy the noo,—is seekin' a place; so she maun gang tae the hirin', an my Mither maun gang wi' her; an' Faither says there'll be room i' the cairt for me.”

"What a *nice* father you must

have, Sandy! Do you think—I don't s'pose—there'd be room in the cart for me too?"

Sandy shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other before he ventured to look up.

"There wad *that!*" he said emphatically, measuring the tiny figure with his kind, honest eyes. "But oor cairt's no the place for the like o' you. What'd yer Auntie say, Missy?"

She tossed the curls out of her eyes. "Auntie's not here, so I can't ask her," she said loftily. "Never mind. I dessay your father wouldn't take me."

"I'm sure he'd be prood," cried poor Sandy; "but he'd no daur. He says there'll no be a horse in its stable the morn, nor a cairt in its shed. A'boddy 'll be on the road, an' a'boddy 'ud be speirin' at him hoo he cam by the braw wee leddy. An' yer Auntie—— Na, na, Missy. It'll no dae. Ye maun e'en pit yer mind past it. Haud on tae the yett, an' I'll gie ye anither swee."

But the joys of the "swee" had paled like a star in sunshine. Carefully climbing down from the gate, the lady put her knuckles in her eyes, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Not noisily: Sandy could have borne it better if she had "howled like the wee lassies at the schule": but this silent tearful misery was almost more than he could bear. Being only a man, he did not reflect that his heartbroken lady had not the smallest desire to summon Sarah and the "gentleman" from the raspberry bed.

So he held his cap in both his hands, and moved awkwardly from one foot to the other, repeating monotonously at intervals, "I wadna greet if I was you, Missy, I wadna greet." He thought it very brutal of Auntie to be so obdurate, and—

in the bottom of his heart he longed to run away; but of course, for a true knight, such a course was impossible.

At last the lady dried her eyes with the air of one who makes a mighty resolution.

"I know what I'll do!" she said. "Nobody 'll take me to the Fair, so I'll go myself. *I'll walk!*"

"Hoot awa', Missy!" cried Sandy, glancing unconsciously at her dainty shoes. "It's juist no' po'sible. Ye cudna dae't. It's sax mile guid—sax mile an' a bittock!"

"I don't care," she said resolutely, though for a moment she was staggered. "I've got a big strong pair of boots at home, and I'm sure I've walked six miles often and often with Nursie. She keeps me out some days for hours and hours till I'm so——"

"Tired," she was going to say, but decided that a more advisable word might be found under the circumstances. Failing to think of one at the moment, she continued irrelevantly,

"I'm just as strong as—strong! Everybody knows I can walk far better than Auntie!"

"But, Missy," urged scandalized Sandy, "ye'll *no get*. It's no tae be expeckit. Yer Auntie's awa, an' yer nurse that's left in chairge o' ye——"

"Nursie won't know anything about it," she said serenely. "Now that I'm a big girl, she sleeps in the little room off mine, and I'm awake hours and hours before she is. Oh, Sandy, how she does snore! I don't believe she'd hear me a bit if I got up early, and I'm sure I could dress myself for once. I can't get out at the front door," she continued reflectively, "for the big key is too heavy to turn; but the back-door is unlocked when the dairymaid gets up, and I'm sure I

could slip out without anybody seeing me.

"Sandy, dear!" She drew him down towards her with a pretty caressing gesture. "Let you'n me go to the fair together! I'll meet you here quite, quite early, before anybody is up, and we'll have *such* a good time. Please! Please! You'n me, Sandy!"

"But they'll miss ye, my wee lassie," he said gently; "an', afore we was halfw'y there, a'bod'y'd be seekin' ye, an' there'd be an awfu' stramash!"

"Not if we started soon enough," she answered pouting. "Don't you see?—I just want a wee little peep of the music and dancing, and the merry-go-rounds, and the ladies in spanglies. I don't care how soon they bring me away after that, and I'm sure I don't care if they keep me on bread and milk for a week!"

(Brava, little lady!—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name!")

"But of course," she went on cruelly, "you want to go in the cart."

"It's no that I'm mindin' sae muckle aboot the cairt," he said honestly, "but I nae ken what I'm tae say tae my faither. I'm loath tae lee tae him at ony time; an' he'd be sweer tae persuade that I was wantin' the walk, for he kens fine I'm aye keen aboot the ridin'." There was a long pause before he continued in a very low voice,—
"An' I was tae get haudin' the reins mysel'."

Oh, selfish little lady! Can't you retire gracefully even now?

"You could always *come back* in the cart," she said. "But never mind; I'll go by myself. You won't tell?" she demanded with sudden eagerness.

Sandy hesitated.

"Na," he said at last, "I'll no tell; an'—gin ye gang—ye'll no gang yer lane nayther, Missy. I'll watch for ye here aboot sax the morn. It's no like ye'll be wauken; but if so be as ye're aye mindit tae gang—we'll gang thegither. Guid nicht!"

II.

For the first time in his life, with the exception of one awful week when he had his first and only experience of "the toothache," Sandy lay awake that night for half an hour after he went to bed. True, as he had said, the chances were all in favour of the lady's oversleeping herself; a healthy child, accustomed to breakfast at eight, was not likely to wake very early; still, there was an amount of uncertainty about the whole adventure which sent cold shivers down the little lad's spine. However he was big and strong for his years, and quite able to take care of the bonny bit thing till the people began to get drunk; and, of course, her friends would find her long before that. When they did find her—the very thought made him brace his muscles for a blow—of course there would be an "awfu' stramash," as he had told her, and then he must simply take the whipping and be done with it.

He would never be allowed to speak to the little lady again,—that was certain. Everybody would say he had presumed on the favour "Auntie" had shown him, and—and here Sandy buried his face in the pillow, and, being a sensible boy, soon fell asleep.

It was no hard task for him to wake at sunrise. He was old, as well as big, for his years, and he often rose early to help his mother with her "chores,"—"sairwrocht" as she was with household cares and farm-labour combined.

So five o'clock found him out in the road, with his flaxen head under

the pump. He tried to be very quiet, but before he was fully equipped in his "Sawbath claes" his father turned uneasily in the old box-bed.

"What's ta'en ye, Sandy?" he asked sleepily. "Ye're sune up. It's no lang chappit five."

"Ay," said Sandy. "I'll pit on the fire for my Mither. She'll be thrang the day." (He blushed deeply at his own wickedness as he said this.) "It's a bonny day. I was thinkin' I'd juist step on, an' see if the berries are ripe in the den,—I daursay ye'll catch me up."

His heart nearly stood still with fright; but, fortunately for him, his father was too much of an epicure to rouse himself unnecessarily from that delicious state of physical relaxation which is half sleep and half waking. An hour or two later, however, the farm-labourer waxed eloquent on the subject to his wife.

"There's nae pleesurin' thae laddies ava," he said. "It's nobbut twa-three days sin naethin' wad please him but drivin' the cairt, an' here he is awa on his fit!"

"Weel, there's no muckle hairm i' that," said the mother, who always kept a particularly warm corner in her heart for her "cannie, mindfu' laddie." "Nae doobt he's awa wi' some o' the ither laddies. He's gey chief wi' Ritchie's An'ra the noo, an' *he* was tae fut it. I'm houpin' he's ta'en a bit cake in's pooch. It's a gey lang road."

"Hoot, they'll juist be playin' theirsels, I'se warran'. They'll no win faur—I wadna wunner

but An'ra's lippenin' tae a lift frae hiz."

Meanwhile Sandy had mounted the hill towards the "muckle hoose" in a state of no small perturbation. No doubt she was sound asleep, the little lady,—unconscious alike of nurse's snoring and of all the wild dreams of the night before. Sandy had always been a quiet, steady laddie; but even he was well aware of the blighting effect of the morning light on plans that had seemed quite feasible at bedtime.

Of course she wouldn't be there: the very idea was ridiculous; and, as he came to this conclusion, he felt an odd little throb of disappointment in the midst of his mighty relief.

Could it be possible? Yes, there she was!—limping along with a face as white as a snowdrop, cloak and bonnet all awry, and with one tiny boot and sock clutched almost convulsively in her chubby hand.

"Oh, Sandy, dear Sandy!" she said, looking up with two large tears just ready to escape from her long eyelashes. "I have been so frightened! Nursie stopped snoring, and I was so afraid she'd wake up! I left my socks and boots to the last, because I thought if there wasn't time I could go bare-footed at first; but it does hurt so, Sandy! I never thought a common road could be so prickly. And I couldn't find the button-hook anywhere. Do you think you'll be able to fasten them without? I've got one boot on, you see; but it isn't buttoned."

"That will I!" said Sandy bravely, concealing his doubts like a man. "But we'll no bide for that the noo, Missy. Juist pu't on onyw'y, till we get bye thae cottar-hooses."

So, hand in hand, they started on their momentous journey, the knight and the lady. They were very silent at first, and an occasional sobbing sigh bore witness to the terrors the lady had come through; but, after all, Nature is a kind mother to the little ones. It was a flat, agricultural landscape through which they passed, and you or I might have longed for mountain and wood to break its dreary monotony; but the children were more than content. The unclouded sun overhead, the single row of scraggy trees by the roadside, the rippling burn, and the occasional late dog-roses, were enough to fill their tiny cups, without their knowing how or why.

So they gathered flowers, and cut switches, and chased the "flying blue-bells," as Rosie called the azure-tinted butterflies, and enjoyed their common birthright to the full. Breakfast, of course, was quite a serious function. Sandy had secured a bit of oatcake, and Rosie had saved a biscuit from her supper the night before. These dainties were shared with the microscopic exactness of which only children are capable, and were followed by a raw turnip, together with a few unripe bramble-berries from the hedge, and some handfuls of water from the burn. Was not that something like a breakfast! And all the time the sweet "caller" air caressed their heated brows, and swept away both memory and forecast;—so you see for at least one sunny morning the knight and the lady knew what it was to live.

To be sure no pleasure is wholly without alloy, and the knight had a very bad ten minutes when he tried to button the lady's boots. It really was the very hardest bit of work he had ever attempted, and the beads of perspiration stood on his puckered forehead before he

had accomplished half of his task. Fortunately the lady was graciously pleased to let the matter rest there; and, when the knight had washed his bruised red finger-tips in the burn, they continued their way.

They must have covered fully a third of the ground when Sandy sighed deeply.

"I'll be back at the schule the morn," he said.

"I've begun lessons too," said she. "What do they teach you at school, Sandy?"

"Oh, juist a' thing," he replied with unconscious satire,—"readin', an' writin', an' coontin'——"

"I've got to subtraction," said my lady proudly.

"Have ye though? Weel I niver!"

"How far have you got?" she purred.

"Weel," said he unwillingly, "I'm a laddie, ye ken, an' a muckle sicht aulder than ye, Missy. I'm at compoon' long diveesion."

This was crushing!

"What's that?" asked the lady faintly.

"Weel," said Sandy, scratching his head in great perplexity, "diveesion is a wee thing like subtrawction, ye ken, juist as multiplication is maist the same thing as addection—only different," he added conscientiously. "But there, what am I bletherin' about? Ye've no gotten the length o' multiplication yet."

"I know all about the multiplication table," said my lady severely;—"at least," she added as an afterthought, "I've got as far as two times nine."

"Weel tae be sure! It's juist wunnerfu! An what'll twa times nine be, Missy?"

He only wanted to help her to show off, but she looked at him as though he had been convicted of cheating at cards.

"That's not fair!" she said coldly.

"Is't no? Than we'll drap it. I hadna tellt ye what 'compoon' means."

"Tell me," she said, still without effusion.

"Weel, ye see, it's like this. In *simple* diveesion—or subtrawction—ye juist pit doon the feegures on yer slate,—three, fower, sax, aucht, or whatever it may be. But in *compoon'* subtrawction—or diveesion—ye ken what it is ye're dealin' wi', an' ye pit doon the like o' money. Tak' fowerpence frae saxpence, or whatever it is that's in the buik." He was rather proud of himself for finding so simple an example.

"Oh, I'd like that!" cried the lady, forgetting her grievance in a moment. "I'll make Auntie teach me compound—what was it?—compound long division—to-morrow."

Sandy was sorely tempted to let this remark pass unchallenged, but he was too conscientious for that.

"I doobt that'll no dae, Missy," he said, with the air of a man who will go to the stake for his convictions. "Ye maun e'en gang through wi' the simples, an' than commence wi' compoon' addection."

The lady thought it was time to change the subject, and she did so like a true conversationalist, with no unseemly wrench.

"Do you know how much I've got to spend at the fair, Sandy?" she said. "A shilling and sixpence penny!" And she produced the three coins in triumph.

"My word!"

"How much have you got, Sandy?"

"Weel," said he, looking rather unhappy, "I'm no mindit tae spen' ower muckle, for I'm savin' up tae buy a horse."

"A horse!"

"Ay. My faither thinks I'll manage it by the time I'm twinty.

‘Mony a pickle maks a mickle,’ he says. I’ve sax poun’ the noo, an’ maybe a wee thing mair. It’s maistly gey slaw wark coontin the bawbees, but I got a graun’ lift when my graunfaither deed. He left me five pun’.”

“Oh, Sandy, how splendid!” cried the lady, moved to genuine enthusiasm. “A real big horse, instead of the stupid old gate. Will he be like Snowflake?”

“Ay,” said the boy, with the air of a connoisseur, such as his father might have assumed on tasting a sample of wheat,—“no unlike Snowflake, but no sae langnebbit, an’ a wee thing braider i’ the hench.”

“And will you give me a ride, Sandy, as you did on the gate last night? You called the gate Snowflake, you know.”

The boy’s face fell. They had become such excellent friends in the last hour.

“Ye maunna forget, Missy,” he said, “I’m no tae get it ere I’m twinty, an’ I doobt ye’ll no be carin’ muckle aboot a ride than!”

There was something irresistible in this argument, and the lady’s face fell too.

“But, Sandy,” she said shyly, “perhaps by the time you’re twenty, you’ll be—a gentleman!”

“Na, na,” he said with honest Scotch pride, “I’m no wantin’ tae be a gentleman. I’d suner be like my Faither, an’ mak’ the finest furrow, an’ the strauchtest stack i’ the hail countra-side!”

Alas, for the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand! There could be no doubt at all that a shadow had fallen upon the tiny “twosome,” and now the shadow began to darken.

“D’ye no hear wheels?” said Sandy suddenly, stopping short, and putting down his ear to listen. “Ay, it’s a gig! Gang a wee thing forrit, Missy, in front o’ me, an’ I

daursay they’ll no tak’ muckle heed o’ ye. Carry this bit switch ower yer shouter, an’ pu’ yer bannet weel forrit. Ye’re in an awfu’ mess o’ dust—that’s ae guid thing—an’ no vera like yersel’.”

In a few minutes the gig rattled past, and, fortunately, its occupants took no apparent notice of the two little travellers.

“It’s a man an’ a wife,” said Sandy presently, “but I dinna ken wha. I dauredna lift my een till they were bye. Nae doobt the gig’s been loaned them, an’ it’s ill kennin’ folk frae the luik o’ their backs on Fair day!”

“Wha’s yon?” remarked the driver of the gig to his wife, when they were past.

“I’m no that sure. The laddie’s like Tamson’s Sandy, but I nae ken wha the wee lassie can be. She disna favour the Tamsons ava.”

The children drew a breath of relief, but before long a spring cart came up, and this time a woman leaned over to speak.

“Wha’s yon ye’ve gotten wi’ ye, Sandy?” quoth she.

“A lassie,” said cautious Sandy.

“I see fine it’s a lassie, but what’n a lassie?”

Then poor Sandy, driven to desperation, was guilty of the one piece of unjustifiable rudeness of which I ever heard him accused,—such trite rudeness, too, unrelieved by a single spark of originality.

“Ask yer granny!” he said, with as bold an air as he could muster.

A shout of laughter from the cart greeted this retort. Humour of the crudest type is allowed to pass muster on Fair day.

But the baffled questioner did not join in the laugh.

“My word!” she exclaimed angrily, “He’s no blate! An’ they say the Tamsons’ Sandy is that canny an’ fair-spoken. I niver!”

“Hoot, wumman, it’s the Fair!”

said her husband soothingly, and so the matter dropped.

Thus danger Number Two passed by, but although the little lady had held up gallantly hitherto, there could be no doubt that her strength was beginning to flag. She denied vehemently that she was tired, and she still talked gaily of merry-go-rounds and "ladies with gold spanglies"; but, as Sandy looked at her drooping dusty little figure, he began to feel quite sure of what he had feared all along,—that she would never reach the Fair at all.

He was still looking at her, with a very pitiful feeling in his honest heart, when a great cloud of dust came up behind them, and, when it settled—behold the figures of Mr and Mrs Thomson and the lady's nurse!—not to speak of poor old Snowflake, patiently wondering why he had been lashed into such an unconscionable lather.

At first it was impossible to distinguish anything in the violent altercation that ensued; but at last the nurse succeeded in dismounting from the cart, and—as is the way with nurses while an explanation is pending—shook her little charge violently by the shoulder.

"I wunner at ye!" cried poor Sandy with trembling lips. "It like you!" blame—a wee bit thing

"An' ye're no red tae staun' there an' say it was yer blame!" shouted Sandy's father, white with rage, yet amazed, in the midst of his indignation, that a lad who had never needed a thrashing in his life should have earned one so richly now. "There'll no be ony Fair for you, ma man. Ye'll gang strait hame, an' change yer claes, an' when I come hame the nicht—I'll pay ye!"

This was indeed an appalling threat; for although Bill Thomson

was a decent, well-doing, kindly man in the main, it was not to be expected of human nature that the night after the Fair should find him in a peculiarly conciliatory or reasonable frame of mind.

Sandy turned as white as a sheet of paper; but, selfish as my little lady was, this was more than she could bear.

She shook off her nurse's hold in a moment, and, darting up with crimson face and clenched fists to the huge, passionate man, she stamped her tiny foot on the dusty road.

"It's not his blame!" she shouted, quivering with anger, and unconsciously making use of their own expression. "It's not his blame, and you know it! It's *my* blame! He wanted to drive Snowflake. He didn't want to bring me a bit; and I made him, I made him, I made him! I said I'd come alone, so he had to take care of me. And—and—and I made him promise not to tell,—so *there!* If you whip him, or send him home, or say a single word to him, I'll"—she gasped literally for breath,—"*I'LL KILL YOU!*"

And, having thus delivered herself of all the points in the evidence, having even got safely through a most impressive peroration, counsel for the defence broke down in a torrent of tears.

"Is that true, Sandy?" said his mother, putting her arm round the trembling boy.

Now Sandy had never lied to his mother in his life; and being, as I told you, only a common Scotch laddie, and no gallant French gentleman,—being, moreover, much too young and inexperienced for a heavy rôle like that of knight in so trying a drama,—he hid his face in his mother's shawl, and sobbed out a most unchivalrous "*Ay!*"

"Just to think," cried Nurse,

still white with fright, "o' that hussy, Sarah, never lettin' on till we missed her that the bairns was together last night. I'll gie her a hearing once I get hame!"

"Weel," said Sandy's mother cautiously, "I've nae doobt ava that Sarah's gotten a fricht—as weel's yersel!"

But the hint was lost upon Nurse.

"I'm that pleased," she said, "that I didna telegraph tae the missis. There's no need now for her tae ken onything about it."

"Hoot, wumman!" said Mrs Thomson, "Honesty's aye the best policy. Tak' my advice, an' mak' a clean breist o't the meenit she pits her fit ower the door. She'll be wantin' a word wi' wersels as weel, I'm thinking!"

Nurse had come on with the Thomsons to save time, but had left word that the governess cart was to follow as soon as possible, so there was no difficulty about getting home. And so it was settled, with more immediate justice than we are accustomed to meet with in human affairs, that Sandy should go on to the Fair, as originally arranged, and that the lady should be conducted ignominiously home by her nurse.

I think I need scarcely inform the reader who has followed her fortunes thus far, that, under these trying circumstances, she conducted herself with due dignity, as a heroine should, flatly declining to excuse or incriminate herself in any way till "Auntie" should arrive.

III.

The poor little lady had sobbed herself to sleep that night, and Auntie and I were still sitting over the drawing-room fire, congratulating ourselves and thanking Heaven that the adventure had ended no worse. The fire had burned low, and we were talking of going to bed, when the door burst open, and our motherly old cook came in with a white, scared face.

"If you please'm," she said, "they say wee Sandy at the cottar-hooses is deen', an' he's awfu' keen tae see Miss Rosie."

"*Dying!*" exclaimed Auntie. "What do you mean? He was well enough this morning."

"Ay, but he'd an awfu' accident at the Fair. He was on ane o' thae muckle sweets, leanin' atower tae speak tae the laddies below,—an' he fell. He was kin' o' stunned like at the first, but he's himsel' the noo; only—they say—the doctor's feared his neck's broke."

"And does the doctor think there is any immediate danger?"

"Ay. He niver thocht the laddie'd live tae get here, but the Mither, puir body, couldna rest till she got him hame; so they brocht him on a shutter. The doctor says it's no a case in which he'd like tae be unco sure; but he's no expeekin' him—tae bide wi's—till the morn."

"Then of course Rosie must go at once," said Auntie hastily. "Tell Nurse to put on her warm dressing-gown, and wrap her up in a blanket.—No, stay. I'll go myself. You'll come with us?" she said turning to me.

Poor Rosie was sadly scared and disconcerted at being wakened out of her first sleep. I doubt whether such a thing had ever happened to her in all her baby life before.

It was the grieve who had brought the news, and now, as he lighted us down the dark road, Auntie tried to prepare her little niece for what she was to see. This was no easy task, for, beyond a general idea, picked up mainly

from the servants, that God was responsible for most things, and might, or might not, be inclined to listen to human prayers,—the child had received no religious training at all; and the eclectic knowledge of Scripture, witnessed by her familiarity with the story of Jonah, had by no means been calculated to fan the flame of devotion. For Auntie was one of those people who believe that only a mature intelligence should grapple with what she called “the problems of religion.”

The cottage consisted of a but and a ben, and we “went ben” at once, while the grieve prepared the family for our visit. We drew back in a moment when we found the doctor in the sitting-room; but the house was so small that it was impossible not to hear every word he said,—for he had brought with him his nephew, fresh from college.

“I don’t see why you should suspect a cervical fracture, uncle,” the young man was saying. “There is no paralysis, and his breathing is practically all right.”

“That’s true, lad,” said our dear old Æsculapius, whom a happy chance had brought to the spot a few minutes after the accident. “But I got a creak once that I didn’t like, and I’m sure neither you nor me is wanting to get it again. Besides it’s not for nothing that he’s holding his head so stiff. I’ve got it now between sandbags, and I’ve told him to keep it steady (though that wouldn’t have been much use if Nature hadn’t been beforehand with me, as she mostly is). But we must make some better arrangement for the night, in case he falls asleep, puir laddie! I’ve told his mother it may come any minute, and—if it comes—it’s like to be over before she knows.”

At this moment Mrs Thomson

entered the tiny passage in which we stood, and, after a vain convulsive effort to speak, beckoned to us to follow her. It is little to say that none of us will ever forget the sight that met our eyes as we entered the kitchen.

By the smouldering embers of the fire sat the father, ill at ease in the unaccustomed “braws” donned for the fair, his whole attitude one of the uttermost dejection. The light of a single tallow candle fell on the bed where the little patient was lying, strangely straight and stiff, but otherwise not half so changed as we had expected to find him. On one side his Mother stood by the head of the bed, looking at him—Ah, how she did look! Surely her very soul was flowing into his!—and on the other side sat the young minister who had lately come to the parish, with one hand stretched out towards the boy, the other grasping a well-worn Bible.

A curious fit of shyness seemed to come over the little lad as we entered the room. Unable to turn away his head, he laid one hand across his eyes, while with the other he groped stiffly about the counterpane.

“I brocht ye a fairin’, Missy,” he said timidly. “Whaur is’t, Mither?”

Half-blind with weeping, the poor woman put something into his hand, and he held it out to the little lady whom Auntie had placed on the foot of the bed. Surely half the pathos of death lies in the weird touches of comedy that cross his path to the very last. Solemnly Rosie held out her hand, and solemnly she took possession of a gingerbread man, and a bit of the crude red confection which is a staple commodity at the Fair.

“It’s naethin’ by-ordinar,” he said humbly, recovering from his

shyness, now that the longed-for ordeal was over. "No what I wad ha' likit; but they wadna let me bide——"

"Na," said his mother. "It was efter they had him on the shutter, and he'd begood tae come tae hissel'; but the doctor had tellt me—— Naethin' wad please him but he maun get a fairin' for Missy. I'm sure I just gruppit onythin' that cam' tae my han'. I canna even richtly ca' tae mind that I p'yed for't. It *is* a pair bit thing! Ye maun e'en excuse it."

"You *dear* little boy," said Auntie, kneeling down by the bed, and stroking the rough brown hand. "You shouldn't have spent your money on Rosie. She has lots of toys. When you get well——"

Here she broke down; but now Rosie, who had been sitting half dazed, suddenly found voice,—

"And he didn't mean to spend his pennies, Auntie. He's saving up to buy a horse!"

"Na, na," said the boy hastily. "Hae they no tellt ye? I'm no gaun tae get better, Missy. The meenister says," he added with a shy smile, "that he wadna wunner an they gied me a horse when I get there. He's been readin' me an awfu' bonny scripiter aboot the white horses. I'm no sae feared o' Heaven, an it's like yon."

For just one moment the minister looked rather shamefacedly at Auntie. She was a beautiful woman, and he was very young, and they had had some wondrous discussions of late; but criticism was very far from Auntie's eyes just then.

"I am sure you deserve a horse, if you want one," she said, "you little hero!"

He pointed to the lady at the foot of the bed.

"She was pluckier than me the

day," he said simply. "I've been beat by a lassie."

"*That* you haven't, darling! Rosie has told me all about it, and I'm sure she is as sorry as I am for the trouble she got you into. If Rosie grows up to be half as brave and good as you are——"

Here Auntie broke down completely, and a troubled look came over the little face.

"I was aye mindit tae be guid tae my Mither when I was big. She's been sair owerwrocht, puir Mither! But I'm thinkin' God maun ken fine that He hasna gied me the chaunce."

The doctor had entered the room, but I don't think there was one of us who could have found speech to answer this, when Rosie's worldly little voice broke in upon the silence.

"But you must get well, Sandy; indeed you must! I like you better than all the other boys—Ronald and Harold and Hugh. They're so rough and selfish, and they won't have girls in their games. If you'll only get well, Sandy—when your big—I'll—I'll marry you, even if you're not a gentleman!"

Did we laugh or cry? Both I think; but the little knight on the borderland took the situation very seriously.

"Ye're unco guid, I'm sure, Missy," he said simply; "but ye're no for the like o' me. It's no that I couldna wark for ye. I could that! But ye'd aye need a wumman body tae dae for ye, and I'd no like tae see ye wantin' the bonny bit things ye've been used tae. Maybe," he went on, changing the subject with delicate tact, "the meenister wad read us yon bonny chapter again."

And without opening his Bible, the minister began in a deep sympathetic voice,—

"And I saw heaven opened,

and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.'"

Did he think the next words were too stern for so young a disciple? I do not know, but after a moment's silence, he fell back upon the same allegory, as it issued from the lips of the prophet, in whose mighty heart and brain it first took form.

"'And he said, Surely they are my people, *children that will not lie*——'"

He paused again for a moment, and the poor mother broke in eagerly, "That's him, sir, that's Sandy! It's as if it was wrote for him!" And then the minister went on,

"——so he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them: and he bare them, and carried them—all the days.'"

The little lady listened with rapt attention, straining her ears to catch every word; and who knows what vague, grand image formed in her baby mind? As for the little knight, he forgot his injury, and with a hasty, unconscious effort,

turned to speak to the minister. In a moment he remembered, but it was too late. Even as he fell back, before he had time to guess that the summons had come, a change came over his brave little face. . . .

I think his young visitor scarcely noticed the change, for the doctor hastily signed to us to leave the room, and we went.

Shivering with excitement we made our way up the dark avenue to the house.

"Auntie," whispered the heathen little lady, forcing her head out of the blanket and gazing all around, like a chicken from under its mother's wing, "has the man on the white horse come to fetch him?"

Poor Auntie! It would have taken a wondrously pure Agnosticism to stand the blast of a furnace like that.

"I believe he has, darling," she said, clasping her treasure more tightly. "'He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom'!"

An hour later, when the little lady was sound asleep once more, Auntie stopped on the stair, candle in hand; and I saw she had been seized by one of those odd relapses into cynicism, with which her friends were so familiar.

"I always knew Rosie was a witch," she said lightly, "but the amount of discrimination she has shown in the last thirty hours——"

Here the cynicism broke down, and the cynic made good her retreat.

IV.

It was New Year's Day, and a party of bright young girls were gathered in Rosie's pretty boudoir waiting for afternoon tea.

"Leap Year!" said one of them, taking down a calendar from the mantel-piece. "Now's your chance, all of you!" And they jested as

young girls will, to whom life (in the orthodox social sense) is a "joke that's just begun."

"I wonder," said a dreamy voice, "whether any woman ever did avail herself of her privilege?"

"Of course!" said Rosie calmly.

A shout of indignation and surprise greeted this speech; for Rosie was far from being in the habit of giving away her own sex.

"And, to hear her talk, you would think she knew anything about it!" laughed one.

"I know this much about it,—that I have done it myself!"

"You!"

"Proposed to a man!"

"Your first season, and the ball at your feet!"

"Nonsense!"

"Nevertheless it is true," said Rosie quietly. "I was six years old, and he was nine. He was dying, and I said, if he would get well, I'd marry him. I would have done it, too," she went on, looking round her royally, "if he would have had me,—though he *was* a farm-labourer's son! His mother is one of my best friends to this day. I was a spoilt ill-mannered

little minx; and he—— I wish some of our fine gentlemen could learn *manners* from him! No well-worn tricks; none of the 'little way' which we women are supposed to be quite unable to resist; no surface veneer;—only real chivalry and inborn fine breeding as deep as his brave little heart!"

So then of course they made her tell the story, as I have tried to tell it to you. There was dead silence when she finished. She had risen towards the end, and had walked over to the window; but she was Auntie's own child, and now she turned, and brought us back with a jar to

"The C Major of this life."

"Oddly enough," she said, "we were at Duncairn last summer. The Fair came round while we were there; and oh, the noise and the squalor and the tawdriness! There was no escaping it. It seemed to blast the country for miles around. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

"Ay — *mundi!*" I answered thoughtfully. "But it seems to me that Sandy's memory is wondrous green."

'THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.'

UNLIKE the 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' Mr Balfour's new book has a positive title, yet in this respect the title seems to be an utter misnomer. It ought to have been called the Non-Foundations of Belief, for the tendency of the whole argument is to show that the ultimate truths of science and the supreme beliefs of ethics and theology are in the literal sense of the term *unfounded*. This does not mean that Mr Balfour holds that these beliefs are not to be accepted. His contention rather seems to be that they are *therefore* to be accepted without grounds—that is, without rational grounds. Hitherto mankind and philosophers have derived their fundamental beliefs from one or other of two sources. Ordinary men and a large number of philosophers have believed that the ultimate foundation of all our knowledge is experience, internal and external,—in Locke's language, Sensation and Reflection,—in short, the evidence of the senses and the consciousness of what passes in our minds. Another set of philosophers, a more refined class of thinkers, are not satisfied with this. They are of opinion that a large number of our beliefs come from another, an *a priori* source; that *a priori* intuitions and principles are necessary before the senses can give any evidence at all; that we must be furnished with certain *a priori* instruments wherewith to compel the senses to give evidence, and by means of which to test their utterances.

The former are called Empirical philosophers; the latter, to adopt Mr Balfour's term, we may style Transcendentalists.

But neither of these sources of belief will Mr Balfour acknowledge as affording rational grounds for the beliefs themselves. He will not indeed dispute that certain organic causes, which we may if we choose call sensitive affections, have produced the beliefs; but, that the beliefs themselves are consistent with this their origin, that is a different matter. The argument of more than half his book consists in showing that, if we seek to trace the rational proof of the beliefs, in the circumstances of their origin, we shall never find it there, and the beliefs themselves will not continue to subsist.

But if neither in experience nor in any *a priori* principles can we find the justification of our ultimate convictions regarding the world and regarding man, where shall we find it? Where, in the name of all that is conceivable or imaginable, are the Foundations of Belief? They are not to be found in the senses. Even Transcendentalism cannot discover them. Mr Balfour will have none of it. Where are they? Mr Balfour must know, but he has kept this a secret to himself. We turn to his book and find no answer to the question. To all appearance these foundations exist *in nubibus*, waiting until some fine day they are rained down to us, as a special favour from heaven.

Meanwhile Mr Balfour uses their non-existence or seeming undiscoverableness as a ground, and a rational ground, for accepting current beliefs wholesale, without critical examination, wherever they may happen to exist. On this principle, whatever beliefs have been wrought in us by organic processes, social institutions, inveterate class prejudices, or the hoary authority of immemorial existence, are to be received, and woe betide us if we dare to question them. Legal memory is said to reach back to the beginning of the reign of Richard I. (A.D. 1189). How far back shall philosophic memory extend? When shall the age of a belief give it title to possession of our minds by prescription, and how shall this principle itself be established as part of the common law of philosophy?

The truth is, to renounce the search for a rational proof and foundation for our beliefs is the destruction of philosophy. It is more than this. It is the destruction of all progress. The uncritical acceptance of the heritage of the ages, of whatever has come down to us from our ancestors, may be stout conservatism, but it would none the less be the arrest of all advance in science, in art, in political and social life, and in theology. Above all, God forbid that religion should ever be led to rest its case on pleadings such as these! There is a subtle all-pervading air of scepticism in Mr Balfour's book. To rest the supreme convictions of religion upon the hopelessness of obtaining solid grounds for any convictions whatsoever, scientific or otherwise, is one of the subtlest temptations that can assail the theologian. It is one with the spirit of Pilate's question, What is truth? It is the spirit of Mephistopheles.

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"Reason and knowledge but despise,
Wherein man's highest power still lies."

On this basis rests Mr Balfour's Provisional philosophy or "Provisional Unification." Its one foundation is the foundationlessness of other systems. This is its principle and its method, its beginning and its end. Has he then succeeded in laying this foundation? Has he succeeded in showing that what experience tells us is unverifiable, that the Empirical Philosophy reposes on an inconsistent foundation, and that the critical difficulties which Transcendentalism finds in the ordinary view of experience, can be accepted and retained apart from the metaphysical system that underlies them? In our opinion he has not succeeded, but has failed in each part of this enterprise. To none of these systems are we ourselves pledged,—

"Sworn to no master, of no sect am I."

But what we do pledge ourselves to is the failure and inconsistency of Mr Balfour's attempt to pit these philosophies, the one against the other, and to stand aloof himself.

The argument contained in Mr Balfour's book presents a striking resemblance to that put forward in Mr Kidd's 'Social Evolution.' Mr Kidd has endeavoured to show that the undisputed sway of the intellect would, through its subserviency to the selfish instincts of the individual, be certainly antagonistic to the social evolution of the race. Natural selection, therefore, has ordained that only those races in which an irrational factor — viz., religion — has held in check the egoistic promptings of the intellect, have survived in the struggle for existence. Did not religion with its other-worldli-

ness step in, the selfishness of the individual would destroy society. The advantage on this theory conferred by religion, does not consist in the positive contents of religious beliefs and the revelation of truth which they contain, in the correspondence of those beliefs with any fact or facts in the environment, but rather in their non-correspondence. By introducing an illusory element into belief, it frees us from the consequences of conduct based on beliefs possessing too close a correspondence with external facts, beliefs that are too clear-headed, that are, in fact, too true to be wholesome. It is easy in this way to show that religion performs an important function. It practises upon mankind a most beneficial deception. It not only performs that poetic function of exercising the imagination, which Mr Balfour in part iv. chapter i. assigns to metaphysics or philosophy, but it confers the great blessing that it leads us to base our conduct on a thoroughly unsound foundation. This theory, founded on the most thorough Weismannic or ultra-Darwinian basis, is utterly opposed to the true idea of Evolution. Religious beliefs are on this theory but accidental mental phenomena, the offspring of an unlimited tendency to vary in all directions, but in this case possessing a kind of untruth so irrational in its nature, that it happens to be peculiarly advantageous.

Now of precisely the same character is Mr Balfour's argument contained in part i. of 'The Foundations of Belief.' The "naturalistic," by which term he designates the scientific account of the origin of our beliefs, is apparently admitted, at least it is not challenged. But then, his

contention is, that this account of their origin is radically inconsistent with the beliefs themselves; that the emotions and sentiments with which moral action is regarded, that the sense of freedom which morality implies, that the harmonisation of egoistic and altruistic ends which it demands, and the adequate object of endeavour which it postulates as its goal, are all impossible, or at least unaccounted for, on this theory of their origin: *ergo*, we are to accept the beliefs in spite of the scientific account of their origin, and unsupported by evidence or rational foundation of any sort.

The question here arises, Is there this opposition between our ethical beliefs and the scientific theory of their origin? If, as we shall presently show, reason takes the lead in establishing a correspondence between man and his environment, and if morality be the highest outcome of this correspondence, then we may expect that between this practical reason and the scientific theory of its cause there will be, not disagreement, but the closest accordance.

This theory of a disagreement, when applied to our æsthetic feelings, is not productive of such serious consequences. "No natural punishment being annexed to bad taste," our sense of beauty may, it seems, be left to vary to order with the caprice of the moment. "But if," says Mr Balfour, "on the naturalistic hypothesis, the sentiments associated with beauty seem like a poor jest played on us by nature for no apparent purpose, those that gather round morality are, so to speak, a deliberate fraud perpetrated for a well-defined end."

It is, however, when we come to reason, that we encounter the most startling consequences of the

line of argument which Mr Balfour has pursued. He directly assails the possibility of a correspondence between organism and environment which shall be adequate for general knowledge. This, which is the foundation of his whole argument, the keystone of the arch of scepticism, is at the same time its weakest point. If he fails here, the opposition which he has tried to establish between morals and the scientific theory of morals breaks down. The possibility remains open that with reason to aid, natural causes should establish far-reaching relations between human nature and interests the most unselfish and remote. Mr Balfour endeavours to sustain his position here by four arguments. He contends that a correspondence between organism and environment adequate for general knowledge postulates four things, none of which can be admitted. First, that samples of every sort of natural manifestation are to be found in our narrow and limited world. Secondly, that these samples would permit nervous tissue to be modified to respond specifically. Thirdly, that such specific modifications continue useful when our senses in their present shape are developed. Fourthly, that these modifications are more useful than those which might have been produced with the same material. (Pt. i. chap. iii.)

Now, for refusing to concede these possibilities, Mr Balfour does not produce a shred of argument. He contents himself with assuring us that the first two propositions are simply incredible. And indeed, if his wording of the propositions be pressed, perhaps they are. That "samples" of every sort of natural manifestation occur in consciousness is more than we can venture to assert. The illustration of the Micromegas of Voltaire, to which

Mr Balfour alludes in this connection, is sufficient to suggest that they do not; but that the processes of nature are symbolically typified in consciousness is a tenable hypothesis, and he has said nothing to shake it. As is well known, Mr Spencer's Transfigured Realism is based on just such a hypothesis as this. Our narrow and limited world of phenomena may thus be capable of entering into correspondences, if not directly, at least indirectly, with a practically unlimited nature, and Mr Balfour seems to admit as much in the note, an admission entirely inconsistent with the text. But when these considerations are taken into account, all incredibility attaching to the second proposition disappears. Had Mr Balfour but carefully studied the First Principles of Mr Spencer, he would have learned that such specific modification, or regular and definite response to external stimulus, is a necessary consequence of the laws governing the distribution of matter and motion in the universe, acting under the all-pervading principle of the persistence of force. From this point of view, paradoxical as it may seem, we may directly contradict Mr Balfour's assertion that "atoms have no prejudices in favour of truth." Being themselves the object of it, they tend towards truth by the operation of inexorable laws. The same considerations obviate all the improbability which seems to attach to the third and fourth propositions. The third objection seems to imply that the universe to which such specific modifications correspond is a continually fluctuating chaos from which the persistence of force, and persistence of relations between forces, correlation, direction, and rhythm, had all disappeared. But

once we recognise that the correspondence which life implies is a continuous adjustment in which present correspondences merge in other deeper and more complex ones, the bottom is knocked out of the third and fourth objections: out of the fourth, because useful modifications are those which establish a correspondence with the environment and *because* they establish it. But of all these kinds of correspondence none is more significant than that which reason establishes, by means of which the mind, instead of being tied down to one definite reaction, is enabled to vary the correspondence itself, in accordance with varying conditions of reality. So long as nature and society present so much multiplicity in unity, such variety amid uniformity of law, we need feel no anxiety as to the approach of that state of things which Mr Balfour dreads, when we shall be perfectly good, but at the same time perfectly idiotic.

And here we have reached a point where the general futility of such theories as those of Mr Kidd and Mr Balfour becomes apparent. Both these theories rest upon an asserted "want of balance between our intellectual vision and the circumstances of our actual existence." Our intellectual vision, were it not corrected by the blind action of religious instinct, would, according to Mr Kidd, be fatal to our existence, if not as individuals, at least as a race of beings gradually ascending in the scale of existence. This theory seems to assign intellectual vision to science. Mr Balfour, however, seems to assign intellectual vision to beliefs, however they may happen to be obtained; and as beliefs collected at random, and taken *in globo*, with the eyes shut as children take medicine, are not by any

means sure to harmonise with "the circumstances of our actual existence," why, then so much the worse for "the circumstances."

In reality, does it not seem a much more reasonable view than that advocated by either of these writers, if we hold that the general laws of nature upon which evolution depends, also effect a correspondence between the organism and the environment, and that all advance means simply growth in the extent and complexity of this correspondence? Such a view supposes that the tendency of evolution is towards truth, that error is fatal, and that the peculiar kind of correspondence which psychic development implies can in some measure dictate the course of events and determine the direction in which further progress lies. The ultra-Darwinian theory of evolution, which leaves everything to chance variation and the selective action of environing conditions, seems to many men of science insufficient to account for the phenomena. Some have therefore fallen back on an internal principle moulding the development. Of this nature is Wundt's theory of Heterogony. But a metaphysical principle, an occult quality, an invisible *nisus* not interpretable in hard facts, is a suspicious article in the repertory of science. What is required is such a positive theory of the internal factor as shall explain that general appearance of a preconceived plan, without the rigidity of an unalterable resolve which exists in nature.

Interpreted in this way, are the feelings and sentiments of morality, the perception of beauty, and the processes of reasoning, incapable of being reconciled with the relation which exists between us and the environment? Are they not rather phases and manifestations

of that correspondence between ourselves and the circumstances of our existence which the continuous action of nature has produced? Are "Righteousness, Beauty, and Reason" entities which have descended, like the gods of Olympus, sometimes to work blessing, but more often confusion, in human affairs, and to set man at variance with his surroundings, or are they not rather the sum and substance of all that humanity has learned, the infinite teaching of the ages? Surely, with Dr Maudsley, we must rather regard reason and morality as the crown of mental evolution.

Still, it may be said, "Has not Mr Balfour established the existence of a complete disagreement between not merely the beliefs connected with morality, but between the beliefs on which science rests and the scientific theory of the origin of these beliefs? Before you can claim the beliefs of morality and reason as in complete accordance with science, you must meet this latter difficulty."

This difficulty is really borrowed from a class of men whom Mr Balfour designates as transcendentalists. Their theory is supposed to be derived from Kant or Hegel. In the form in which it is here presented, it emanates from the late Professor Green, who, in his Introduction to Hume, laboured hard to prove that the senses could tell us nothing, that sensations could not even exist, without categories and relations and an eternal consciousness gradually communicating itself to a finite consciousness, all assisting in the process. It is not necessary to deal with this theory on its positive side. It is not exactly Kantian or Hegelian. It reminds one most of Fichte. On its negative side, it asserts that sensations

cannot exist by themselves—that is, apart from all this apparatus. Is that for one moment tenable? Apparently the rational conclusion on this system is, that sensation cannot exist at all. Mr Balfour complains piteously of the "refractory," "irreducible" element of sensation, meaning apparently that it ought not to be there at all. Sensation implies the thing-in-itself, and the latter is a riddle on Kant's system, and ought to be got rid of. But this, again, is more than he is willing to grant. He holds with Kant that without matter categories are empty. Relations imply something related. The *a priori* relations leave no room for the contingent. Above all, whence comes the difficulty of understanding creation when we already know the thoughts of God in creation?

These objections are put by Mr Balfour, and they are fatal at least to Professor Green's method of treating the transcendental problem. But why then urge against the empirical philosophy difficulties which derive their whole force from a distorted view of the evidence of consciousness and the imaginary *a priori* necessities of the idealist? At the commencement of the chapter on "Idealism after some recent English writings," Mr Balfour says:—

"The difficulties in the way of an empirical philosophy of science, with which we dealt in the last chapter, largely arise from the conflict which exists between two parts of a system, the scientific half of which requires us to regard experience as an effect of an external and independent world, while the philosophic or epistemological half offers this same experience to us as the sole groundwork and logical foundation on which any knowledge whatever of an external and independent world may be rationally based."

Now this is precisely the conflict which Professor Green forces on the clear and transparent thought of Locke, with, it must be confessed, no little twisting of the meaning and distortion of the language.¹ But on what supposition does this conflict rest? The assumption underlying Professor Green's theory was that a consciousness fleeting in time could never apprehend itself as such, much less apprehend other things. Only an eternal consciousness, standing outside the series of mental states and capable of welding them together with categories and intelligible relations, could enable us to know anything. Needless to say, of these positions no proof was given. That a process in time is incapable of consciously apprehending the moments of which it consists is no self-evident proposition. Philosophy may doubtless teach us to analyse that stream of sensations and ideas which forms our mental life differently from what we have hitherto done; its contents may come out rich in meaning and complex in relations; but that we shall be able to find in it anything that is not itself part of the series is in the highest degree improbable. Meanwhile, until it can be shown that the process of consciousness, even as a process in time, is incapable of apprehending itself and the events which occur in it, we may dismiss the philosophy of Green and the difficulties which it raises from consideration. These difficulties are not independent of the philosophic position, supposed necessary in order to remove them.

Difficulties and theory stand and fall together.

There are many other interesting points in Mr Balfour's book. Before concluding we shall touch upon one of them. In a note appended to chapter ii. part iv., the author declares that the Church's decisions on the doctrine of the Trinity were not in the nature of explanations.

"They were, in fact, precisely the reverse. They were the negation of explanations. The various heresies which it combated were, broadly speaking, all endeavours to bring the mystery as far as possible into harmony with contemporary speculations, Gnostic, Neo-Platonic, or Rationalising, to relieve it from this or that difficulty,—in short, to do something towards explaining it. The Church held that all such explanation or partial explanations inflicted irremediable impoverishment on the idea of the Godhead which was essentially involved in the Christian revelation. They insisted on preserving that idea in all its inexplicable fulness."

To those who remember with what pains ecclesiastical writers and the fathers of the Church, an Origen and a St Augustine, sought to illustrate and symbolise by finite analogies the transcendent mystery of the Godhead, it will be news to hear that the Church was averse to trying to explain it. The national emblem of the sister kingdom, the shamrock, would of itself refute the assertion. Still, if we interpret the passage as merely affirming that the doctrine of the Trinity is and remains an unfathomable mystery, which, deeply interwoven with the being

¹ I still remember the shock I received on coming across in the 'Introduction' words quoted from Locke, with reference given and in all the impressiveness of inverted commas. Did Locke say that? My recollection was different. On referring to the passage, I found the context just reversed the meaning attributed to Locke.

of things and brought home to man by his own psychical nature, is nevertheless but dimly apprehended and never completely understood by us, we may admit that it expresses a deep and an important truth. Even writers like Dr Maudsley, little as they may incline to the paths of the theologian, have still, on an impartial view of the universe, felt constrained to admit that he who reflects upon it is forced in the end to the recognition of something like this. "We come back, indeed, to something which, however we name it or forbear to name it, is very like the theological Trinity—God the Unrevealed and Unrevealable, God the Revealed and God the Revealer." But if, on the other hand, we interpret the passage we have quoted, as the tenor of Mr Balfour's book seems to require that we should interpret it, that the doctrine of the Trinity relates to something so totally out of touch with anything in the nature of things and the intellect of man, that we can only speak of the mystery in negations, can only declare what it is not, but never what it is—then this profound mystery ceases to be mysterious, and Mr Balfour's observation regarding the teaching of the Church remains ingenious, but will at the same time be found to be not a little cynical.

It is unnecessary to go into the grounds of the distrust, manifested by Mr Balfour, of the historic

formulas in which the Church has expressed its consciousness regarding the solemn truths committed to its care. To him those formulas commend themselves chiefly by their ambiguity. We must, according to him, distinguish carefully between the accuracy of any formula and the real truth of the various beliefs it is capable of expressing. In this latter regard he seems to think all formulas are pretty much on the same footing, equally accurate, or rather equally inaccurate, "so minute is the parallax of Infinite Truth."

Finally, we must protest against the central doctrine of this book, that there is "an ineffaceable incongruity between the origin of our beliefs and the beliefs themselves." A philosophy resting on this assumption cannot fulfil even a temporary purpose. A "provisional unification" can never be based upon any system which postulates ultimate incoherence between man's external and internal existence. We cannot see the necessity why there must be "incoherences in any system." We look forward rather to a view of the world, in which the causation of belief shall be seen to be implicitly rational, and in which a unification of beliefs, ethical and scientific, shall be perceived to be a demonstrable necessity. So far as Mr Balfour's book is opposed to such a result, we can only regard it as retrograde in its tendency, and sophistical in its conclusions.

ILLUSION.

I.

METHOUGHT that it was morn, and that I woke
As from some lake Lethæan, dim and deep,
To see the brightest dawn that ever broke
O'er happiest Dreamland of enchanted sleep.
What country of the Sun—what isle entrancing,
'Neath pearly dews of morn, did thus appear?
Waves of what sapphire sea beyond were dancing?
Birds of what Paradise trilled songs so clear?
Flow'rs of what Eden-land bloomed far and near?

II.

Now as I wondered thus, there was begot
A yearning in my soul,—though Heav'n enthralled,
How were it Heav'n to me, where *one* was not?
But lo! her spirit answered as mine called.
I heard a dulcet voice whose welcome thrilled me,
The self-same tender voice that, sweet and low
And ever unforgotten, first had filled me
With Love's divine elixir, when the flow
Of life was in its summer—long ago!

III.

I lifted up mine eyes, and found her there
On Heav'n's bright threshold, whilst the blue above
Blushed with the Orient, and the ambient air
Was palpitant with music, breathing Love.
O, thrilling ecstasy—delight supernal!
To know that our rapt spirits would entwine
Whilst the calm cycles of a Life eternal
Moved to the music of a Sphere divine,
To know that my beloved *for aye* was mine!

IV.

It was indeed delight, but 'twas not such
As mortal lovers learn,—it knew no chill,
No pang of parting, nought of sorrow's touch,
Of passion's fever, or privation's ill:
It held no dregs of bitter 'neath its sweetness,
It had no fear of loss to mar its gain;
In that far altitude of Love's completeness,
All purified from dross and Earthly stain,
Still deep and calm and constant it would reign.

V.

Above her dreamful face, so dazzling fair,
Whereon such sweet serenity did brood,
There shone the golden nimbus of her hair,
Whose radiance from the sunrise had been wooed;
And stainless lilies gleamed amid the brightness
Of those luxuriant tresses rippling low;
And o'er her calm young brow of milky whiteness
A wreath of carmine blossoms cast a glow
Like fires of sunset when they flush the snow.

VI.

How fair thou wert, beloved! O, I have caught
Glimpses of Morn and Summer floating by
With eyes of dew, and hair of sunbeans wrought,
And robes of azure mist or rainbow dye;
And I have dreamt of beauty soft-beguiling,—
Of dawn-kist Aphrodité veiled in foam,
Laving her golden locks, and skyward smiling
To woo the Sun-god from his airy dome,
To woo him downward to her crystal home;—

VII.

But fairer than the Summer, or the Morn,
Or Beauty's fabled goddess, thou didst rise
Upon that radiant shore of Dreamland born;
And love-lit was the welcome of thine eyes.
But lo! e'en as our eager hands were twining,
Those eyes, like splendid stars, withdrew their light.
I saw their starry azure—soft and shining
As twin cerulean flowers with dew-gleams bright,
Fading and fading . . . and behold! 'twas Night.

VIII.

Thus did I wake . . . and I am mortal still,—
I, who to Immortality did soar!
Now would I die indeed if grief could kill.
“I am not like the gods,”—the Dream is o'er.
Ah Heav'n! that I might know, by some sure token,
That when my body sleeps, past mortal call,
My soul shall find its Dream, that now is broken,
And hear thy dulcet welcome softly fall
On some diviner shore, where Love is All.

ALICE MACKAY.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MELITTA NO. 2.

As the time approached that was to make Phemie a mother, Madame de Kronenfels began again to grow more assiduous in her visits to the young couple on the first floor. For a time—especially since the incident of the bridal wreath—the old lady had resolved to keep aloof from the misguided young woman who had proved herself so unwilling to submit to wisdom and experience; but now the prospect of having a baby to manage was too much for her self-control, and she felt it to be an imperative duty to see, so far as lay in her power, that the expected infant should be ushered into the world in orthodox German fashion.

Thus it proved to be a considerable shock to her feelings when, dropping in upon Phemie one sultry August afternoon, she discovered her in the act of unpacking a large case of baby's linen that had just arrived from England. Chrissy, now married for nearly six months, had with characteristic promptitude decided upon giving her husband an heir with as little delay as possible; and in selecting the *layette* for her own child, she had ordered a duplicate set to be made for the expected little Wolfsberg, in order, as she said, that the two little cousins might begin life under the same conditions.

"And do you absolutely mean to tell me," said Madame Kronenfels, holding up a long white baby's gown between her fingers, and regarding it with an expression of as concentrated disgust as though, instead of being composed of dainty lace and ethereal muslin, it had been some nauseous and infected

garment—"do you mean to tell me that you seriously think of putting your poor helpless infant into this long limp petticoat that can give neither warmth nor support to its tender limbs?"

"Of course," returned Phemie, calmly; "how else should I dress it? Chrissy's baby is going to have just the same clothes as mine."

"It will certainly grow up hunch-backed," said Madame Kronenfels, wringing her hands with an agonised gesture.

"Then at that rate the whole English nation would necessarily be hunch-backed, if long clothes and deformity were to go hand in hand."

"I have never been in England, and therefore cannot judge," said the old lady, in a tone of guarded reservation, which seemed to imply that for anything she knew straight limbs might be the exception and not the rule over there. "I can only say that I kept dear Melitta in her swaddling cushion for nearly eight months, and never had cause to regret it, for no one could say that she was not a fine-grown, well-developed young woman."

"And am I then crippled or deformed?" asked Phemie, hotly. "I never wore swaddling-clothes in my life; but are not my limbs every bit as straight as Melitta's were?"

Thus called upon to draw comparisons, Madame Kronenfels was forced grudgingly to admit that, by what she considered to be a wonder, Phemie had apparently evaded the pernicious results of the English system. "But my dear Melitta was taller than you are," she added, with a faint inflection of triumph in her tone.

"She was certainly much fatter than I am, if her picture does her justice," retorted Phemie, who was beginning to feel more and more galled by the elder woman's tone and manner; "but I do not know that that is necessarily an advantage. In England we do not consider the value of a woman to depend mainly on weight and measure."

"No German mother who loved her child would think of exposing it to the dangers inseparable from those loose floating skirts," said Madame Kronenfels, reverting to the original point of dissension.

"And no English mother would ever think of tying up her child in that ridiculous fashion, just as if it were a sack of potatoes or a bundle of cabbage, instead of a free-born human being."

"And what does Leo say to these outlandish fashions, I wonder?"

"Of course Leo is content to let me do as I choose in this matter," said Phemie, with some dignity. "No man could be so absurd as to interfere with nursery details of which he understands nothing."

"All the same, I shall consider it my duty to speak to Leo this very day. You know that I have never ceased regarding him as a son-in-law, and I shall certainly open his eyes on this subject."

"Speak to him if you please, but that shall not prevent me from dressing my baby after my own fashion."

"I am quite sure that Leo cannot desire his son to be otherwise treated than it would have been had dear Melitta been its mother."

The combination of thunder in the air, which had been oppressively weighing on Phemie's nerves all day, and of the irritation produced by Madame de Kronenfels' last words, proved to be too much for her self-control.

"But Melitta will never be its mother!" she exclaimed, springing up from her chair with an abrupt movement that set Schiller and Goethe tottering perilously on their pedestals. "Never—never—never!—do you hear!—and—and—I hate Melitta!" she finished, with a sort of strangled sob, as she brushed past the discomfited old lady, and rushed from the room, supremely indifferent to the sound of a terrible crash which reached her ear as she was closing the door.

Leo, coming in from the riding-school a few minutes later, found Madame Kronenfels weeping copiously in the drawing-room, surrounded by the shattered fragments of Schiller and Goethe that lay strewn about the carpet, while Phemie, who had meanwhile thrown herself upon her bed, had evidently been employed in much the same fashion, for her eyes were suspiciously red, and her face hot and flushed.

When with some difficulty Leo had contrived to grasp the outlines of the situation, he was both annoyed and alarmed. To effect a reconciliation between the two ladies just now was evidently out of the question, and as Phemie's state of health required the greatest consideration, Leo saw himself obliged to request Melitta's mother to desist her visits for the present.

The plaster-of-Paris wrecks of the two great German poets were swept from the room and deposited in the dust-bin; but the injury done to Phemie by this uncalled-for agitation was of a less evanescent nature. She was taken ill that same night, and before morning had given birth prematurely to a frail delicate little girl, who did not seem likely to survive many hours. Phemie herself, her face almost as white as the pillow on which it rested, looked more like a ghost than a living

woman, and the doctor in attendance shook his head on realising how weak was her pulse and how great the state of physical prostration.

Very often, however, it is just those frail delicate-looking women that have the greatest latent resources of resisting power and nervous energy; and so, to everybody's surprise, on the third day after the event Phemie was able to sit up in bed and began to take interest in her baby, in whose little brown crumpled face she had discovered an unmistakable resemblance to her sister Chrissy.

"It has got just Chrissy's little snub nose and her pointed chin," she declared. "I am so glad that it is going to be like an English baby after all!" Then she appeared suddenly to remember something else, for she called Leo to her side, and told him in a whisper that she wished Madame Kronenfels to be sent for.

Leo looked doubtful.

"I don't know if it is wise," he objected, "after the agitation of last Monday——?"

But Phemie persisted in her desire. She wanted to speak to the old lady directly, as she had something very particular to say, and Leo need have no fear at all of the result.

And when, some minutes later, Madame de Kronenfels, in considerable trepidation, and in some indecision as to whether she was to regard herself as a culprit or a martyr, approached the sickbed, she was utterly taken by surprise when Phemie, catching hold of her hand, drew her down near enough to whisper in her ear as she pointed to the sleeping infant beside her—

"I am going to call her Melitta, and then you will be able to love me a little, will you not? and will forgive me for having taken her place?"

"Bless you, my child!" exclaimed the old lady, now fairly beginning to sob, as she seized hold of Phemie's hand and insisted on kissing it effusively. "You are an angel, that is what you are, and I should have seen it long ago were I not a wicked selfish old woman who has been driven half-crazy with grief at having lost all she possessed in the world!"

After this tearful reconciliation, the old woman and the young one became staunch friends, and even the manifold differences of national customs regarding the bringing up of infants failed again to disturb their new-born alliance. Rather, on the contrary, did each of them seem anxious to make concessions to the prejudices of the other, and it was Phemie herself who decided that whilst baby was invariably to wear her English frocks in the nursery, a German swaddling-pillow was to be made use of for carrying it out walking, as she had come to perceive that in certain cases and contingencies this mode of attire was not without its advantages.

After all, it did not greatly signify what the little Melitta wore, since Providence had decreed that she was not to require earthly garb of any sort for long; and just about the same time that the English newspapers contained the announcement that the wife of Mr Blushwood of Blushwood had given birth to a son and heir, Melitta No. 2 was laid to rest in the same churchyard where the first Melitta reposed. The child thus prematurely born could never have been reared, the doctor said, and it was only a wonder that it had survived so long. But its short life had not been wasted, since it served to bring permanently together two hitherto discordant natures, and to restore peace and contentment to the heart of a lonely old woman.

It was also about this time that Riki Giffingen became the wife of Colonel Farkas, and in the spring following upon these events the — Hussars received marching orders for Transylvania. The only one of the officers who did not accompany the regiment to its new

garrison was Poldi Wolfsberg, for he had meanwhile had the good luck to be attached to the service of the Archduke William, who, in his capacity of Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order, always selected his aides-de-camp from the ranks of the German Knights.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.

The third and fourth years of Phemie's married life passed by without bringing any very startling events in their train, except the death of Mr Dalrymple, who had succumbed to an attack of dysentery in the West Indies. He left his affairs in considerable disorder, as presently appeared, and Laird's Hill proved to be mortgaged up to very nearly its entire value. Luckily a purchaser was soon found in the person of a rich ironmaster, desirous of spending his money in the same neighbourhood where he had made it; but even after the transfer was effected, and all the affairs wound up, there remained barely £4000 for each of the girls, instead of the £10,000 that had been understood to be their expected fortunes. In Chrissy's case this signified little, since she had made a rich marriage, and if Leo felt any disappointment on the subject of his wife's dowry, he certainly did not show it. He had married Phemie for love and not for money, and was entirely satisfied with his choice.

Was Phemie herself equally contented with her chosen lot? At first this had certainly appeared to be the case; but towards the close of their third year of married life, a slight, very slight, change in mood and expression might have been detected by a close psychological observer. Was it perhaps the geographical position of Transylvania which, making her feel so

entirely removed from all previous ties and associations, was oppressing her by a feeling of unwonted isolation? Or else was it not rather due to the fact that no second child had come to replace what she had lost? but certain it is that she had become more irritable and capricious than she used to be, was prone to long fits of melancholy abstraction, and that she no longer seemed to enjoy as formerly those simple pleasures which alone were permitted by their limited income. All these symptoms were greatly increased when it became known that Chrissy had given birth to another boy in the second year of her marriage.

"Chrissy has got everything and I have got nothing," Phemie caught herself thinking once; but the thought, scarcely formed, was checked again with a sort of fearful shame. Nothing? How could any woman with a husband like Leo ever say she had nothing? And as she recalled to mind the round red face of the fox-hunting squire who had become her sister's husband, Phemie required no one to remind her that even if Chrissy had got everything else, she certainly lacked the one thing which to any true woman makes life alone worth living for. "Only Leo would be still nicer if he were an Englishman," she said, as though to excuse herself to herself. "And though Transylvania is very beauti-

ful, it is not Scotland, and it is so terribly far away! Now at Salzburg at least one sometimes came across English people, and didn't feel so entirely stranded on a desert island!"

This feeling of strange isolation by which Phemie was so oppressed has been felt by every one who has lived in Transylvania for a time, and according to the colour of their temperament has by them been regarded as a blessing or a bane. Nor is it merely the actual distance separating the country from Western Europe which produces this effect, for other more distant lands are familiar even to those who have never visited them. We know all about Turkey, and Greece is no more strange to us than Italy or Switzerland. But no stranger ever comes to Transylvania in cold blood—none indeed at all, save those Austrian military families on whom sentence of exile hither has been passed for a time.

Hermannstadt, the capital of Transylvania, is a little old-fashioned town built by the German colonists who wandered hither some seven centuries ago to found for themselves a new home in the Transylvanian forests. With its high-pitched roofs, top-heavy overhanging gables, deserted watch-towers, and grass overgrown ramparts, Hermannstadt might well pass for a piece of Nüremberg or Cologne, were it not for the strange medley of costumes—Saxon, Roumanian, and Gipsy—peopling its streets, and for the long range of snowy Carpathians visible from every point. Though belonging to Hungary, Hermannstadt has none of the attributes of a Hungarian town, nor is it inhabited by Hungarians. The whole surrounding population for miles around is exclusively Saxon or Roumanian, and as there is no landed gentry of any

kind in this district, the Austrian military families banished to this remote corner of the empire are entirely thrown on each other's society for amusement. Gold Riki, now become the Frau Oberstin, displayed, it is true, a feverish ingenuity in getting up picnics, croquet, and lawn-tennis parties, chiefly, it was said, for the purpose of avoiding as much as possible *tête-à-tête* existence with her husband; but, after all, the round of gaiety was necessarily monotonous in a restricted circle consisting of about a dozen strangely ill-assorted families, and it was scarcely possible to get up much enthusiasm on the subject of any social *réunion*, when every one knew beforehand what each woman would wear and what every gentleman would say.

In the third summer of her residence in Transylvania, however, Phemie made an acquaintance destined to exercise a certain, though indirect, influence on her fate. This was a young Hungarian lady aged about twenty-six, Countess Irma Boldalagi, the wife of one of the richest Hungarian magnates, who had come hither on a short visit to see her brother Geza Szyrmay, serving as cadet under Leo Wolfsberg, who had quite recently been promoted to the dignity of a squadron commander, although it was now fully two years since he had received his brevet as captain.

High-bred Hungarians are fond of displaying a positive passion for everything English, which is half genuine and half a fashion; and so Irma Boldalagi, delighted at having unexpectedly discovered a pretty and ladylike young Englishwoman stranded in these remote regions, immediately conceived a violent friendship for Phemie, whom she enthusiastically declared to be the sweetest, most romantic, and poeti-

cal-looking little woman she had ever come across. Phemie, usually rather shy and irresponsible with strangers, was, however, just now at a stage in her existence when any variety of emotion was welcome, and so easily surrendered to the impetuous advances of her new acquaintance, one of those dark vivacious Magyar women who seem to have fire in their eyes and champagne in their veins—who can dance the national *csárdás* the livelong night without showing a sign of fatigue, and can pass from laughter to tears with the suddenness and spontaneity of April showers.

"We positively must see a great deal of each other," Irma had declared, as she warmly embraced her friend at parting. "Now that I have discovered you, I am certainly not going to allow you to mope yourself to death in this dull corner. Next carnival you must come and pay me a long visit at Pesth, when I can promise you plenty of gaiety, and shall teach you to dance the *csárdás*; and if ever my husband fulfils his promise of buying me a yacht, you must be our guest on a good long cruise. I have not yet quite made up my mind whether I most want to visit the Mediterranean or the Norwegian fjords, but whichever it is, I shall count upon you for a certainty."

These plans sounded very enticing to Phemie's ear; but Leo, when informed of what Countess Boldalagi was brooding, was by no means encouraging in his verdict.

"Yachting is a foolish, dangerous pastime," he had said, in answer to Phemie's enthusiastic representation of the matter. "People invariably get wet feet, or sore throats, or rheumatic fever, as reward of their imprudence."

"You are always preaching about

wet feet," returned Phemie, a little pettishly.

"And have I not good reason to do so?" retorted Leo. "Poor Melitta's death was the direct consequence of the chill caught by standing in a draught, and that is surely sufficient to give one a life-long warning?"

Phemie made no reply. Leo's overweening solicitude regarding everything concerning her own health was sometimes very irksome to her. Of course it is extremely flattering to a woman to be treated like an exotic plant, that must be carefully shielded from every inclement breath of air; but this tender anxiety is apt to be inconvenient, and there are times when even the most affectionate wife wearies of the exotic rôle, and would rather enjoy some taste of the liberty accorded to more robust vegetables, than be eternally surrounded by care and cotton-wool.

Leo, though himself a hardy soldier, belonged to that class of man, not uncommon in Germany, who labour under the delusion that woman, in contradistinction to her less ethereal mate, is formed of exceedingly frail and flimsy materials, and must be treated accordingly—an opinion which, having apparently received confirmation in Melitta's death, had but gathered strength now that he had become the husband of a woman whom he loved with an affection infinitely deeper than what he had experienced for his former bride. No dress of Phemie's was ever warm enough to satisfy his morbid fears; no horse sufficiently safe for her to ride; no house so securely built as to be worthy of containing his treasure.

"Einem Weib und einem Glas
Drohet jede Stunde was,"¹

¹ A woman and a glass are in danger every hour.

was a German proverb he was fond of repeating, although invariably contradicted by Phemie, who playfully reminded him that women were as different as glasses, and that whereas a worthless tumbler will sometimes be shivered by the merest touch, we come across others of seemingly unbreakable texture which have resisted the wear of centuries, and that consequently a woman who has been brought up upon English principles may do things with impunity which would mean destruction to German constitutions.

Countess Irma Boldalagi's visit to Hermannstadt had taken place in May, and September was reached without anything particular having occurred to make it seem probable that Phemie was ever to realise any of the numerous projects of gaiety that had been sketched out for her by her new friend. Countess Boldalagi had, it is true, written twice or thrice in the interval, and the letters, which each time had been dated from some different place, had always been couched in the warmest and most affectionate terms; but, after all, Irma led such a gay, restless life—here to-day and there to-morrow—that as likely as not the new-born passion for her English friend would die a natural death in time,—and as the Boldagis had spent June and July at Ostende, August at the fashionable Hungarian watering-place of Tatra Füred, which is *par excellence* the rendezvous of the Magyar aristocracy, and had now just returned to their property near Pesth, where they usually spent the vintage season, it seemed as though the idea of a yachting cruise had been suffered to fall into oblivion.

One morning soon after the middle of September, as Phemie in the store-room was giving out the provi-

sions for the day, and was vainly endeavouring to make the half-savage woman who acted as cook understand the difference between salad-oil and mushroom ketchup, she was interrupted in her occupation by being told that the Frau Oberstin was in the drawing-room and desired to speak to her. She felt slightly surprised by this news, for Riki was not in the habit of paying such early visits, nor had there been any particular intimacy between the two ladies of late. Leo and Colonel Farkas had never been particularly good friends, and now less than ever since Leo in his capacity of squadron commander was more frequently thrown into collision with the despotic pedantry of the Colonel's ideas regarding minute points of military discipline or economy. Gold Riki, too, had never felt quite at her ease in Phemie's presence since the day when she had so clearly betrayed her secret on the occasion of Poldi Wolfsberg's installation as German Knight, although his name had never again been mentioned between them. That Riki's love for Poldi was, however, now a thing of the past might be taken for granted. To all appearances Gold Riki was perfectly satisfied with her new position, and evidently enjoyed being courted and run after as the one influential and important person who was occasionally able to ward off or attenuate the effects of the Colonel's severity. All the same, she had not succeeded in making herself popular, nor indeed did she take any trouble to do so, and though now married herself to a man of no family, in her intercourse with those other officers' wives who happened to be her inferiors in social rank she always remained at heart the arrogant Austrian Comtesse, to whom all those not born with a nine- or at least a seven-pointed crown on their heads were as dirt beneath her feet.

Riki was standing at the farther end of the drawing-room before a little round table on which were ranged about half-a-dozen framed photographs representing members of the Dalrymple and Wolfsberg families. Absorbed in the contemplation of one of the pictures which she held in her hand, Riki did not at once perceive Phemie's entrance, and then only on hearing the rustle of a dress behind her, she hastily replaced it on the table and advanced to meet her hostess with a slight appearance of confusion, while Phemie, glancing instinctively past her, saw that the picture which had just now been the object of Gold Riki's attention was a cabinet photograph representing Poldi Wolfsberg in the full-dress costume of a Teutonic Knight.

Riki began at once to talk with great volubility, and with an extreme liveliness of manner, intended perhaps to cover whatever embarrassment she may have felt at having been detected in a surreptitious examination of her quondam lover's portrait.

She had come to ask whether Phemie was willing to take part in an expedition which they proposed making up the mountains a couple of days hence? It was really a shame that after more than two years' residence in Transylvania none of them should have taken the trouble of making nearer acquaintance with the many beautiful points of the scenery which lay so conveniently within reach. All the details of the excursion had already been fixed upon. They would take guides and pack-horses with them, laden with provisions for several days, and wander about from point to point, fixing their temporary camp wherever they came across a con-

venient shelter-hut. The ladies were to do the cooking at a gipsy-fire, while the gentlemen would take their guns in case of coming across any stray game. Also Riki was going to take with her a Kodak photographic apparatus lately purchased, for snapping views of the chief points or of characteristic figures which they happened to meet. Surely Phemie would have no objection to join the party? This was by far the best time of the year for such excursions, since the weather was now apparently settled, and as the autumn manœuvres were at an end, most of the officers would be at liberty to take a holiday. "Even my husband sees no objection to the plan," she finished, with a rather artificial little laugh.

"I should like it of all things," said Phemie, enthusiastically. "I have not been up a real mountain for an age, not since Chrissy and I ascended Goatfell the summer before my marriage,—only," she went on more doubtfully, "I must first see what Leo says to the idea. You know he is always afraid of my overtiring myself or catching cold or something of the sort."

"Oh yes, I know. He is one of those inconveniently affectionate husbands who would like to lock up their wife in a glass shrine and keep its key in their pocket," said Riki, lightly. "Husbands are a great bore sometimes, *mais que faire?* They are a necessary evil after all. But in this case Baron Wolfsberg can make his mind quite easy, for we have taken the precaution of inviting the regimental doctor to be of the party, so that if any of us choose to indulge in a broken leg or arm, he will be there at hand to reset it."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE PRIKOLITSIA.

It is only within the last twelve or fifteen years that some attempt has been made to render accessible to ordinary mortals the long range of Transylvanian mountains which tower so invitingly over the Transylvanian plains, and to unlock the entrance to many a wild rocky gorge and secluded loch, hitherto unknown save to wandering Wallachian shepherds. A Carpathian Club has now been duly organised, thanks to whose energy suitable guides have been secured and rough shelter-houses erected at favourable points. All this, however, is still in a very primitive state, and the difficulties and inconveniences attending a Transylvanian mountain excursion are yet such as will deter any but very ardent enthusiasts from the attempt. It is not here a question, as in Switzerland, of more or less hard walking or clambering before you can reach a good supper and a comfortable bed. Here the walking is often hard enough, but with this essential difference, that no supper—whether good, bad, or indifferent—can be reached by any amount of effort, and that the bed—if by good luck you happen to reach a hut—consists at best of a few rough boards with a meagre sprinkling of straw. You cannot hope to purchase so much as a single crust of bread on your way, and the crystal water which gurgles in each mountain ravine is the only beverage you will come across. Everything in the way of food and drink, as well as cooking utensils, knives, forks, cups, and plates, along with rugs and blankets for the night, must be carried about packed on baggage-horses; from the moment the tourist has set foot on the wild hillside, he will have

left behind him all trace of civilised existence, and may often walk from sunrise to sunset without encountering other sign of life than some large bird of prey hovering in mid-air above a lonely valley.

On the fifth day after leaving Hermannstadt the little party, consisting of four gentlemen and two ladies, found themselves established by sunset in the newly erected shelter-hut which stands at the entrance of the gorge leading up to the beautiful Bulea Lake. The two sides of the valley are thickly wooded with pine-trees, while in front of the hut an open space of meadow leads up to a wall of granite rock, over which descends a foaming cascade, to be lost presently among the pine-trees, and reappear some hundred yards later transformed into a turbulent stream, leaping and gambolling over the rocks in noisy mirth as it hastens towards the plain.

The pack-horses—starved, puny-looking animals, but sure-footed as goats and with endless resisting powers—were here delivered of their burdens, and set free to seek for themselves such nourishment as might be extracted from the moss-intersected grass overgrowing the meadow, while the Roumanian guides—uncouth-looking fellows with rolling black eyes and unkempt elf-locks—busied themselves round a monstrous camp-fire which had been kindled for the triple purpose of cooking the supper, keeping themselves warm, and scaring off possible bears or wolves that might come prowling about in quest of a horse.

The party, which had originally consisted of ten members, had now been lessened by four. Captain Immhausen and his dumpling little

wife, after the first night spent in a Carpathian shelter-hut, had simultaneously come to the conclusion that their broad roomy beds at home were far more comfortable than these rough-hewn boards, from which they rose with sore and stiffened limbs. In their secret hearts neither of the two cared a straw for either mountain scenery or the chance of seeing eagles or chamois, and each had only undertaken this painful and fatiguing expedition under the mistaken impression of being agreeable to the other one's feelings. It was therefore with positive rapture that before twenty-four hours had elapsed the mistake had been cleared up; and seeing in this beautiful unanimity of taste but another proof that their souls had evidently been designed for each other, they joyfully took leave of their former companions, and returned to the plains with radiant full-moon faces. This ignominious example was followed by two other officers, who being of opinion that they saw quite enough of their colonel in everyday life without being at the trouble of going up mountains in order to enjoy the doubtful privilege of his society, had respectively alleged tight boots and pressing letters as decent excuses for returning to town.

Besides the Farkas and Wolfsberg couples, therefore, only Geza Szyrmay, who was still at that blissful age when amusement can be extracted out of every situation, and Dr Pichler, who was glad of a pretext for escaping from patients and hospitals for a time, had still remained faithful to the original programme of the expedition.

Leaving the horses and baggage near the shelter-hut where they had passed the night, the little party proceeded next day up the

valley, the Bulea Lake itself being the object of this day's excursion. A steep breathless climb brought them to the top of the waterfall, and then they found themselves in a second valley, larger and wider than the first, and of totally different character. Neither moss nor ferns, neither beech nor pine woods, were here to be seen—only a deep and lonely valley shut in by pointed rocks on either side and profusely strewn throughout with massive boulder-stones, each one of which would seem to mark the resting-place of a giant. The only form of vegetation here extant, besides the short scraggy grass sprouting in detached patches betwixt the stones, consisted of stunted irregular fir-bushes, which, blown by ever-recurring gales into all sorts of fantastic shapes, resembled as many wizened goblins playing at hide-and-seek among the giant tombstones.

"I could almost believe that I am in Scotland!" exclaimed Phemie, standing still as the last step of the stiff climb brought her in sight of this new picture. "It is exactly like the upper part of Glen Rosa in Arran; and if only these fir-bushes were exchanged for birch-trees, the resemblance would be perfect."

The sound of a weak treble bark now struck upon their ear, and then for the first time the travellers perceived that at one place the large loose stones had been piled together so as to form a rude sort of hovel or cavern, the headquarters of some Roumanian shepherds, who come hither to find pasture for their flocks during the brief mountain summer. The Stina, as are called these shepherd-huts, was deserted just now, for the pastors had taken their flocks on to higher ground, and gazing aloft to where the jagged peaks

were sharply defined against the blue sky, the white sheep could be descried clinging all over the face of the precipitous cliff like patches of new-fallen snow. Only one young puppy sheep-dog, white and furry as an ice-bear, had been left here behind to guard the premises; and tethered to a log of wood almost as large as itself to keep it from straying, the puppy sat in front of the deserted hovel blinking vacantly into the sunshine, and uttering from time to time the hoarse strangled sound which was the nearest approach to a bark it could manage as yet. But the dog was not alone, for a few paces off, on one of the gigantic boulder-stones behind the hut, was crouched a weird apparition, the like of which Phemie had never seen before.

It was the figure of a very old woman, whose bleached hair contrasted strangely with a deeply furrowed face of dark mahogany brown. Two coal-black eyes, glowing fiercely in their sunken sockets, looked out at the strangers through the long touzled fringe, that once had been black as well, but could now only be likened to a strip of coarse sheepskin fur placed upon her brow in guise of wig, and secured there by a scarlet handkerchief bound turban-fashion about her head. In one hand she grasped a distaff, such as the Roumanian women habitually carry about with them; but she was not spinning just now, and had apparently interrupted her work in order to gaze at the approaching party. The old woman was fantastically attired in what appeared to be a combination of Roumanian and gipsy dress. An embroidered linen shirt, much tattered and soiled, stopped short above the curiously sandalled and swaddled feet, and was partially concealed by an equally ragged apron, composed

of long scarlet fringes intermingled with gold and silver spangles. The brown withered bosom, left almost bare by the gaping shirt, was further embellished by numerous strings of multicoloured glass beads, which fell in a garish cascade reaching almost to the waist.

"The Prikolitsia! (the She Were-Wolf!)" said one of the Roumanian guides, crossing himself fearfully as he caught sight of the weird apparition.

"What a deliciously horrible-looking old woman!" exclaimed Riki, enthusiastically. "I positively must take her photograph at once. If only she does not move while I get out my apparatus, for her attitude is simply perfect just now."

The creature thus designated as a female were-wolf was a well-known figure in the neighbourhood of Hermannstadt at the time of which I write, although neither of the two ladies had happened to meet her before. Her name and origin were unknown; but many were the fantastic legends attached to her person, and related by the country-folks in awestruck whispers. These stories greatly differed in form and substance, but the most generally accredited version, and the one which Nicolai, the principal Roumanian guide, averred with many solemn oaths to be the only true and authentic one, ran as follows:—

Some fifty or sixty years ago this old woman, who now resembled a withered mummy, had been a beautiful gipsy girl, and was sought in marriage by a rich Roumanian peasant, the wealthiest in the village. Their union was at first a happy one, although the husband was in the habit of occasionally disappearing for a week or ten days, never on his return volunteering any information as to how his time

had been spent in the interval ; and it was only after they had been married fully a year that the unfortunate young woman made the terrible discovery that she was the wife of a Prikolits or Were-wolf. The disclosure took place in the following manner. Husband and wife were driving to church along with their newly born infant to have it baptised, when the husband suddenly felt that his time for transformation had come. Alleging momentary indisposition, he gave over the reins to his wife and stepped aside into the bushes, where, murmuring the mystic formula, he turned three somersaults over a ditch. The wife proceeded alone to church, but an hour later, on repassing the same place where her husband had disappeared, a large wolf-like dog had rushed out of the bushes furiously barking, and succeeded in biting her severely as well as tearing her dress, a blue-and-white-striped cotton newly purchased for the christening feast. With difficulty she managed to extricate herself from the grip of the infuriated animal, and forcing the horses to gallop all the way, she reached her home ; but what was her surprise here to see her husband, whom she had given up as lost, waiting for her on the threshold. He had a smile on his lips as he came to meet her, but when between his teeth she caught sight of some shreds of her blue cotton gown that had been bitten out by the dog, the horror of the discovery caused her to faint away. After this the unhappy wife began to pine away under the weight of the dreadful secret, which, however, she bravely tried to conceal from all her neighbours ; and in order to explain her husband's frequent absences from home, she would try to deceive them by saying that he was lying drunk in the hay-loft. " But of

course," said Nicolai, with an air of superior wisdom, " no one believed this silly story, for those were assuredly the times when he was away 'wolving' in the mountains."

It was now over forty years since she had lost her husband, for one day, when their child was about ten years old, the father had taken it with him to the forest, from whence neither of them had returned. No trace of either father or son was ever hereafter obtained, but it was generally believed by the country-folk that they were still living somewhere under the form of wolves. It was a well-ascertained fact that one of the largest and most formidable packs known to haunt these regions was led by an old grizzled wolf whose audacious attacks on farms and villages were often conducted with a skill and discrimination that could not possibly have been the result of a common brute intelligence. Since her husband's and child's disappearance, the deserted woman had led a fitful wandering life, without settled home : in winter she was sometimes to be seen in the villages begging her way from door to door ; while in summer-time she could oftenest be found up the mountains, whither she came, year after year, with perhaps a vague undefined hope of there meeting again the husband and child she had lost so long ago. She was also frequently to be met in churchyards or at lonely cross-roads at the twilight hour, and such meetings rarely boded any good. The Prikolitsia was generally believed to be a witch, and it was always considered safer to go out of her way ; but no one durst refuse her hospitality, least of all the shepherds, for fear lest she might bring ill-luck to their flocks and expose them to the danger of being attacked by wolves.

The were-wolf's widow proved to be an excellent photographic sub-

ject, for she made absolutely no attempt to move from her position on the rock, but remained there immovable, regarding the proceedings with a fixed and sullen stare, while Comtesse Riki, taking advantage of these favourable conditions, executed a highly satisfactory negative of her characteristic figure. Then only when the apparatus had been closed with a sharp click did the Prikolitsia appear to wake up from a sort of trance. Muttering something unintelligible in Roumanian, she slowly descended from the boulder-stone and came up to the group of strangers, to whom she stretched out a long wrinkled brown hand.

"She wants to tell the fortunes of the noble gentlefolk," said Nicolai, anxiously. "It is always safer to humour the Prikolitsia and let her have her way, for else if contradicted she might do us a harm."

"Oh, let us have our fortunes told by all means," exclaimed Riki, gaily. "See, I am quite ready to be the first victim," she added, surreptitiously slipping off the gold wedding-ring before she suffered her aristocratic little hand to be taken hold of by the brown claw-like fingers of the Prikolitsia.

The old woman stared down, frowning intently at Riki's palm for full half a minute before she exclaimed, in a hoarse croaking voice—

"Tears! tears! tears! that is what I see in this hand. Tears as numerous as the dewdrops on the meadow at sunrise will have to be shed ere your soul's secret wish be accomplished. But love will triumph in the end if you are able to meet your sweetheart again at the lucky hour, and can take hold of his hand on a Friday at the third quarter of the moon. Then hold him fast, and do not let him go again, for through the mist of tears obscur-

ing the future I can see two loving hearts coming nearer—always nearer."

These words were followed by a slightly embarrassed pause, only broken by the dull monotonous bark of the young sheep-dog, which, evidently oppressed by the weight of responsibility thrown on its tender shoulders, felt called upon to put in a muffled protest from time to time, in order to express vague but general disapproval of all these proceedings.

"Not particularly brilliant as a specimen of what she can do in the way of prophecy," said Geza Szymay at last, merely by way of breaking a silence that was threatening to become awkward. "I had almost been thinking of investing a florin on my own behalf; but on second thoughts, I shall reserve it for some more cheerful sort of oracle, who can promise me the fulfilment of my secret wishes without expecting me to go through such an extraordinary amount of weeping by way of preparation."

"These gipsy fortune-tellers are certainly most wonderfully ingenious in keeping to generalities, and avoiding any compromising precision attached to their prophecies," remarked Leo.

"And she cannot go far wrong in speaking of tears where fair ladies are concerned," added Dr Pichler, slyly. "A woman without tears is like a flower without dew."

But Colonel Farkas was frowning even more heavily than usual, and Riki had flushed scarlet in a wholly uncalled-for manner—for although half a minute ago she certainly had not been aware of indulging in any secret heart-longings, the gipsy's words had been sufficient to revive a whole world of latent unacknowledged thoughts. Conscience, which makes cowards of each and every

one, was dimly suggesting that perhaps after all she really had something to conceal.

Phemie, too, had coloured with instinctive sympathy, and feeling that it was incumbent on her to shield and defend a fellow-woman's confusion, she now said hastily and with a rather spasmodic attempt at laughter—

"What dreadful nonsense, to be sure! But don't you see, Riki, it is all your own fault if you have not obtained a more satisfactory prophecy. Why did you hide your wedding-ring? Of course she took you for a foolish girl, and hoped to please you by suggesting lovers—that is what they all do. But I am determined not to be treated to any of that sort of rubbish, so, please, Herr von Szyrmay, as you are the one who can best understand her extraordinary jargon, will you kindly explain to this venerable prophetess that I am a married woman—an old married woman—and that she must promise me something more attractive, and a good deal more useful, than trashy lovers, if she wants to earn her fee."

Every one laughed, feeling relieved by the opportune turn thus given to the matter. Riki began to recover her self-composure, and even Colonel Farkas looked a shade less grim.

The Prikolitsia had now taken hold of Baroness Wolfsberg's hand, and was preparing to read her fortune. Apparently Phemie was finding greater favour in the old woman's eyes than her predecessor had done, for she nodded once or twice approvingly, and seemed to have some difficulty in making up her mind which of Fortune's gifts she should bestow on this pretty young lady.

"Ten beautiful sons, tall and strong as young fir-trees, with hair

as golden as the dancing sunbeams, and eyes as blue as the wild mountain gentian," she began, tentatively, keeping her hollow glowing eyes fixed on Phemie's countenance, as though to be guided by whatever fitting changes of expression were to be read there: then from these supernaturally lovely and well-grown scions she went on more cautiously to suggest a rich relation who would leave her some heavy gold-bags by-and-by, a joyful piece of news to reach her shortly, and a long journey to be undertaken.

Phemie, who had blushed becomingly at mention of the numerous offspring promised by the Prikolitsia, had merely shrugged her shoulders on hearing of the gold-bags and the joyful piece of news; but when the old gipsy had spoken of a long journey to be undertaken, a look of greater interest had come into her eyes.

"Ask her what she means by this long journey? I should like to know where it is that I am to go?"

"Nonsense, Phemie," said Leo, a little testily. "Surely you cannot believe in such ridiculous rubbish? Come away, we are only losing time in talking to this crazy old woman, and we have still a good hour's walk before us."

"I want to have the full value of my silver florin," returned Phemie, obstinately. "It may be ridiculous rubbish, as you say, but where is the harm if I find it amusing? We are rather badly off for amusements here at any rate, and really five minutes more cannot signify. I positively must know what it is that she means by this mysterious journey."

Leo turned away with just a shade of constraint in his manner, and appeared to take no further interest in the gipsy's prophecies, as she proceeded to enlarge on the

subject which had evidently proved most congenial to her audience.

"A long, long journey," she rambled on garrulously. "Over hills and down dales, through fields and forests. You will traverse dark woods where the venomous Dracu is lying in ambush, and by narrow winding paths at the edge of the precipice; you will pass over deep gurgling waters and between sharp-pointed rocks——"

"Over water too?" interrupted Phemie, eagerly. "Oh, did she say water? Now I wonder whether she means the sea?"

"Ay, ay, over deep rushing waters," resumed the Prikolitsia, mistaking the cause of Phemie's excitement; "but never fear, my pretty lady, be the water as deep as hell, and the current as strong as the whirlwind, no harm will come to you, if you do not lose heart and suffer yourself to be deterred from the journey. Pursue your way unflinchingly in spite of all obstacles, and you will safely reach the other side of the roaring waves, where good fortune awaits you."

"But can we not force her to speak more plainly?" said Phemie, whose fancy had been strangely and unaccountably touched by the little incident. Certainly there had been nothing about any of the gipsy's words which, taken in the abstract, ought to have affected any reasonable human being, and if heard in the prosaic surroundings of everyday life, they would probably have been received with a smile of manifest derision; but listened to up here in the desolate wildness of the stony valley, it was not quite so easy to condemn them as preposterous humbug. Just at this moment nothing seemed impossible, and seen thus, encircled by the giant tombstones and deformed dwarf

bushes, the figure of the old Prikolitsia was invested with almost majestic dignity, and even the outlines of her past history, as related by Nicolai just now, sounded almost plausible. Scoff as we may at the ignorant superstition of the lower classes, there is not one of us who deep down in his heart has not got some tiny vulnerable spot, which against all rhyme and reason, and in direct opposition to his own better judgment, will persist in clinging to some old groundless belief or senseless formula. Thus it often only requires the action of some trifling chance incident, in order to touch the secret spring within our soul, and let loose the ignorant, credulous, gullible being which every cool-headed and sceptical individual carries about with him unsuspected.

But by this time Colonel Farkas was looking impatiently at his watch, and the Prikolitsia, having pocketed the two silver coins which were all she could hope to make by the transaction, since none of the gentlemen seemed inclined to put their fate to the test, now turned round abruptly and disappeared into the low stone hovel at her rear. All Phemie's efforts to draw the old woman from her place of retreat, or induce her to talk again, proved unavailing, for the Prikolitsia remained obstinately crouched down in a corner of the cavern, with the swiftly turning distaff between her fingers, her deep-sunken eyes looking out at the intruder with a sullen apathetic stare.

"Come away, come away," said Nicolai, in an awe-struck whisper. "You will get no more good words from her to-day. When the Prikolitsia does not choose to speak, not even the Spiridusui himself can make her do so!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A WOLF ?

In a pleasure excursion of this sort a very little thing will sometimes serve to put people out of tune with themselves and each other ; for pleasure is such a fleeting, intangible quality that, butterfly-like, it evades us even while we believe that we hold it secure in our hand. It may have been that the Prikolitsia's prophetic words, vague and maundering though they had been, had struck a gloomy note into the careless party of a little while ago, or perhaps it was merely the state of the barometer, which Dr Pichler, who invariably carried a pocket-aneroid with him, declared to have fallen considerably since daybreak. From whatsoever cause it may have proceeded, there is no doubt that as the present party resumed their walk towards the lake, object of to-day's expedition, each one felt conscious that a change of some kind had come over their mood since starting this morning, although none would have been able to define wherein this change precisely lay. Riki, hitherto in almost unnaturally high spirits, had suddenly grown very silent ; the Colonel, never at any time a genial man, had plunged into a rather acrimonious discussion with Leo Wolfsberg on the subject of his favourite hobby, the condition of the regimental horses, in the course of which both men expressed their respective opinions with fully more warmth than the occasion seemed to warrant ; and the doctor only opened his lips from time to time in order to express his conviction that there was evidently going to be a change of weather, and that they might consider themselves lucky if the day went past without bringing the expected rain : even Geza Szyrmay seemed to have forgotten how to

whistle, as walking by Phemie's side he thoughtfully picked his way between the stones lying strewn about the edge of the Bulea Lake, with his stick sometimes decapitating a head of the deadly monk's-hood, whose short thick tufts of dark sapphire blue were the only touch of colour to relieve the eternal grey of granite blocks.

"Have you heard from your sister Irma lately ?" inquired Phemie of her companion, breaking what had been a rather long pause in their conversation, as she seated herself upon a large flat stone close to the water's edge. "Where is she now, and what is she doing ?"

"Yes. I had a letter last week. Irma is very busy as usual, with a houseful of company and a headful of eccentric projects, each one madder than the last. At the present moment she is hesitating between a trip to Spain and a visit to St Petersburg."

"Then has she quite given up the idea of a yachting cruise in the North Sea ?" asked Phemie, with just the ghost of a sigh.

"Apparently. Only with Irma one can never be sure of anything. She is the most proverbially incalculable woman you ever saw, and it is only lucky for her that she has got a husband who has the means of gratifying every expensive caprice that passes through her mad-cap little head."

Leo meanwhile, having listened with ill-suppressed impatience to a long-winded dissertation of the Colonel's, in which it was conclusively proved to him that there were scarcely a score of horses in the regiment that deserved the name, all others being nothing more than livingskeletons, had suddenly caught sight of his wife seated at the edge

of the water, while alongside a couple of guides were engaged in unpacking the provisions for the luncheon repast.

"*Mein Gott!* You foolish child!" he exclaimed, coming up to her with a large woollen plaid under his arm. "Will you get up directly from that icy cold stone, where you will assuredly catch your death of cold? Whenever by chance I leave you five minutes out of my sight you are sure to do something foolish."

"Nonsense, Leo," retorted Phemie, a little impatiently, and without moving from the position. "It is you who are foolish, and who always have got cold and draughts on the brain. I am quite warm and comfortable here, I assure you."

"Never mind. Then you will just be a little warmer and still more comfortable when I have wrapped this plaid round you," he returned, with quiet decision.

"Leo, don't be ridiculous," said Phemie; "and for heaven's sake," she added in a whisper which reached his ear alone, "don't make a scene before everybody. You have no notion how silly it looks when a man is always fussing about his wife, and treating her as if she were a new-born baby. You would be terribly laughed at in England."

"But we are not in England," he returned composedly, "and I don't care a straw how silly I look as long as your feet are warm; so if you really wish to avoid a scene, as you call it, you have only to do as I tell you."

Phemie looked up at her husband as he stood there before her holding the plaid ready unfolded in his outstretched hands. Silly was certainly not the right term ever to be applied to Leo Wolfsberg, least of all at the present moment, when the calmly masterful expression of his blue eye gave him such a curi-

ous resemblance to that old picture at home of St George killing the dragon. Whenever he wore that particular look, Phemie always felt it impossible to set up her will in opposition to his; and so, too, just now, after a short, sharp, inward struggle, she had to yield, merely, as she told herself, in order to avoid making a fuss before other people. But she did so ungraciously, and as Leo with deliberate care wrapped the plaid about waist and knees, and tucked it under her feet, these attentions were unrewarded by a single word of thanks, and her face remained grave and moody.

It was about sunset when the tourists, returning to the shelter-hut where their temporary camp had been pitched, found the Roumanian guides left in charge of the horses in a state of considerable excitement. A wolf had been seen on the premises, they declared. Scarcely half an hour ago it had been here prowling round the camp-fire, and then on the alarm being given, it had disappeared into the bushes alongside. But it would be sure to come again after dark, they all felt convinced, for it was evidently on the look-out for a horse, and so, of course, they must all keep wide awake, and not allow the *lupu* to steal a march upon them.

The gentlemen of the party expressed some slight disbelief in the veracity of this story, although it was accompanied and emphasised by much lively gesticulation and rolling of black eyes; for the Roumanians are an imaginative and excitable race, and on previous occasions there had already been two or three false alarms on the subject of bears. The weather was not yet nearly cold enough to explain the presence of wolves so near to the haunts of men, and a hungry wolf was far more likely

to make an assault on the scattered flock of sheep up yonder than seek to approach this spot, where the large bonfire burning day and night was in itself sufficient protection. Still there was no harm in being on the safe side, they agreed; and so before sitting down to supper on the grass, Leo Wolfsberg fetched out his gun and loaded it ready for use.

"I do so wish it were a real wolf," said Riki, who was always hankering after novel sensations; "since we have been disappointed about bears, a wolf is the very least one can claim to see in a Transylvanian mountain excursion, and it would really be a shame if we had to confess on our return that not even the tiniest wild beast had crossed our path."

"Well, we have seen a were-wolf's widow at all events," remarked Dr Pichler,—“quite as interesting as a real wolf, and a good deal more uncommon.”

"And maybe this creature that Janko and Basil are talking about is also a were-wolf," said Geza, jokingly. "Who knows whether this is not the Prikolitsia's long-lost child or her husband, and we may therefore have the pleasure of assisting at a touching family scene of *réunion*."

"It is not considered correct to shoot a were-wolf, I believe," remarked the doctor; "in order to restore to it the human form, its head should be struck off with a hatchet."

"Very well," agreed Geza. "We can have the axe also in readiness, so as to be prepared for all contingencies; only it sounds rather like the recipe for catching birds by putting salt on their tails, and I rather doubt a wolf coming near enough to give us a chance of decapitation."

There was no further talk about

wolves or were-wolves just then, and supper had already been cleared away, when Nicolai, who with another man had been down to the stream to wash up the dishes, came running back to the hut in breathless haste.

"The *lupu!* the *lupu!* He is there behind those trees. Come quickly, *domnu* (master), before he escapes us!"

In a trice Leo had snatched up his gun and Geza the axe, and both were running towards the spot, the other members of the party following at a little distance. There, sure enough, dodging in and out of the tree-stems, a large dark object was plainly visible in spite of the growing dusk: it could be nothing else than a wolf. The Roumanian guides meanwhile had managed to circumvent the animal, and place themselves between it and the stream. Finding its retreat cut off in this direction, it veered round abruptly, then set off at a brisk trot towards the space of open ground that lay to the front of the shelter-hut, hoping to gain the forest from that side; but Geza Szyrmay, armed with the hatchet, intercepted its passage, and struck out a furious blow as it passed close beside him. The blow failed to reach, and only caused the animal to change direction again; but the close view thus obtained had enabled Szyrmay to identify the quadruped, and see that it was not a wolf.

"A fox! a fox!" he cried out, with all the force of his lungs.

"Ah, a fox," said Phemie, who, accompanied by Dr Pichler, had meanwhile come close up to where her husband was standing. "Poor thing, how glad I am that Geza did not hit it."

"Why?" said Leo, composedly. "Fox or wolf it is all one, and this fellow is so big that no wonder it was mistaken for a wolf."

"But it would be a deadly disgrace to SHOOT a fox!" she exclaimed, in horror-struck accents. "Leo, you surely cannot be serious in thinking of such a thing?"

"In the name of wonder why not?"

"Because such a thing is never done or heard of in England. Why, a man who was known to have shot a fox durst not show his face in society."

"We are not in England, and I am not an Englishman," retorted Leo, calmly adjusting the cock of his gun.

"But I am an Englishwoman!" exclaimed Phemie, with sudden passion, "and I could not bear to see it done. Leo, you cannot, you must not do it! I tell you that I forbid you to shoot the fox!"

"Of course that settles the question," sardonically remarked Dr Pichler, who had been standing by, a passive but shrewd observer of the little conjugal tiff. "When a fair lady gives her orders in such peremptory fashion, what can a poor henpecked husband do but obey? If you are a wise man, Baron Wolfsberg, you will lay down your arms without further protest. Depend upon it, if you try to rebel, you will have to pay for it dearly."

"Look out, Wolfsberg," now shouted Geza Szyrmay; "it is coming in your direction."

The fox had now fairly broken cover, and was speeding across the open space almost within firing range.

"Now is your chance, Wolfsberg! Now or never!"

"Leo, you are only doing it on purpose to provoke me. I tell you that I shall never, never forgive you if you shoot the fox!"

Phemie's last excited words had been called out so loud as to be plainly heard by every one, and Leo, who for just one second had lowered

his gun and seemed on the point of letting reynard pass by unchallenged, now raised it again to his shoulder, and took deliberate aim. There was an ominous flash in his blue eyes; but his tone was calm and measured as he retorted slowly and distinctly in English—

"You are greatly mistaken if you imagine that my actions are to be regulated either by a woman's hysterical fancy or an absurd national prejudice."

In the next instant the report of a double shot rang out, repeated from cliff to cliff with a long-drawn resounding peal; then when the first veil of smoke was cleared away it could be seen that the fox was running still, but in halting uncertain fashion: for a moment it paused in the centre of the meadow, appearing to measure the distance which yet divided it from the sheltering sanctuary of the forest, then another half-dozen strides and it stopped again, this time to move no more. Leo's first ball had entered just behind the left shoulder-blade, while the second shot had broken the corresponding hind-leg. By the time that Nicolai, panting and triumphant, had reached the spot, the fox was lying motionless on its side, the slightly heaving flanks alone showing that life was yet scarcely extinct.

All crowded round Leo, congratulating him on his success, for the fox was one of the largest and finest ever seen in those parts, and so dark in colour that its resemblance to a wolf was indeed striking even at very close quarters. The skin would make a beautiful foot-rug every one agreed; it was a trophy which any huntsman might be proud to possess.

Phemie alone took no part in the general excitement, and displayed no interest in the fox's death, as, deeply mortified, with burning un-

controllable tears in her eyes, she was leaning against the trunk of a fir-tree at a little distance from the lively and excited group, thinking

to herself that never, never, never since her marriage had she felt so utterly and entirely wretched as just now!

CHAPTER XL.—PHEMIE'S DECISION.

Dr Pichler's barometer had prophesied correctly, for by next morning the whole pine valley was enveloped in heavy mists that promised to turn to rain by-and-by. Under these altered circumstances it was clearly impossible further to pursue the expedition that had been originally intended to lead them over the Roumanian frontier down into the Rothenthurm Pass; but now every one's chief solicitude was how to regain the shelter of their home as speedily as possible. A five-hours' walk enabled them to reach the nearest village, and there, after a little unavoidable delay, two carriages were procured to convey the party back to Hermannstadt—Phemie, Riki, the Colonel, and Geza Szyrmay, taking place in the larger and better vehicle; while Leo had preferred to share the doctor's company in a small light cart calculated only to hold two, besides the driver.

It was past ten o'clock at night when they finally reached the town, and Phemie, tired out both physically and mentally, was glad to go to bed at once, almost without having exchanged words with Leo that day. She slept long and heavily, for although for a day or two we may contrive to ward off the demands of Nature, she will sooner or later claim all her dues, and there is no denying that the sleep enjoyed in a Carpathian shelter-hut materially differs, both as regards quality and quantity, from our average rest in a well-made bed at home.

When she opened her eyes it was broad daylight, past ten o'clock, and Leo, dressed in his military travel-

ling-cloak, was standing by her bedside. It was he who had roused her by repeating her name once or twice before she succeeded in raising her eyelids, still heavy with sleep.

"What is it?" she asked drowsily. "I am so tired—can't you let me sleep a little longer?"

"You can go to sleep again," said Leo, quietly. "I only woke you to say that the Colonel sent for me just now, and has ordered me to start off for Kronstadt directly by the eleven o'clock train, in order to bring back a transport of horses for the regiment."

"Yes," said Phemie, sleepily, from the depths of her pillows—"is that all?"

"Yes, that is all. I only wanted to say good-bye, for I shall probably be away the whole week. There is other business to be transacted as well, and I cannot return before Saturday at soonest."

"Good-bye," she repeated, mechanically; and then her eyelids, which for a moment had been raised with difficulty, sank down once more, and almost before Leo had left the room, she was fast asleep again.

She slept on for nearly two hours longer, and when she awoke at last, much refreshed and ready for her breakfast, she was startled to find that the clock marked almost twelve o'clock. The recollection of Leo standing by her bedside, ready dressed for the journey, was no more than a blurred, confused vision in her mind. He was going to Kronstadt, he had said, and would not be back till the end of the

week; and then of a sudden she remembered the episode of the slaughtered fox, and felt all her previous resentment rise up within her again with tenfold violence. On the whole she was relieved that she would not see Leo for several days, as that would give her time to consider what attitude precisely she ought to assume towards him. Leo must be made to feel that he had deeply wounded her, and she was determined not to unbend till he had shown contrition for his offence. But Leo had as yet displayed no inclination to take up the part of contrite sinner. He had hardly addressed a word to her all day yesterday, and this morning, in taking leave, as she now dimly remembered, he had neither bent down to kiss her, nor had he even touched her hand in token of farewell. Yes, decidedly, the journey to Kronstadt had been most providential; it would be a distinct relief to be alone for a few days just now.

While Phemie was dressing she was told that Geza Szyrmay had called twice already while she was asleep, and had left word that he would return again by-and-by, as he had an important message to deliver.

Presently he appeared, and in a very few words enlightened her as to the object of his visit. On reaching home last night, Geza had found awaiting him a long letter from his sister, Countess Boldalagi, with an enclosure for Phemie which contained a rather startling proposition. Count Boldalagi had just recently purchased a yacht as a present for his wife's birthday, and as the vessel was at present anchored at the mouth of the Elbe near Hamburg, they had decided to celebrate its inauguration by a trip to some of the Norwegian fjords, after which it was proposed to visit the Shetland or Orkney Islands. To be sure it

was rather late in the year for such an undertaking; but Irma, who was invariably inclined to take the rosiest coloured view of anything upon which she had set her heart, had quite made up her mind that the cold was not going to set in till after the end of October. Besides, if by any chance the weather were to play them false, and it proved too chilly for a prolonged cruise, there was always the *resource* of running over to Scotland and spending a week or two there.

Scotland! How Phemie's heart leaped up at the word, with a sudden yearning pain of which she had not been conscious before. Until now the possibility of revisiting her native country had appeared so remote that she had rarely allowed herself consciously to indulge in the luxury of homesickness, just as we seldom feel the want of those things which we know to be out of our reach. But now that the idea had actually been suggested to her in so many plain words, it took possession of her mind by storm.

"I will positively take no refusal," wrote Irma; "and so shall confidently expect you to meet us on Thursday at the Buda-Pesth station. There really is nothing to prevent you taking a few weeks' holiday, since you have no other family ties to keep you at home, and your husband can surely never be so churlish as to wish to deprive you of this innocent pleasure. I am sure that the change will do you a world of good, and it is really a shame that you should be kept moping there in that deadly dull corner of the world all the year round."

"Of course you will go," said Geza, when Phemie had finished reading the letter. "Irma has

specially charged me to exert all my powers of persuasion in order to induce you to be her companion, and I know that she counts upon you for certain."

"Are you going too?" asked Phemie.

"I? Oh dear no, that is quite impossible, as I have just written to Irma to say. We poor soldier fellows dare not move a step without asking leave, but you ladies are free as air, having no one to consult but your own sweet wills."

"Well, we cannot move either without consulting our husbands."

"Husbands are not near as bad as Colonels," said Geza, sapiently; "of course you can always get a husband to do whatever you want, but I should just like to see Colonel Farkas' face if I were to ask for a few weeks' leave of absence just now, and out of Austria into the bargain! There would be an end indeed of my hopes of the lieutenant's stars in November."

"It is so unlucky that Leo happens just to be away at present," said Phemie, rather undecidedly. "If only I had known about this a few hours ago, but now he cannot be back till Saturday at the soonest, I fear."

"Saturday! But to-day is already Tuesday, and Irma expects you to meet her at the Buda-Pesth station on Thursday. You will have to decide to-morrow at latest one way or another."

"But how can I decide alone?" exclaimed Phemie, in an agony of indecision, torn between conflicting desires and doubts. "Of course I am just dying to go, but there are hundreds and thousands of difficulties in the way; if only I knew what was best to do!"

"If you write an express letter to Baron Wolfsberg at once he will have it early to-morrow morning, and can telegraph the answer."

"Yes, I suppose that is the only thing to be done now," assented Phemie, in a rather doubtful tone of voice. "Only writing is not nearly as good as talking, and it is so difficult to explain things properly in a letter."

However, the letter was written and despatched within an hour, and then during the whole rest of that day Phemie had nothing else to do but to wonder what Leo's answer was going to be. She felt too restless to remain sitting quietly at any one place, but wandered aimlessly about from one room to the other, unable to settle down to any fixed occupation. She took up the unfinished novel which she had been reading last week before they had gone on this mountain expedition; but found herself utterly incapable of fixing her attention on the printed words, and ever and anon she caught herself vaguely wondering whether after all the Prikolitsia's words had not been prophetic when she had talked of a long journey in store for her? Such prophecies are common enough in gipsy parlance, and no person with a well-regulated mind would ever stoop to attach serious importance to the fantastic improvisations of a crazy old woman. Yet which of us is gifted with a mind so absolutely independent as not unconsciously to be influenced by all sorts of ulterior powers, whose existence we barely suspect? From the subject of the Prikolitsia and her prophecies, Phemie's thoughts wandered on to questions of toilet, and presently she was calculating how many dresses she would require to take on the journey, and wondering whether it would be necessary to include an evening gown in case of the visit to Scotland coming off? The black lace dress that had been made in Vienna last year was the only really stylish thing she possessed, and even

that, as she now remembered, would require to have the frillings at neck and sleeves renewed. She opened the wardrobe, and taking out the black lace body stood staring at it for several moments intently, then with a little laugh at her own folly she pushed it back almost roughly, and shut the press.

What was the use of it all? Why tantalise her fancy by vain castles in the air that would assuredly come to nothing, since it was almost certain that Leo's answer to the question she had asked would be a negative? But why, after all, should it necessarily be a negative? she mused on. There was nothing positively unreasonable about the wish she had expressed to accept a friend's offer of being her guest during a yachting party that was to last a few weeks, and it was only the unexpectedness of the proposition that made it appear startling at first sight. Other women were constantly leaving their homes for even longer periods without on that account being considered eccentric or frivolous, and surely Leo would have the sense to see that she could not be expected to forego the chance of revisiting her native country, merely on account of some absurd apprehensions on his part? He must accustom himself to the thought that his wife was not a child or a doll, but a reasonable human being capable of taking care of herself; and having once reached this conclusion, Phemie turned back to the wardrobe and opened it again.

Leo's telegram arrived next morning while Phemie was sitting at breakfast. It contained only these four words, "Do as you choose," an answer which might be taken to mean anything or everything, according to the construction put upon it by the reader. As she was still sitting, twisting

and turning the paper between her fingers, hesitating and yet more doubtful than she had been a little while ago, there was a second ring at the door-bell. The furrier, to whom the fox's skin had been intrusted in order to transform it into a foot-rug, had sent over to inquire whether the Gnädige Frau Baronin would be pleased to have the skin mounted with a scalloped border of red or green cloth?

Coming just at that particular moment, the question had a distinctly irritating effect upon Phemie.

"I know nothing about the fox!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "Ask the Herr Baron when he returns; it is his business, not mine,"—and only a few minutes later she called back the servant, and told him to fetch down her large travelling-trunk from the lumber-room and have it thoroughly cleaned and dusted. The die was now cast; and since Leo had told her to do as she chose, why should she not take him at his word? For once she was going to enjoy the sensation of acting according to her own freewill.

And yet, had Phemie but known it, she had never been less independent than just now, when she believed herself to be wholly unfettered in her choice. Is there indeed such a thing in the world as absolute freewill? And are we not all governed by suggestion in some shape or other, although mostly too dull-headed to recognise the action of those invisible causes that are moulding our thoughts and deeds! If Phemie had been able to look into herself and analyse the motives that had influenced her decision, she would certainly have been surprised to discover how greatly both the fox and the Prikolitsia had been instrumental in leading to this result.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND ARMY COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

"WHAT a life that usher and that priest would lead if, instead of looking after those French chaps, they had charge of a dozen of our fellows!" was the exclamation of an eager Harrow boy watching a procession of scholars of the average age of sixteen as they were being dragged by their preceptors, in an educational sight-seeing tour, through the Sainte Chapelle of Paris. Certainly the custodians looked like martyrs in the performance of unutterably irksome duty; and the mere aspect of their charges suggested depression, discontent, and unwholesome lassitude. No doubt a few months of "ducker,"¹ "footer,"¹ and "le jeu de cricket-match," with an occasional licking, would transform these poor vicious little mannikins into happy, healthy, high-spirited boys. Foreign nations themselves are fully aware of the defective moral training of their Lycées; and while they denounce in theory the tyranny of fagging, the brutality of football, and the outrage of swishing, they have not been able to withhold applause at the general results of our Public Schools,² and have striven their utmost to imitate them. They have failed, owing to their inability to recognise the fact that self-government by manly boys, under the general direction of experienced men of the world, develops vigour, honour, and rectitude far more satisfactorily than the spy and watch-dog system of *curés* and ushers. Of these ad-

vantages most military men are especially cognisant; and I venture to contribute my own quatum of experience therein, both when commanding a battery and when lieutenant-colonel of a district. When called on to deal with offences worse than irregularities among subalterns, I found that the antecedents of the black lambs had generally been private schools and private tuition; while the simple harum-scarums, whose very vagaries were permeated with the principles of gentlemen, and who in other respects were amongst the most valuable and duty-doing of my young officers, usually hailed from one of our best public schools. It would surely be depreciating to these latter to found their merits upon a basis so frail that we fear to touch it lest the edifice collapse. I urge we should disregard the weak plea of "leaving well alone" in favour of increasing existing value by dealing with defects. In one conspicuous respect it must be conceded that French educational seminaries excel ours. The knowledge they succeed in imparting to their pupils is respectable in quantity and quality; ours, as a rule, is beneath contempt: and sorely perplexed are many parents in deciding between the evil of withholding from their boys the great advantages of the *beau idéal* of a good training and the handicap of their continuing dunces up to the age of eighteen.

Now, reforms of a far-reaching nature have almost invariably been effected by pressure from outside,

¹ Harrow terms for bathing and football.

² See especially 'Impressions de l'Angleterre,' by Taine; also 'L'Éducation dans l'Angleterre.'

not from inside; though it goes sorely against the grain of experienced old stagers to admit that unhallowed hands have extirpated evils or originated improvements which the high priests of mysteries have ignored. For instance, that the great Reformation was mainly due to the laity; that the Penny Post was violently opposed by St Martin's Lane; that Armstrong, Whitworth, and Palliser were not officers of the Royal Artillery; and that fifteen years ago our old system of Public School instruction was modified into some degree of harmony with altered times and conditions, by the insistence of a public little versed in dead languages and chiefly wise in knowing exactly what it wants. Unfortunately *Le Bien est l'ennemi du Mieux*, and we have acquiesced in the limit of improvements which imperatively demand extension, especially in the case of boys training for the ordeal of an army examination.

Herein the requirements are entirely of modern growth. In 1867 the duty devolved on me of scrutinising the examination papers of numerous ensigns who, in accordance with new regulations, were subjected to tests which nowadays we should consider absurdly easy, but which appeared startlingly difficult at the time in question, when education in the army was at a much lower ebb. The spelling of these "Ensigns Northerton" proved to be phonetic, their handwriting hieroglyphic, and their general information ranged between zero and a minus quantity. When I pointed out to the assistant adjutant-general the vast hiatus between the theoretical standard and the actual performance, he re-

plied with a shrug, "Very true, and quite deplorable; but you had better leave the matter alone. After all, these young fellows are not more ignorant than the great majority of their kind." Comparatively recently it fell to my lot to be nominated President of a Board for examining young officers for their promotion. During the luncheon interval I heard some of the candidates lamenting their shortcomings and discussing some of the questions propounded, and I could not forbear endeavouring to put a little heart into the despondents by observing, "Well, gentlemen, I can only say that when I began soldiering thirty years ago, had any young officer possessed a fraction of your knowledge, which you fear may be held inadequate, he would either have been marvelled at as a wonder of erudition, or would have been hooted out of the mess-room as a pedant and a prig."

That former crass ignorance has been replaced by a high average of education calculated to develop valuable properties in practical officers is only disputed by those who consider improvement dangerous; but it is equally indisputable that this improvement has been attended with a grave evil—that of cramming. To pronounce cramming pernicious is a truism; yet only those who have made themselves acquainted with the present conditions of competitive examinations realise that it is inevitable unless important modifications be introduced. In the majority of cases the father is aware that to send his son straight from a public school to the fiery ordeal would be to court failure. Interest is of no avail whatever, even when exerted in behalf of the principle of primogeniture—

that precaution against the existence of more than one fool in a family. The rules are inexorable, and the high-minded examiners incorruptible—indeed, it would be out of their power to be otherwise, so hedged about by anonymity are the papers handed in. If the candidate be not up to the mark, he may seek his fortune—or perhaps his misfortune—in the City, or he may try his luck in South Africa, or he may be merged into the crowd of contemptible loafers who seek for something to do, and won't do it; but whatever his social status and influence, he will be rigidly excluded from the army. Some special training is therefore necessary, and recourse is usually had to the professional crammer. The parent can scarcely do better for his son's immediate success—he can scarcely do worse, save in exceptional instances, for his moral and mental training. Undoubtedly there are a few crammers who extend their responsibilities to both departments, and who are the very salt of their avocation, and to whose worth I gladly bear my humble personal testimony; but the greater number only exact from their pupils the minimum regularity of habits and sobriety of life essential to the due exercise of intellectual faculties, and who meet remonstrances against scampishness and vicious associations with the flippant and irrelevant reply, "Oh, religion is not in the bill." To crown all, cramming, pure and simple, is prohibitive of assimilation: it may answer the purpose of a few hours' ordeal of an empirical test, but the residue of knowledge, permanently retained, approximates to a vanishing quantity.

A counterfoil to the evil in

question often suggested is to lower the standard. The expedient by itself would be fallacious. Cramming has been fostered less by the severity than by the nature of the papers, hand in hand with the multiplicity of competitors. Where there are, say, a dozen candidates for one vacancy, the severity of preliminary training would continue unaltered, public schools would still fall short of requirements, and crammers would still be required to make good deficiencies. As for the abolition of competitive examinations, I will not waste the reader's time by the consideration of a contingency about as remote of fulfilment as the passing of the Home Rule Bill.

A more plausible remedy would be to modify the nature of the examinations so as to bring them within the existing curriculum of our public schools. Indeed I have heard an advocate of the theory that exclusively old-world knowledge is peculiarly applicable to new-world requirements, argue, "If my boy can turn a passage of scholar-like English into classical Latin, he will be able to do anything, and I shall be quite satisfied." While a certain professor inquired of a successful and adventurous soldier "whether a knowledge of Greek had not extricated him from many a difficulty?" and one authority has been heard—while grudgingly conceding that French and German may be occasionally useful—to declaim against the study of other European languages as useless, and even pernicious. It is difficult to refute such arguments except by stating them; it is easier simply to reply that they will not be for one moment accepted by a public opinion which is all-power-

ful over a public administration. That autocrat declares: "We demand neither the stupid athlete nor the sickly scholar; and therefore, while we reject the latter, 'coughing through academic groves,' we consider that the value of the bold rider and the accurate shot will be materially increased if he can also sketch a country for his general, and find the range of an inaccessible point, and make known the needs of his men to the Spanish, Dutch, or Italian population where he may be serving; and even if he have such a smattering of astronomy as will enable him to guide troops through an unexplored country, after the example of Lieutenant Rawson at Tel-el-Kebir. No; we have had much trouble in raising the standard in favour of the efficient. We decline to lower it in favour of dullards."

With a view to avoiding the vagueness of generalities, let us examine in detail the position of the average industrious and intelligent public-school boy destined for the army. We will suppose him to have reached the age of fourteen, and it matters little if his attainments thus far are few, provided he has been taught these few thoroughly, and has learned how to learn. His father, however—perhaps scared by instances of failure which have come under his notice—is anxious that his son's studies should be now specially directed towards his destined career, and he consults the school authorities accordingly, who generally throw a great deal of cold water on the project. We will, however, assume that the parent, if silenced by scholastic sophistry, nevertheless insists on acting on the dictates of prudent foresight, and the boy is transferred to what

is termed the "Modern Side"—a mischievous nomenclature, because it implies a promise which is comprehensive, while its performance is exceedingly contracted.

The change appears in theory to be highly conducive to the object in view. Unfortunately in practice it is seriously hampered by a defect incidental to human weakness. The school rulers cannot divest themselves of their latent preference for Latin above all other subjects, and Latin is still cherished with undiminished fondness and effort, although the ostensible staple of the Modern Side instruction is comprised in French, German, Mathematics, Modern History, and Geometrical Drawing—a highly attractive *menu*, with the single drawback that by the time the pupil has reached the age of sixteen he seems to be still dallying with the *hors d'œuvres* and the *entrées*, while the *pièces de résistance* remain untouched. The masters urge patience, the advantages of a continuation of public school discipline, and the occasional successes of their pupils of nineteen years old, ignoring the enormous advantages, in these days of enforced retirement for age, of the two years' seniority gained by beginning a cadet career at seventeen. The parent has, however, at last become thoroughly uneasy; he removes his son with sore reluctance from the justly beloved school and places him with a crammer. Here, for the first time, the evils entailed by previous defective teaching are made fully manifest. In almost every case it is discovered that the boy is entirely untrained for a competitive contest, that even in his presumed strong subjects of classics he acquits himself but poorly—unless he be an embryo Porson

—and that in all other branches he lacks a knowledge both of grounding principles and more advanced bookwork, without which even a crammer, with all his knack of instructing a pupil how to trot out what he knows and how to conceal what he does not know, must be powerless. To hope that he can be brought up to the mark upon short notice would be as reasonable as to expect a trainer to fit within two months a raw colt destined for the Derby. So for a year, more or less, the poor lad must needs be subjected to a stress calculated to strain, mentally and physically, the most robust—a stress detrimental in every respect but one, the attainment of the object in view. Seven, eight, and even nine hours a-day represent his unceasing toil. Time and opportunity are barely available for the exercise and relaxation indispensable for the preservation of a sound mind in a sound body. Perhaps the parent tentatively remonstrates, only to be met with the unanswerable reply, “Undoubtedly this overwork is regrettable; but if remitted, failure is a certainty.” It must be remembered that the duty of the crammer is to cram his pupil, not to teach him; and however he may disregard moral discipline, he is wont to perform his cramming duties vigorously, unsparingly applying the metaphorical whip and spur, and hesitating not to inform the father upon due occasion that the boy is a dunce, or a sluggard, or a fool, and has no chance of success. The instructors of the separate subjects vie with each other in ramming into the pupil’s overwrought brain pages of formulæ, hundredweights of unstudied facts, and pamphlets of parrot answers to catch questions, so that the competitor may be able,

for instance, to write down a statement proving that the path of a projectile must be in a parabola, though he has not an idea of the meaning of a parabola; to give the orders and genera of fossils which, for aught he knows, may have been that morning imported from Billingsgate; and to epitomise the works of Lessing and Montesquieu, though he perhaps surmises the one to have been a Spaniard and the other a Greek. The steam pressure is gradually increased up to the margin of bursting—with the safety-valve nailed down—to the very eve of the examination, through which he scrapes, though it be but by the skin of his teeth. Or luck has been against him; his stock answers and his empirical formulæ and typical compositions turned out to be not available for the papers set, and he is hopelessly debarred from a profession which promised to him a useful and a happy career, and for which he would have proved a valuable recruit. In either case, how acutely will both parent and son lament that fruitless teaching at the public school which, had it been judiciously applied, would have started him with a substratum of sound knowledge, needing only the brief polish of a private tutor to bring it to a point, and would thus have saved him from the torment of cramming, not to speak of the bitterness of undeserved failure.

To what is to be attributed the inadequate results of the “Modern Side,” of late years forced upon Harrow, Eton, Rugby, and Wellington College—which latter school, be it remarked, was founded primarily for the benefit of orphan sons of officers in necessitous circumstances, but which has proved itself sturdy against extending a liberal measure of advantages,

either financial or educational, to those for whom the money was subscribed by the army and the country?¹ To the half-hearted manner in which reform has been carried out. To the adoption in shadow of a valuable principle while its substance is neutralised in practice. The "Modern" boys themselves are indirectly, but invidiously, handicapped in status and precedence among their fellows; the school authorities fondly cling to the old system in disguise, and in fact,

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded
fast
 To some dear error, hugs it to the
last."

Even the most high-minded cannot claim to be exempt from the subtle promptings of self-interest. The classical masters, who of course constitute the bulk of the teaching staff, are autocratic, skilled, and erudite in their special departments. Outside their particular province, they are not infrequently aged tyros unwilling to learn and incapable to teach. Without doubt these most respected men are conscientiously solicitous for what they believe to be the interests of their respective institutions; yet they would be almost more than human were they not highly averse to the introduction of poachers who would attenuate the value of their own services, and would deprive the old clique of many coveted posts. If we examine in detail the different subjects nominally comprised in the Modern Side, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the introduction of a far greater measure than has hitherto been admitted of new blood and young blood is an imperative condition

of efficiency. For example, in certain schools, the same foreign pedagogues have for years and years been droning away at the inflections of verbs and the concord of participles, with text-books of their own compilation, chiefly valuable to the authors. It is a time-honoured principle amongst impish British boys that these aged and stale professors are a fair butt for ridicule, and lawful spoil for practical joking. The result is, little learning and less discipline. Sometimes the teaching is reinforced by the services of one of the classical masters who enjoys the unusual pre-eminence among his followers of some acquaintance with modern languages, and who at all events possesses the indefinable characteristic of English masters—the power of enforcing obedience and order. But in the long-run the main object is little furthered, and the cases are rare when it can be said that a boy has made useful substantial progress in French or German after a year's tuition at a public school.

History scarcely fares better. The teachers seem to be governed by an invincible propensity to drift into the records of middle ages, and to restrict themselves to such subjects as the Heptarchy, the lineage of Maude, and the Council of Clermont—a weakness which, it must be admitted, is somewhat condoned by the nature of the examination papers (see *post*). Or if they permit digressions into less mouldy periods, they seldom get beyond the times of Queen Elizabeth, the puerilities of Beauty Mary and Booby Darnley, and the problem whether the beauty did, or did not, blow up

¹ See also Report of Royal Commission, 1879. The general features of Wellington College have not been essentially changed since that date.

the booby. The leading circumstances of our own age, of modern wars and momentous treaties, of our foreign policy and domestic enactments, of statesmen and of warriors who have contributed to make or to mar England, are ignored as wanting in that ingredient so highly prized by pedants—the dignity of dulness.

Geometrical drawing, when lucidly taught, is a subject easy, almost beneath contempt. Ask a public-school boy to construct a scale of Russian versts, or a comparative scale of French metres. The chances are ten to one he will answer, "I have never been able to understand scales." Require him to describe a triangle with given sides, or to copy in ink an easy geometrical figure, and after some brief fumbling he will give it up. He has dawdled on the black-board only through these descriptions of useful problems.

Inefficiency reaches its climax in the mathematical sections. Overgrown classes, in whatever subject, are a radical source of weakness; overgrown classes in mathematics are prohibitive of comprehension and progress, with the additional evil that they originate bewilderment and a permanent distaste for the study. I defy any experienced instructor to maintain that he can bestow tangible attention on individuals when his class exceeds seven or eight, and attention of this nature is specially requisite, not only for candidates for an examination, but for every boy entering on that science of which the prominent characteristic is that the A B C is heart-breaking, while the advanced and abstruse portions are comparatively easy. In public schools mathematical classes of fifteen, twenty, and more, are not uncommon, and what takes place?

The teacher holds forth on the properties of the frustum of a cone or on the "ambiguous case" of an oblique-angled triangle, covering his black-board with undecipherable symbols, and working out some example which gives a gleam of interest to the boys because the result is generally wrong. "Never mind," he hastily mumbles, "that is only a matter of detail; you all understand the principle, do you not?" in a tone which implies, any one who does not is a fool. The lying chorus replies, "Oh yes, sir;" the truth being that one-half the boys have been too bored to listen to what seems to them a gabble of jargon, while the other half have tried and failed, with the possible exception of one or two unusually acute minds who have evolved a glimmer of light out of the Cimmerian darkness. Thus the class is successively galloped through algebra, trigonometry, mensuration, statics, and dynamics, without having mastered a single department, but picking up a shibboleth which conveys to them no real meaning, and which is chiefly useful in lulling unskilled, questioning parents into a belief that their sons are on the highroad to emulating the repute of Newton and Laplace. Now, sometimes during portentously long holidays boys of similar calibre receive private mathematical instruction in sections of five or six; and the teacher must be very inefficient or the pupil very ungrateful if the latter after a short time does not break out into an exclamation of delighted surprise, "I have learned more from you, sir, in a week than I learned in six months at school." Manifestly, it would be an absurdity to imply that a master should be provided for every seven mathematical pupils. But it cannot be disputed that less

frequent lessons to sections of seven would impart more real knowledge than more frequent lectures to classes of seventeen.

Seldom, indeed, can a master, reproached with the slow progress of his pupils, resist the temptation to reply, "The boys have opportunities of learning if they like. If they don't learn, it is because they don't like." To this I altogether "demur" in a legal sense—i.e., I admit the fact, but I deny its force. Part of the duty of schoolmasters is to compel the pupils to "like," at least comparatively, to learn—to prefer trouble to smarting under the consequences of neglected trouble. When all pressure fails, the welfare of the majority suggests putting in practice the principle indicated in the motto on the sundial of Woolwich Academy, "Aut disce—aut discede."

Again, weak-kneed parents are sometimes beguiled by the statistics of successes of pupils presenting themselves direct from public schools. "Why should not my boy succeed similarly?" Because these statistics are misleading, inasmuch as we are neither informed of the proportion of failures among the candidates, nor of the number who have "tailed off" before coming to the starting-post. If, out of a class of twenty, some half-dozen of the most promising have been specially taken in hand and worked up, while the remainder have been practically ignored, the results will show an enormous percentage of failures, and the logical deduction is that the school is successful only when it chooses to depart from its beaten track of teaching. The occasions when they thus choose are so rare that they cannot be ordinarily taken into account.

Nor am I regarding the matter

from an exclusively military point of view. Our public schools were never intended as merely preparatory schools for Woolwich and Sandhurst, and never could be converted to this sole purpose without injustice to the general education of this country. On the other hand, however, very many parents—though not wishing to exclude a reasonable study of classics—are justly desirous to include a measure of instruction in mathematics and modern languages, now essential in every profession followed by gentlemen, excepting, perhaps, that of the Church.

If the charges of shortcomings have been substantiated, the remedies obviously suggest themselves. But to guard against an imputation of pointless denunciation, I will simply enumerate the manifest reforms.

1st, and foremost. School authorities must gulp down somewhat of their predilection for the old lines, and must throw themselves heart and soul into changes which shall diminish failures.

2d. The introduction of more fresh blood into the teaching staff of the modern side is indispensable.

3d. *Pari passu* with the foregoing is the formation of smaller classes, involving in most cases an increase of instructors. "And the increase of expense?" may be the objection urged as a clincher. I adjure them to "let sleeping dogs lie." The normal expenses of the best public schools are already startling; the extra charges for army candidates are not inconsiderable; and it would be scarcely wise to challenge scrutiny into a financial administration which would not be tolerated for a single instant were the institutions a shade less admirable in other respects.

Though we may find fault with a system of instruction at its source, it would not be fair to shut our eyes to evils which vitiate the subsequent channels, and amongst these are the vicious absurdities which often distinguish examination papers, and which are partly responsible for the practice of cramming. To take a few specimens thoroughly typical of the general tenor.

In mathematics the time assigned to the different branches is so short as entirely to preclude testing an intelligent comprehension of principles and their application in practice. In obligatory mechanics the hours allowed for the wide range of statics and dynamics is from 2.30 to 5.30, and the questions in one paper¹ comprise theorems of forces, the principles of gravity, of tension, and of the pulley; an investigation into accelerations, velocities under gravity, the parabolic path of a projectile, and motion in a circle, together with a number of make-weight problems which by themselves would constitute a fairly long paper. Even the candidate fortunate enough to have been primed with the required answers must scribble with a speed prohibitive of reflection, in order to complete his paper within the hours allowed; while his fellow, possibly knowing every whit as much, can only lament his ill luck in questions having been put to which he could easily have replied, had time admitted his utilising mathematical reasoning instead of mechanical memory.

In the modern languages papers the most remarkable feature is that the skilled linguist will very

likely obtain but few marks. He may speak the language like a native; but a maximum of 200 out of 2000 marks is all he can gain for this. He may be able to indite an admirable letter, or to write an accurate report, or to furnish correct translations expressed in modern colloquial phraseology; all that is of little use. Examination French is not "French-French." Pedantic phrases and technical expressions are resorted to as crucial tests, and the main object of the questions in grammar seems to be to catch the victim tripping. A candidate will be little the worse French scholar for hesitating over "*quelques gazouillements de linottes*"¹ or "*se cramponnant à un affût*,"² or for incorrectly rendering "Agricola . . . professing to prefer the natural genius of the Britons to the studied acquirements of the Gauls,"² or for being unable to "trace the gradual formation from the Latin of the words *oui*, *blé*, *on*," &c.² The linguistic examination comprises questions in French or in German literature and history—a brave phrase, vindicated by the following examples: "Name the sovereigns occupying the thrones of the principal European countries in the year 1800, and give a brief account of the political situation of England at this date."³ A complete answer would give evidence of an amazing range of information; but since certainly not more than ten minutes could be prudently spared for the purpose, we suggest that "Write briefly and concisely your opinion of things in general" would be preferable, as susceptible of a more condensed reply.

¹ Admission to Woolwich Academy, November 1894.

² *Ibid.*, November 1893.

³ German Paper, admission to Woolwich Academy, June 1894.

In French literature:¹ "Montesquieu . . . and three of his contemporaries being considered as the greatest writers of their century, say what you know of them; name some of their works, and add a few remarks on the encyclopedists." This poser seems a replica of the traditional question in my Woolwich cadet days of a master wishing to elicit the students' knowledge of Achilles, Hector, and the walls of Troy: "Who, dragged whom, round what, when and where?"

"Neither invective nor ridicule are arguments," may be the retort, "and we obtained a considerable number of correct answers to the above." I have no doubt of it, but why? because you play into the crammer's hands. I have before me an admirable little pamphlet, 'Aids to the Army and other Examinations,' by R. Courtenay Welch, epitomising in 28 pages the history and literature of France from 987 up to the present day, with a skeleton record of the principal kings, warriors, statesmen, and authors. The work can be learned by heart in about six hours, and furnish answers to almost any questions likely to be put. The chief drawback is that the answers are merely evidence of spangle unworthy of the name of knowledge. I may add that a similar *multum in parvo* has been compiled for German as well as for the grammars of the various languages.

One more set of absurdities to lighten the dryness of my subject.

In English history: "Give a sketch of Dunstan's career, and of his policy in Church and State."² "What do you know of the cir-

cumstances which led to . . . the statutes de Donis and Quia Emptores, and of their provisions?"² "Write a history of the kingdom of Mercia."³ "Give some account of Richard, King of the Romans."⁴

Geography: "Describe as accurately as you can the geographical positions of Flinders Range, . . . Lake Baikal, . . . Mount Kenia, . . . the Republic d'Andorra."³ *N.B.*—The territories of the "Grande Duchesse" de G  rolstein have been unaccountably omitted!

Recognising the principle that no knowledge can be considered useless, it must at any rate be conceded that a knowledge furnishing answers to the foregoing questions cannot take high precedence among the qualifications of a valuable practical officer, and that the form in which the questions are put offer a direct premium to cramming.

With reference to the class of hard-working gentlemen who are pursuing that avocation in compliance with existing demands, I would point out that their services would still be invaluable, were sound instruction substituted for make-believe knowledge.

I must now consider the possibility that I may have proved too much, and may be met with the retort, "You have already admitted that army examinations only test the extent of cram and not of real knowledge. How, then, can you justly complain that the public schools, designed not to cram but to educate, are failures on their Modern Sides?" I reply that the Modern Sides neither educate nor cram; or, to

¹ Admission to Woolwich Academy, November 1893.

² *Ibid.*, June 1894.

³ *Ibid.*, Nov. 1894.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Nov. 1893.

be more precise, that their teaching is so slender and superficial as to differ from a weak description of cramming only in being useless for examination purposes. We insist upon the fact that the "coach" at the outset of his tuition is generally dismayed at discovering that the pupil possesses no substratum of learning on which to build a superstructure. There is no time to remedy this deficiency, and the only expedient is to impart a meretricious show of knowledge by ramming into the candidate's head answers, more or less learned by rote, to questions which, to the victim, are more or less gibberish. In fact, school-masters and Civil Service examiners have, perhaps unconsciously, played into the hands of the crammer. The first-named have somewhat modified their curriculum of instruction owing to the pressure of public opinion; examiners, willing to humour the well-founded predilection for our most notable schools, have been wont so to frame their questions as to enable candidates to display an illusory amount of knowledge and science—but thanks only to the good offices of the go-between crammer. By all means let the nature of the test papers be entirely changed; but be it borne in mind that unless the public schools likewise change their tactics the result will be not only that the

alumni will be distanced in the competitive struggle, but that they will fail even to qualify.

In conclusion, I repudiate the possible imputation that I have selected any particular public school as a peg on which to hang adverse criticism, though I admit that I have had in my mind's eye one institution, which in many respects is an illustrious type of the excellence on which I have dwelt. Not that the boys are sent there in order that "they may learn to be gentlemen," because they are gentlemen before joining—but where vice is grappled with and expelled, and is not cankered with hushing-up; where swearing and obscenity are held to be stupid and in bad taste; where a robust independence is pre-eminent, and fribble-priggishness is laughed out of countenance; where in athletic games and pursuits a proficiency has been attained second to none; and where—more to the purpose with reference to this paper—a not unwilling ear has been turned to the modern requirements of educational qualifications for lads destined for the public service. It is not too much to hope that in this, as well as in kindred public schools, there will be no further dallying with an adequate measure of reform in the instructional departments which will entitle it to an all-round verdict, if not of "perfect," of "*proxime accessit*."

HENRY KNOLLYS.

OUR LAST WAR WITH THE MAHSUDS.

THE Durand Mission of November 1893 proclaimed *urbi et orbi* the reconciliation of Viceroy and Ameer of the Governments of India and Afghanistan. It was a mission of peace and goodwill, which brought honours and rewards to all its members—including that important functionary their cook. It saved Lord Lansdowne's administration from the allegation that his foreign policy had been a failure, and that his costly frontier wars and expeditions had produced no results except the further impoverishment of an already impoverished empire.

In the general jubilation which ensued upon the renewal of friendly relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan and the settlement of the outstanding boundary disputes between his kingdom and India, it was too hastily assumed that the era of frontier wars was now over. It was believed that Lord Lansdowne's successor—the nominee of the pacific Gladstonian Government, which abhorred the bloodguiltiness of these purposeless expeditions—would have no occasion to test the efficacy of the military machine which Lord Roberts's enlightened persistence had raised to a pitch of human perfection unknown in the annals of England or India. But there is a vast difference between the fixation of a boundary on paper and its delimitation in the field. The astute Ameer, when he finally conceded to us the boundary line which we had so long claimed, and agreed that a joint Commission should forthwith mark it out by pillars, knew that the erection and maintenance of this Great Wall of India would cost us millions. He

foresaw, too, that the process of taking effective possession of the country between India's actual and newly-defined political frontier would be a work of slow assimilation, which would give Lord Roberts's splendid weapon full occupation for many years to come, and wellnigh exhaust the struggling finances of our Indian dependencies.

The mission successfully concluded, the honours distributed, the chief actors dispersed, the reins of government were taken up by a new Viceroy, Lord Elgin, supported by new pillars of the State in his Council, all men of peace who hated wars and annexations. The Jingoës of Northern India—and their name is legion—were depressed. No more Black Mountain promenades, Orakzai expeditions, Samana annexations, and Manipur disasters and consequential retribution. No more costly "little wars," and still costlier preparations to resist invasion by Russia in the construction of vast fortified positions, strategic roads and railways, upon our N.W. frontier: nothing now but to practise a rigid economy in every branch of the administration, and to mark time in the works begun or nearly completed at Attock, Rawalpindi, and Quetta. Even the expensive and time-honoured system of biennial or triennial reliefs was to be superseded by one which rooted the soldier to one spot for long years. And so the new era of retrenchment and unostentatious internal progress began, and for a time it seemed as if the wishes of the Gladstonian Cabinet would be fulfilled. True, they had to demarcate

India's new political frontier, and must do so quickly, else the mood of the inconstant Ameer might change, or his death give place to chaos. Well, the work would be done quietly, being preceded by patient negotiation with the tribes, each section of the frontier being marked out by a Civil Commissioner, escorted by a small force for police purposes and no more. However, for the fulfilment of the programme, two preliminary conditions were necessary, and both were wanting. The co-operation or acquiescence of the hill tribes concerned had to be secured, and the old exasperating practices of the forward school had to be discontinued. Naturally the sectional headmen of the hill tribes were ready to take our rupees, and to promise to use their influence with their fellow-clansmen. But—but that influence was often small, because rude independent peoples are only amenable to the stick, and their headmen had no sticks. Then, as to exasperating practices, the Viceroy was new, and his Foreign Secretary was new, and both had multitudinous duties to perform, and both failed to see that the British ægis has no inherent power in wild tracts except when it is visible in the shape of troops ready to kill, burn, and destroy, if a hostile shot is fired.

It has been well said that our frontier wars, including the one now happily over, and the other still in progress, arose from the practice of sending "two men and a boy" to trail their coats among savages. In such cases the *civis Britannicus sum* was expected to be their protection, but wild mountaineers do not understand Latin. Had not a British subaltern and ten sepoy's been sent to Chitral, there would have been no Chitral Relief Expedition, and India would have

been saved the loss of a million sterling or more. Had not Mr Kelly, a Public Works Overseer, with a couple of mounted orderlies, been sent fooling about the Gumal Pass, they would not have been shot, and the hurly-burly of the rush of 500 Mahsud Ghâzis through the Boundary Commissioner's camp in the Wana plains might not have occurred, and the truculent Mahsuds might still have boasted that they had never been conquered.

The Mahsuds have always been a thorn in the flesh to us. Of all the wild highlanders inhabiting the mountains immediately beyond the strip of Trans-Indus plains which is part and parcel of British India, they are the rudest, poorest, and most ignorant. The latter two qualities account for their extreme fanaticism. They belong to a great tribe called Wazirs, which is split up into two divisions—the Darwesh Wazirs to the north, and the Mahsud Wazirs to the south. Between the two there is chronic feud, for their highlands are barren and their mouths many; hence the hungrier and hardier Mahsuds try to swallow up the weaker Darweshes. The Mahsud country consists of a block of sterile mountains, stony torrent-beds, and still stonier uplands lying immediately west of the British districts of Bannu and Dera Ismail Khan. The whole area of Mahsud-land is about half that of Wales. The Mahsud tribe or division, with which we are here concerned, occupies the southern half of that area. Their central stronghold is a mountain mass called Pir Ghal (meaning hoary chief), with an elevation of 11,850 feet. By the 1893 agreement with the Ameer, the whole tract was acknowledged to be within our political frontier, with the exception of a finely

wooded and comparatively valuable district called Birmall, which his Highness decided to be within the limits of his kingdom.

The fighting strength of the Mahsuds—that is, the manhood of the tribe, or all males above fifteen years of age—is computed to be about 10,000. Of that number, perhaps 3000 possess antiquated matchlocks and 200 to 300 rifles of sorts, including 80 to 100 breechloaders. The arms of the rest are only swords and knives. Their various clans acknowledge a loose obedience to their sectional *maliks* or leaders. Tribal organisation there is none. They live in caves and holes, and occasionally stone huts. In their whole country there are only three villages—those of Razmak, Makin, and Kaniguram—in all of which are a few stores kept by dependants. Some of the tribesmen cultivate patches here and there in the alluvial soil near the torrent-beds, but collectively the Mahsuds are shepherds and petty traders, exchanging fir-poles, dwarf-palm matting, skins, *ghi* (clarified butter), and sheep and goats, for grain and piece-goods obtained in British territory. Major Macaulay, who was Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ismail Khan in the seventies, bribed some of the more civilised Mahsuds into growing potatoes, and for several years Mahsud early potatoes were much appreciated in the frontier messes. In the winter their young men crowd down into the plains in search of work. They make good navvies, and will be useful when the railway is extended Trans-Indus to Bannu or Tānk. They are a lean, wiry, keen-visaged people, with a peculiarly wolfish, hunted expression, due probably to poor feeding and the sharpness of the

struggle for existence, from which no section of the tribe is exempt. The Mahsud is a veritable Ishmaelite—his hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. Though collectively thieves and robbers by hereditary calling, with the Gumal Pass just south of them as a happy hunting-ground throughout the winter, they have some virtues which civilised man frequently wants. They are individually brave and fearless of death, and they are very particular about the honour of their women. A faithless wife has her nose cut off, and sometimes her lips slit as well; the adulterer, if he can be caught, is either killed or has a foot or leg lopped off. Our officers, by the way, in the late expedition were struck by the number of maimed men they saw in Mahsud-land. On inquiry they found that the legless ones were only local Don Juans, who had been tried and convicted for loving "not wisely but too well." Public opinion approves of mutilation as a deterrent, but sometimes permits an affair, if the lady concerned was not yet married, to be arranged, the injured father, brother, or *fiancé* accepting so many sheep or goats as full satisfaction to his wounded honour. I well remember, about twenty-five years ago, when interested in hill customs, receiving at the same time in my bungalow at Bannu five women, all of whom had recently lost their noses, and two of whom had also had their lips slashed. They had come in to have their mutilations repaired. Nose-making is quite an art in Bannu. The operator cuts loose an oblong piece of skin from the forehead and twists it round over what remains of the bone of the nose, keeping the nostril passages open with quills; or he takes the skin for the new nose

from each cheek, the two pieces of skin overlapping or meeting about the bridge of the nose. Eventually a fairly good snub-nose is formed, and nothing but a cicatrix is visible on forehead or cheeks.

However, this is not a paper on Waziri surgery or social customs, but on our last war with the Mahsud Wazirs. Our relations with them have been from the first until December last like those of a timid *shikdri* with a tiger whom he has wounded but funks, and yet wishes to kill or capture. Up to 1860 they harried, without let or hindrance from us, the camel caravans of the Powindahs during their annual migrations to and from India through the Gumal Pass. In that year these Mahsuds—bold from long impunity, and impelled to looting from hunger—attempted to sack our frontier town of Tânk. The raiders were easily repulsed. A punitive force entered their hills to chastise them; but our standing camp was surprised at Palosin, much in the same way as occurred the other day in the Wana plain, as we shall see presently. After that our troops marched in compact masses through the Mahsud hills and glens, did an infinitesimal amount of damage, and finally withdrew. We retired, satisfied with the moral victory of having “lifted their *purdah*,” as the phrase goes—*i.e.*, quartered their country with our columns. But the real victory lay with the highlanders. They had killed and wounded about 400 of our men, and had refused to submit. For the next twenty years we contented ourselves with what is called “blockading” them, by which is meant that we captured and imprisoned any Mahsuds we could catch in British territory. The only difference which the blockade made to them was, that

they bartered their products with us through friendlies instead of directly. All this time our bill against them was mounting up, until at last in 1881 we launched another expedition against them; but again we failed to give them punishment, and as they complied with our very easy terms, our troops retired into British territory, after an almost bloodless campaign.

The following years witnessed a new departure upon our N.W. frontier. The old “close border” system was superseded by a vigorous forward policy all up and down the 600 miles of frontier. The Gumal Pass was opened: outposts were established in it; the Mahsud headmen solemnly bound themselves to renounce looting the Powindah caravans as they straggled down the pass, and to accept compensation in money instead. In addition, Mahsud levies were enlisted to garrison some of the posts and act as escorts or guides to traders. Superficially the new arrangement worked well at first—at least official reports said so. The experiment of setting thieves to catch thieves, wolves to guard lambs, was pronounced a success. The dreaded pass was now as safe as Bond Street. In July 1893 an overseer named Kelly was sent up it, slenderly escorted, and was of course shot. Other outrages followed. We demanded satisfaction, and after long negotiations the Mahsuds surrendered the men accused of Mr Kelly’s murder, on the condition that they should have a fair trial by *jirga* (jury), *à la mode* Mahsud. To the surprise and consternation of their friends, three of the accused were condemned to seven years’ imprisonment each. The blood of the clans was up at such a travesty of

justice. What! for shooting a *Sahib* and his two orderlies three free mountaineers were to be shut up for long years in a furnace-like gaol in the plains, and were possibly to be subjected to the indignities of leg-irons and grinding corn—the task-work of common women! Such a sentence was intolerable—was beyond the powers of a *jirga*. A fine was the right sentence: that they could have paid in women and goats, but imprisonment with hard labour was a disgrace to free men.

The malcontents bided their time, and their time soon came, for the Government decided to delimit the Waziri boundary in conjunction with the representatives of the Ameer of Afghanistan. It was to be a peaceful delimitation, for Government abhorred the idea of carrying out by force a measure which was for the good of all concerned—Wazirs, Afghans, and ourselves. After some negotiations with the Mahsud chiefs, the Government was assured by Mr Bruce, its Boundary Commissioner, that no organised opposition would be offered by the Mahsuds to the work of the Commission, provided that a sufficient military escort was furnished for his safety. Arrangements were accordingly made. A brigade of native troops 2500 strong was detailed for escort purposes, and concentrated in a corner of the Wana plain on October 24 last, whilst a reserve of equal strength was held in readiness at Derah Ismail Khan, a British cantonment on the Indus about 100 heavy miles to the east of Wana.

This Wana is as large as Hadington. Rightfully it was the property of the Darwesh Wazirs, but their hungry cousins the Mahsud Wazirs coveted its scanty grass and brushwood for their own

goats, and so it had become a sort of No-man's Land, and had long been on occasion a battle-field between the two tribes. It is as profitless and forbidding a bit of country as any part of that abomination of desolation, Baluchistan. Wherein, then, lay its attraction? Had it inhabitants, villages, vegetation? It had none of these things, and yet three years ago we nearly went to war with the Ameer for sending levies down to occupy it, and the Mahsud and Darwesh Wazirs have fought for the last fifty years for its possession. It lay between the Mahsud highlands and the Gumal Pass, hence marauding gangs had to traverse it to reach the pass. It was thus chiefly valuable as a route, and in a secondary sense as a grazing-ground. It has, however, potentialities, for a stream called *Toi* runs through it, and where there is water in that thirsty land crops can be grown.

The work of delimitation was to begin at a place called Domandi, the point of junction of the Gumal and Kundar streams. But instead of marching direct there, the Commissioner and his "escort" went north, and established themselves in a standing camp in a corner of the Wana plain, forty miles away from Domandi. The idea seems to have been that Wana not being *de jure* Mahsud territory, but close to it, that law-abiding tribe would not attack us outside their own limits, whilst our camp would be conveniently near their homes to permit of *jirgas* or large deputations visiting Mr Bruce—in fact, instead of ordering the Mahsuds to come in to us or take the consequences, we obligingly treated them as Mohamed did the mountain, and went to them. An amicable arrangement having been concluded, Mr Bruce was to start

for Domandi with an escort of a few hundred sepoys and carry out his demarcation work, whilst the main body of the "escort" would remain intrenched where they were, or would move along on inner lines as the Commissioner worked northwards—thus forming a sort of shield and strong defence for him against possible attack from Mahsud-land.

It was a pretty idea, but it was not business. A standing camp pitched amidst ravines and close to the mouths of the passes leading into the Mahsud highlands was certain to invite attack, and was the surest possible, though unintentional, device for forcing the hand of Government and bringing on an expedition. To suppose that a hungry crowd of hereditary robbers would swarm day after day about an extended and badly placed camp and not make plans for getting possession of the good things with which that camp was full, was to credit the Mahsuds with powers of self-denial which would have done honour to civilised Westerns. In that camp were hundreds of baggage-camels, rows upon rows of horses and mules, hundreds, nay thousands of breech-loaders, and, it was believed, many chests full of rupees, all loot worth risking life for in the eyes of Mahsuds. However, Mr Bruce had faith in the assurances of his motley groups of visitors, and believed their headmen, who said that their people were led by them; and had not these leaders promised to let the delimitation be peacefully effected?

So confident was he that there would be no serious combination against us, that, to be more easily accessible to his visitors, he had his own tents pitched well to the rear of the main camp. General Turner, who commanded the "es-

cort," had less faith in the good intentions of the wily Mahsuds, and took precautions against a surprise.

From the 24th to the end of October there were few signs that mischief was brewing — some prowlers did a little sniping at night into the camp, that was all. The General was assured, even up to the end of October, that no attack in force was to be apprehended. He was then advised that a holy impostor called Moolah Powindah had collected some hundreds of malcontents in the Khysara glen, about twelve miles from the camp, but that the Moolah and his followers were discountenanced by the tribe generally; and even if their numbers increased to 1000, what could they do against 2500 soldiers?

General Turner was not convinced. He had long experience of the frontier tribes, and knew how silently and rapidly their "fiery cross" system could be worked. There might be as yet only a few hundred malcontents in a valley a few miles from his camp, but these numbers might grow in a night from 500 to 5000 and yet the political officers know nothing about it. By the 1st of November even Mr Bruce had grown less confident: the holy Moolah's following was undoubtedly growing, might now number 1000, or at the outside 1200; he meant mischief, and he had with him hundreds of sympathisers with Overseer Kelly's murderers, all thirsting for revenge; yet still, what could they do, only 1200 of them at most? So Mr Bruce did not change the position of his camp, and slept amidst his Mahsuds, outwardly trustful, but inwardly nervous that, after all, serious mischief was impending. General Turner was now sure of

it. He doubled his outlying and inlying pickets, strengthened the weak places of his camp with breastworks, arranged rallying-centres, and assigned his post to every man in camp should an attack be attempted. In particular he ordered all the troops to be under arms at 4 A.M. in their tents.

The night of November 1st passed quietly, though it was noticed that jackal cries outside the pickets were more numerous towards dawn than usual.

When day broke and nothing had happened, and the November sun had warmed man and beast into activity once more, young soldiers felt that they had a grievance. There had been no row after all, and they had missed their morning sleep, sat wakeful, revolver ready to hand, and, after all, nothing—not even a rifle thief in the camp; not a shot fired: they supposed it would be the old cry of “wolf, wolf,” and that it would go on for the next month or two. The Mahsuds were no fools: they knew that we were ready for them, and who but madmen would attempt to rush an intrenched and expectant camp? Why, with an outer and inner ring of pickets, the enemy’s approach would be detected amidst those loose stones half a mile off, and every man would be at his post long before they had rushed the pickets.

Such was the prevailing opinion, but the old soldiers shook their heads: there had been too many jackals about last night, and they knew what that meant. It meant Mahsud scouts answering and encouraging each other; it was a repetition of the tactics so successfully followed in 1860, when General Lumsden’s camp was surprised. Some grass sandals and a

knife had been picked up in front of one of the pickets of the 3d Sikhs. That side of the camp had evidently been approached; but the cautious Sikhs were intrenched behind good stone breastworks, so the enemy had retired. They would try another and less protected side that night or next. They were bound to do something. Their food-supplies would not last more than two or three days, and after coming fifty miles or more they would not return empty: why, if they did, all the tribes on the frontier, from the Kurram river to Solomon’s Throne, would laugh at them as cowards.

So said the old soldiers who knew, but the young ones were not so sanguine. They did not believe in night-surprises, when troops were forewarned and ready to meet the attack. By nightfall the discussion had got no “for-rarder,” so young and old lay down with orders to be armed and accoutred at 4 A.M., but in their tents. No patrols were to go round the pickets, as the men stumbling in the dark over the stones would warn an approaching enemy of their own whereabouts as well as of the position of the pickets.

Down in the shadeless gloom of the wind-swept Khysara glen, but a few rough miles from where our soldiers watched or slept, a very different scene was being enacted. There sat and stood amongst the rocks and boulders of that wild gorge a great conclave of gaunt excited men. A Mahsud parliament was in session—a parliament of desperate vengeful men, some inflamed by the prospect of plunder, others, but the smaller number, by a fanatical thirst for infidel blood. That big heavily-built fellow in the centre of the rings of the sitters, standing nearest the

bonfire, is both leader and speaker of the house. He is Moolah Powindah, whose amulets can turn aside bullets, whose touch can cure disease, whose intercession with Allah will to-night bring victory and loot to his hearers. Round him are circle upon circle of silent listeners, who nod their heads or shake their heads, or mutter deep-toned responses of approval, as he tells them what Allah will do for them that night.

"Yes," he says, stretching out his long arms, "before cock-crow that sleeping camp will be in our hands, and those three innocent martyrs to the faith, who slew that foolhardy Feringhee, will be avenged. Your *maliks* betrayed you in surrendering them, and betrayed you a second time in assenting to their imprisonment in the accursed Feringhees' jail. We are over 2000 here, and more are coming every hour, and they," pointing towards our camp, "are 3000, but they are clogged with tents and stores, and animals by the thousand. They are dogs and sons of dogs, those Feringhee Kafirs. They love eating and drinking and sleeping. They cannot fight in the dark. We have examined every part of their camp. We know where the horses and mules are, and where the treasure boxes are lying. Our scouts found the Sikhs too alert and protected by stone ramparts last night; but

those black pigmies with the pig faces and black caps, Kafirs like the *Sahibs*, they are not protected, and the ravines run right up to their tents. They must be first surprised."

"But they fight like Rustums. We fear them¹ more than the white Kafirs," shouted some faint-hearted one.

"What! you fear them, do you? They fight like Rustums, do they?" shouted the Moolah. "Fools, they cannot fight in their tents, and we shall be upon them before they get out."

"Wah! wah! and the priest will lead us," jeered some irreverent young blood from out of the darkness beyond the rings of sitters.

The Moolah turned angrily in the direction whence had come the interruption and roared at the top of his voice, "What matters death to a Believer when Paradise is his reward? Yes, I will lead you, and pray for you too."

"And the Moolah will kneel down to pray when the first shot is fired! Bravo, Moolah! And you will claim your tenth share of the loot, no doubt," called out some sceptic ironically.

A wrangle ensued, for all these were not from Makin, the Moolah's part of the country, and his presumption was intolerable to the young bloods, who still believed in their *maliks*, and who were only

¹ The battalion was the 1-1st Gurkhas. The hill tribes of our N.W. frontier fear Gurkhas even more than Sikh or British soldiers. The Gurkha is himself a highlander, a born sportsman and a good climber. His powers of stalking and taking advantage of cover are remarkable. In the 1-1st battalion, and I believe in most of the other Gurkha battalions as well, about fifty men per battalion are specially trained as scouts. The best *shikâris* are selected, practised in point-to-point running over rough ground, and occasionally told off with blank ammunition to stalk each other on the hillside. Each man fires whenever he sees his enemy, and he is held to be the victor who first shouts out the name of his opponent correctly to the officer superintending the training. In a hill campaign such practised scouts are specially useful. They enjoy the excitement of stalking and shooting the snipers who prowl round our camps on the look-out for a shot.

going into the fight from the prospect of plunder and for the fun of the thing.

There was no more haranguing after that. The sitting was dissolved hurriedly; the stern business of preparation for battle was taken in hand by some old warriors who had been young in 1860 when General Lumsden's camp was surprised. The forces were split up into two bodies,—the fanatics or Ghâzis under Moolah Powindah, some 800 in number; and the rest, chiefly Nanakhels and Abdul Rahman Khels, under their sectional leaders. The latter, all told, were the larger number. They were intent on murder and loot, and preferred whole skins to martyrdom and its rewards.

It was agreed that the rush of the fanatics should be made a quarter of an hour before dawn, so that martyrs might have daylight for their journey to Paradise. The others, who preferred whole skins to Paradise, were to attack the rear of the camp as soon as the Moolah's rush upon the Gurkhas had created confusion. There was a sort of tacit understanding that the tents of the kindly and trusting Commissioner, whom many of them knew by sight or repute, should not be rushed. Besides, neither breechloaders nor treasure were to be got there, and many had friends in Mr Bruce's camp, some of whom would probably join the plunderers and possibly show where the commissariat treasure was.

When all was ready, the Moolah and his followers set out—a compact body of silent, determined men. Some had matchlocks, but most had only swords or knives, or both. The others followed, marching in looser order, each band under their chosen leader. They had matchlocks, swords, dag-

gers, and forty to fifty had drums. Though the night was still and the young moon had set, the march was almost without sound, for Mahsuds on the war-path can be nimble as goats and noiseless as cats. Occasionally a stone was displaced, or one of the long matchlocks, which were slung at pleasure across the men's backs or carried in the hands, knocked against a rock. A whispered hush from some greybeard would make the unwary one more cautious. The force pushed on for four or five hours at a speed of two and a half miles an hour, and was halted when the Commissioner's camp was perceived by the leading scouts. Orders were now quietly passed from band to band; the stars scanned to make sure of the time; and the prey clearly marked down by sounds now audible from the camp, for sound travelled far in the still frosty night. The dying glow from the embers of some camp-fires was also visible; otherwise the camp was in complete darkness, and, but for the whinny of a mule or the noise of iron-shod hoofs striking against the stones, there was perfect silence in it.

The Mahsuds, though once again in motion, were still more noiseless. Most of them wore grass sandals; but the feet of some were naked, their soles being hard and horny—hoof-like, in fact. Moolah Powindah and his men were now picking their way, silent as ghosts, amongst the loose boulders of the two ravines which led up to and past the left flank of the Gurkhas' camp, and thence along the left rear of General Turner's position. When within 200 yards of a small outlying picket, the Moolah paused in his advance and massed his men. A Gurkha sentry coughing had disclosed the fact that the ravine

was here being watched. After a short halt the Ghâzi host was put in motion again. The boldest led. Whilst they stole up the ravine, intending to pass the picket unobserved, the mass of the attacking bands had moved off to the right, and were spreading themselves out so as to face the front of the camp and partially overlap it.

Suddenly three rifle-shots were heard, instantly followed by a terrific din,—the yelling and shouting of 600 Ghâzis, as they swept through the outlying pickets of the Gurkhas; the wilder shrieking and howling of the 1500 or 2000 faint-hearts who faced the camp; the fusilade of hundreds of matchlocks and the tom-toming of two score drums. Every sleeper was awake and up in an instant, groping for his arms, and making his way towards his alarm-post or rallying-point. But though these three shots had given the main camp two precious minutes of notice, the swarm of fanatics had already rushed through or passed by the outlying Gurkha pickets, and were racing over the 600 yards between them and the Gurkha camp, before men or officers could get out of their tents. The darkness was intense; friend or foe was indistinguishable at two yards off; each officer and sepoy fought his way towards his appointed place as best he could. Our men kept silence, forming groups as

they concentrated; whilst the enemy, like devils let loose, were yelling and hacking at everything they encountered. Numbers of sturdy Gurkhas and several of our officers were cut down as they were getting out of their tents. All order or cohesion amongst the fanatics, who had penetrated into the Gurkha camp, was at an end. They swept along like wild beasts, singly and in bands of ten or twenty; they came dancing down the main street of the camp, brandishing their swords and knives, and cutting at whatever they met.¹ Some swerved off amongst the transport cattle, and hamstringed many, and cut down thirty or forty of the terrified unarmed followers; others cut loose the cavalry horses, a score of which stampeded through the camp, increasing the general din. All this time the encircling ring outside the camp was advancing nearer, firing, tom-toming, and yelling, yet afraid to rush. By degrees the reserve of the Gurkhas, under Major Robinson, got together, and forming a rallying-group in the centre of their camp, stood back to back and fought hand to hand with the enemy. When the pressure had relaxed a little, the Gurkhas formed up in an extended line, and working systematically with the bayonet, cleared their camp. Two other but less determined attacks were made from different directions, but neither was pushed home.

¹ Five of their swordsmen encountered Lieutenant Macaulay, R.E., as he was making his way towards his post. He was afterwards found lying dead beside two of his opponents, both of whom he had shot with his revolver. He was a splendid specimen of a Scotchman, 6 feet 4 inches in height, always keen for rough service, and, when last seen by me, quietly enthusiastic at the prospect of a long spell of survey work beyond the border. He received his last instructions from his chief in my home at Rawalpindi, just before he started on boundary delimitation work, from which he was never to return. He was a grand-nephew of Lord Macaulay, and a son of Colonel Macaulay, now governor of Ayr Jail, who had been for eleven years Deputy Commissioner of Derah Ismail Khan, and had, as we have seen, taught the Mahsuds to grow potatoes.

By this time, about fifteen minutes after the first rush had been made, every man was at his post, and the enemy were losing heart. A few star-shells were now fired, enabling the Sikhs to get in some effective volleys, after which the infernal din of yelling and tom-toming going on outside the camp subsided a little. Evidently the faint-hearts had begun to realise that the game was up.

Grey dawn was now breaking in the east, facilitating the passing of many a devoted Ghâzi as they lay writhing from bayonet-wounds about the camp. Seeing that the attack had failed and that it would be soon daylight, General Turner at once ordered out all available cavalry and some of his infantry in pursuit. The enemy was by this time in full retreat. Ten precious minutes were lost before a handful of mounted troopers could be collected, for whilst the troopers had been fighting on foot their grass-cutters had naturally hidden themselves instead of saddling the horses. However, by 6.10 A.M. the dashing commandant, Major O'Mealy, with sixty of his troopers at his back, was in eager chase. The going was frightful: the roughest ground in the Highlands of Scotland would have been easy compared with that which the wiry little horses, averaging 14.2 in height, of our native Irregular Cavalry were required to cover at a trot. However, the troopers were keen, their leaders, if possible, keener; and follow they did for seven miles over nullahs, down and up ravines, right into the grim passes, and on and on until stopped by cliffs and precipices, up which only *mārkhōr* (the Suliman chamois) or sportsmen could climb. The infantry, which had plodded on in the track of blood and Mahsud dead, here took

up the chase, firing at laggards whom the chance of another shot at the hated unbelievers, weight of booty, or possibly wounds, had belated in the flight.

In the pursuit about eighty Mahsuds were accounted for, raising their whole loss to between three and four hundred. Of that number they left 125 bodies in and about the camp. Our own losses were severe, three officers and forty-two men killed, but of the latter twenty-four were followers, and six British officers and forty-seven native officers and men wounded, to which latter total the unfortunate followers contributed half. As the chief brunt of the fighting inside the camp had fallen on the Gurkhas, almost all the casualties amongst the fighting men were theirs. They lost in killed and wounded five officers and sixty-one men. To the list of casualties amongst the men there had to be added a longer list of killed, wounded, and captured mules and horses. Thirty-seven breechloaders and two coolie-loads of rupees were also carried off.

Tactically the only mistake made by General Turner in his otherwise admirable dispositions was that he allowed his men to be in their tents after 4 A.M. He did so to save them from needless exposure, as at the elevation of Wana (4400 feet) even early in November the mornings are bitterly cold, and at that season pneumonia is rife, as the thermometer ranges from below freezing-point to 85° Fahrenheit in the twenty-four hours. Moreover, the General had no certainty that an attack would be made, and supposed that, with a double line of pickets 600 yards in advance of his main camp, the alarm would be heard in time for his men to get out of their tents and fall into

their places before the enemy would be upon them. As it was, the luck that three of his Gurkhas managed to discharge their rifles before their picket was annihilated saved many lives. But for that warning the surprise would have been more complete than it was. That the camp was rather too extended, and badly placed amongst ravines—the whole Wana plain is seamed with them—was due to “political considerations.” The force was technically an “escort” in a friendly country, hence unfortunately the views of the civilian had prevailed over those of the soldier.

Making full allowance for all tactical shortcomings, however arising, one fact stands out clearly, and that is that it is always within the power of a determined enemy to rush a camp on a dark night and inflict severe loss before being repulsed. When the attack was over, our officers recalled how thirty-five years before the same tribe had surprised General Lumsden’s camp at the same time, almost at the same minute, under very similar circumstances, and with similar results. With such a warning before him men wondered how Mr Bruce—a civilian of thirty years’ frontier service—could have, almost up to the delivery of the assault, persuaded himself that no attempt in force would be made upon the camp. Their wonder was still greater when they heard that he was of opinion that only a portion of the Mahsud tribe had given way to a fanatical impulse, and that consequently the tribe collectively had not committed itself against the Government.

To the military mind Mr Bruce’s discriminating humanitarianism was quixotic. Three-tenths of the manhood of the Mahsuds had joined in the attack. It was as large a

force as their commissariat and other difficulties would permit them to bring together at one point. Their action had cleared the air, and Government must at once call up the reserve brigade, and sanction a punitive expedition. The Mahsuds expected it, as their levies in our pay in the Gumal Pass had all deserted as soon as news of the attack on the camp had reached them. But no; it was not to be—not yet at least. The Government still sought to avoid extremities, and accepted the view that a case for the enforcement of collective responsibility by collective punishment was not yet established. To the amazement of the Mahsuds themselves, they were told that if they surrendered their plunder and certain outlaws and other marked offenders within a month, their offence would be condoned. Such forbearance was incomprehensible to Mahsuds, and very trying to our soldiers. The feeling in camp was not complimentary either to Government or their Boundary Commissioner. The fact is, Government was as much surprised at the untoward event of November 3 as Government’s devoted but credulous Commissioner.

When the Mahsud tribe realised that Government was anxious to condone their offence, they misunderstood our generosity. The winter was approaching, they argued; there were no crops to destroy, and if the *Sarkar’s* army did march through their hills during the cold season, what harm could that army do? What harm had an invasion wrought them in 1860 or in 1881? So the Mahsud leaders temporised. They wished to stand well with their fellow-clansmen and well with the Indian Government. When the month’s grace had expired, and the easy

conditions imposed by Government had not been fulfilled, they asked for and at once obtained a fortnight's more grace. This time the Mahsud headmen did exert themselves a little, and brought in many of the horses and breechloaders taken from us on November 3.

The sudden change from *non possumus* to a show of compliance with the Government ultimatum was due to the fact becoming known throughout Mahsud-land that "Lockhart Sahib" was coming to command the expeditionary troops. Every tribesman throughout all the wild border-land knows that when Sir William Lockhart leads troops against them the game is up. When he commands, no time is lost in negotiations, in differentiating degrees of guilt and punishment between this or that section or individual chief, or in massing troops in standing camps and wiring to Simla for instructions. General Lockhart is a practical soldier. He strikes hard and fast, never gives the tribesmen time to discuss and collect, but sends out flying columns in all directions, disperses every hostile gathering, destroys all defences—mostly stone towers—burns hostile villages, and harries the enemy's cattle and sheep. Call such work marauding on a large scale if you will, it succeeds. There is little or no fighting, though deaths from pneumonia are numerous. A few weeks of such harrying, and the hostile tribe is on its knees, ready to buy peace and the retirement of Jack Sepoy at any price.

With such a reputation preceding him, it is no wonder that those who knew the General's methods amongst the Mahsuds should have tried their best to keep him out of their country; but unfortunately for themselves many did not know, and did not

believe, that serious injury could be inflicted on them in mid-winter.

Up to almost the last day of the extended period of grace the betting in the Wana camp was even that there would be no expedition. The plunder—in the shape of horses and breechloaders—was being slowly but steadily returned, and hostages were being surrendered. At length the fateful day—December 12—came, and the terms had not been complied with. The joyful news was wired to Simla, the "escort's" designation changed and merged into that of the "Mahsud Field Force," and full latitude given to General Lockhart to bring the recalcitrant tribesmen to their senses. The six weary weeks of inaction were ended at last, and now the tables were to be turned on the wily Mahsud, who had for many generations plundered almost with impunity the camel caravans creeping up and down the Gumal Pass, murdered the unwary wherever found, and harried the villages in the plains.

The troops—eleven battalions of native and one of British infantry (the Borderers), with some mountain batteries and irregular cavalry, in all nearly 10,000 men—marched simultaneously from three different points on the three chief villages of the hostile tribe—Kaniguram, Makin, and Razmak—all lying near each other in the heart of the Mahsud highlands, on the slopes of the Pir Ghal mountain. Arrived at their several objectives, six flying columns, each of from 400 to 1000 men, were sent out to systematically scour the valleys and hills, and give no rest to the astonished foe. It was now mid-winter, and snow had fallen on all the higher mountains, hence some fastnesses were closed to the enemy's families and cattle. Though

the severity of the weather increased the hardships which our troops had to endure, it was worse for the Mahsuds than for us. It killed their people and their flocks and herds, or drove them down into places accessible to our columns. All defences wherever found, except those of a few friendly chiefs, were blown up with gun-cotton. Every building or collection of cabins from which a shot was fired was demolished or burnt down, and from first to last some 10,000 head of cattle—chiefly goats—were captured, and proved a welcome addition to the scanty rations which the columns managed to carry with them.

Of the three brigades, Colonel Egerton's, known as "the Bannu Brigade," was the smartest and most successful in cattle-lifting. Their bag aggregated 6000 head, chiefly goats. Their two most lucky days were January 5 and 15. On the former date the raiders, numbering 600 men in all, marched at 4 A.M. and did not get into camp until 6.30 P.M., after a twenty-eight miles' tramp up and down stony nullahs and over several ridges. This distance does not include the crowning of heights and the climbing involved in keeping a drove of 3000 refractory goats to the line of march. On the latter occasion only 700 head were captured; but when the raiders had collected their booty, they found themselves benighted on the top of a mountain. They made their way down to the nearest shelter—some huts in a ravine—and there bivouacked for the night. Their chronicler has immortalised the orgies of that memorable night:—

"All the cattle," he has recorded, "were penned into the houses, and filled them all, so the troops and officers had to pass the night in the

open with no bedding and no food. It was bitterly cold, and beyond green wood, which would not burn, no fuel was obtainable. It was amusing to see the officers trying to cook some mutton for themselves, as one of the sheep was killed for dinner; but what with the green wood, its smoke, no cooking-pots, &c., and the impossibility of obtaining any hot water, the meat dinner had to be given up. Some one said pea-soup would be excellent; so, procuring a small brass pot, he proceeded to soak some of the mules' gram, but this also was left, as not even a fuse-box could be utilised with success to make soup in.

"Milk from the Waziri cow was the next suggestion, so three specially selected officers were deputed to try and tame a cow. After many trials and heroic efforts, and many butts and kicks, a cow was caught and tied, but alas! she was dry. Goats were the same. Finally hunger conquered, and pieces of mutton stuck on to a stick and roasted over the smoking fire had to be accepted as the evening meal. The cold at night was very trying, and sleep was denied to all, for one's feet grew so cold that every hour a sharp walk was imperative to keep one's circulation up. Added to these, there were a rowdy camel and a vicious horse careering about most of the night, and last, but not least, an army of rats, who would insist on running over one's face and body."

That sort of campaigning appealed differently to different minds. Supperless, home-sick Thomas Atkins, sighing for the lights and luxuries of the Strand, bewailed his hard fate in a mournful ditty, of which the following lines are a specimen:—

"With the darkness black as thunder,
I lie on stones and wonder
When I next shall be in bed.
Then a whistle from a rifle
Just wakes me up a trifle;
And although I do not holler,
I'd give my bottom dollar
To be safe at home again."

But "the boys of the Bannu Brigade," who had meat suppers almost every night, took a cheerier view of things. They sang merrily whilst carousing on toasted mutton and water:—

"The wild Wazeroo in his fastnesses dwells,
Surrounded by cattle and vermin and smells,
And fondly conceives himself safe from a raid;
But he don't know the boys of the Bannu Brigade.
They harry the cattle from hillside and crag,
And march home at eve with a jolly good bag;
Then at night there is such frying and boiling and roasting,
And hashing and stewing and mincing and toasting;
Though meat rations elsewhere are scarce, I'm afraid
We do ourselves well in the Bannu Brigade."

Before the middle of January the Mahsuds were thoroughly humbled and anxious to carry out any reasonable terms, if only they could rid themselves of their involuntary guests. Their *jirga*, or council of elders, was at once summoned to hear the conditions of peace from the lips of the General. The announcement was made at Kundiwan on January 21 last. The members of the *jirga* were seated on the ground in rows, their heads bent forward and almost resting on their knees. As the guard of honour presented arms and Sir William Lockhart, accompanied by Mr Bruce and General Symons, took their seats, the Mahsuds present hardly looked up. Whether they were profoundly despondent, utterly apathetic, or only sulky, who can tell? As the terms were announced their impassive attitude was maintained, except when they were ordered to surrender fifty breechloaders, ex-

clusive of those taken on November 3. That roused them, and many shook their heads hopelessly. When warned that they would be responsible for the safety of life and property on the Jhandola-Wana road, they looked at each other furtively, probably asking themselves what next, and several smiled incredulously. With the exception of the two terms just noticed, the others were easy and reasonable enough. The restitution of the remaining plunder, a small fine in arms, including the breechloaders already mentioned, the surrender of certain notorious outlaws and villains of sorts, the abstaining from plundering travellers on a road most of which was outside Mahsud limits—these were the terms. The penalty of non-compliance was the continued military occupation of the country. To the surprise of many old frontier officers, all the terms were carried out within the time-limit fixed—the end of February. The demarcation work had already been finished, and had presented no difficulties. The troops were accordingly withdrawn from the occupied territory early in March, and the Mahsud expedition of 1894-95 was an event of the past. It was almost a bloodless expedition for the sepoy and his officers. Four killed and eighteen wounded was the butcher's bill. But though casualties from sword or bullet were few, losses from disease were heavy. From pneumonia alone there were 171 deaths, and many a man has now probably the seeds of death in him from the privations of that mid-winter campaign.

The opponents of the long succession of little frontier wars which have during the last decade helped to drain the resources of India, have no reason to add the one

sketched in the preceding pages to their list. The Government hoped there would be no opposition. Mr Bruce thought there would be none. He was given a strong "escort" and told to negotiate. From "political considerations" he located his escort in a position which invited attack, and sat there until the attack was delivered. That was the end of the first phase. The time for action had come, but the long-suffering Government was not prepared for action. Instead of calling up the "escort's" reserve and immediately carrying fire and sword throughout Mahsud-land, the Government resumed negotiations, and through its agent tried to persuade the tribe to return their plunder. A month's grace was conceded, then a fortnight's more, and then came the inevitable—a declaration of

war. That was the end of the second phase. The third was the scouring and harrying of Mahsud-land by our troops. That work was thoroughly and quickly done, and enabled our officers to carry out the delimitation unmolested in a fortnight. The best that can be said of our political action before the declaration of war is, that it shows to what length of forbearance our Government will sometimes go in order to avoid a frontier expedition.

The cost of the actual campaign was only £150,000, to which may be added £25,000 for indirect consequential charges. It is the cheapest and most successful "little war" which the Government of India has ever waged beyond its actual North - West frontier.

S. S. THORBURN.

MOUNTAINEERING MEMORIES.

My first introduction to mountaineering was surprisingly sudden. Having never before crossed a glacier or made an ascent more formidable than that of Primrose Hill, I had been infected by the enthusiasm of some ardent mountaineers bent on conquering one of the giants of the Bernese Oberland; and when in the course of the proceedings I found myself swung into space by the breaking away of a snow-bridge over a crevasse, apparently unfathomable, with walls of ice going down and down to horrible depths; when my waist was reduced to wasp-like proportions by a rope which seemed perilously thin, and was, moreover, merely attached to a guide who was himself supported by nothing in particular; when that awful crevasse yawned below, and the sun looked so far off through the hole I had made in the snow,—for at least half a minute I thought mountaineering an overrated amusement, and wished I had spent my holiday in throwing stones into the sea or making the ascent of Salisbury Plain.

Our peak was the Finsteraarhorn, the magnificent spire of rock on which the last rosy gleams of the setting sun have been seen by many a tourist passing over the lake of Lucerne. Nowadays the ascent is common enough, but a quarter of a century ago it was still looked on as a formidable undertaking. The *arête* has been described as an indefinitely narrow ridge, with a perpendicular precipice of infinite depth on one side, and a steeper and deeper one on the other. It often involves a good deal of step-

cutting in hard ice; and it has some steep snow slopes, where steadiness is indispensable, and a slip may not impossibly start an avalanche. Without being characterised by any special difficulties or exceptional dangers, it is not exactly the mountain which an absolute novice should select for his first essay in climbing. But this is anticipating.

It happened that I had walked up from the Rhone Valley to the Grimsel Hospice; and as I made a short cut by the shore of the usually frozen lake, I became aware of the descent of a human body, head first, from a slab of rock above to the chilly water below. Its owner is now bishop of an English diocese, but at that period he had unfortunately not attained to the dignity of an apron; and when he became aware of my presence, as he rose to the surface after his header, he displayed an anxiety to know whether I was the first of a party likely to cut off his retreat to his clothes. I was able to reassure him on this point: we made friends, and presently walked together to the hospice. In the course of the evening he confided to me that he was to be joined next day by an Alpine clubman for an expedition to the Bel Alp, over the top of the Finsteraarhorn; and finally, without having to undergo any inconvenient inquiry as to my previous experience in the ice-world, I was enlisted in an adventure which was to be the first of a long series, rich with pleasant reminiscences in after years.

At the present time the mountaineer's work is made easy by the provision, on every mountain of

note, of a hut affording more or less convenient accommodation for sleeping and cooking ; but in 1864 we had to content ourselves with the shelter of a big boulder on the flank of the Rothhorn, where travellers and guides packed themselves into a hole into which the water dropped from above and the icy wind blew from everywhere, but which was, at any rate, free from the entomological terrors that beset modern refuges. There we saw the great white stars sink one by one, and then we settled ourselves to such sleep as was possible, when nobody knew which were his own legs and which were his neighbour's, and when the roars of avalanches repeatedly overpowered even the snores of our guides—a class who, in my experience, consider it a part of their duty, on the rare occasions when they sleep continuously, to notify the fact to everybody in their neighbourhood. Our night, however, was not a long one, for they were up before dawn to prepare a breakfast that we found it difficult to swallow, and by 4 A.M. we were zigzagging up interminable snow-slopes. Then there came some crawling along a ledge of rock that would have been particularly convenient for anybody with suicidal tendencies, as a village in the valley some thousands of feet below seemed as if one could have dropped upon it. Then we scrambled along the *arête* which was the subject of the definition already quoted ; then steps had to be cut up a *coulloir* of hard ice which seemed to my inexperienced eyes to be nearly perpendicular, and which even a matter-of-fact clinometer showed to be over 55° in inclination ; and finally we reached the top, jubilant over an ascent of uncheckered success. As to the view, I believe nobody thought about it. I have a dim

recollection of some huge islands of rock standing out of a sea of clouds, and of a dazzling mass of ice which caught all the rays of the sun, and which must, I suppose, have been the breastplate of silver armour that guards the Jungfrau. But people who suppose that you climb a mountain to enjoy a view would be capable of asserting that you go a-hunting in order to kill your fox ; whereas you may get a much better standpoint for scenery in the valley, just as you could with far greater certainty shoot Master Reynard at the gate of your chicken-house. We had achieved the result of hours, during which the mind had to be concentrated on the work of the moment, and every thew and sinew were called into play. This is the best sort of recreation, in its etymological sense of renewing exhaustive forces and reviving dormant activity. The mountaineer sees Nature in all her moods—the fierce storm and the eddying mists, as well as the rosy flush of sunset and the orange glow of dawn, the unearthly blue that fills the cool caverns of ice, as well as the moonlight that turns the glacier into a silvery sea. But the panorama is generally too vast ; the distance lends indistinctness, but not enchantment. No summit affords anything like so artistic a prospect as may be obtained in the valley below, and the notion that one climbs mountains for the view may be at once put aside.

With the descent, the difficulties of the tyro began to be felt. I had not long left a public school, and was unconscious of the possession of nerves. Given sufficient hold for hand and foot, I never felt any more inclination to fall in a place where a fall would carry me a couple of thousand feet to the

bottom of a precipice than where it would only involve a tumble of a yard into soft snow. But to poise oneself in going down a series of steps that are merely tiny chips in hard ice tilted up at an angle greater than that of an average roof—this sort of work demands some skill, which does not come by nature but has to be acquired by experience. The only safe way, when a novice is of the party, is not to allow him to move unless the man to whom he is roped is firmly anchored; and this course was repeatedly adopted on our descent. It was, however, when we had reached the ice-fall of the glacier that the incident occurred of which I have the most vivid recollection. The snow-bridges over the crevasses had easily borne our weight in the early morning, when the frost still held them in its grip, but by the time we returned the sun had produced its effect, and I was not the only one of our party who went through in the fashion already described. Of course, the rope furnishes an absolute security, provided that the rest of the party are on what Mrs Malaprop would call *terra cotta*; but I repeat that it is at first startling to find oneself swinging in vacancy over an apparently bottomless abyss. In a good many years of mountaineering I have encountered certain real dangers, but none, I think, which have impressed me so strongly as the imaginary peril of that sudden descent below the surface of the Aletsch glacier some thirty years ago.

But what times those were, and what heroes we thought ourselves when we arrived at the Bel Alp Inn! That modest hostelry, perched on the rock above the greatest ice-stream in the Alps, was then the regular summer

quarters of Professor Tyndall, who was a delightful talker, although he rather resembled *Æneas* in interjecting a frequent "*Quorum pars magna fui*" into his stories. I remember, by the way, his describing one highly critical situation in which he found himself on the occasion of a solitary ascent of Monte Rosa. Nothing could be more rash, for the man who crosses a snow-field alone always exposes himself to the chance of perishing miserably in a concealed crevasse; whereas, if roped to a couple of companions, he is practically safe from this risk. However, Tyndall had successfully made his way to the top, having escaped the dangers of the glacier and conquered the difficulty of the final *arête*; and he was basking in the glorious sunshine which lighted up the Italian valleys far below, when, as he sat, he saw his axe, which he had placed by his side, gliding away over the snow. If it had fallen, nothing on earth could have brought him down alive: no human being could descend those steep slopes of ice alone without the help of an axe. The anxiety of the moment was tremendous, for it was out of his reach, and he could only gaze passively at it as it slid to the edge of the little plateau and nearly disappeared from view. Not quite, however, for the axe-head buried itself in a ledge a few inches below, and fortunately stuck there. The Professor said it was his narrowest escape in many years of climbing, and he never again ascended a snow-mountain alone.

He was, I think, one of the earliest members of the Alpine Club, but he seceded after an unfortunate dispute, which arose in connection with his own unsuccessful attempts on the Matterhorn, and Mr Whymper's ascent of that

peak ; and it was not till three or four years before his death that he again attended one of the annual dinners of the club, where he and Professor Huxley were among the guests of the evening. Both orated, but in the particular art of after-dinner speaking Tyndall was not the equal of his brilliant rival ; and his laboured and rather egotistical utterances contrasted unfavourably with the delicate persiflage of Huxley, who, by the way, chaffed him unmercifully on that occasion as being one of the goats and not one of the sheep—the goats who climbed the arid rocks ; while the sheep—among whom Huxley reckoned himself—browsed contentedly on the rich pastures below.

One other experience of that first year of climbing may be referred to. From the Bel Alp I went on with my friend, the bishop in embryo, to Zermatt, whence we ascended Monte Rosa on such a magnificently fine day that we were able to spend more than an hour on the top of that splendid peak, from which we saw the plains of Italy spreading at our feet for many leagues beyond the Cathedral of Milan, and were even able to descry on the dim horizon a faint streak of blue, which our guides seemed to experience a certain satisfaction in believing to be the Mediterranean. One of them, by the way, was young Peter Taugwalder, the companion of Mr Whymper on the occasion of that first conquest of the Matterhorn which was attended by such terrible loss of life. He was certainly very efficient, and I shall not easily forget my feelings when, a day or two later, we were descending the glacier pass to the Mattmark See, and Peter proposed that we should have a “Schlitt-partie” or glissade. “But, Peter, is not that a crevasse just below,” I remonstrated. “Ja

wohl, Herr ; kommen Sie nur,” was his only answer, and I was so much afraid of seeming afraid that I passively yielded, though the great gulf yawned below us, and descended to apparently bottomless depths. So we sat down on the snow, one above the other, each taking charge of the feet of the man behind him, and down we sped at lightning pace, to the obvious detriment of the garment most concerned. And when we came to the crevasse, the nearer lip of which was much higher than the farther one, our impetus carried us over it safe enough, although the sensation of shooting through the air over a tremendous abyss was decidedly a queer one. But these were first impressions, which soon gave way to unmitigated enjoyment : the fever of climbing set in acutely, and the end of my holiday left me an enthusiast, persuaded that no sport in the world had such charms as mountaineering.

Nowadays, every Swiss peak has been repeatedly ascended, and I think it was Mr Leslie Stephen who once said that nearly all have gone through the three stages of being pronounced—first, utterly inaccessible ; secondly, practicable but dangerous ; and thirdly, a pleasant excursion for ladies. There is the obvious way to the top, there is an awkward and roundabout route which a subsequent climber announces as a new discovery, and each fresh seeker after novelty has to adopt a course more circuitous and inconvenient than that of his predecessors. But I had the luck to begin mountaineering when there were as yet some summits that had never been made to “lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,” and the unique charm of new exploration was then attain-

able. It must have been late in the sixties that, while aimlessly wandering in the Bernese Oberland, I came across an Alpine Clubman who besought me to go at once to one of the valleys lying between the Bernina Pass and the Stelvio, in order to anticipate some German climbers who were reported to be contemplating the conquest of some peaks which were then unscaled. I rushed down to Pontresina, now a sort of Northumberland Avenue in respect of the number and size of its hotels, but at that time a little village, with the Krone—then of very modest proportions—as almost its only inn. There I was joined by some friends, and we were lucky enough to secure the services of the best two guides in the Engadin. We hastily gathered together sufficient supplies for a few days' camping out, and made our way to the foot of the fine peak which was to be our primary object of attack. Our first night was passed at a shed built on a mountain pasture by some Bergomasque herdsmen. What handsome fellows they seemed, as the fire of our bivouac lighted up their swarthy faces, showing some signs of astonishment at the incursion of inhabitants of that outer world from which they are cut off. Their life, indeed, is spent with cattle: in winter and spring with cattle in the Italian lowlands; in summer and autumn with cattle they have driven up, often across snow and ice, to the rich pastures of the Engadin; yet their manners are almost polished, and they are intelligent enough within their limited range. They are skilled in all that pertains to the feeding of cows and the making of cheese, and have a shrewd knowledge of the ways and the instincts, the habits and the ailments, of the

beasts under their charge. The interior of the hut was one that Salvator Rosa might have painted. The monster cauldron of polenta and cream steaming over the fire; the tall shepherds with their patriarchal crooks; a handsome Italian boy with dark inquiring eyes; two huge dogs of the wolf-hound type; our stalwart guides with their ropes and ice-axes; an obtrusive goat which, with designs on our supply of salt, insisted on entering, undismayed by the kicks received in several summary processes of ejection,—all these, lit up by the dancing flames, were sufficiently picturesque. The Bergomasquers were delighted to abandon their hay-loft to us; and, near enough to the cows to make it possible to give them a friendly pat on the back through the rafters, our party of five packed itself as closely as twelve Sir William Harcourts in a twopenny omnibus. Sleep, however, was difficult, for one of our guides indulged in constant nocturnes on a nasal organ of exceptional power, while the dust of the hay set everybody coughing in turn, to say nothing of the fact that each cow seemed to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. At daybreak we began and finished our toilet by the simple operation of shaking ourselves, and presently we were stumbling over rocks and barking our shins in the dim twilight, and one of us, at least, was reflecting on his imbecility in voluntarily undergoing so much discomfort. But this sensation, not surprising in the natural man when still sleepy and weary, soon disappeared before a glorious struggle with tolerably formidable difficulties. As we made our way upwards the wind grew fiercer and colder, and now and then it whirled the snow in our faces in blinding eddies. The virgin peak

which we had set ourselves to conquer glistened in the sunlight high above us, but it was not easy to select the line of attack. First we had to cross the ice fall of a glacier, with a labyrinth of crevasses; then to make our way up a rock-face in which there seemed to be no projections on which to rest hand or foot; and finally, if we could manage to attain a point on this cliff some twelve hundred feet above the glacier, there was a *couloir* which had evidently been the channel of innumerable avalanches. As to the advisability of ascending this *couloir*, our guides differed, one of them declaring that it was too steep, and would involve too much step-cutting in hard ice, while he considered that it was by no means free from the risk of being swept by a fall of either snow or stones from above. But after some discussion of alternative routes, each of which seemed to possess still greater drawbacks, it was decided to try to reach the base of the *couloir*, and then to retreat if it seemed unduly hazardous. With the wonderful skill, blended with a sort of instinct, that characterises a really first-rate guide, our leader cut his way through the intricate network of crevasses at the head of the glacier, now chipping notches for hands and feet in the steep side of some ice-cliff which had to be surmounted, now passing through some sub-glacial passage which the water had furrowed, but finally arriving at the big *bergschrund* which divided the ice-field from the crags. A snow bridge of rather unsubstantial character presented itself; and over this frail structure, with a span of some seven or eight yards over a drop of perhaps a couple of hundred feet, we proceeded to cross, one by one, being, of course, securely roped. But it was touch and go, for having

done its duty as regards three of our party, the bridge gave way with the fourth, and fell with a tremendous crash into the chasm below, leaving our rear-rank man to swing pendulum-fashion over the cliff where we were firmly anchored, but which he only gained after some rather rough knocks. How we climbed those rocks I have never been able quite to understand. There was one particular ledge of which I have a vivid remembrance, the crag above overhanging so that there was no room to stand, and we could only wriggle along on all-fours; and at one corner it disappeared altogether. But here our leader, whose prehensile powers were unique, somehow managed to descend a few feet down the rock-face, and then, clinging by his hands alone, contrived to work his way along until he could place his feet in a crack in the rock. It was the most wonderful piece of gymnastics that I ever witnessed; and when one thinks that it was performed over something like six hundred feet of air, one recognises the coolness of the performer. Finally, we made our way to the foot of the ice, and a tough job was before us. The slope was poised at an inclination which, according to the clinometer, varied from 50° to 60° , or two-thirds of a right angle; its snow was worn down by repeated avalanches into the hardest possible ice, and it stretched up for some seven hundred feet. The amount of step-cutting involved was enormous, and our head guide frankly confessed that he did not like the prospect. But even if we decided to beat a retreat, the route by which we had with difficulty mounted was still more awkward to descend, and on the whole the *couloir*

seemed to offer our best chance. So we began painfully hewing our way, and for two hours and three-quarters we slowly progressed up that unblest ice-shoot with an arctic north-easter freezing our bones, chilling our marrow, and ominously suggesting frost-bites. The occupation of looking through the legs of the man above you becomes monotonous, even when varied by the constant reception, on face and body, of the bits of ice chipped off in cutting the steps; and as fingers and toes get more and more numbed with the intense cold, it is harder and harder to avoid slipping out of the tiny notches which are all that the leader has time to allow in the way of steps. And though a slip of one of the party would not necessarily have pulled down the rest, and the rope theoretically afforded perfect protection, still I am glad the experiment was not tried.

Suddenly the guide gave the word to leave the channel of ice and take to the rocks on the side, for a snowball or two had rolled down from above, and he was afraid more might follow. Scarcely had we got out of our trough and up on the crags, when down came an avalanche with a vengeance, and we were within twenty feet of a tremendous discharge of thousands of tons of snow and ice, which swept down the track that we had just ascended. We were perfectly safe; but somehow the half hiss, half roar, remained in my ears for some time: and for many nights afterwards, when indigestible suppers or bad Swiss beer produced evil dreams, the avalanche was sure to figure in them. When the fall was over, we descended from our perches on the rocks, and again began the work of cutting our way up; but we did not reach the top until we

had spent just two hours and three-quarters on that ice-slope, not including the ten minutes during which the avalanche had interrupted us. It was fortunate that we found ourselves close to the summit of our mountain, for we were on the windward side, and one of my companions had two of his fingers frost-bitten, though he had preferred to endure intense pain rather than say anything about it while we were in a critical position. Now we hurried along a gentle hill of snow to the top, and then promptly descended to some rocks on the southern face, where we proceeded, according to the traditional plan, first to rub the bluish flesh with snow, and then steadily to apply the roughest possible friction to the fingers affected. The remedy was heroic, and caused torture which my friend compared to the sensation of having a series of double teeth extracted continuously during a quarter of an hour. But the result was to save the fingers; and when we had basked for an hour in the most welcome sunshine that ever warmed mortal body, all was right, and we prepared, after a substantial meal, to tackle the descent. There was at first some difficulty in choosing the line to be taken, for the guides were agreed that it would never do to try to go down that *couloir*: first, because now that the sun was gaining power, avalanches were sure to be dislodged; secondly, for fear of frost-bites on that, the windward and at the same time the sunless, side of the mountain; thirdly, — but these two reasons were quite enough, and we turned from the difficult and dangerous to what had seemed from below to be the impossible.

As often happens, near acquaintance altered the aspect of matters. The first two hundred feet of descent were tremendously steep, and,

indeed, almost a sheer precipice ; but if once we could reach a small snowfield which curled round from the south to the east face of the mountain, the route seemed practicable. And at one point below the little plateau that formed the summit there was a succession of what might be called platforms, in a direct line with each other, though number one was merely a rocky projection some two feet square ; number two, some thirty feet lower down, was a big boulder that had somehow lodged on a small tooth of rock, and was poised as if ready to fall at any moment ; while numbers three and four were tiny hanging glaciers, partly protected by their position from the glare of the southern sun, which ought, one would think, to have brought them down with a crash long ago. If each of these perches should prove firm all would go well, otherwise we should be in a tight place. Fortunately, we had an ample supply of the tremendously strong Alpine Club rope, which in those days used to be made with a little silk thread running through it as a sort of trade mark, and our leading guide volunteered to be let down the entire distance, so as to test the successive stages. When he came to the big boulder we were startled, for a slight push proved enough to disturb its equilibrium, and to send it hurtling down the mountain, starting in its course an avalanche, which roared and re-echoed through the valley. For a moment our guide swung into mid-air, entirely supported by the rope ; but he was able to reach a projecting ledge, and to shout to us that, so far, "es geht famos." Down below, too, he reported that the little ice patches were sufficiently adherent to the rock ; and finally we all managed to descend, one by one and stage by stage,

though I am afraid that the amount of danger which the last man had to face was almost unjustifiably great. The rope on which he depended had at first to be hitched round a rock, so loosely as to be detachable by a jerk from below, and then, lower down, had to be anchored to an axe driven into the ice ; and this axe had eventually to be abandoned, as nobody could face that last bit of descent without support. However, all went well, and at the bottom of the lower patch of ice all our difficulties were over. We found ourselves at the head of a series of snow-slopes, obviously constructed for the special purpose of furnishing glissades for mountaineers, and in a very short time we were two or three thousand feet lower down, with nothing but a long *moraine* between us and the upper pastures. It is true that there is nothing like the sharp stones of a *moraine* for trying wet boots and hot tempers ; but though our boots were cut to pieces, the success of our climb outweighed all small drawbacks, and we returned to our damp beds in the hut supremely happy, although the heat of the steaming hay made me convinced in my dreams that I had somehow been converted into a cucumber in a forcing-pit, and that the gardener was trying to suffocate me by refusing to open the frame and let in the air.

I have just given an illustration of one sort of danger—that of avalanches—which is not always avoidable, and I may mention another into which I was once induced to rush, and which very nearly cut short my career in the mountains, and, indeed, on this planet generally. It is a first principle among mountaineers that there ought to be at least three men on a rope. If one man slips, or breaks through the snow over-

lying a concealed crevasse, two companions ought to be able to hold him up; but if he has only one, that one may easily be dragged down. So I ought to have known better when, nearly a score of years ago, I had engaged the then well-known Alexander Lochmatter of Macugnaga to act as my chief guide, and, on there being some difficulty in obtaining a second man, I allowed him to persuade me that we two, who knew each other's capabilities pretty intimately, might well do our climbing without anybody else. For a few days all prospered, and we climbed one or two peaks and passes to our mutual satisfaction, taking care to keep the rope taut in doubtful places, and each, from time to time, holding the other up when the snow proved treacherous. Lochmatter was particularly anxious that we should ascend Mont Blanc, in order to show the Chamonix guides that they had no right to a monopoly of the "Monarch of Mountains"; and as the track is, in fine weather, one up which you could almost drive a cow, as there is scarcely any climbing, and only a long and tiring trudge up snow-slopes, I had no hesitation in undertaking the expedition, for which, by the way, there was a precedent,—for had not so experienced a climber as A. W. Moore made the ascent from the Aiguille du Gouter accompanied only by Christian Almer? But though the weather had been fine, no sooner had we reached the chalet at the Grands Mulets, where we intended to sleep, than clouds covered the sky, and by three o'clock in the afternoon there was a tremendous snow-storm, with a raging gale which lasted all night. In the morning it was snowing still, and retreat was inevitable, so we made our way downward over the Glacier des Bossons, which

was covered with a thick layer of snow. Lochmatter led; I followed carefully in his footsteps at a distance of some three yards, and the rope was taut between us. Suddenly I found the snow give way under my feet; but instead of being held up, I was only for an instant checked by a jerk, and then down came Lochmatter nearly on the top of me. We had, without knowing it, been walking on a thin crust concealing a big crevasse, so when Lochmatter, feeling the tug at the rope, had stuck his axe into what he supposed to be firm ice, it went into vacancy. I had only just time to think that we were done for, when our fall was suddenly stopped, some five-and-twenty feet down, by a tremendous block of ice, which had tumbled athwart the crevasse at the precise spot. If we had been a few yards one way or the other, we should have inevitably gone to the bottom, and relics of us would probably have been brought to light at the foot of the glacier in some forty years. I do not know the depth of that crevasse: I can only say that its icy walls went down and down till they ended in darkness. But a good providence willed it that we should find safety at that particular place; and as the hummock of ice was well covered with snow, we escaped without much damage. Indeed, as my fall had been broken by the jerk of the rope which pulled down Lochmatter, I had nothing worse than a few cuts and scratches, while he, falling the whole five-and-twenty feet without a check, had received a blow on the head which stunned him, and for a moment or so, as he lay insensible, I feared that he might be seriously hurt. He soon came to, however, and though he had lost his axe, which is still in the depths of the glacier, I had held to mine, with which he was

before long able to cut steps in the wall of ice up which we had to make our way. Before we reached the top we heard a shout, and it turned out that a party who, without our knowing it, were close to us, had seen the accident, and had hastened to the spot. They let down a rope, by which we were in turn hauled up, very thankful to have escaped from a great danger. I mentally vowed never again to be one of only two men on a rope; but Lochmatter went a good deal further than this. He declared that nothing should induce him ever to set foot on a snow mountain again; and though he had earned some celebrity as a fine and daring mountaineer, though he was absolutely uninjured, and in the full vigour of life (about thirty-three, I fancy), he forthwith abandoned his profession of guide, at which he could command exceptionally high pay, and took to driving a fly between Zermatt and St Niklaus. Only a few years ago, just before the opening of the Zermatt railway, I was crossing the Ried Pass, when my guide, the well-known Imboden, happened to tell me the story of another member of the fraternity, who, a score of years before, had received such a shock from a narrow escape that he had given up guiding and taken to cab-driving, and I was interested to find that Lochmatter was the man in question, and that he was still engaged in an occupation of which the monotony was in curious contrast with the adventures of his previous career.

I have thus described the only two accidents that have befallen me in the mountaineering of many years, and though both were close shaves, I am not sure that my life has not been in greater peril on more than one occasion from the Mr Winkles of shooting-parties, if not from the chances of amateur

yachting. In fact, most amusements have a spice of danger in them, and I doubt whether mountaineering has more than, for example, either shooting or hunting. I fancy that no accident in the Alps has excited public feeling more than that on the occasion of Mr Whymper's first ascent of the Matterhorn. I was specially shocked by the news, as poor Hadow and I had played many a cricket-match together, and only a day or two before he started for Switzerland he came to see me at the Privy Council Office. I happened to be treasurer of a club to which he belonged, and when he told me that he was going abroad with Hudson, celebrated as an ardent mountaineer, I laughingly said to him, "Well, if you are going to break your neck in Switzerland, you had better pay me your subscription before you start," to which he rejoined that I might be easy about his coming back, as Hudson was not going to take him mountaineering that year. In less than a fortnight the poor fellow was killed, and when the telegram came, one of my colleagues recalled our conversation. Nobody else, I think, of my many mountaineering friends has ever lost his life in the Alps; for I am sorry to say that with Donkin, who was swept away by an avalanche in the Caucasus, and who was a delightful companion and the cheeriest of men, I had no more than a slight acquaintance.

There was one old ally of mine, however, among the pioneers of mountaineering, whose comparatively early death was mainly due to the effects of the fever which he contracted in the marshes of the Rion river on his return from the expedition in which Elbruz, the highest of European mountains, was first ascended in 1868. A. W. Moore was a man

of singular ability as well as of infinite humour, and when Lord Salisbury was Secretary of State for India, Moore was his most trusted subordinate, and was the draughtsman, often on very slight instructions, of the most important despatches which emanated from the "Political and Secret" branch of the department, at a period of crisis in our Indian frontier policy. When Lord Randolph Churchill became Indian Secretary in 1885, there was an amicable contest between him and the Premier as to who should have Moore as private secretary; and Lord Salisbury was persuaded to yield, on the ground that Lord Randolph was new to the office, and ought to have the benefit of Moore's experience. The result was, that Moore devoted himself with much self-sacrifice to his chief, and eventually broke down under the strain, which was accentuated by relapses of the old marsh-fever. His doings in the Alps were tremendous, and the new peaks which he conquered make a long list. Some notion of his powers of endurance may be formed from the fact that he once started from Courmayeur, ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc, and went down to Chamonix, all within the compass of a single day of twenty-four hours. I myself used to be rather proud of having been the first to go up the Jungfrau from the Eggischhorn hotel in the morning, and return there to *table d'hôte* in the evening, after accomplishing in eighteen hours what had previously always occupied two days; but, of course, this was nothing compared with Moore's tremendous expedition from valley to valley over the head of Mont Blanc. And he described as well as he climbed. Some of the best papers ever published on mountain travel have come from his pen, and a copy of

his privately printed 'Mountaineering in 1864' sold a few months ago for £10 at a public auction. His wit was of the kind that flashes, and can be scarcely sketched in words, but it was extraordinarily ready. One of his friends of the Alpine Club, who had named each of three or four children after particular Swiss peaks, once applied to him to suggest suitable names, on the same lines, for twins that had recently arrived. Quick as thought came the answer, "Of course you must call the boy 'Monty' and the girl 'Rosa.'" It would be easy to recall dozens of good things, varying from mere verbal quips to brilliant but not ill-natured sarcasm, which were poured out spontaneously when Moore was in the vein; and few men were better company.

Another Alpine veteran, of whom I saw a good deal, was the late Frederick Pratt Barlow, who had also a merry wit, and who published some admirable accounts of his expeditions on the Grivola, the grand Paradiso, and one or two other peaks. Many students of Alpine literature will remember his delightful story of the straits of hunger and thirst to which his party were once reduced in the mountains, till they came across some goats that demanded to be milked; how a pail was wanting, so Jakob Anderegg threw himself on his back to suck an elderly matron of the flock, who vigorously objected to the teeth of her red-bearded offspring; how she managed to plant one hind-foot in his mouth, the other in his eye, and with a tremendous kick sent him rolling over and over on the turf, where he lay, his disreputable old sides shaking with laughter. Barlow was the first to make the interesting and difficult ascent of Monte Rosa from the Zumstein Sattel: his experience of the Alps was

very extensive, and his love of exploration carried him to some little known regions of Burmah, where, by the way, he contracted the chest illness that eventually carried him off, to the great grief of a very wide circle of friends.

Still, I am glad to say that the losses in our brotherhood of mountaineers have been comparatively rare, while the friendships cemented in the Alps have been numerous and lasting.

Our Alpine Club dinners have annually brought together a large number of lovers of our special pastime, and a good many distinguished men have figured at them. For many years Mr Leslie Stephen, himself one of the pioneers of mountaineering, never failed to delight us with his brilliantly humorous oratory; and Mr Justice Wills, the author of the charming 'Eagle's Nest,' and the conqueror of many a virgin peak, showed himself an excellent after-dinner speaker. It must have been about a dozen years ago that the late Lord Coleridge, who entranced the Club with his silver-tongued eloquence, made the confession—singular in the mouth of a relative of the poet who first showed the appreciation of mountain beauty—that he had never seen a snow peak, and that it was only from description that he could attempt to appreciate the poetry, the dangers, and the glories of the Alps. On the same occasion, by the way, we heard from Mr Matthew Arnold one of those characteristic speeches in which the mingled wit and poetry forced one to ignore the curious awkwardness of his delivery. But it was at another Alpine Club dinner that a very short oration evoked the most tremendous roars of laughter that ever proceeded from a couple of hundred throats well braced by Swiss air. A distinguished travel-

ler who had made the ascent of an Asiatic mountain (which may be here called "Upapol") was to return thanks for the visitors; but though he was a bold mountaineer, he was a timid orator. "Got to make a speech?" said a friend whom he consulted at the club. "Then there is nothing like taking a glass of sherry and bitters first." So said other friends, one after the other, and on each occasion the prescribed dose was conscientiously swallowed. The effect, on a nervous organisation, was nothing less than confusion worse confounded. So when his achievement had been described in glowing terms by the proposer of the toast, and the celebrated explorer rose to reply, he contented himself at first with smiling blandly at his audience for a minute or two, as he swayed backwards and forwards. Then he began, "Gentlemen, Upapol is seventeen thousand levels above the feet of the sea." There was a roar of Homeric laughter; but the orator smiled still, and continued, "No, that is all — nonsense. Of course, I mean twenty thousand seas above the level of the feet." Another shout made him think that this statement, too, had something wrong about it, and then he gave up his task in despair, and we never heard particulars of an ascent which we were quite prepared to celebrate as the most remarkable feat of modern climbing. It was at another—but I fancy that the readers of 'Maga' may be getting tired of reminiscences possibly less interesting to the public than to the reminiscents, and I defer to some future opportunity any further account of the Alpine Club and its doings. For the present, to quote an Irish M.P.'s apology to the Speaker, I withdraw what I was going to say.

H. PRESTON-THOMAS.

THE TERRITORIAL WATERS AND SEA FISHERIES.

AFTER the lapse of about half a century, the relation of the territorial waters to sea fisheries has again come prominently to the front. The discussions which have recently taken place in the House of Lords, and in some organs of public opinion, in connection with the Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill, have opened up wide questions concerning the territorial waters, of considerable interest and importance, both from an international point of view and from the point of view of the national fisheries. The bill, as originally introduced, proposed, among other things, to confer upon the Scottish Fishery Board the power to regulate or prohibit certain modes of fishing in parts of the sea lying off the coast of Scotland, outside the three-mile limit, and therefore beyond the boundary of exclusive fishery pertaining to this country. Two methods of fishing are specified in the bill, with respect to which it is proposed to give powers of extra-territorial jurisdiction to the fishery authorities. One of these is seine-“trawling” for herrings, as it is popularly but inaccurately called, and which is not at present a subject of great moment, except in one or two localities. The other is beam-trawling or otter-trawling—quite a different style of fishing; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that around it many disputes have centred of late years respecting both its alleged destructiveness and its interference with the industry of line-fishermen. The original proposal was that the Fishery Board should be empowered to prohibit beam-trawling within a line drawn from Rattray

Point, Aberdeenshire, to the Farne Islands in Northumberland; within an area thus comprising a considerable stretch of extra-territorial water, but limited to one part of the coast, and capable of easy definition on a chart. This clause was subsequently replaced by another, conferring a similar power over all the seas around the coast of Scotland within a distance of eighteen miles from the shores. And then, at the instance of Lord Lothian, the distance within which special jurisdiction could be exercised was reduced to thirteen miles, or ten miles beyond the three-mile zone; and the clause at present stands as follows:—

“The Fishery Board may, by byelaw or byelaws, direct that the methods of fishing known as beam-trawling and otter-trawling shall not be used in any area or areas under the jurisdiction of her Majesty, within thirteen miles of the Scottish coast, to be defined in such byelaw, and may from time to time make, alter, and revoke byelaws for the purposes of this section.”

The principle of controlling fishing operations at a distance greater than three miles from the coast is not for the first time enunciated in this bill. In the laws of several countries special fisheries, as those for seals, whales, coral, pearls, and oysters, are regulated beyond the territorial waters, or at all events beyond the three-mile limit, in certain places or at particular seasons; and in one or two countries regulations of this kind apply also to certain modes of fishing for white fish. The most recent example is contained in the regulations drawn up by the Tribunal of Arbitration on the Behring Sea

question, prohibiting the capture of fur-seals within a zone of sixty miles around the Pribilof Islands, which form their chief breeding-place. The motives for all such extra-territorial interference with fishing operations are founded on the desire to preserve the fisheries concerned from destruction or serious injury by unrestricted and reckless fishing. There are two instances of this kind in recent British legislation. One concerns certain oyster-beds lying at a distance up to twenty miles off the Irish coast, with reference to which power was given to the Irish Fishery Commissioners, by the Sea Fisheries Act, 1868, to regulate dredging and establish a close-time. The other example is more recent, and is contained in the Herring Fishery (Scotland) Act, passed in 1889. This Act closed to beam-trawling all parts of the territorial waters of Scotland, with one or two unimportant exceptions, as well as some bays on the west coast extending beyond the territorial zone; and it further imposed on the Fishery Board the duty of interdicting this mode of fishing within the whole of the Moray Firth, a duty which was carried out to its full extent at the end of 1892. It furnishes the first instance of a State regulating the fishing for floating fish at a considerable distance from its coasts; and it cannot be enforced against foreign fishing-boats, or at all events against those belonging to the countries which signed the North Sea Convention in 1882.

The provision in the Act of 1889 and that in the bill now before Parliament are, however, of somewhat different import. It is one thing to regulate a mode of fishing for a special purpose in a limited portion of the extra-territorial seas, and another thing to

extend such jurisdiction around the whole coast. The special importance of the measure lies in this, that it is the first formal admission and declaration by a responsible Government in recent times that the present three-mile limit is inadequate for the proper regulation and preservation of the sea fisheries, and that the limit should be considerably extended. There can be little doubt that this position is in conformity both with the results of scientific investigations into the condition of the fisheries, with the views of many foreign Governments, and with the growing opinion of eminent authorities on international law. The arguments from these sources for the extension of the limits of exclusive fishery are given somewhat fully below; and it is probable that the proposed extension of fishery jurisdiction marks a new departure in the consideration of the territorial waters in relation to the sea fisheries, and will have far-reaching consequences.

It may be therefore of interest, at the present time, to review the steps by which the three-mile limit came to be established as the boundary of the territorial seas, and the reasons which now make it advisable to extend it for fishery purposes. The three-mile limit was first formally established and recognised, so far at least as it relates to the British coast, by the Convention with France in 1839. This Convention was primarily for the purpose of embodying and making statutory the recommendations of a joint Commission appointed by the two Governments in 1837, to determine a minor point—namely, to ascertain and define the limits within which French and English fishermen should be at liberty to fish for oysters in the waters be-

tween Jersey and the coast of France; but the opportunity was taken to deal at the same time with the much larger question—the general rights of fishery between the two nations on all parts of their coasts. For a number of years previously disputes and conflicts had occurred between British and French fishermen, more particularly in the Channel, but also along the east coast, both of England and Scotland. A number of petitions and memorials from British fishermen, as far north as Cromarty, were addressed to the Government, complaining of the depredations and aggressions of the French. They were accused of interfering with British fishermen when dredging for oysters fifteen miles from the French shore; with fishing for herrings and mackerel within a mile of the British coast; with destroying nets and fishing-gear; and particularly with destroying the spawn and brood of fish by trawling in the bays and shallow waters along the English coast. It is evident from a perusal of these petitions alone—and the fact is well established from other sources—that a great deal of doubt existed at the time, not only in the minds of fishermen, but among those in authority, as to what was the precise limit of exclusive fishery that might be claimed or enforced. The historic doctrine of the sovereignty of the British seas, and the extravagant claims to maritime dominion which characterised the seventeenth century, had dwindled to a shadow; but as a general rule it was believed that the territorial waters extended much farther than a league from the shore. Many fishermen maintained that the boundary was three leagues—an opinion strong-

ly held as late as 1862—and the fishermen of Eyemouth, possibly influenced by traditions of the large claims made by Scotland two centuries before, petitioned that foreign fishermen should be “kept without the limits prescribed by law, and that limits [*sic*] be seven leagues.” An important inquiry by the House of Commons also preceded the Convention. In 1833, a Select Committee was appointed to “inquire into the present state of the British Channel fisheries, and the laws affecting the fishing trade of England, with a view to their amendment”; and they reported that one of the causes which had produced the depression in the fisheries (which they found to exist) was the extensive interference and aggression of French fishermen on the coasts of Kent and Sussex. Large fleets of fishing vessels from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and other French ports were in the habit of fishing along the English coast, “frequently within half a league of the shore, and occasionally much nearer; and in the bays and shallow waters, in which it is particularly necessary for the preservation of the brood of fish, that such as frequent those waters during the breeding season should not be disturbed, or their young destroyed before they have attained maturity.” They also reported that French fishermen habitually dragged for fish-bait in the shallow waters, thus destroying an immense quantity of young and unsizable fish. They considered it proved that the great scarcity of fish in the Channel had been occasioned by this great destruction of the spawn and brood; they pointed to the fact that English fishermen were not allowed to fish within three leagues of the French coast, but were warned off by the French

cruisers; and they recommended that "foreign fishermen should be prevented at all seasons of the year from fishing within one league, or such other distance of the English coast as by the law or usage of nations is considered to belong exclusively to this country." They further recommended that foreign fishermen "should be required to observe, during the spawning or breeding season of fish, all such laws or regulations as may be imposed upon the English fishermen for the better preservation of the spawn and brood of fish in the bays and shallow waters upon our coast." It was upon the labours of this Committee that the British Government for the most part relied in concluding the Convention with France; and the Committee appear to have mentioned one league as the probable limit of exclusive fishery, partly because it was the one enforced on the Dutch coast and recognised in America, and the one adopted by the British Custom House in granting licences to boats to go within that distance of foreign coasts and in connection with forfeitures for smuggling; and partly because they believed it would be sufficient to protect the spawn and brood of fish during the breeding season, which was one of the great objects in view. Most of the witnesses examined by the Committee were interrogated on this point, and they declared that if protection extended for a league from the shore, it would suffice for the breeding fish. The Committee regarded it as doubtful whether the league should be measured from the shore, following its sinuosities, or from a straight line drawn from headland to headland; and they gave it as their opinion that the latter would be much more bene-

ficial to the British fisheries than the former, an opinion that was undoubtedly correct.

This view was not, however, adopted in the Convention of 1839. It embodied the minimum distance which had ever been proposed either by a State or by theoretical writers on international law. By its articles a very considerable stretch of oyster-grounds, extending far beyond the three-mile limit, was exclusively reserved for French fishermen, while the general rights of fishing were agreed upon as follows: "The subjects of her Britannic Majesty shall enjoy the exclusive right of fishery within a distance of three miles from low-water mark along the whole extent of the coasts of the British Islands; and the subjects of the King of the French shall enjoy the exclusive right of fishery within a distance of three miles from low-water mark along the whole extent of the coasts of France." In bays, the mouths of which do not exceed ten miles in width, the distance of three miles was to be measured from a straight line drawn "from headland to headland"; in all cases the mile was a geographical mile. This treaty, as has been said, was the first to establish by international agreement the three-mile limit as the limit of exclusive fishing on the British coasts. It may have been the wisest course in the circumstances of the time, and with the almost complete ignorance which then prevailed respecting the natural history and habits of the food fishes; but there is no doubt that the selection of so narrow a strip of the adjacent seas was a mistake which has operated most injuriously on the interests of the sea fisheries. The Convention with France, however, only settled the respective fishery

limits with that country. It left the position of affairs in regard to other States the same as before. It was open to Belgian or Dutch boats, for example, in the absence of any treaty agreement, to fish along our coasts, and even within the three-mile zone; and this difficulty indeed arose. The Belgians claimed under certain charters or pretended charters the right to the use of the Scotch harbours for their fishing vessels, and to fish therefrom with small boats. By a Convention made in 1852 between Belgium and this country the rights of exclusive fishery were defined, as in the Convention with France, as extending for three geographical miles from low-water mark, and the Belgian fishing boats were thereby excluded from fishing from Scotch harbours, except those belonging to Bruges, which were allowed to carry on the old practice for one year more, in order to give them time to test the validity of their claims in British courts of law. They appear to have relied upon a charter of Charles II., granted in 1666, "in favour of the citie of Bruges in Flanders, for a libertie of fishing in the British seas with fifty saill of ships"; but their alleged rights were not established. The enforcement of the new law against Belgian boats gave rise to so much dissatisfaction that the Government, on the application of the Belgian minister, agreed to suspend its operation for a year, not only in favour of the vessels from Bruges, but in regard to Belgian fishing-vessels generally. Since then, however, it has been enforced and adhered to.

The three-mile limit, which had been again confirmed with France by the Fishery Convention Act, 1843, and later by the Convention of 1867, was also adopted in the North Sea Convention of 1882,

between Great Britain and the other North Sea Powers, with the exception of Norway — namely, Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France. An additional article stipulated that the King of Sweden and Norway should have the right of adhering to the Convention for Sweden and for Norway, either jointly or separately; but this right has never been exercised, owing to the fact that these States do not approve of a territorial limit so restricted, and, as will be seen below, enforce a limit considerably greater. This very important international agreement had for its object the regulations of the police of the fisheries in the North Sea outside territorial waters. The exclusive fishery rights were defined as follows:—

"The fishermen of each country shall enjoy the exclusive right of fishery within the distance of three miles from low-water mark along the whole extent of the coasts of their respective countries, as well as of the dependent islands and banks. As regards bays, the distance of three miles shall be measured from a straight line drawn across the bay in the part nearest the entrance, at the first point where the width does not exceed ten miles."

The only differences in the definition of 1882 as compared with the previous definitions were the more detailed rule for the measurement respecting bays and the specific inclusion of dependent islands and banks. The earlier definitions had given rise to ambiguity both in regard to the interpretation of the word "headlands," and as to whether the line of low-water mark applied to islands. The French Commodore, for example, in 1853 claimed the right for French boats to fish close to the Farne Islands, arguing that

the low-water mark applied only to the mainland.

Largely through the instrumentality of the Convention referred to, the three-mile limit has now been adopted by most European States as the general boundary of exclusive fishery and territorial waters. But there are exceptions of importance, and some of the countries which recognise that distance as the international limit, reserve and exercise powers of regulating fishing operations in the extra-territorial seas. The three-mile zone is recognised by Great Britain, France (both on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts), Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Germany (in the Baltic as well as in the North Sea), Austria, Italy, Russia, and, judging from laws prohibiting certain modes of fishing within three miles of the shore, by Greece and Turkey. In regard to Russia, the three-mile limit is fixed by the Custom laws without any special reference to fisheries; and in the international treaties very little is mentioned about fishery rights, and nothing about the limits of territorial waters for fishery purposes. It has been already said that Sweden and Norway did not agree to the North Sea Convention of 1882, although the coasts of the last-named country form a considerable portion of the eastern boundary of the North Sea. One reason given in official documents and by their writers on international law is, that from the nature of the coast—engirdled by a chain of islands and broken up by numerous fjords, which penetrate deeply into the land—a three-mile limit based on the definitions in the Convention of 1882 would be intricate, confusing, and impracticable. The force of this objection may be understood by examining the con-

tour of the three-mile limit on the west coast of Scotland, where the physical irregularities and interruptions are less obvious than in Norway. Another reason put forward is, that a three-mile zone measured from low-water mark would be insufficient; it would intersect the most important fishing-banks, “making it impossible,” to quote the words of the Minister of the Interior, “for the State to regulate the fisheries on the whole bank, and would be fatal to those fisheries which are necessary for the subsistence of the coast population.” In Norway, therefore, the territorial waters are held to extend for a distance of four miles seawards, not from low-water mark, but from a straight line passing from island to island, touching the outermost point of each. In some places the limit thus lies at a considerable distance from the mainland. Further, Norway claims exclusive fishery rights in two large fjords, which, by the rules of the North Sea Convention, would be in great part at least extra-territorial. One is the Vestfjord, at the Loffoden Banks, where from time immemorial the greatest cod fishery in Europe has been carried on, and which has been, and continues to be, one of the most important sources of livelihood to the Norwegian fishermen; the other is the Varangerfjord, in Finmarken. These limits of exclusive fishery are not enjoyed in virtue of any international treaty,—the only treaty in which territorial waters are defined appears to be one with Mexico in 1886, where the limit is placed at three leagues from low-water mark, and solely for revenue purposes,—they are simply declared by the State to be the territorial fishing waters pertaining to it. Like the three-mile limit with us, they rep-

resent the shrunken relic and survival of the extensive claims to exclusive dominion on the adjacent seas, which Norway, in common with other maritime Powers, made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and Norway has been only a little more fortunate than her neighbours in maintaining possession of a larger slice. Her rights to the wider territorial waters have not been allowed to pass unchallenged. The French Government, in particular, complained of the prohibition to French vessels to fish at the Loffodens; but Norway has always successfully pled the reasons mentioned above, together with the argument of custom and usage. The territorial waters claimed by Spain are more extensive than those of Norway, comprising the sea within six miles of the coast; but by treaties with Portugal, which also claims a six-mile limit, while a fishery zone of three miles is exclusively reserved to the respective subjects of these two countries, the second zone of three miles may be used in common by them alone. A similar instance of international reciprocity is to be found in the laws of Austro-Hungary and Italy, which also furnish an interesting and novel example of the reservation of a part of the territorial waters to the inhabitants of the communal parts of the adjoining coasts. Along the Austro-Hungarian seaboard the people of each commune or district have exclusive rights of fishing in the sea within one mile of their coasts: if they do not carry on fishing themselves, they can grant concessions to other districts. By a treaty with Italy in 1878, reciprocal rights were granted to the Italian fishermen of the Adriatic to fish in the territorial waters outside this one-mile zone, on condition that the local regulations

were observed. It may be stated, with reference to the question of trawling, that such methods of fishing with nets dragged along the bottom are prohibited in the territorial waters of most States, either absolutely, or, what is more common, subject to regulations as to time, place, nets, and particular method of fishing; in Portugal, and along most of the Spanish coast, it is prohibited within six miles; in Austro-Hungary, within five miles, if steam vessels are employed.

The successive steps by which the three-mile limit was imposed by the Northern Powers has been already described, but the significance of its definite establishment on an international basis cannot be fully comprehended without glancing at the previous state of affairs. The first agreement on the subject, which furnished the much-prized precedent to guide subsequent negotiations, and to serve as a model to minor States, took place at a time when Great Britain had created and consolidated her commercial supremacy on the sea. The keen competition and rivalry of the Dutch, which previously acted as a stimulus to keep alive and to enforce wide claims of maritime dominion and rights of exclusive fishery on the British coasts, had long since vanished. For lack of occasion to assert them, these claims, that once exercised the most brilliant legal intellects of England, and were frequently enforced by diplomatic instruments, and even by armed authority, fell into abeyance, and by insensible stages passed out of the sphere of practical affairs. At the same time, largely owing to the influence of the doctrine of Bynkershoek, referred to below, the tendency of opinion among writers on international law more

and more favoured the restriction of territorial waters within narrow limits. The first declaration on the part of the English Crown respecting dominion on the British seas, appears to have been made by King John in 1200 or 1201; it was repeated by Edward I. and by Edward III., the latter explicitly claiming the title *Dominus Maris Anglicani circumquaque*, and it was mentioned in the Acts of the English Parliament later. The claim of sovereignty included many rights, one of which—at least according to the interpretation of later times—was the right of fishing; but there is abundant evidence that at that period, and for long afterwards, foreigners were allowed freely to fish along the British coasts. As early as 1295, Edward I. commanded the Bailiffs of Yarmouth to treat in a friendly way the men of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland fishing off Yarmouth; and freedom of fishing in the seas was embodied in various treaties between England on the one hand, and Spain, Portugal, France, Brabant, Flanders, &c., on the other hand, during the following centuries.¹ It was the same in Scotland: foreign fishermen fished for herrings along the east coast and at the mouth of the Firth of Forth from the twelfth century onwards; and a treaty between James V. and the Emperor Charles V. provided for mutual protection to fishermen and the free use of the sea. But by the end of the sixteenth century a great change had taken place. The discovery of the

New World and the numerous maritime expeditions which it engendered turned the attention of the nations to the question of the sovereignty of the seas. A papal Bull issued in 1493, in connection with the conflicting claims of Spain and Portugal, divided the Atlantic between them; its terms were subsequently amended, but the extravagant pretensions put forward are indicated by the assertion of proprietary rights—even to the exclusion of navigation by foreigners—on the one hand by Spain over the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, and by Portugal over the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic south of Morocco. In the reign of Elizabeth almost all the seas of Europe were claimed by one nation or another. Venice asserted dominion over the Adriatic, Genoa over the Ligurian Sea, Denmark regarded the seas between Norway and Iceland as belonging to herself, as well as the Sound, the Belts, and part of the Baltic; and England claimed the Channel, the North Sea, the Bay of Biscay, and the waters to the west of Ireland and the north of Scotland. These claims involved in many cases fishing rights, and, as might have been expected, they led to frequent international disputes and difficulties. Two great events indirectly caused the English claims to exclusive fishery on the British coasts to be brought prominently forward. One was the Reformation, and the other was the remarkable and sudden rise of the Low Countries to the position of a great

¹ The terms were usually quite explicit, as in the following article in a treaty of 1351, between England on the one side and the king of Castile and the Count of Biscay on the other: "Il est convenu, &c., &c. Item, que peissoners de la seigneurie del roi de Castelle et del counte de Viscay peussent venir et pescher fraunchement et sauvement en les portz d'Engleterre et de Bretagne, et en touz autres lieux et portz où ils vorrontz, paiantz les droitz et les custumes à les seignurs du pais."

European Power. The influence of the former on the fisheries, by changing the habits of the people in regard to the consumption of fish, was profound, and would appear now almost incredible, were it not clearly proved by contemporary documents. The fisheries and fishing ports fell into decay; and although numerous Acts of Parliament, royal proclamations, and municipal ordinances endeavoured to re-establish the use of fish in Lent and on fast-days, the fisheries did not revive; and "Cecil's fasts," as some of them were vulgarly called, became the butt of the popular dramatists, and served little purpose except, in the words of Ben Jonson, to "keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night to send him supperless to bed." Concurrently with the declension of the English fisheries, those of the Dutch increased. Having, by force of arms, asserted their independence of Spain, they rapidly became the merchants, the brokers, and the carriers of Europe, in place of the Hansards, whose power was waning; and more and more assiduously did they work their "golden mine," as they termed their fisheries off the British coast. Patriotic Englishmen witnessed with envy the fleets of broad-bellied, yellow-sailed Dutch fishing busses frequenting their seas, in increasing numbers year by year, and reaping the harvest at their very doors, and they soon called for the active interference of the State. The first notes of alarm are to be found in two very rare works — Dr Dee's 'General and rare Memorials pertaining to the perfect Arte of Navigation,' published in 1577, and Robert Hitchcock's 'A politique Platt, &c.,' published in 1580; and for more than a cen-

tury afterwards English authors assailed the Dutch for fishing off our coasts, and proclaimed the exclusive fishery rights of this country in the British seas. For reasons connected with the general political state of Europe, no interference took place so long as Elizabeth occupied the throne; but the attitude of James, shortly after his accession, was very different. He caused a chart to be prepared, with straight lines drawn around the coast from promontory to promontory, the waters within which he called the King's Chambers and Royal Ports, and the places of the king's dominion and jurisdiction. In 1609 he issued a proclamation forbidding foreigners from fishing "on any of our coasts and seas," unless they had first obtained licences to do so. This proclamation was renewed by Charles I. in 1636. Both prohibitions were partially enforced, to the extent that Dutch fishermen were on several occasions compelled to pay to the king's officers certain dues or taxes before they were allowed to fish; and the principal result was that, while the Dutch authorities never expressly admitted the right, or agreed to it in any treaty, they issued orders to their fishermen to refrain from approaching too near the British coasts (on the pretence of avoiding injury to their nets), and it was tacitly understood that they were to keep out of sight of land.

An instance of the determination of the rights of exclusive fishery at the beginning of the seventeenth century, of special interest at the present time, is to be found in the Draft Treaty of Union between Scotland and England in 1604. This treaty was drawn up by Commissioners appointed by the respective Parliaments, the most

active of whom were Secretary Cecil, the illustrious ancestor of Lord Salisbury, and the equally illustrious Sir Francis Bacon, on the English side, and Lord Fyvie and Sir Thomas Hamilton on the part of the Scots. It was signed by 39 of the 44 English, and 28 of the 30 Scottish Commissioners; it had therefore an ample and weighty authority. One of the articles dealt with freedom of commerce, and continued: "Exceptand also and reserveand to Scottishmen thair trade of fisheing within thair lochs, firthis, and bayis within land, and in the seas within fourtene mylis of the costis of the realme of Scotland, wher nather Englishmen nor ony stranger or forinaris haue use to fishe, and soe reciprocally in the point of fisheing on the behalfe of England." Unfortunately, this treaty, approved by the king and by the Scottish Parliament, was never ratified by the English Parliament, and hence did not become law. But the objection of the English members was not in the least degree founded upon the reservation of fishing rights, but upon the nationalisation clauses, which caused them to dread the influx of an army of "hungry Scots" into England. Had it been ratified by the English Parliament, there can be little doubt that the limits of the territorial waters would have continued to be at the distance of fourteen miles from the coast, and would have been recognised as such by other nations; and it is interesting to note that Lord Lothian's proposal almost coincides with the limit agreed upon more than two and a half centuries ago. The question of the territorial waters pertaining to Scotland was again discussed a little later. Charles I., in 1630, entered into negotiations

with Scotland for the "erection of a general fishing," which was to supplant the Dutch; and the members of the Fishing Association were to have the privilege of fishing freely in all places and at all times. To this the Scotch demurred, and in the course of the negotiations, which continued for nearly three years, the following limits of exclusive fishery were successively claimed on behalf of Scotland, in addition to the fishings within the lochs and isles: (1) for twenty-eight miles from the coast, which comprised what was called "the land fishing"; (2) within "a land kenning" from the coast, a term which probably meant the same distance, and was the one commonly used among the burgesses; (3) within the seas "foreanent the coasts" of Scotland, and about the isles thereof, "and all that is interjected betwixt thame and that midlyne in the seas whilk is equallie distant and diuiding frome the opposite land,"—these were declared to be the Scottish seas belonging to the Crown of Scotland; (4) the limits defined in the draft treaty of 1604; (5) within fourteen miles seaward of straight lines drawn from promontory to promontory—including the whole of the Moray Firth, the Minch, and the Firth of Clyde—and passing outside the Hebrides. Ultimately the king allowed to be "reserved" exclusively for the natives the waters lying within a line between St Abb's Head and Red Head, in Forfarshire, and within a line between the Mulls of Galloway and Kintyre; the rest of the seas around Scotland were to be open to members of the Fishing Association, comprising Scotchmen as well as Englishmen.

It is obvious from the claims put forward that, while there was doubt as to the proper limit of ex-

clusive fishery pertaining to the Scottish people, it was on all hands agreed to be much greater than three miles. This, indeed, was the opinion of the great majority of writers on international law as to the territorial waters generally. Many treatises were published in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which dealt with the vexed questions of *mare clausum* and *mare liberum*; and the limits laid down by different authorities as being most in conformity with reason and the law of nations varied widely. It was admitted by all that a certain extent of the seas washing the coasts of a country pertained to that country; but jurists differed greatly as to the precise extent thus susceptible of appropriation or exclusive jurisdiction. Some thought that it was a hundred miles from the shore—a distance adopted by Russia in the abortive Ukase of 1821 regarding the Behring Sea; others, that it was sixty miles; still others, that it was bounded by the horizon or the range of vision—the “land kenning” of the Scotch, or even by a two-days’ voyage; and the smallest distance proposed was the present limit of one marine league. Opinions further differed as to whether the zone of territorial waters should be measured from the shore, or from an imaginary line drawn from headland to headland, a proposal urged on behalf of the British Government in regard to the Bay of Fundy within the present generation. The various limits assigned, as will be perceived, were arbitrary, and did not rest on any natural basis, with the partial exception of that relating to the range of vision, which, however, involved obvious imperfections and inconsistencies. Such a

natural basis, as it was believed to be, was discovered by an eminent Dutch lawyer, Bynkershoek, who wrote in the early part of last century and proclaimed the principle, *Terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis*; and applying this to the seas around the coast, it was declared that only such extent as could be commanded by guns from the shore ought to be considered as territorial waters belonging to the State—a distance which, at the time, corresponded approximately to three miles. This idea of Bynkershoek’s had the merit of offering a definite and apparently logical basis for the demarcation of the territorial seas, in place of the arbitrary and fanciful views previously held; it was in consonance with the growing opinion that claims to maritime dominion, to be valid, should be capable of being made effective; and it was subsequently adopted by most writers on international law, and, as we have seen, it has played a most important part in establishing a three-mile limit by international agreement. The essence of the idea was not the distance of three miles, which was an accident of the time, but the exercise of effective control over the adjacent sea by means of artillery on shore; and it is one of the minor ironies of history that the formula of Bynkershoek, who was the great advocate for the application of reason as opposed to simple custom in international law, should be applied in modern times solely on the grounds of custom and precedent. For it is well known that for at least more than a generation the range of guns has been much greater than three miles, and if the principle expressed in the adage, *Terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis*, is to be interpreted with respect to the territorial seas

by the extent to which they can be commanded by guns of position, then it follows that the limits of the territorial waters should be extended to ten or twelve miles, which corresponds with the range of modern artillery. On this ground alone—the extension of the power of cannon—many authorities on international law, as Phillimore, Bluntschli, Calvo, and several others, consider the present limit to be too narrow.

But it is questionable, and has been questioned by competent authorities, whether the principle of delimiting territorial waters according to the range of guns from the shore is the most reasonable, and has the basis of reality which it presupposes. It is, at all events, founded on military ideas, and bears upon the rights and relations of belligerents and neutrals in time of war rather than upon the more general and common international interests in times of peace. One of the most important of these interests is the right of fishing. The subject of fisheries, as we have seen, has been the determining factor in bringing about the international agreements respecting territorial waters in modern times. It also lay at the foundation of the claims to maritime dominion in Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. And indeed, in almost all international treaties in which the question of territorial seas has been involved—from the Treaty of Utrecht to the recent agreement about the Behring Sea—the fisheries have constituted the chief interest and influence in determining their limits. This being the case, does it not appear illogical and unreasonable that the fishery limits should be defined and imposed from a purely military consideration, the range of cannon-fire,

rather than from natural considerations drawn from, and directly affecting, the fisheries themselves? The range of artillery has no relation whatever in nature or in reason to international fishery questions, and above all to the determination of the zone of exclusive fishery. During the last eight or ten years another principle has come into operation, founded upon a knowledge of the habits and natural history of the food-fishes, which form the material basis of the fishing industry, and which will unquestionably in the future have a most important influence in connection with the problems of fishery rights. This principle was for the first time duly recognised in international fishery disputes in the course of the negotiations and arbitration concerning the fur-seal fisheries in the Behring Sea. The British Government and the United States Government appointed Commissioners “to investigate all the facts having relation to seal-life in Behring Sea, and the measures necessary for its proper protection and preservation;” and elaborate reports were submitted concerning the breeding, migrations, food, sexual maturity—in a word, the natural history, of the fur-seal. It was upon these reports that the schemes of regulation, and the award of the arbitrators (except in regard to purely legal points) were based, a zone of sixty miles around the Pribilof Islands closed to pelagic sealing, and a close-time imposed. Still more recently the principle has received recognition at the hands of the Institute of International Law, which is composed of the leading authorities on international law in the various countries of Europe, including all those which were parties to the North

Sea Convention of 1882. At their annual Conference in Paris last year this important body, influenced to a considerable extent by the results of recent scientific investigations conducted by the Scottish Fishery Board, passed a resolution to the effect that "the distance most generally adopted, of three miles from low-water mark, has been found insufficient for the protection of the littoral fisheries," and that the territorial seas should extend for the distance of six miles from the coast.¹

The same tendency to extend the area of territorial waters for fishery purposes is evident from the action which has been taken by several Governments to regulate fishing operations outside the three-mile limit. Instances have been given of such action in connection with the fisheries off the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and Austria; France also, by a decree of 1862, possesses power to prohibit any mode of fishing, especially for migratory fish, in the extra-territorial waters; and a few years ago the Italian Fishery Commission, after an exhaustive inquiry around the coasts of Italy and in regard to the practice in other countries, while agreeing that the

territorial fishing-waters should be three miles, recommended that the district commissions should have power, in conjunction with the Government, to regulate steam trawling "within a distance from the land greater or less than three miles." From the proceedings of the inquiry, which are published in the '*Annali di Agricoltura*' for 1891, it would appear that the Fishery Commission was to a large extent influenced in adhering to the three-mile limit by the various conventions concerning the North Sea; for the opinion expressed by the great majority of the district commissions was that the zone for fishery regulation should be extended to a distance of from four or five to ten or even fifteen miles. Another instance of the recent tendency to extend the territorial limits is afforded by the resolution of a conference of officials held in 1892, representative of Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Peru, Uruguay, Nicaragua, Honduras, Bolivia, Salvador, and St Domingo, recommending that the limits of the territorial seas should be fixed at eleven kilometres. And, finally, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which

¹ The declarations of the Institute on this subject are so important that the principal ones may be given here: "Considérant qu'il n'y a pas de raison pour confondre en une seule la distance nécessaire pour l'exercice de la souveraineté et pour la protection de la pêche littorale et celle qui l'est pour garantir la neutralité de non-belligérants en temps de guerre; Que la distance la plus ordinairement adoptée de trois milles de la laisse de basse marée a été reconnue insuffisante pour la protection de la pêche littorale; Que cette distance ne correspond nullement non plus à la portée réelle des canons placés sur la côte: *Art. 1.* L'Etat a un droit de souveraineté sur une zone de la mer qui baigne la côte, sauf le droit de passage inoffensif réservé à l'art. 5. Cette zone porte le nom de mer territoriale. *Art. 2.* La mer territoriale s'étend à six milles marins (60 au degré de latitude) de la laisse de basse marée sur toute l'étendue des côtes. *Art. 3.* Pour les baies, la mer territoriale suit les sinuosités de la côte, sauf qu'elle est mesurée à partir d'une ligne droite tirée en travers de la baie dans la partie la plus rapprochée de l'ouverture vers la mer, ou l'écart entre les deux côtes de la baie est de douze milles marins de largeur, a moins qu'un usage continu et séculaire n'ait consacré une largeur plus grande."

inquired into the condition of the sea fisheries in 1893, and having before them the scientific evidence relating to the subject, reported as follows :—

“Your Committee are sensible of the difficulties of making international regulations, but are nevertheless of opinion that the best method for effectively governing the operations of the various classes of fishermen, and at the same time for securing, so far as it may be found possible, the proper protection of spawning and immature fish, would be to throw the responsibility of these duties, so far as the waters immediately adjacent to the various countries are concerned, on those various countries ; that, for the effective realisation of this object, the present territorial limit of three miles is insufficient, and that, for fishery purposes alone, this limit should be extended, provided such extension can be effected upon an international basis, and with due regard to the rights and interests of all nations. Your Committee would earnestly recommend that a proposition on these lines should be submitted to an international conference of the Powers who border on the North Sea.”

It is obvious from these examples of recent practice and proceedings that an important change has taken place in the views both of international jurists and of various Governments respecting the boundaries of territorial fisheries ; and the scientific reasons which lie at its foundation are not difficult to understand. It has been already mentioned that one of the most important considerations which led to the Convention with France in 1839 was the protection of the breeding fish and of the spawn and brood in the waters near the shore, and that it was believed that a limit of one marine league would suffice for this purpose. The views then held with regard to the habits and natural history of sea fishes were, however,

to a large extent erroneous. They had their origin in the cursory and random opinions of fishermen and dealers in fish ; and although they were occasionally adopted by theoretical writers, and were in some measure sanctified and embedded in the popular mind by a long course of legislation founded upon them, the scientific investigations of late years have shown that they were for the most part imaginary, and that they have caused incalculable harm to the fishing industry. It was supposed that the food-fishes at the breeding season frequented the bays and shallow waters along the coast, and deposited their spawn on the ground after the manner of the salmon ; that the eggs attached to the bottom or lying on it were injured or removed, and the spawning fish disturbed and captured by the nets or other apparatus of fishing. Hence the numerous Acts and regulations “for the preservation of the spawn and brood of fishes” in bays and shallow waters ; hence also the assumption that a three-mile zone of exclusive fishery, within which such regulations could be enforced, would be sufficient to protect them. Modern research has, however, proved that all the important food-fishes, with the single exception of the herring, have floating eggs ; that they do not spawn to any extent within the territorial waters ; and that the spawning seasons differ very much from what was believed. The labours of several naturalists, especially of Professor McIntosh in Scotland and Professor Sars in Norway, have thrown a flood of light upon the nature of fish-spawn. The eggs of all ordinary food-fishes, such as the cod, haddock, whiting, plaice, turbot, brill, sole, &c., consist of minute transparent spheres, about the size of a

pin's head, which float, isolated, in the waters of the sea, and are transported in various directions by the currents. The scientific investigations of the Scottish Fishery Board have also, for the first time, demonstrated that the important comestible species shed their eggs, not in the bays and shallow waters, as was supposed, but in the waters outside the three-mile limit, where they congregate at the spawning season in immense shoals in what has been termed the extra-territorial spawning zone. The eggs which are there cast forth in myriads are gradually floated, during their development, in various directions, and in large numbers to the inshore grounds. It may be said that almost every cod, haddock, plaice, lemon sole, turbot, &c., found within the territorial waters has been derived from the outer seas, and that, instead of the inshore grounds forming a source of supply to the adjacent region, the opposite is the case. Hence it follows that the assumption of the Parliamentary Committee of 1833, that a zone of one marine league from the shore would suffice for the protection of the breeding fish, was erroneous; and that all regulations for this purpose within this area have completely missed their mark. Nor does the present limit afford the measure of protection for the brood or young fish that was originally imagined. The immature forms of many species are undoubtedly abundant in the bays and inshore waters—in the case of the plaice they are practically confined to such localities—but it has been shown, by the researches of the Fishery Board, that the "nurseries" of the food-fishes, as they have been termed, are more numerous just beyond the three-mile boundary than within it. Young

flat fishes and round fishes exist in greatest numbers between four or five and twelve miles from the shore; and therefore the zone of one marine league does not suffice for their protection. With reference especially to the distribution of young fish, but also to the position of spawning-places, mere distance from the shore is not the only factor which determines their existence or abundance. Depth of water has an important influence. On shelving shallow shores both nurseries and spawning-places extend farther out than where the water is deep near the coast; and from this circumstance it has been sometimes proposed that the boundaries of the exclusive fishery zone should be regulated by the depth of the water rather than by the distance from the shores; but for many reasons this would be impracticable.

The inadequacy of the present territorial belt for the proper preservation and conservation of the fisheries has also been shown directly by the investigations made by the Fishery Board into the results of the prohibition of beam-trawling in inshore waters. It is stated in various recent official reports that the closure of the territorial seas to this mode of fishing has not been followed by an increase in the abundance of the food-fishes within the protected areas, the reasons assigned being those given above, and the prevalence of over-fishing at the breeding-places, whereby the normal supplies of floating eggs and young fishes to the inshore grounds have been diminished. It is no doubt for the same reasons that several foreign Powers are displaying a tendency to overstep the three-mile limit, and to regulate fishing operations in extra-territorial waters. And the motives

for desiring extended powers for the regulation of sea-fisheries are much more apparent now than they were eight or ten years ago. The statistical and scientific inquiries which have been conducted in several countries during the period named have made it clear that over-fishing has occurred with respect to certain valuable forms—such as turbot, soles, lemon soles, and plaice—on our coasts, and in the North Sea generally; and that their numbers are diminishing, although the apparatus employed in capturing them has been greatly increased in extent and efficiency. It is the same with many other fisheries on foreign coasts; and the doctrine of the inexhaustibility of the natural food-resources of the sea, so popular a decade ago, has been abandoned by nearly all responsible authorities. Hence the return to restrictive regulations both in this country and on the Continent; and hence the application of pisciculture to marine fisheries in the United States, Norway, Canada, Newfoundland, France, and Scotland.

The need for the extension of the area within which regulation may be applied is, as we have seen, becoming generally recognised, and although the preponderance of opinion points to the expansion of the territorial zone as the best mode in which this may be accomplished, still the view has been expressed by competent authorities that it may be done by dealing with portions of the sea at a distance from the coasts, as, for example, the great fishing-banks in the North Sea. It has been proposed that large areas might be delimited in which fishing operations could be either completely or partially suspended for a term of years, with the object of preserving them as “feeders” for the sur-

rounding waters. Apart from many other considerations, such measures would be objectionable, as involving joint international control for the enforcement of regulations, and they would also of course necessitate preliminary international agreement, both as to the selection of the areas and the nature of the regulations to be enforced. Difficulties of this kind would not arise from a simple extension of the territorial zone around the coasts for fishery purposes. Each State would retain power to deal with its fisheries within the wider zone as it thought best; the only difference would be that the area brought under its control would be more effective for the purpose.

The international extension of the area of fishery jurisdiction around the coasts might take place in one of three ways: (1) by extending the territorial waters for all purposes, including, therefore, the rights of fishing; (2) while retaining the present boundaries for all other purposes, by forming a second boundary within which the neighbouring State would possess the exclusive right of fishing—a zone of exclusive fishery; or (3) by defining a zone similar to the last, but in which foreigners would also be allowed to fish, on condition that they conformed to the fishery regulations made by the neighbouring State, so far as they applied to its own subjects. The extension of the territorial waters for all purposes is declared to be desirable by the Institute of International Law; but having regard to the many and complex functions which this would disturb, and the slow process of international re-arrangement, it is not probable that this method will bring rapid relief to the fisheries. The second mode, the formation of a zone of exclusive fishery outside the present

three-mile limit, appears to be the most satisfactory: it would effect the object in view, and it would not disturb other existing rights. It would also exclude all possibility of disputes with foreign fishermen, except such as now exists,—infringement of the boundary. Such differentiation of the rights of a State in the neighbouring seas is not novel either in practice or principle. By statutory authority, to which foreigners as well as subjects are subordinated, vessels may be boarded for revenue purposes, and the production of the manifest demanded, under a penalty of £100, within twelve miles of the British coasts; and within the same distance "foreign vessels not being square rigged, on board of which there are subjects of the Queen, may be forfeited if found with spirits on board."¹ Further, the Institute of International Law recommends that certain other rights should be in certain cases exercised up to the distance of twelve miles from shore. But in arriving at an international understanding in regard to the extension of the fishery limit, an important practical consideration will be how it may affect the interests of other nations, and the interests of our own fishermen on foreign coasts. Concerning the latter point little need be said. The most important fishing that they carry on within twelve miles of Continental coasts is beam-trawling; and the trawlers themselves, at a conference at Hull in 1890, agreed to abstain from fishing within an area lying off the German and Danish coasts, 130 miles in length, from 20 to 35 miles broad, and comprising over 5000 square miles. Later in the same year another conference held in London,

and representing the sea-fishing industry of the United Kingdom, resolved "that, as the importance of restrictions being imposed against fishing on nurseries and breeding-grounds, as defined at the conference held at Hull, is so vast, this meeting instructs its representatives to make it a pressing matter at the International Conference." The important fishery carried on by foreigners along our East Coast is that for herrings by the Dutch and French; but they now fish at considerable distances off—usually from twenty to forty miles—very rarely, at all events on the coast of Scotland, approaching within twelve or fifteen miles of the shore. Should difficulties on this score arise, the adoption of the third scheme would avoid them, because extra-territorial regulations affecting the herring fishing on the east coast are improbable.

It has further to be borne in mind that an international re-arrangement would affect almost exclusively the North Sea; and that similar scientific investigations have been carried on in Continental countries, so that the minds not only of fishery experts, but of the public interested, are prepared for reform. These countries look to Great Britain for the lead and guidance in all matters concerning the North Sea Fisheries, in which she has the preponderating interest; and when the time comes for defining the fishery zone, it is to be hoped that antiquated, arbitrary, and illogical considerations respecting the range of guns will be discarded, and that the question will be settled solely in the light of the knowledge acquired concerning the fisheries, and for their interest alone.

¹ Hall, *Foreign Jurisdiction of the British Crown*, p. 244 (1894).

MR WILLIAM WATSON'S SERIOUS VERSE.¹

WHATEVER the arguments—and they are many—against an English Academy of Letters, the poetical criticism of to-day misses, and shows that it misses, the standardising force which such an institution might give. We read again and again of the birth of another laureate, whose fame after all is nothing but the fashion of his admirers. Wordsworth's tardy recognition is amply avenged by the moral terror of his example. But critics notwithstanding, popular appreciation waits slowly upon poetry. We have long lost our distrust of science, and accord a ready welcome to practical inventions; but in our poetry we are still conservative. Yet a time comes at last when the justice and the wisdom of this exclusiveness cannot but be reconsidered—its justice towards the claimants, its wisdom for ourselves. In the case of one of these new poets, that time would seem to be at hand. For while the critics are crowning him and the editors besiege his throne, to the majority of English readers Mr William Watson is still unknown. Remembering how rare such unanimity is, and how contrary the common fortune of the siege, we shall do well to examine his pretensions: if they are sound, to put off our jealousy, and reverence the new voice beside the old; if they are vicious, to leave to time, who can afford to wait, the final arrangement of the groups upon Parnassus, when the hands of the critics are dust.

We start with a twofold prepos-

session in Mr Watson's favour; but because it takes hold of us only in the ante-chamber of poetry, and does not fill us with his presence, nor carry us outside ourselves, it fails to establish the claims which have been made for him. The first point is—for it would be ungracious to thank him for the slight bulk of his work—that Mr Watson takes himself quite seriously. Poetry, as he conceives it, is not alone the ornament or the recreation of life, but its interpretation, life itself. It is a grave matter, this mandate to sing, and cannot be discharged by peculiar attention to type, paper, and margin. In the bewildering chorus of irresponsible poetasters, it is refreshing to meet one man on whom the authority as of a prophet has fallen, who fearlessly asserts the paramount dignity of his mission. Mr Watson's conviction of the message of poetry is at least an earnest that he will not be content with mere prettiness on the one hand, or with false emotion on the other. It is the more to be regretted that to him, as to so many others, it is easier to demand than to supply. In the verses addressed to "England, my Mother," he writes—

"Deemest thou, labour
Only is earnest?
Grave is all beauty,
Solemn is joy.

Song is no bauble,—
Slight not the songsmith,
England, my mother,
Maker of men."²

¹ *Lachrymæ Musarum*. Macmillan & Co., 1892.—*Poems*. Macmillan & Co., 1893.—*Odes and other Poems*. John Lane, 1894.

² *Lachrymæ Musarum*, p. 69.

Nor does he fail to rebuke those for whose indifference or lack-lustre the muse has been suffered to fall into contempt:—

“And idly tuneful, the loquacious
throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of
rhyme.”¹

The reminder is as timely as it is dignified; for the cowardice of our poets and the conceit of their readers have too long indulged our lazy oblivion of “the divine mystery,” as Carlyle called it, which all may see but few may read. Poetry has been complacent too long—so long that her votaries had almost fallen into our own easy forgetfulness of the burden and the yoke which its practice entails. The metrical annalist of very early Rome has told us, humorously enough, that he could never compose unless inflamed by gout or wine, so true it is that poetry is no elegant appurtenance of leisure or wealth, but the outcome of the stress of life. Mr Watson recalls us to the ancient synonymity of prophet and poet so modestly, but so surely withal, that we are a trifle ashamed of our temporary lapse. Nor does he forget, while insisting on the authority of the poet, that his work must be tuneful as well as true, enlightening as well as wise:—

“Forget not, brother singer! that
though Prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but
the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wis-
dom's eyes.”²

On the beauty of this expression

it is not relevant to dwell. It is quoted to complete the consideration of Mr Watson's attitude towards his craft; for this at least is certain, in the confusion of politics and economies, that the labourer who despises his work is undeserving of his wage. Mr Watson recognises to the full the solemn priesthood of poesy. It may be that his powers are limited—

“Not mine the rich and showering
hand, that strews
The facile largeness of a stintless
Muse;
A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to
song.”³—

or it may be that his range is narrow, but at least he aims at the highest and the best. And he aims at them through the highest and the best; for the second point at which Mr Watson attracts us, and almost proves himself a poet, at least in the sense of Carlyle's dictum, “We are all poets when we *read* a poem well,” is in the account which he gives of his poetic discipline. This is told most fully in a poem addressed “To Edward Dowden, on receiving from him a copy of ‘The Life of Shelley.’” Since Mr Watson touches his high-water mark in these lines, a longer quotation may perhaps be permitted. After a brief but graceful acknowledgment of the gift, Mr Watson passes by a natural transition to consider the subject of the biography:—

“In my young days of fervid poesy
He drew me to him with his strange
far light,—
He held me in a world all clouds and
gleams,

¹ Poems, p. 143.

² Odes and other Poems, p. 71.

³ Poems, Prelude.

And vasty phantoms, where ev'n Man
himself

Moved like a phantom 'mid the clouds
and gleams.

Anon the Earth recalled me, and a
voice

Murmuring of dethroned divinities

And dead times deathless upon sculp-
tured urn—

And Philomela's long-descended pain
Flooding the night—and maidens of
romance

To whom asleep St Agnes' love-dreams
come—

Awhile constrained me to a sweet
duresse

And thralldom, lapping me in high con-
tent,

Soft as the bondage of white amorous
arms.

And then a third voice, long unheeded
—held

Claustral and cold, and dissonant and
tame—

Found me at last with ears to hear.
It sang

Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,

Of simple manhood, artless woman-
hood,

And childhood fragrant as the limpid
morn;

And from the homely matter nigh at
hand

Ascending and dilating, it disclosed

Spaces and avenues, calm heights and
breadths

Of vision, whence I saw each blade of
grass

With roots that groped about eternity,
And in each drop of dew upon each
blade

The mirror of the inseparable All.

The first voice, then the second, in
their turns

Had sung me captive. This voice sang
me free."¹

Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth,—per-
haps not an uncommon experience;
but the lines which summarise
their respective merits and influ-
ence, it must be admitted, are very
fine, and the criticism which fol-
lows of Keats—

"a lucid presence, great
With somewhat of a glorious soulless-
ness;"

and of Shelley—

"great with an excess of soul,
Shelley, the hectic flame-like rose of
verse,

All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noon-light, glutted in the
sun,"

leading to the generous and heart-
felt pean of Wordsworth's praise,
although, perhaps, a little less than
justice is done to the Keats of the
nightingale ode, yet cannot be read
by any one at all familiar with
these poets without admiration,
gratitude, and delight. As literary
criticism it is unsurpassed, as
literature it is unsurpassable.
There is indeed a very consider-
able amount not of criticism so
much as of appreciation in Mr
Watson's works. We know all
his sympathies and dislikes, and
they are all orthodox, not to say
conventional. We gain from him
a welcome reassurance that the
great names which in the growing
bulk of minor literature have be-
gun to exist for us as names alone,
are really the best, really the near-
est, really the most abiding. He
has scant courtesy for the fads and
fashions of a shifty generation.
Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth,
our fathers' gods shall be our gods
in the tranquil ingathering of the
fruit. He is not to be led away
by any affectation of foreign cul-
ture—

"More than the froth and flotsam of
the Seine,

More than your Hugo-flare against the
night,

And more than Weimar's proud elab-
orate calm,

One flash of Byron's lightning, Words-
worth's light."²

¹ Poems, pp. 85, 86.

² *Ib.*, p. 33.

He is not to be beguiled by daintiness, or charmed by melody, or reasoned by learning into a paltry acquiescence in noisy exaggeration and convenient make-shifts—

"I hear it vouched the Muse is with
us still ;

If less divinely phrenzied than of
yore,

In lieu of feelings she has wondrous skill
To simulate emotion felt no more.

Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tires
the brain."¹

He has a sturdy loyalty for the old masters of song, founded, it is everywhere obvious, not on a mere acceptance of their merits, but on the trial and proof of their deserts, on a genuine and a personal love. His stubbornness is of the most invincible sort, the obstinacy of contentment.

It may seem that there is a certain monotony in all this: Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, are household words whom it is superfluous, if not presumptuous, to recommend. This "Wordsworth's Grave," these tears for Tennyson, this "Shelley's Centenary,"—why should he advertise his respectable preferences and quite commonplace tastes? Are there not popular editions of these poets which he who runs may read, without pausing to pant out an elegy or eulogy on the way? The apology, should this protest be seriously made, is not far to seek. To plead in melodious numbers for the true realisation of our inalienable heritage of song, with all its blessings and responsibilities, its realisation in national conduct and in individual character, in the beauty of our homes and the purity of our streets, in honesty to ourselves

and charity to our kind, is by no means a work of supererogation in these latter days. We repeat again and again, and it is well that this should be so, that England is the mistress of poetry, the laureate among nations; but to most of us this brings but a transitory thrill, or perhaps only confirms us in our insularity. Yet if a poet is anything more than "the idle singer of an empty day," if in Carlyle's language again, "the Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature," then surely the most ordinary mortal in his moments of reflection cannot but admit that there is something amiss with his world which Mr Watson is trying to set straight. It is not that poetry, used aright, should issue in noisy deeds which go to the making of history: "Let us honour the great empire of Silence once more! the boundless treasury which we do *not* jingle in our pockets, or count up and present before men!" But let us at least make sure that the silence is golden, not a leaden lethargy, or a make-shift with a baser metal. It is against the indifference to poetry and the circulation of an inferior currency that Mr Watson has here lifted up his voice, unashamed to worship with the multitude, but with this saving difference, that he has felt the Hallelujahs which they are but conventionally repeating. "This voice sang me free," and it is to the freedom which Wordsworth can bring, to the

"Rest! 'twas the gift he gave; and
peace! the shade

He spread, for spirits fevered with
the sun,"²

that Mr Watson would recall us

¹ Poems, pp. 137, 143.

² *Ib.*, p. 148.

now, to the peace and freedom which are so alien to the hurry and the bustle, the growing laxity and irresponsibility of modern life, to the peace which is joy and the freedom which is order,

"Nor peace that grows by Lethe,
scentless flower,

There in white languors to decline
and cease;

But peace whose names are also rap-
ture, power,

Clear sight, and love; for these are
parts of peace."¹

Unfortunately, this is the whole of Mr Watson's message; and salutary and tuneful though it be, it by no means justifies the extravagance of his critics, who have discovered in him a new "major poet," akin to the mighty dead. The spirit which breathes in these memorial verses is rather of the satirist than the poet, of one who sees in what universal honour his text is held—

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor."

This sad conviction is eloquent in Mr Watson, but of all the guesses that have been made at the definition of poetry, none perhaps is more suggestive than the dictum of Mill, that "Eloquence is heard, poetry is *overheard*." The preacher, the orator, and the satirist—and Mr Watson is something of all three—are thus differentiated from the poet. The pity is that the critics have placed him in the wrong category.

We have dwelt at this length in the porches of Mr Watson's work, partly for the pleasure of listening to his appeal, partly for shrinking from the examination of his poetry. For while we yield to none in admiration of the fervour

and the delicacy of his literary criticism, with the subdued sense of its inefficacy which he subtly conveys, we are surprised at the indiscriminating temerity of those who have either confounded the appreciation of poetry with its creation, or have read the achievement of the critic into the endeavour of the poet. And in rejecting Mr Watson from the inner circle of our true poets, we would be as brief as possible, both for distaste of the task and for the delight which his high gifts have otherwise afforded us.

Almost the first question which we ask of a new poet is, What is his attitude towards Nature? Here may be mentioned, by way of parenthesis, an opinion which has compared Mr Watson's poetry with Wordsworth's, for underlying the comparison is a confusion of considerable importance. Mr Watson's study of the elder poet has been searching enough to satisfy the most exacting Wordsworthian, and in certain external characteristics there is therefore an illusory likeness. "*Ver Tenebrosum*, the Sonnets of March and April, 1885," bear a formal resemblance to Wordsworth's collection of "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty." "The Ideal Popular Leader" suggests perhaps by its name "The Happy Warrior," and in some rather lumbering and awkward titles Mr Watson reminds us of Wordsworth's equally infelicitous choice. But here, excepting only their common patriotism and the accident that the elder poet is often the younger writer's subject, all likeness ceases. Wordsworth's Muse is as rustic and spontaneous as Mr Watson's is urban and academic. He never goes direct to Nature, to daisied meadows

¹ Poems, p. 137.

and thickly-planted woods, lakes radiant with sunset, and banks where the primrose grows, reading straight from what lies before him lessons of faith and messages of joy. He takes us rather to interpreted Nature, to the Nature of literary convention. Let us consider in this aspect his ode to "The First Skylark of Spring,"¹ a subject which is peculiarly helpful, as it has been treated already by Shelley and Wordsworth. Mr Watson differs characteristically from both, and neither in inspiration nor in contagion can he bear comparison with either. While Shelley has caught the skylark's own throb of joy in the flood of verse which he pours forth, so that the poem itself is a very skylark's song, panting and ascending; while Wordsworth draws from our pleasure in the song an assurance of something common to the skylark and to us, the *anima mundi* which was his constant care, and sees that order in its freedom which he desiderated for men; Mr Watson only contrasts the skylark's lot with our own, neither abandoning himself, like Shelley, to the intoxication of its joy, nor claiming our share in it, like Wordsworth.

"We sing of Life, with stormy breath
That shakes the lute's distempered
string :

We sing of Love, and loveless Death
Takes up the song we sing.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my
soul,

And fretful ignorance irks it more.

Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the
whole,

And lightly held'st thy lore."

This is neither abandonment nor
consolation, but it answers, never-

theless, to a note within us; not, indeed, to the first note which is struck when we listen to the lark, for that is of the pure joy which Shelley has rendered; nor to the secondary note which comes with reflection, when we pass from considering the lark, how it sings, to considering its relation to ourselves, for that is of the transcendental joy which Wordsworth has attained; but to a note of discontented humanity, too feeble for self-respect.

"Somewhat as thou, Man once could
sing,

In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,

Or cursed his iron bourn.

The spring-tide bubbled in his heart,

The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the
note ;—

Ah, thine is Youth and Love !"

It is, in a sense, if we may further press the point, a note of the later nineteenth century, when we have drifted far from the intimate sympathy with Nature which characterised its opening years, yet find in the very contrast which we evoke that pity of self, which too, in its way, refreshes and soothes, even if it cannot heal. Shelley's verses fuse our clinging clay with the liquid gladness of the song. Our identity is lost, space and time are forgotten in a delicious sense of flight and flood; we are like children living in fairy-land, too soon, alas! bodied and solidified again. The audacity of anarchism and atheism riots through his lines. On Wordsworth lies the burden and the blessing of the world, the eternal paradox of voluntary knowledge. If we miss in him the *fusion d'âme* of joy which Shelley gives us, we gain that

¹ Odes and other Poems, pp. 21-25.

higher joy of order, that loftier freedom of responsibility, in which the song is made articulate with design, and man becomes spiritual in execution. Mr Watson, as we have seen, is a spectator rather than an interpreter. He neither draws man outside cosmos, like Shelley, nor raises both man and bird to cosmic terms, like Wordsworth—

“True to the kindred points of Heav’n
and home.”

It is not unfair to make this a crucial instance, for the contrast is so very striking. For all his admiration of Wordsworth, Mr Watson, as a creator, never comes near the master’s height of vision. For all his sense of the dignity of poetry, he is yet a “minor poet,” who only expresses more eloquently than the rest the feelings that are common to us all. Listen closely as we may, we never “overhear” Mr Watson’s finer interpretation of those feelings. He has no salve to offer to us, no secret to share with us. He never wins for himself from nature

“That blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. . . .
While with an eye made quiet by the
power
Of harmony, and the deep power of
joy,
We see into the life of things,”

although in two poems at least, “*Vita Nuova*” and “*The Things that are More Excellent*,” he has succeeded in conveying the reflection of that ready-made mood. He is a fine critic, a master of form and metre, but no poet, as

those to whom he has been so lightly likened have taught us to count poets. We are grateful for his earnest satire on our national indifference, for his eloquent recall to our national treasures; but when his friends go further, and claim for him, too, room among those treasures, we listen in vain to his wandering and plaintive voice for the sound to turn that key which is in the keeping of the people’s heart. Had this position never been challenged, it would be unnecessary, as it is ungracious, to defend it; but Mr Watson does so little to relieve, except by its expression, the despair and the weariness of life, pipes so persistently in a minor key, that, really beautiful as many of his verses are, we are more concerned with the help which we miss than with the sympathy which we find. We are all commonplace; he sets our platitudes to music. With the two exceptions just now mentioned by name, Mr Watson fails on the side of joy. He draws from Nature just what he brings to it, not hope nor comfort, but a vision of alien beauty, a confirmation of his own despair. Even those two poems, lofty in sentiment as they are, cannot be regarded as true poetry. “*The Things that are More Excellent*”¹ is an eloquent satire or sermon in verse, illustrated by natural objects; while “*Vita Nuova*”² is a fragment of autobiography so unique in inspiration as to be rather morbidly personal than poetically universal.

We might, indeed, without offending the blind side of opinion, venture further than this. The function of the critic is synthetic

¹ *Lachrymæ Musarum*, p. 54 and foll.

² *Odes and other Poems*, p. 45, 46.

no less than analytical, and his work is but half done, and therefore badly done, if he stops short at the form while neglecting the matter. For the poetry of an age, more discreetly considered, is but the expression of the mass, the moulding out of the raw bulk of civilisation the type and character which are its content, and it is in this sense that a poet is said to be the mirror of his age. The difference is, that the mirror is magical, shaping while it reflects. It can hardly be seriously maintained that Mr Watson satisfies this condition. There is a phrase, depreciated of late by the free-trade of the press, to which sociologists might extend a partial protection, for *fin de siècle* is not equivalent to the end of a century but to the close of an age. A superstitious reverence for an arbitrary division of time has cheapened the word and confused the thought; but there is, nevertheless, a certain significance to be recovered. We are living in a *fin de siècle* which has nothing to do with the hundreds column of our calendar. Historians, in the fulness of time, will see enacted in our midst a revolution no less sure for being silent. Feudalism is surrendering its last stronghold before the incoming wave of democracy, and the long war between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," where the latter have been victorious at every point, is resolving itself into a last duel between Capital and Labour, a duel of which the issue is foregone. The political parties of the future will move on a place, like the guests at the Mad Tea-Party. The Conservatives will succeed to the Individualistic policy which the van of the Liberals is deserting, and in this faith will correct and temper the Socialism with

which their opponents tend more and more to become identified. Under these banners the final conflict will be fought, and the new age inaugurated. In all this there is no room for Mr Watson. Transition can neither be crystallised nor made artistic; "Virgil's Laokoon was obliged to shriek," but Lessing is shocked none the less. There is nothing solid beneath our feet, and form cannot be imposed upon shifting matter. The very fact that Mr Watson is mainly occupied as a eulogist and an advocate becomes in this light not an isolated statement, but a reasonable judgment from the foregoing generalisations. Seen aright, there would be cause for surprise if a "major poet" had arisen in times when there is no stability and no clearness of vision, when the last stage of an antiquated order is dragging itself slowly to the new, to the consummation of that silent revolution which has been working out of sight. Seen aright, criticism would be stultified if it recognised in the wail of the reactionary or the war-cry of the reformer, in the *laudator temporis acti* or the dreamer of things to be, an abiding and uplifting voice, more than the consolation of the moment, the murmur of the passing hour. Youth only is eternal, and eternally the same, and with every cycle of the world's renewal the new-old songs are sung; every morning the lark goes up, and there is "a clear shining after rain," but in age and darkness poetry is not made.

There is much to admire in Mr Watson, and it is pleasant to return to this. He has a painter's eye for the various attitudes of the sea, though here, too, we look in vain for "the light that never was, . . . the poet's dream,"

and somewhat akin to his love for the sea is his love for the great ocean of London. Certain moods of both these subjects he renders with attractive fidelity, and the best of both is perhaps combined in the following lines from a Dedication "To London, my Hostess":—

"Yes, alien in thy midst am I,
Not of thy brood;
The nursling of a norland sky
Of rougher mood:
To me, thy tarrying guest, to me,
'Mid thy loud hum,
Strayed visions of the moor or sea
Tormenting come.
Above the thunder of the wheels
That hurry by,
From lapping of lone waves there steals
A far-sent sigh;
And many a dream-reared mountain-
crest
My feet have trod
There where thy Minster in the West
Gropes towards God.
Yet from thy presence if I go,
By woodlands deep
Or ocean-fringes, thou, I know,
Wilt haunt my sleep;
Thy restless tides of life will foam,
Still, in my sight;
Thy imperturbable dark dome
Will crown my night.

O living forest, living sea,
Take thou my song."¹

He gives us very few flowers, but occasionally he catches their charm in a happy phrase. This is oftenest the case with the rose, but we may also select the passage—

"Where gentian flowers
Make mimic sky in mountain bowers,"²

though here, as elsewhere, be it observed that he stands outside of his picture, and is "heard," not "overheard." But perhaps enough has been said and quoted to learn what to look for without disappointment in Mr Watson's slender volumes. He is not, nor has he ever claimed to be, a poet of the higher rank, and those who have made this claim on his behalf may live to see it reversed by the verdict of time. On the other hand, he is a graceful critic, a kindly satirist, and a cultured observer; a man withal of deep personal emotion matched by a stateliness of expression. There is ample room for his like in the land, but in the valley, not on the heights of Parnassus.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

¹ *Lachrymæ Musarum*, pp. 12, 13, 15.

² *Poems*, p. 21.

A BOER PASTORAL.

It is dim early morning, and upon the vast plains of Great Bushmanland, in the far north-west of Cape Colony, the air blows fresh and chill, though the land is Africa and the time summer. At 4.15 precisely, the bright morning star shoots above the horizon, and rises steadily upward in a straight, rocket-like ascent.

Now a ruddy colouring tinges the pale grey of the eastern sky, to be followed by broad rays in delicate blues and greens that strike boldly for the zenith. The changes of dawn in Africa are swift and very subtle. Presently these colours fade, and a pale subdued light rests upon the earth; the air is full of a clear but cold brightness. Soon follows the full red-orange that so gorgeously paints the eastern horizon and closely foreruns the sun, and then suddenly the huge burning disc itself is thrust upon the sky-line, and it is in South African parlance "sun-up."

The plains here stretch in illimitable expanse to the horizon. Far to the west is a range of mountain forty good miles away, which in the clear morning air stands out as sharply as if but a dozen miles distant. You may see the dark lines and patches of the time-worn seams and krantzies that scar its sides. This translucency of atmosphere is very common in Southern Africa.

The rains have lately fallen, and everywhere around the dry plains have started at the breath of moisture into a splendid if short-lived beauty. Miles upon miles of flats, all glowing and ablaze with purple and a rich flame-like red, are spread around. The won-

derful Compositæ are in flower, and the barren desert-like flats are for a few brief weeks transformed into a carpet of the noblest colouring and pattern. Look closely and you may see the bleached and blackened limbs of former growths of low shrub which stand amid the gallant blaze, gaunt reminders of the transitory existence of African flower life.

Near at hand lies a *vlei*, a shallow temporary lake recruited by the recent rains. At the end of this *vlei*, farthest removed from the group of waggons outspanned there, is gathered at this early hour a notable display of bird life. Duck, geese, widgeon, and teal are there cackling and crying in a joyous plenty. Stints and sandpipers whirl hither and thither, and graceful black-and-white avocets, with their singular upturned slender bills, and long red-legged stilt-plovers, haunt the shallows. Upon the plain some small birds have been afoot some time. You may see and hear the lively inquisitive Jan Fredric thrush, with his pleasing song and his curious note, "Jan-fredric-dric-dric-fredric." He is racing swiftly hither and thither through the shrub and flowers, bustling for his food-supply. There, too, are the thick-billed lark, the Sabota lark, with its clear, ringing call, and a few other—but not many—small birds. Aloft an eagle is already on the move, and a hawk or two, no doubt meditating descent upon some of the wild-fowl on the *vlei*. Out upon the plains, half a mile distant from the waggons, are to be seen a knot or two of graceful springbok busily feeding in the choice herbage.

But now there is a stir at the waggon yonder. For half an hour past "Cobus," a little wizened Hottentot, has been busy blowing up the embers of the half-dead fire and making coffee for the *baas* and *meisje*.

From the biggest of the waggon descends a vast, uncouth figure, that of Klaas Stuurmann, the Trek-Boer. Almost at the same moment the *achter - klap* (flap) at the hinder part of the waggon is thrown back, and the figure of a young woman, rather dishevelled—for, like her father, she has been manifestly sleeping in her day-clothes (night-clothes they have none)—descends. The two approach the fire, greet one another in stolid, almost mute fashion—the father kissing impassively the girl's proffered cheek—and then, standing, they drink the coffee handed to them by the little Hottentot man, and eat a few mouthfuls of bread. Watch them well, these two figures; they are the representatives of a type slowly disappearing from the Cape Colony—the race of Trek-Boers, nomads, who for generations have had no home but their waggon, and who live (more often than not from absolute choice) the free vagrant life of the *veldt*, with their flocks and herds around them.

The man, Klaas Stuurmann, is a Boer of loose ungainly frame. He stands six feet one, is about fifty-two years of age, has a broad, deeply tanned face, in which are planted two watery-blue eyes, a shock of hay-coloured hair, and a long beard of the same uninteresting hue. He wears *veldt-broeks* (field-trousers) of soft home-tanned skin: he is about the last Dutchman in Cape Colony to use these old-world garments; but his father and grandfather wore such clothes, and they are good enough for him.

He has no socks or stockings, and a pair of rude, home-made hide *velschoens* cover his feet. He has a flannel shirt to his back, and over that a short jacket of much worn corduroy. Upon his head is the usual tall-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat, which carries a hideous band of broad rusty crape in memory of his deceased wife. The man's face is dirty, to be sure, but besides the dirt there is a dull, vacant, unthinking look rather painful to see: it is the look of one bred through dull listless generations of men, self-banished from their own kind, whose only interests have been in sheep and goats and trek oxen, their only excitement an occasional hunt, or a scrimmage with Bushmen in time gone by. Such a listless and a vacant look you may see even now in some of the more remote *dals* of Norway, among the poorer of the peasant-farmer folk. It is the look of men who gaze always without a spark of interest upon the silent face of nature around them, and who for generations have seldom exchanged an idea with their fellows.

For 150 years Klaas Stuurmann and his ancestors have led the wandering life of the Trek-Boer, knowing no hearth but the pleasant camp-fire, no roof but the glaring blue of the unchanging African sky and the tent of their waggon, no floor but the wild *veldt*. Many among the more settled Dutch farmers wonder how these uneasy nomads, with their shiftless ways and habits of unrest, first came to pursue such an existence. In the present instance it happened much in this wise. Klaas Stuurmann's great-grandfather, a restless spirit farming near the old settlement at Cape Town, became, like many others, tired of the petty and ex-

asperating restrictions of the then Batavian governor. And so he trekked in search of fresh pastures, beyond the reach of taxes and monopolies. He was a sportsman, and the land opening before him disclosed the most wonderful and redundant fauna the world has ever seen. Still carrying his flocks and family with him, the Boer wandered from *veldt* to *veldt*, always in a country virgin to the hunter, and teeming with the noblest game.

Year after year went by, his family grew up around him—how, he himself would have been puzzled to explain—and still the open-air, hand-to-mouth existence pleased him, the splendid liberty and the free unfettered chase in that vast crowded game-preserve. At the beginning he sometimes cast his eye here and there in search of a farm, but somehow no *plaats* suited him. He wandered ever farther in search of his ideal, and finally the *veldt* life had so bitten into him that he preferred to live and die in it. If he wanted powder and lead, some coffee and sugar, or a piece of stuff for his wife's and daughters' gowns, or a new *roer* (gun) for his growing lads, he had but to trek with a load of ivory and feathers to "Kaapstad" (Cape Town), and get what he desired. For the rest the earth and her plenty sufficed to him. And so the years rolled on. The old Karel Stuurmann died, and was buried near a fountain on the wild Karroo, and his sons and daughters became Trek-Boers, or the wives of Trek-Boers, after him. For many a year all went well: the game was still there to pursue; the land was lonely, yet pleasant; and the *verdoemed uitlander*¹ was as yet unknown. But presently came the

British, and after them percussion-guns, and later the deadly breech-loader. The game began to vanish, the country became more settled, and, except for the remote wildernesses of the north-west, the Cape Colony was no longer the Trek-Boers' paradise. Slavery was abolished, and even the native servants, the Hottentots and Kafirs—nay, even the captive Bush-boys, mere baboons the Boers called them, torn young from their slaughtered parents—could no longer be treated quite as of yore. Many of these Trek-Boers joined the emigrant farmers, and passed beyond the Orange and the Vaal rivers. Some of them helped to found the Orange Free State and Transvaal Republics; some of them still pursued the old wandering life, and as elephant-hunters dared the unknown wilds and the dangers of the remote regions towards the Zambesi. But still a leaven of them clung to the old Cape Colony. The life became ever more sombre and less alluring. The great game had gone; only the spring-bucks and smaller antelopes remained to remind them of the teeming plenty of the brave days of smooth-bores and flintlocks. These Trek-Boers of the colony sank lower in the social scale; they had to depend only on their scant flocks and herds; their more settled and richer neighbours learned to look upon them with dislike and even hate, for the reason that they often, by means of their flocks and herds, carried disease—scab and lung-sickness and red-water—from one farm to another. And so in these latter days the Trek-Boer of the Cape Colony is looked upon as little better than the gipsy of Europe. Many of them are miserably poor;

¹ Accursed foreigner.

their flocks are reduced and deteriorated from disease and in-and-in breeding; their waggons are battered and dilapidated; they themselves look degraded and sunken and miserable. Some of them burn ashes from certain of the karroo bushes, and sell them to the settled farmers to make soap with. Some collect salt from the pans, and with a few springbok skins earn a trifle to eke out their wretchedness. Some few, like the Stuurmanns, still have decent waggons and fair flocks. But in the Cape Colony they are a declining race, and twenty or thirty years more will see the last of them. Yet even the poorest of them still retain their pure European blood, still lord it over their miserable native servants, and at times—perhaps thrice in the year—still trek to the nearest village for *Nachtmaal* (communion). And still the great Bible, more often than not two hundred years old, is carried in the waggon-chest and cherished. For these Trek-Boers of Cape Colony, the unpeopled solitudes of Bushmanland—that is, the northern portion of the divisions of Little Namaqualand, Calvinia, Fraserburg, and Carnarvon—bordering on the Orange river, are still a last stronghold. Here after the rains they can range freely with their flocks and pursue the trekking springboks and live the old wild life. Elsewhere, if they halt for the night on the farm of another, they must pay for the privilege, and a goat or sheep or two have to be handed over in exchange for pasture and right of water.

I have hinted at the darker aspect of the latter-day life of the Trek-Boers of Cape Colony. Let us glance at the more pleasant part of it.

Their coffee finished, Klaas

Stuurmann moves to the temporary kraals, a hundred yards away, where his flocks are confined for the night. There are two kraals—one for the sheep, one for goats,—and they are simply made of bush and branches of the acacia and wait-a-bit thorns, fashioned into a light ring-fencing, just sufficient to keep the flocks within and prowling hyenas and jackals without. Already the native herd-boys are there waiting for their charges; and the hungry kraal-denizens, knowing their breakfast-hour is nigh, bleat loudly for the near freedom of the *veldt*. The tall Dutchman now plants himself by the entrance of the sheep-kraal, from which a herdsman drags away the thorns. Forth flock the impatient sheep, and as their stream issues through the narrow exit, Klaas Stuurmann numbers them head by head. As a rule the Boer is a bad hand at figures; but in the necessary ancient custom of counting flocks night and morning, he can reckon with as much skill as any man. Practice makes perfect, and so Klaas Stuurmann finds no difficulty in taking his fleecy census fast as the sheep pass forth.

The sheep—600 head of them—are checked and found in order, and the same process is gone through at the other kraal, whence, to the number of 800, the goats go forth in the ancient African fashion of five thousand years to pasture in the wild. The warm air, full of the rich aromatic scent of the *veldt* vegetation, now springing in its prime, comes alluringly into the nostrils of these nomadic flocks, and soon they are scattered upon the plain feeding vigorously, their silent, patient herd-boys tending them for the hot livelong day.

What do these dusky herd-

boys think of, day after day, as they follow their flocks? Heaven knows! As well ask the bird and beast of the great plains what are their thoughts! Sometimes in the days of the Pharaohs there sprang a great warrior or statesman from the brown-skinned herdsmen and hunters of the far Land of Cush; nay, Egypt herself was ruled not seldom during those remote ages by almost pure Ethiopian blood. But nowadays there be no black Hampdens, or yellow Miltons, still less, possible Pharaohs, from among the lazy Kaffirs and poor besotted Hottentots of the Cape Colony.

Refilling his pipe from colonial tobacco, carried loose in his jacket-pocket, and relighting it, the big Boer moves massively back to his waggon, near which his daughter is busily engaged in a wash at the welcome *vlei*. There are three other waggons outspanned by the pool: one of them belongs to the Boer's two sons; one of them is inhabited by yet another Trek-Boer, whose *vrouw* is engaged in the same task of washing, and whose children—five of them— young, merry rascals, are playing in the strong sunlight upon the edge of the water.

Their voices sound pleasantly upon the sweet, warm air, and recall, even to Klaas Stuurmann's unimpressive mind, the younger days of his own children and his now dead wife. The recollection brings an unwonted tenderness to his rugged soul, and as the noisy imps, busy at their games of waggon-and-oxen, play and clamour about him, he goes to his waggon, opens his sugar-bag, fills a *kommetje*¹ with the dark-brown treacly stuff, and calls the tanned and ragged little company about him. Jan, Katrina, Hendrik,

Gert, Jacobina, and the tiny toddling Jacie, all receive their morsel of the sweet-stuff—not without some awe and wonderment, for the grim, burly Boer man seldom unbends so far.

The oxen are feeding quietly round the *vlei*; the Boer's eye follows them with contentment, for water and the rich *veldt* have brought fat and sleekness to their great frames. His daughter's toilet catches his eye, and he watches the girl with an air of grave and secret pleasure, for she is the last survivor of three girl children, and by no means an ill-looking maiden in a Dutchman's eye. Cobus, the Hottentot, has brought an iron bucket from the waggon, and at the margin of the *vlei* he fills it with water for the *meisje*, who already has soap, a towel, and a comb. Taking off her sun-bonnet, she washes her face and hands, then, unfettering her stout plait of fair brown hair, she leans forward, and using the calm surface of the water as a mirror, combs out the somewhat tangled locks. Again the brown hair is coiled into a neat plait, drawn tightly from her temples, and her toilet is complete. As she ties on her sun-bonnet again the Boer comes up, pats her broad back, and looks admiringly at the now refreshed face. Two hundred years of South Africa have little altered the old Batavian type. The eyes are blue, but of small brilliancy, the cheeks too broad and flat for English taste, and the young figure is already stiff, waistless, and heavy. Yet in this far-off back-country women folk are scarce, and in much request, and already, at eighteen, Anna Stuurmann has found a mate. Next to her brothers' wag-

¹ A large teacup, devoid of handle, used by Boers.

gon there stands the waggon of her betrothed—Cornelis Kloppe—who is just now away in the grass plains a little to the north, shooting springboks with the younger Stuurmanns. This wagon is newly repaired, smart, and gaily painted, and is destined in another month or two, after the flocks have been well recruited in the Bushmanland Trek-veldt, to become the home of the Boer maiden. The combined families are to trek to Calvinia village, where the marriage will take place, and thenceforth Anna becomes mistress of her own man and wagon.

His daughter's modest toilet complete, the big Boer dips a corner of the not over-clean towel in water, runs it carelessly over brow, cheeks, eyes, and mouth, dips his hands, and the trick is done. The proximity of cleanliness to godliness is no axiom of the Cape Dutch farmer, still less of the roaming Trek-Boer. A dry parched land, and lack of water, have doubtless had a good deal to do with this trait.

At eleven o'clock, sitting in the shade of the sail suspended between two waggons, father and daughter partake, after a long grace, of the usual meal—pieces of mutton, swimming in sheep's-tail fat, boiled rice, coarse bread, and the eternal coffee, which, however, is just now, thanks to the sweet herbage, plentifully tempered by a supply of *bokke melk* (goat's milk). Again the big Dutchman lights his pipe, and presently, yielding to the heat and the effects of his meal, falls to sleep, sitting on the sand with his back against the wagon-wheel—a moving picture of pastoral listlessness, or, if you please, pastoral sloth. The hot day wears on. At three o'clock Anna mounts to the wagon-box, and, shading her

eyes from the intense glare, scans the hot plain, now dancing and shimmering with mirage. The flocks have turned for home—she can hear the far-off tinkle of their bells, borne drowsily upon the warm air; but it is not the flocks she searches for. In another half-hour she looks forth again. This time, far in the north, she picks out from the shimmer and tremble of the atmosphere a tiny cloud of dust. That is what she is expecting, and she now gives orders to the Hottentot and another boy to tend the fire, get the pot and pan in order, and fill the great kettle.

In a while you may catch the steady trample of galloping hoofs, and presently three Boers—the girl's brothers and her betrothed—each guiding a led horse, canter up to the waggons. Following at their heels is a Hottentot after-rider, also with a spare horse heavy laden. The men are hot, dusty, and sweat-stained. Ever since yesterday morning they have been away in the grass *veldt*, following a trek of springboks, and their display of venison and jaded nags prove that they have hunted hard, successfully, and far. Seventy miles have they ridden; a dozen springbok have they brought in; and, greatest luck of all, the flesh, skins, and horns of a great cow gemsbok decorate the led horse of Cornelis Kloppe. The gemsbok (*Oryx capensis*), one of the noblest of antelopes, is rare indeed in Cape Colony nowadays, even upon the verge of the Orange river, and Anna's betrothed is proportionately elate. The gemsbok is protected, too, under heavy penalties in the Cape Colony; but what boots this to the wandering Trek-Boer in these wild solitudes, where the echo of laws can scarce be heard, and gamekeepers are not?

At five o'clock the party are

gathered beneath the waggon-sail, feasting merrily, and with some noise and laughter, on tit-bits of venison: the rest of the meat meanwhile being salted, to be dried for *biltong* on the morrow. As they sit at meat, the hunting scenes are re-enacted for the benefit of Anna and her father, and, in particular, Cornelis's desperate chase of the gemsbok. Meanwhile, as the sun nears the horizon after his day's tramp, the flocks, bringing with them a cloud of red dust, come in for the night. First, they drink deeply and long at the *vlei*, which now reflects upon its glassy surface the ruddy glories of the sunset. Then the tired creatures are kraaled, their masters rising to count them as they file in.

Darkness falls swiftly; the vast dome of sky assumes its deep indigo hue of night; the stars spring forth in glittering array; there is a wonderful and refreshing coolness in the air; the cry of one or two night birds may be heard—the dikkop and kiewitje plovers—and the distant wail of a prowling jackal.

The Boer and his sons now move their squat waggon-chairs nearer to the warm blaze of the camp-fire; they smoke vigorously, and occasionally cast stolidly a sentence at one another. Anna and her heavy

lover stroll a little beyond the fire-light by the edge of the *vlei*; their voices intermingle curiously with the clang of water-fowl—duck, geese, widgeon, and teal—from the other end of the pool. Theirs is the old, old story, told perhaps in a rougher and less romantic fashion than in Europe; yet is its refrain as earnest and its aftermath at least as kindly as in northern lands. The South African Boer makes a true and constant husband, and a good father—some people say he is a trifle too uxorious.

At eight o'clock the day is done. The party separates for the night, after a longish melancholic prayer and a chapter of the great Bible from Stuurmann. Anna goes to her kartel-bed at the end of the big waggon, lets down the *achterklap*, takes off her shoes and sun-bonnet, loosens a button or two at the throat of her gown, pulls her blanket and sheepskin kaross well over her sturdy frame, and is almost instantly asleep. Her father snores loudly from the forepart of the waggon; the whole camp (including the native "boys" huddled beneath the waggons) is hushed; while all around broods the wonderful silence of night on the plains of Bushmanland.

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE GLADSTONIAN REVOLT IN SCOTLAND. •

To those who look beneath the surface of events in Scotland, many signs are discernible that the Gladstonian tide has begun to ebb, and that the foreshore left by its receding waters is, as too often is the case with foreshores, neither sanitary to smell nor pleasant to contemplate. The remains of more than one wreck are embedded in the deceitful ooze, and the plentiful drift of broken spars, tangled cordage, and empty carpet-bags betray the fact that other crafts not yet come ashore have been struggling with adverse winds. The Scottish squadron, of which Sir William Harcourt is commodore, can scarcely satisfy the requirements of a political Plimsoll as to seaworthy vessels; and, considering the frailness of their timbers, the marvel only is that more have not already foundered. But, to drop nautical metaphors, evidences are rife that Scotland has begun to throw off the hold which the Gladstonian party has for some time maintained upon the majority of its constituencies, and that a reaction which must have a weighty influence at the general election has unmistakably begun. With such proofs before us as the remarkable increase in the Unionist majority in West Edinburgh and the great Unionist victory in Inverness-shire, we cannot doubt that the Scottish electors are determining to emancipate themselves from the domination of the Gladstonian party. In constituencies so widely different as those of West Edinburgh and Inverness-shire the feeling towards the Gladstonian Government is the same, one of hopelessness and disgust, culminating in active repulsion, and a complete

distrust in both the words and the deeds of Sir William Harcourt and his colleagues. In the one, Mr M'Iver's increased majority is a token that the bribe of Disestablishment has been played out as an efficient political stimulus; in Inverness-shire it has been made plain that the Gladstonians have lost the direction of the Crofter agitation, upon which they had depended for carrying the northern counties in a solid block. If a few more Highland landlords, with the liberal sentiments and active energy which have won Inverness-shire for Mr Baillie and the Unionist cause, can only be brought forward, we are persuaded that neither crofter candidate nor carpet-bagger will have a chance in the counties beyond the Caledonian Canal.

Among the political assets made over by Mr Gladstone to his successor, the Scottish majority was generally regarded as the safest capital the Cabinet had in its possession. Whence, then, comes its present depreciation, creating a panic among the wire-pullers, who find their gear thrown out of order and their most active efforts completely paralysed? The question is easily answered by a brief reference to the attitude which the Gladstonian Government has taken up towards Scotland and its affairs ever since it came into power, more especially since the leadership of the House of Commons devolved upon Sir William Harcourt.

When the Gladstonian Government came into office there was nothing very surprising in the fact that Scotland should entertain sanguine expectations of receiving some increased share of the atten-

tion of Parliament, in place of the utter neglect with which the Gladstonians have treated her ever since the Home Rule question became the cardinal point of their policy. Of the seventeen members of the Cabinet six were either Scotsmen or representatives of Scottish constituencies; at the fall of the Cabinet the same proportion held good. The great majority of the Scottish representatives are also supporters of the Gladstonian Government, and might naturally have been expected to possess considerable influence in securing for Scotland the small share of notice that her interests demand. But in spite of all these friends in court, Scottish influence has been hustled to the background with such ostentatious contemptuousness as can scarcely fail to mortify even the carpet-bagging representatives, and to make the renewed existence of the Gladstonian Government an object of indifference, if not of aversion, to the entire mass of Liberal electors.

It is quite true that much attention to Scottish affairs was never expected, and certainly never received, from Mr Gladstone. Scotland is not a country where the manufacture of the burning questions in which he dealt is a native industry; and though with his guiding hand combustible elements could be collected and stirred into a blaze, they speedily smouldered down as soon as the directing power was withdrawn. Scotland was Gladstonian because it was under the spell of Mr Gladstone's personality. Now that this influence has completely vanished, it remains to be seen of what political complexion the Scottish constituencies will prove to be. It was not Mr Gladstone's policy but himself that carried a majority of

Scottish members. The obscurity into which the chief points of his programme have fallen in the brief period since his retirement proves this beyond question. Disestablishment, bluntly reduced by Lord Rosebery to its lowest terms—an attack upon the Tory influence of the manes—is languishing, and its political potentiality as a cry has become doubtful, if not discreditable. A less subtle casuistry than Mr Gladstone's will not suffice to palliate the base and sordid elements which are the main foundations of the Disestablishment platform, and which his tactless and bungling successors do not hesitate to reveal in all their bare and repulsive meanness. Mr Gladstone's retirement left no statesman of his party capable of carrying through such a measure, and the benefit derivable from it as a piece of party manœuvres has been too doubtful to tempt any of his successors to hazard their political credit upon it, as a central part of their policy.

We cannot be expected to have any sympathy with the mortification which the Disestablishment party in Scotland vainly seek to conceal at the illusory and shifty way in which the Gladstonian Government has treated them, while making the most of their political support. They are an earnest if somewhat unconscientious section of the Scottish electorate, and they really deserve more respectful treatment than Sir William Harcourt thought fit to extend to them. We do not think Lord Rosebery was to blame. His views about the matter may be hazy; but his disposition is good, and his desire to be of service to his Scottish allies not to be doubted. We cite Disestablishment merely as an instance of how all Scottish interests, whether those of friends or foes, have been

either ignored or elbowed aside by the Gladstonian Government. We know that Sir William Harcourt and his colleagues may urge with justice that Church Disestablishment in Scotland is an exotic and artificial agitation; that it was carried on for a considerable period by the English Liberation Society before any prominent body of Dissenters in Scotland could be induced to adopt it; and that the movement from the first was taken up by the Gladstonians as subservient to political rather than religious aims. All this may be truly enough urged, though the admission would place neither side in a more favourable light, while the ingratitude of the Gladstonian Ministry is made all the more conspicuously apparent.

The Gladstonian Government used their other Scottish allies, the Crofter members, after a similar fashion. We shall not be accused of sympathising with their aims if we admit that they have been very badly treated by Sir William Harcourt and his associates. The Crofter question is in every sense their own. The Gladstonians planted it, watered it, and reaped the fruits of it. That in many quarters of the Highlands the condition of the people admitted of great improvement, and could be ameliorated by the State, is indisputable. There were congested townships, which could not supply adequate means of livelihood to the increasing population; there was a want of communication, of railroads, of piers, of harbour accommodation, and to some extent of land; there was poverty; there was extravagance, neither the food nor the raiment of their fathers being good enough for the present-day population; and, as a natural enough consequence, considerable discontent. But there was nothing in the state of affairs that the Government, in

conjunction with the local authorities, could not have quietly remedied by local grants, by assisting emigration, and by promoting a line or two of light railway. Such practical remedies did not, however, appeal to the Gladstonians, ever on the outlook for means of manufacturing party capital, and it accordingly created the great Crofter question, which speedily revealed to the Highlanders that they were suffering grievances and injustices of which they had been previously unaware, and held forth to their cupidity illusive prospects of coming benefits, which had been as far beyond their dreams as beyond their capacity for realising. Mr Gladstone had already sown the good seed in Ireland, with excellent results for his party. The Highlands presented the very soil prepared for another crop from similar ground. It was no longer instances of congestion and hardship that had to be dealt with, not merely a harbour here and a pier there, and the erection of a commony or pasture, or addition to the village lands in another place. It was a loud clamour for reduced rents, for wiping off arrears of rents, or rather for no rent at all, with fixity of tenure on the top of it; for the subdivision of the sheep-farms and the choicest portions of the deer-forests. It was a cry for everything for everybody, and what was left might go to the landlords. Having let loose the agitation, the next step was to nurse it by Commissions, who well knew the sort of evidence to accumulate. A general reduction of rents, which before the agitation was set on foot would not have been asked for or dreamt of, gave the crofters' appetite the necessary whet for a further gorge at the expense of the landlords. This was all as it should be, accord-

ing to Gladstonian views. What the crofters forgot, however, was that each mouth of the many-headed beast upon which Sir William Harcourt sits perched Duessa-wise is as clamorous for its food as the other. There is a time when each of the many units of the party must content itself with being kept in play. The crofters got the Deer-Forests Commission as an interlude. The outcome of this Commission, if by no means creditable as the result of a judicial investigation, or of any value as an economic report, was an additional bait to crofters' cupidity, which they may be pardoned for showing undue precipitancy in grasping at. The Government which had fooled them to the top of their bent with illusions was rapidly tottering to its fall, and the crofters were naturally anxious to exact settlement of their account before it went into liquidation.

But this did not at all suit the views of the Gladstonian Government. Their policy was not to mitigate the crofters' grievances, but to aggravate the agitation, and to dangle still more illusory temptations before their eyes. But they over-played their game. The Highland representatives turned upon their juggling leaders. They were tired of playing the part of the "Dougal creature" at Westminster. Their stomachs rose at being treated as Sir William Harcourt's gillies, without even the time-honoured offer of a dram. Dr Macgregor rebelled and resigned his seat, nothing in his legislative career becoming him so much as his leaving of it. Mr Weir, with more docility, though with many grumbles, consented to be rung up from Skye by the Liberal Whip to aid Welsh Disestablishment, and leave Mr MacRae's candidature on the road to ruin. But the Gov-

ernment had sense enough to see that they were going too far; that the crofters were not to be treated as if they were altogether fools. Still the Government could not give up its favourite policy of playing with them. On the basis of the Deer-Forests Commission, a Crofters Bill was brought in, of so far-reaching and sweeping a character as to indicate that the Government merely meant it to lie on the table as an evidence of its good intentions towards the crofters, and a document for making reference to at the general election. The bill extended the operations of the Crofters' Commission to a number of lowland counties where no crofters' question has as yet been raised, where agriculture, on scales both great and small, is already carried on under well-defined conditions, where small interests could not be scheduled without detriment to the whole community, and where a most serious and unnecessary interference with existing rights and interests in the land would be the consequence of such a measure. The Government knew well enough that it was in no position to carry a measure full of such contestable matter through the House of Commons; but it served its purpose to flourish the bill as a signal of its intention to set class against class in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands of Scotland. Yet, even in this important matter, it was true to its conviction that Scotland might be safely elbowed out of its way, and its great energies be allowed to be concentrated upon the Liquor Veto and the spoliation of the Welsh Church. The Government was quite willing to amuse the crofter members with professing its readiness to place the bill in the hands of the Scottish Standing Committee, well knowing that the

House would never consent to so contestable a measure being debated in a section; but whether by Scottish Committee or Committee of the whole House, the Government never expected, never intended, the bill to pass. In fact, but for the contest in Inverness-shire, which forced the hands of Sir William Harcourt, and extracted from him a reluctant promise to bring on the second reading of the measure, we should in all probability have heard nothing more of the Crofters Bill during the present session.

Before the second reading could be reached, however, the minority members of the Deer-Forests Commission formulated a scheme for dealing with the crofters' demands, which at least offered a practical mode of solving the difficulty that all parties could reasonably accept as a basis for discussion. Without committing ourselves in any way to its details, we may say that the recommendations put forward by Messrs Shaw Stewart, Forsyth, and Gordon point to a much more ready and sensible means of arriving at a settlement than the wholesale confiscatory scheduling by the majority of the Commission of Highland properties, from which the estates of such tried supporters of the Government as Lord Tweedmouth are alone exempted. The minority "most emphatically disapprove" of the land scheduled as suitable for grazings being dealt with by the Crofters' Commission, and express their opinion that it should be considered "in combination with the land scheduled for new holdings, for which no provision is made in the bill." They then proceed to formulate a scheme of Land Purchase for the Highlands, somewhat on the principles of the Ashbourne Act,—making the county council the purchasing

body, and giving it powers of compulsory purchase under provisions designed to restrict unnecessary interference with existing rights, and at the same time to provide for the overflow of a congested locality. As an alternative to the Government's preposterous plan of confiscation and arbitrary breaking up of properties in a haphazard manner that cannot but be ruinous to pastoral and agricultural interests, the idea of the minority of the Commission is worthy of consideration. But the question arises whether Scotland is ripe for a scheme of land purchase. There is a great difference in the respective conditions of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands. The landlords in the latter case are not anxious to sell or to break up their properties, nor could they do so without injuring existing tenancies. And we doubt either of the ability or disposition of the crofters to any general extent to become landholders, even under such liberal terms as would be held out under this scheme. The Scottish crofter, with all his greed, is cautious; and though he is quite willing to be the beneficiary of Government, as long as its favours cost him nothing and pledge him to less, he will reflect carefully before he ties himself up in the onerous and responsible bonds of ownership. Moreover, the consent of the "predominant partner" will have to be obtained, as the Government is expected to furnish the money for the working of the scheme; and English members may have their own views about the expediency of setting up the Ashbourne Act in Great Britain, and their doubts as to whether, once it was rooted on this side the Irish Channel, it could be confined to the Highlands or even to Scotland. On

the whole, while the suggestions of the Commissioners seem to afford the means of dealing with special cases, and to indicate a useful remedy in some exceptional localities, there are many weighty points to be considered before they could be adopted as the basis of a general bill.

There is one feature in the minority's scheme which deserves attention—the proposal to place its operations under the County Councils. These bodies, harmoniously working with the Scottish Board and the Secretary for Scotland, have already the power within themselves to remedy the most clamant of the crofters' grievances, and would, we are convinced, do their best in that direction if they got any encouragement either from above or below. It is from the Government and the County Councils, and not from the Legislature, that the crofters have to expect any material assistance. As an instance of what can be done without agitation, either in the House or out of it, we might point to the attention paid to the Highlands by the Marquis of Lothian while he was Secretary of State for Scotland. The crofters themselves will agree with us that their interests were never so much considered, and they were never brought into such beneficial contact with the Government as during the years Lord Lothian was at the Scottish Office. As for the Councils in the Highland counties, they have as yet had no fair chance of dealing with the grievances of the populations. The crofters look beyond the Councils, not to the Scottish Secretary certainly, for they know from experience that Sir George Trevelyan will merely treat them as pawns on the political chess-board, but to the Government which wants their sup-

port, and which they imagine they will force into making good its extravagant enticements. The existence of the Crofters' Commission, too, is a standing obstacle in the way of the progress of local government in the Highland counties, and it will be in the interests of both the County and Parish Councils when its proceedings can be dispensed with altogether.

If any serious belief was entertained that the crofter question was to be settled by such a measure as that brought forward by Sir George Trevelyan, the debate on the second reading must have finally crushed all such expectations. Even that second reading would not have been vouchsafed, but for the Government's hope that it might influence the Inverness-shire election. The Government found itself in the position to which it is in a manner habituated, of having its measure denounced from every corner of the House, even from among its own followers. If the arguments on behalf of the Government produced any impression upon the House, it was that the Crofters' Bill was a new and dangerous departure in land legislation in Great Britain, applicable on much the same grounds to the whole of both Scotland and England. This is a step for which the country is not yet prepared; and English members must have been led to see that there was another side to the Highland land agitation which the Government has not yet presented to them. It is really a land bill on new and revolutionary principles, taking the exceptional circumstances of the West Highland crofter—half-agriculturist, half-fisherman—as the basis of legislation for all small holders under £30 in the counties contiguous to the Highlands. Is

it to be supposed that such a measure can be confined to that area? As Mr Graham Murray pertinently asked, "If they selected Perth, why not Fife? In almost every condition a great deal of Fife and Perth was exactly the same." The same continuity of circumstances will carry the measure over the Lothians to the Border, until the whole country comes under the bill, and the Crofters' Commission will have matured into the dignity of a Land Court for Scotland. In these circumstances, what chance is there for agricultural England securing its exemption? The prospect of a land revolution originating in the distress of an obscure corner of the Hebrides being induced over the whole country is an apt illustration of the evolutionary character of the Gladstonian Government's policy, which was recently pointed out in these pages. In this case, however, the Government showed its hand too openly. If it was in earnest in passing a Crofters Bill, it defeated its own object, by bringing forcibly home to the country its reckless and haphazard policy in dealing with the land. If it intended the whole bill to prove a fiasco, and at the same time to make a show of satisfying the crofters, it will find that the latter are not quite content to be thus openly befooled.

The resolution of the Unionist party to allow the bill to be read a second time will commend itself to the country. The Crofter question has been raised, and whatever views we may entertain regarding the methods by which the agitation has been fomented, or the principles on which it has been conducted, we all recognise the fact that action of some kind must be taken to remove the more obvious causes of discontent among the

Highland population. The position taken up by Mr Balfour, indicative as it is of the desire of a Conservative Government to deal with real grievances and promote the amelioration of the crofters' condition, deserves their earnest attention. Mr Balfour has no faith in illusory legislative projects providing any real remedy. If the impoverished condition of the crofters, argues Mr Balfour, be sufficiently exceptional to justify special legislation, then it is also sufficiently exceptional to justify the expenditure of public money in relieving it; and he directed the aims of the Crofter members towards railway extension and the organisation of a Board similar to that for the congested districts in Ireland. By such practical means only can the crofters be assisted, and it was in this way that the Conservative Government sought to deal with them when last in office; although the crofters themselves, then under the influence of the agitation, and confiding in the glowing promises of the Gladstonians, would not co-operate with the Government's aims. Now, however, that County Councils and Parish Councils are in full operation, the treatment of congested townships may be much simplified; and when the crofters have been taught to look upon these bodies as the natural source from which relief is to come, instead of from either Parliament or the Crofters' Commission, material improvement in their condition will speedily follow. Assistance, too, from the Government is necessary, and ought to be given, not in large loans for converting the crofters into small landowners, or even for tentative applications of the Ashbourne Act, but in the shape of grants for the relief of specially necessitous communities,

and for the construction of light railways. All such reasonable relief the crofters may safely calculate upon receiving from a Unionist Government; while, as Mr Balfour pointed out, Sir William Harcourt has gone out of his way to impress upon them his resolution that "not one penny of money would he take out of the common fund of the British nation for the benefit of this poor people."

An important result of the debate was to establish the fact that the Crofters' Commission must have a termination put to its existence. It is the chief stumbling-block in the way of either County Councils or Parish Councils being of any use in aiding congested crofting communities. Until it ceases to stand between the people and their representatives, local self-government can have no fair play in the Highland counties. Sir George Trevelyan went out of his way to attack the County Councils and laud the efforts of the Commission in their treatment of crofters' demands. He referred to the reluctance which the County Councils show to cut up a property for allotments unless the whole is taken, which is charging the Council with consulting the general interests of their constituents. The Council and the Commission go to work upon two very different principles, the Commission regarding only the application, the Council considering its bearing upon general interests. Sir George also contrasted the difference in expense between proceedings in the Sheriff's court and before the Commission. "Something like £5," says Sir George, "is the outside expense which can be incurred in any transactions in the Crofters' Commission; but before the sheriff court the very mini-

mum of these transactions will involve the expenditure of that amount." We quite agree to this. The costs of process before the Commission were fixed on a scale that would not preclude frivolous and vexatious applications, but divert agrarian disputes from the constituted courts of the country to a tribunal set up on partisan principles. But the nation has to pay the price of those facilities. As Mr Shaw Stewart told the House, the operations of the Commission last year resulted only in reducing rents by a total of £250, while of fourteen applications for enlarged holdings only two were granted. The Commission costs the country from £7000 to £9000 per annum,—money which might be much better bestowed in direct efforts to benefit congested communities. It has done its work, and its existence now simply means a prolongation of the crofter agitation, as well as an effectual obstruction to the utility of the County Councils and the operations of the ordinary courts of law.

Every bye-election that has taken place in Scotland since 1892 has found the Gladstonian majorities reduced or the Unionist vote increased, with the single exception of the Hawick Burghs; and three counties have been carried by the Unionist party. All the evidence, both in facts and in figures, shows that Scotland has at length determined to release herself from Gladstonian trammels. Her interests have been systematically ignored in favour of Irish and Welsh aspirations ever since the present Government came into office. Her constituencies have been mainly regarded by the Government as affording accommodation for their carpet-bagging supporters; and she herself has had

the mortification of realising that she is considered the humblest partner of four in Lord Rosebery's metaphorical firm, doing all the drudgery, and denied any share in the profits. Much has been said lately about "filling up the cup." The Gladstonian cup in Scotland is already full,—full to the brim and overflowing. It only remains for the Government to drink the bitter draught of their own concoction.

An opportunity will now be given the Scottish constituencies of expressing the resentment which the electors feel at the treatment which they have received from the Gladstonian Government during the past three years. The panic which has overtaken the party managers when brought face to face with a general election is nowhere more keen than in Scotland. They have to recognise the fact that half the sitting Gladstonian members have no chance of retaining their seats, and they are quite unprovided with candidates to take their place. They know likewise that the day of the carpet-bagger is over in Scotland. They have abused the good nature of the Gladstonian electors, and in not a few cases discredited the seats, by foisting upon them candidates who had neither stake nor interest

in the constituencies or in Scotland. Even the higher-grade Gladstonian members find themselves in jeopardy of losing their seats. East Fifeshire will humbly confess its unworthiness of being represented by a statesman of Mr Asquith's talents, and the agriculturists of East Lothian strongly feel that Mr Haldane's abilities are wasted among them. The divisions in the Cabinet are already being reproduced in miniature in the Gladstonian electoral constituencies throughout Scotland. If Lord Rosebery cannot be presented as a rallying-point, still less will the name of Sir William Harcourt excite any enthusiasm among Scottish Gladstonians. The Crofter agitation in the north is paralysed, and can be no longer depended upon. Disestablishment in another mouth than that of Mr Gladstone will no longer avail as a cry. In a word, Gladstonian prospects have been truly and tersely summed up in the telegram from Mr Munro Ferguson—there is always an ingenuousness about Mr Ferguson's utterances, which, though touching, must be embarrassing to his political superiors—read to the Liberal Women's Association, at Glasgow on the 24th June, that "the worst might be expected."

AT LAST!

THE overthrow of Lord Rosebery's Government was the result of one of those accidents which he was often told he must expect, and for which the inherent weakness of his party, and the very narrow majority which it afforded, left no margin. Nobody foresaw the quarter from which the blow came, yet every one was sure that it could not long be delayed; and the manner in which the Government have met it abundantly justifies all that will be said of them in what follows. The division on Mr Brodrick's amendment told them nothing which they did not know before. The position which they had all along maintained—namely, that their policy was the embodiment of a popular demand, formally proclaimed by the result of the last general election—was in no way affected by it. If they possessed the confidence of the country before that amendment was carried, they possessed it afterwards. If they did not possess it afterwards, they did not possess it before. And it is this unpalatable truth which they have now been driven to confess by resigning office without an appeal to the people.

It is true that events had occurred only very recently which might have led them to take a more despondent view of their situation than they entertained perhaps even after Easter. The significance of the Inverness-shire election could not be explained away, and might have been thought a more sinister omen than the loss of either Walworth or Mid-Norfolk. Closely followed as it was by the return of Mr Gladstone to the battle-field in no very amicable mood, it may have made them more inclined than

they were before to take advantage of the first opportunity for relinquishing a position which they at length began to recognise as untenable. But no one can believe that they required either the one event or the other to teach them that public feeling had been rapidly ebbing away from them during the last two years, and that, even if they were able to retain their parliamentary majority, they could not honestly assert that they were intrusted with a popular mandate for a series of revolutionary measures. Yet this conviction, which events must have borne home to them long ago, they studiously concealed; and this, as the reader will perceive, is the main charge that we bring against them.

Of their measures we need say no more, except that it is now clear that Mr Gladstone never in his heart approved of Welsh Disestablishment, except as the price of another revolutionary measure to which he was devoted; and the effect of this disclosure on the minds of many of his disciples could not fail to be considerable. Nearly two years ago we pointed out that in his own history of his opinions on the subject of the Church in Ireland was to be found the best possible argument for the retention of the Church in Wales. And we are now to conclude that he has never swerved from those opinions. His support of the rest of the Newcastle Programme was probably given on the same terms; and the country now will be able to appreciate its value. Not one of the promised measures was he prepared to carry unless the people would first agree to the separation of Great Britain from Ireland.

And it is no far-fetched explanation of his latest move that he is determined, as far as in him lies, to maintain the precedence of Home Rule over every other question of the day, and to keep back the price till the bargain has been fully carried out. We do not pretend to gauge the exact extent of Mr Gladstone's difference with the Government. But the efforts which have been made to minimise it are a measure of the alarm which it inspires. It is evident that the Liberal Whips hushed it up as long as they could ; and if they really withheld from the knowledge of the House so important a fact as the release of a member from his pair, their motives for so questionable a proceeding must have been powerful indeed. The hocus-pocus explanation of the business, professing to come from the Tantallon Castle, is in Mr Gladstone's well-known style, and leaves the question exactly where it was.

It was the bounden duty of the Opposition to put an end to this state of things at the first opportunity. But accident has saved them the trouble. Lord Salisbury is now engaged in the construction of a Cabinet which will include the leading members of the Liberal-Unionist party. There seemed to be some doubt at one time whether Lord Salisbury would not follow the example of Mr Disraeli in 1873, and decline to take office in the present Parliament. But the circumstances of the two periods are so widely different that there would have been nothing gained by waiting till it suited Lord Rosebery to dissolve Parliament, even if nothing were lost. The badgering to which Mr Disraeli referred in 1873 would be impossible in the present House of Commons. To say that a new Gov-

ernment would come into a legacy of difficulties is nonsense, if it is meant as any argument against a dissolution. Did anybody ever hear of a Government which did not come in for a legacy of difficulties when it succeeded a feeble and incompetent, yet at the same time very meddlesome, Administration? Of course there will be difficulties ; but it is just because they are believed to be capable of coping with them that the country looks to the Unionist party for deliverance from its present plight.

The understanding which has now been arrived at between Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour on the one hand, and the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain on the other, is only the formal registration of a deed of partnership which has long virtually existed, and the announcement of a policy which was foreseen to be its natural consequence. We need not look too far in front of us. The future Ministerialists will constitute one compact party as long as Home Rule shows any signs of vitality, and until a great scheme of social improvement, on which the allies are agreed, has been completed, till which time the destruction of Churches and the abolition of Senates are to stand over. If they stand over till then, they will probably stand over a good while longer ; so that once this present Government is ousted, Conservatives may lay their heads upon their pillows with a feeling of tolerable security. We understand from the terms of the agreement, as explained by the Duke of Devonshire, who was loudly cheered at these points by his Conservative hosts, that during this period—that is, till both the defensive and the constructive policy of the new party have completely answered

their purpose—all attacks on the constitution in Church and State delivered by the Radical party will meet with the combined resistance of both wings of the Unionists. They are not to be open questions in the new Ministry. The two parties, ceasing to be merely allies, will be thoroughly amalgamated for a term of years, with liberty to reconsider their articles of agreement when certain conditions shall have been fulfilled. It is the Duke of Devonshire's hope that from this political marriage may spring a new party, bearing the name of "National," and capable of realising the visions which have flitted before the eyes of statesmen, philosophers, and patriots, from Bolingbroke to Peel.

If the new connection starts on its career with this great ideal before it, we may safely trust the vessel of the State to its guidance, secure that she is being steered aright, whatever obstacles await her future progress.

When Sir William Harcourt made his "statement" with regard to public business on the 13th of June, neither the result of the Inverness-shire election nor the termination of Mr Gladstone's pair with Mr Villiers had yet been announced. Whether he would have spoken in any different tone had he been aware of these impending calamities it is impossible to say. As it was, there is but one word in the English language to describe it. Among Johnson's illustrations of the word we find a passage from Locke, in which the philosopher speaks of "those clear truths which common experience makes it impudence to deny." And seeing that it is by the denial of such clear truths that Ministers have all along justified their position, we do them no wrong by applying to them

Locke's description of it. But, even then, there is something wanting, some further term which will convey a just idea of their contemptuous defiance of all constitutional traditions, and of the profligate levity with which they have handled the institutions of the country. Their impudence consisted in their supposing that they could do all this with impunity, and that by putting a bold face upon the matter, taking no note of impossibilities, and posing as political acrobats with a startling programme for the vulgar, they might, so to speak, take the public breath away, and rob both Parliament and the people of their presence of mind.

The coolness with which Sir William Harcourt announced the Government intentions, or what they wished for the present to be thought their intentions, was, notwithstanding all our recent experience, something astounding. All the Government measures—we need only mention the Welsh Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Scotch Crofters Bill, the Local Veto Bill, the Plural Voting Bill, and the Factories Bill—were to be carried this session, though it was then the middle of June, though none of these bills were in a forward state, and though the financial business of the Government was more heavily in arrears than had ever been known before at the same period of the year. This assertion was made in an off-hand manner, as if it was a matter of course. If the measures were passed readily, the session would be short; if not, it would be long, and so forth. Now, we repeat that the distinguishing quality of such language as this from the mouth of a Minister who has only a majority of eight, and that of a precarious character,

and who knows perfectly well at the same time that the voice of the country is against him, amounts to the rejection of "those clear truths which common experience makes it impudence to deny." He knew perfectly well that he was gravely propounding an absolute impossibility.

But if the House did not choose to pass these measures one after another without looking at them, or to huddle them into the House of Lords *en bloc*, without any of the usual preliminaries, and if Government were afraid to try the closure on a scale that would provoke a storm of public indignation, then as the other alternative we were threatened with a continuous sitting such as was held from January 1893 to March 1894. Here again Sir William must have known that all this was mere claptrap. He must have been perfectly well aware that the House of Commons would not submit to such punishment a second time, and that in a very few weeks it would be necessary for him to relax his grasp on these favourite bills which he is now so reluctant to part with. But so it has been from the beginning. As soon as Mr Gladstone saw that he was not going to get the majority at the last general election without which he had himself declared that he could not carry on the Government, he suddenly discovered that no such majority was necessary, and that forty was as good as a hundred for making hay of the British constitution. From that moment the great Sham-Jam system began, and has continued ever since to hold its ground, though with abundant signs that it would be driven to bay very shortly, and torn to pieces, as seems not unlikely, by its own dogs.

The great Sham-Jam thus dates

from the day when Mr Gladstone undertook to carry out the Newcastle Programme, with a majority not only inadequate, but so inadequate as to cover the attempt with ridicule. That programme embraced the following measures—Home Rule, Evicted Tenants Bill, Welsh Disestablishment, degradation of the House of Lords, Local Veto, One Man One Vote, Payment of Members, Triennial Parliaments, Eight Hours Bill, District Councils, and Abolition of the Right of Primogeniture. The Government were returned to power on the strength of this programme. Whatever support they obtained in Great Britain was derived from the non-Irish pledges contained in it, and whatever support they obtained in Ireland was derived from the non-British pledges contained in it. Between the two a majority was picked up, not from the first of a very trustworthy character, and which, small as it was, time has shown to have been built upon the sand. A majority of forty-two has in three years dwindled down to a majority of eight; and of all this great array of bills only one has yet been placed upon the Statute Book. The Government have sat continuously for eighteen months; they have taken the whole time of the House; they have silenced both sides alike; they have gagged the Conservatives and muzzled the Radicals. And this is the result, a single bill! Jupiter Omnipotens! a single bill!—a thimbleful of wine for all these gallons of froth, and even that thimbleful a stolen one!

The new Parliament met for business on the 31st of January 1893, and the session lasted till the 5th of March 1894. The Easter recess was from the 30th of March to the 6th of April; the

Whitsuntide recess from the 19th of May to the 29th; the autumn vacation was from the 22d of September to the 2d of November, or only six weeks instead of six months; and the Christmas holiday was three days. The session of 1894 began on March 12th, one week after the termination of the previous one, and lasted till the 25th of August, when the House of Commons had been sitting, as we have said, almost continuously for eighteen months. The session of 1895 has now lasted five months, and still only one of the measures promised in the Newcastle Programme has become law. As the directors of the great Sham-Jam Firm will now speedily be brought to trial, it may be well to remind the public of the exact nature of their offence, and to make as clear as possible the false bottom on which they have so long been trading, and by which, if they have not actually deceived, they have done so much to mystify, the country. At the same time, a very brief retrospect will expose the gross absurdity of Sir William Harcourt's contention, that is if meant seriously, to the effect that his whole programme might be carried out between the 14th of June and the 1st of September.

The Home Rule Bill of 1893 was introduced by Mr Gladstone on the 13th of February. Four nights were spent on the first reading, and nearly a fortnight on the second. The Committee stage began on the 8th of May, and in spite of Mr Gladstone's closure Resolution, adopted on the 29th of June, did not pass through Committee till the 27th of July, thus occupying the House for something like twelve weeks. After this the Report stage, though the closure was again applied, extended over

another month, and it was not till the 1st of September that the bill was read a third time,—having absorbed from first to last no less than twenty-eight weeks. After this the Parish Councils Bill took nearly four months: and in the session of 1894 the Evicted Tenants Bill, which was read a first time on the 19th of April, did not pass the third reading till the 7th of August, and this, although the closure was applied on the very first night of Committee, with such unconstitutional severity as to cause for the first time for many a long year a "secession": that is to say, it was announced by Mr Balfour that, "in consequence of being prevented from performing the duties with which he was intrusted by his constituents, neither he nor those who acted with him would take any part in the farce of debating that bill." Mr Chamberlain agreed with him, and the consequence was that the Committee stage was run through in two days, under silent protest from the Opposition, abundantly justifying the House of Lords before the tribunal of the nation in throwing out the bill after two nights' debate. It was probably the recollection of this which deterred Sir William Harcourt from repeating the operation, lest in his eagerness to fill up the cup of the House of Lords he should only be filling up his own. But our main point was to show how utterly idle it was to pretend that bills such as are now before Parliament could possibly be passed through the House of Commons at the rate of about one a week without a still more violent and unconstitutional abuse of the powers of the majority than even that which produced the joint protest of Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain—a protest which

found an echo in every constituency in the kingdom, and which Sir William Harcourt would have thought twice before he provoked a second time.

They naturally shrank from the exposure which awaited them as soon as an appeal to the people should bring out the real truth. Both the sounding brass of Sir William Harcourt and the tinkling cymbal of the Prime Minister were exerted to the utmost to obtain a postponement of the case as long as possible. But no artifices could long have saved them, and if they have now broken their necks over a molehill, it is only what they had to expect from the miserable jade they were bestriding.

We have seen, then, that in 1893-94 the Government neglected nothing which could in any degree compensate for the want of a genuine majority: prolonged sittings, enforced silence, promises to pay scattered broadcast among their motley following—and all in vain. And why was it all in vain? Because they had not got public opinion at their back. The fatal truth let out by Lord Rosebery, when he referred to the predominant partner, has dogged their footsteps from the first hour of their existence. If Irish measures are not to pass without a British majority in their favour, *a fortiori* British measures are not to pass without a similar certificate. The Newcastle Programme, in which ten items out of twelve exclusively concerned Great Britain, was decisively condemned by the British majority. They refused their certificate; they declined to give the required mandate. The Programme was plucked. And yet the Government have all along had the astonishing effrontery to insist on the reverse, and to contend that the

people of this country stamped it with their approval, and authorised the Government to disestablish the Church in Wales, to legalise the Local Veto, to debauch the Registration, to shorten the duration of Parliament, and to pay members of the House of Commons. *The people did nothing of the kind.* And Ministers have never dared to put them in the witness-box.

No wonder they have not been able to pass their measures. But what right had they to allow their followers to believe that they could pass them? What right had they to attempt, by the aid of their Irish contingent, to override the deliberately expressed opinion of the British constituencies? If we wish to see the will of the people trampled down by an outside force, we must look not to the House of Lords, but to the action of the late Cabinet. However, the attempt has inevitably been a failure. There stood the Government shivering on the brink of a dissolution, with a single Act of Parliament to show, and the whole bundle of measures which the country was so eager to see carried scattered to the winds. A pitiable predicament truly, though nobody is likely to pity them. But it is what has been foreseen all along. As soon as the Government found out what was the only majority on which they could rely, they should either have laid aside their ambitious projects, or have taken the earliest opportunity of dissolving Parliament again and asking the people what they really did want, supposing there was any doubt about it. Either of these two courses would have been honest and straightforward. But to remain in office on the doubly false pretext—first, that they had a

mandate for the Newcastle Programme; and, secondly, that they would be able to carry it out with a small and heterogeneous majority — was a piece of barefaced place-seeking of which we do not remember the like, and hope never to see the repetition.

There are three reasons by which their conduct may be explained. They may have acted as they did simply to gratify the vanity of the various groups which support them, by enabling them to boast to their constituents of having got this or that favourite fad either read a second time, or pushed prominently forward, in the House of Commons. Or they may have wished only to prove their own sincerity by carrying these various measures as far as they could drag them, and then leave them sticking in the mud. Or they may have struggled on in the hope of picking that quarrel with the House of Lords which was to restore their shattered fortunes at a blow. These reasons may be taken one by one.

As regards the first, we may say unhesitatingly that they had no right whatever to sacrifice such a vast amount of public time to so unworthy an object as that. The specialists are very worthy people, no doubt; and it may be allowable to a Government to propitiate them by some slight attentions, even if they should encroach a little on the claims of more important subjects. But not to waste three years upon them. That was coming it rather too strong. The condition of trade and agriculture, the readjustment of the Poor Law, the change that is imperatively demanded in our system of national education, the state of the unemployed — all these great imperial questions have had to stand by, forsooth, in order that a Welsh Dissenter may be able to

brag of his bill having passed through Committee, or a temperance fanatic of his compulsory sobriety bill having been read a second time! It is not even as if there had ever been any hope of these measures being placed upon the Statute Book. In that case the promoters of them might have claimed that some public good had been done; and at all events it could not have been said that the time was wasted. But as it is, the only thing gained has been the self-glorification of a few groups, who may go home and strut about the market-place bragging of their great performances. To the gratification of this miserable vanity all these precious years have been sacrificed.

As for its having been a test of their own sincerity, we may say, in the first place, that their followers ought not to have wanted any fresh test. There was the programme of their leaders, the collective electioneering address. But if any further proof had been wanted, a much better one would have been an immediate dissolution, pointing out to the people that what was required was some token of their own sincerity; and that unless they furnished Ministers with a majority sufficient to carry the Newcastle Programme through both Houses of Parliament, it must be abandoned. This would have been a test of their sincerity which nobody could impugn. They would have said, in effect, We appealed to you on well-known grounds; we gave certain pledges; and we decline to remain in office unless you give us the means of fulfilling them. It was no proof at all of their sincerity, but rather the reverse, that they resolved to stay in office, knowing that this was impossible, and relying only on keeping up appear-

ances, which they knew would end in nothing. This was no evidence of earnestness. It implied rather that they cared nothing at all about the ultimate success of their professed policy, so long as it served the purpose of keeping them in power.

Had they chosen, on the other hand, to retain office as "care-takers," content with the duties of administration, and confessing their inability to do anything more, it would have been rather a humiliating descent for them. But still there would have been no sham in it; and the position would very likely ere long have brought about a favourable opportunity for appealing to the country on the lines above suggested. If they were really in earnest about the Newcastle Programme, they ought to have been equally in earnest about the means for carrying it into effect, —equally solicitous for its credit, dignity, and practical success. To blow upon it; to drag it through the dirt; to place it in a position in which every man points the finger of scorn at it; to make it a stale, flabby, dishonoured piece of goods, a synonym for all that is hollow and pretentious,—was not exactly the way to prove their sincere attachment to it. They came into office to fulfil it. What they have done is to deter any future statesman from touching it with the tongs.

Supposing, however, we abandon these two theories, and accept the third, that their aim all along has been to make the House of Lords their battle-field, and that they have only been manœuvring during the last three years to get the enemy on to the ground they had selected,—what a confession have we here! Here at once is an admission that all their parade of a popular mandate and the

people's will has been arrant humbug. If they had had a popular mandate, they had no need to pick a quarrel with the House of Lords. Either the country was with them or it was not. If it was, a dissolution of Parliament would have settled the question more simply and speedily than an agitation against the House of Lords. If it was not, then they had no mandate, no commission, no authority at all for what they were doing. They were attempting in the name of the people legislation which the people repudiate, and had no more right to their present position than Arthur Orton had to the Tichborne estates.

It is needless to say that if it was their object to pick a quarrel with the House of Lords, then, independently of the light which it throws on their relations with the country at large, they had no right whatever to remain in office, doing nothing, wasting time, and discrediting parliamentary government, merely for the purpose of gratifying a purely selfish ambition. But there was worse than this behind. Their supposed scheme involved an act of deliberate treachery to the people of this country. It was an attempt to blind their judgment,—to get principles accepted by them in a moment of irritation to which they are known to be opposed when in their sober senses. It was hoped that, by representing the House of Lords as in an attitude of hostility to the House of Commons on the several measures we have named, they might make the means by which these have been rejected more unpopular than the measures themselves, and thus entrap the people into a momentary forgetfulness of their own real convictions. A deliberate purpose of this kind is, we repeat, treason to the nation.

But whatever we may think of these various explanations, one thing at all events is certain,—that they have been using political professions exclusively as a means of continuing in office. If they had really wished to promote the measures of which they say the country is in favour, they would long before this of their own accord have appealed to the country to give them the necessary majority. As they were afraid to do this, and were obliged at the same time to keep up appearances, they have gone through the dreary work of dragging measures through the House of Commons, which, when the labour was over, could only, like the stone of Sisyphus, roll back to where they were before. Thus they tried to make the people believe that they were doing something, when in reality they were doing nothing; and sustained the illusion by keeping their measures in motion, though their policy stood stock-still. They have trotted their bills in and out—now one up, now another, with a great appearance of activity, but no progress. And why, in the name of heaven, has this particular Government been allowed to continue to hold office on such terms as these? No other Ministry that has ever served the Crown since parliamentary government began would have been suffered to do the like. The pretence that they were actuated by public motives is demonstrably false. For all the public good they have been doing, they might just as well have sat still with their hands before them, and dozed out the session in harmless indolence. The spectacle is unprecedented, and can only be due to the fact that the character of the House of Commons has of late years been appreciably lowered, and that, on one side of the House

at all events, are to be found men to whose ears the reputation of parliamentary government conveys no meaning.

In the House of Commons, the Government grew weaker every day. They, before the end came, went on wearily and heavily struggling to advance the Welsh Bill in Committee, against an Opposition which they knew might at any time defeat them. With this sword hanging over their heads, with their spirits damped by evil auguries on all sides, and with their own supporters on the verge of mutiny, the word in every man's mouth as he looked at them was "How long?" (*Quamdiu abutere patientiâ nostrâ*). Their last experience of the Caudine Forks was in the case of Cromwell's statue. They first agreed to it to please the English Radicals, and then withdrew it to pacify the Irish Catholics. We have some respect for Oliver Cromwell. If he had not murdered his sovereign, enslaved his country, and trampled on the religious convictions of three kingdoms, we might have had more. Sir William Harcourt himself confessed that he had no liking for him. But what could he do? He was first of all squeezed into a hole, and then had to be squeezed out of it; having forfeited all pretensions to be a free agent in the matter. However, this is no new thing: and the question that remained was simply this, Whether, in consequence of the vote on Mr Campbell Bannerman's salary, the Government would wind up public business and dissolve at once; or whether they would keep their heads above water long enough to reach the long vacation, and then repeat in the autumn the solemn farce which had been acted during the spring and summer? The question

wassoon answered. Lord Salisbury is now Prime Minister, and in a few weeks the present Parliament will cease to exist. But though there can be very little doubt that a powerful Unionist majority will be the result of an appeal to the constituencies, we must remember that the Radicals will of course once more claim popular support for their programme, and that it is imperatively necessary that the constituencies should understand not only its direct object but the consequences with which it is pregnant. The gravity of the matter is not even now perhaps fully appreciated. The claim which Lord Rosebery's Cabinet made upon the country was virtually this, that they should be allowed to use one-half of the House of Commons to crush the other, and to change the constitution of the realm by a majority of a single vote. Lord Rosebery himself has said that a majority of one is enough; and they further demanded that over revolutionary measures thus carried through the Lower Chamber the House of Lords should have no practical control. When the House of Commons had said it was so, it was to be so—no matter by what methods, or what trivial preponderance of opinion, that result has been obtained. What aggravates the danger is of course the fact, that the House of Commons is no longer able to defend itself against an aggressive and unscrupulous Government. It has stripped itself of the defensive armour which it formerly possessed, and lies totally at the mercy of any Minister who chooses to abuse his opportunities. Whether the late Government were in earnest or not about the House of Lords, there is a party in the country who are; and just as Mr Gladstone was

driven into Home Rule, his successors might be driven into a serious attack upon the Upper House whether they like it or not. What it is most important to remember is, that the party by whom a Radical Government would be goaded on to such a measure would oppose, and would be able to defeat, any attempt to make the House of Lords stronger. Whatever was done would be in the direction of weakening it, and reducing its veto to a nullity. Now, in England we have no other check whatever on the popular Assembly. Mr Bryce has compared the situation of England with that of America in this respect, and shows that England, relying on the Second Chamber, has provided none of those securities against abrupt constitutional changes which were wisely established in America by the founders of the Republic. The majority of the House of Commons might in the absence of the House of Lords repeal the Septennial Act, abolish the monarchy, abandon the empire, or do anything else which the popular passion of the moment might insist upon. We do not mean to say for a moment that men like Sir William Harcourt or Lord Rosebery would of their own accord, or willingly, take a part in any such derangement of the constitution as should lead up to consequences of this magnitude. But when we see what has happened in the matter of Home Rule, we cannot but feel that we are leaning on a broken reed in trusting to the firmness or integrity of men who could first denounce Mr Parnell as the pioneer of assassination, and afterwards become his very humble servants.

The probability is that, so far, the late Government were only playing with the question. If a feint against the House of Lords would

produce the immediate effect which they required, they would leave the future to take care of itself. On this hypothesis, we must consider them as bombarding the institutions of the country for the sake only of making as much noise and smoke as possible, under cover of which they hope to snatch some surreptitious advantage, regardless of the injury which the institutions themselves may suffer in the process. They told their supporters, in fact, not to be discouraged if the Church in Wales did not fall at once. It would never be the same again. Whether they really thought so or not, we cannot say. But it is evident that they could have cared very little what might be the ultimate effect of their fire, provided only that it answered its immediate purpose. Which-ever version of the present situation we may choose to accept, the conduct of the Ministry is what at one time of day might have entailed on them very disagreeable consequences. It is true that we have no form of legal procedure in this country corresponding to the *γραφὴ παρανομῶν* of the Athenians. But we ought to have some means of marking our sense of these attempts to overthrow the constitution of the country, by the help

of a paid contingent which cares nothing about either British interests or British institutions. A policy which comprises the detachment of Ireland, the degradation of the House of Lords, and the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, *does* amount to the overthrow of the British constitution, which rests on the three Estates of the realm combined under the reigning Sovereign. The nation, we suppose, has a right to change its constitution if it pleases. But no man, woman, or child—no Englishman, Scotchman, or even Irishman, no Frenchman, German, or American—could recognise the voice of the nation in the Gladstonian Ministerial majority. And their persistence in their destructive legislation, on the flagrantly false pretence that it *did* represent the nation, has been something more than a mere impudent political falsehood. It is a political crime—a betrayal of the constitution which they are bound to defend, and an outrage on the people, whose name they have abused. They have been carrying on a farce for their own benefit at the expense of great national interests, and have been trying to raise capital on the strength of an acceptance which time has shown to be a forgery.

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THE PARIS OPERA.

THERE are subjects which seem, by their inherent nature, to be necessarily full of incidents; from which everybody, as a matter of course, expects impressions; but which are so fundamentally deceptive that, when they are looked at closely, scarcely anything can be discovered in them. It would be going too far to pretend that their water turns into sand and their flowers into ashes, but it is certainly true of them that they promise in theory enormously more than they fulfil in practice, and that they dazzle on their surface and deceive in their substance. The Opera is—according to my experience at least—one of the most delusive of this class of subjects. It holds out all sorts of tempting expectations, and realises scarcely any of them. Though my recollections of the Paris Opera extend over nearly half a century,

they form, in the main, only a confused heap, with splashes of colour here and there, but without much outline; it is with difficulty that I can detect amongst them an occasional clearly marked picture. Until I began to look into them with the purpose of describing them, I always took it for granted that they contained a quantity of strange details and amusing memories, and yet, on careful examination, I find them comparatively empty of any well-defined sensation. Such few details in them as may be worth narrating are all small. The retrospect disappoints me. The reason is, evidently, that, like others, I have gone habitually to the Opera as a mere social act, just as I should go into a drawing-room, and have sought for my diversion there in the boxes rather than in the performance. To the

people who constitute society (or who think they do) the Opera has always meant, and still means, the house rather than the stage. To see and to discuss acquaintances, and to be seen and discussed by them, and (for men) to go gossiping from box to box, are everywhere the main objects with which "the world" goes to the Opera. In southern Europe, indeed, it may be said that they are the sole objects. There are, of course, a quantity of people, less regular in their attendance, whose purpose is simply to hear the music; but they are not "the world." They do not talk, as others do. In Paris, especially, it is an accepted principle that society *n'écoute que le ballet*. It is only when the curtain rises on the short skirts that tongues grow still and that eyes turn unanimously to the stage. There are, naturally, singers to whom everybody listens, and songs (even if heard for the hundredth time) for which all conversations are interrupted; but the general rule remains, that relative silence and attention are reserved, in Paris, for the dancing. Of a spectacle so constituted there is much of personal tittle-tattle to narrate, but there is very little of general interest; and that is, I apprehend, the reason why people who have frequented the Opera during nearly all their lives find, as I have just said, so little to tell about it.

This condition of the question is reflected in the copious literature which exists about the Paris Opera, for it does not give a quarter of its pages to the music, and concerns itself principally with the ballet. There are quantities of volumes, dating from various years of the century, filled largely with biographies and adventures of *danseuses*,—their variegated loves,

their vanities, and their bitter jealousies of each other are described minutely; but there are scarcely any ordinary books (I exclude, of course, the special and technical ones) which treat mainly of the music performed, and not one, so far as I know, which describes the public and its ways.

And yet the chronicles of the boxes are precisely what society cares most about, because they mean the history of a not inconsiderable portion of the brighter social life of Paris. As those chronicles, if they existed, would of course be purely local, foreign readers would not care for them; but to Paris itself they would signify "the Opera," almost to the exclusion of all else. When it is remembered that there are three subscribers' nights each week; that very few of the *abonnés* possess a box for more than one of the three nights (sometimes, even, for only one night in a fortnight); that there are in the present house about eighty boxes open to subscription, on the ground tier, grand tier, and second tier (the side-boxes on the second tier are left for the miscellaneous public, who also have all the boxes at their disposal on the off-nights), it will be perceived that the number of different subscribers is considerable, and that the intimate history of each box is very varied and altogether special to itself. The controllers on the staircase must need some training before they get to know the face of every one, as undoubtedly they do. No subscriber's box is ever let; it is lent to friends when not used by its owner: in the event of mourning or long absence it may be leased away for an entire year; but it would be against the usages of Paris to retail it for money for a

single night. The difficulty of obtaining an *abonnement* is very great, for a box once got is held solidly in a family. When the old Marquis de Casa Riera, who had for many years the great Entre Colonnes box on the right side (for which he paid, if I remember rightly, £1200 a-year, and which, though he was blind, he filled every night with pretty women), died some fifteen years ago, there was a hot flutter of excitement in the Paris of the Opera as to what would become of the succession to the box. After a palpitating struggle of influences, efforts, and diplomacy, equal in emotion to the contest between Ulysses and the Telamonian Ajax for the armour of Achilles, the nephew and heir of the old Marquis managed to keep the box for one night a-week (he could not obtain more), and it was won for each of the other nights by persons of the highest place, who had been longing for it impatiently for years. An ordinary box for one night a-week costs from £240 to £320 a-year, according to its size and situation. The combat for boxes is unceasing: it is one of the features of the rich life of Paris, and, to those who know the people and the circumstances, the combat is diverting to watch. Nothing, however, need be told about it here. I presume that it has gone on from the beginning, in every one of the thirteen houses in which the Paris Opera has successively been lodged; but it is naturally more acute at present than it ever was before, for the two reasons that more and more people are able to pay for a box, and that the present theatre is so superb that it acts temptingly and stimulatingly on the ambitious. Amongst its other glories

it is by very far the biggest that exists; for instance, it is about three times the size (in surface and in cube) of the Operas of Munich and St Petersburg, and about ten times greater than that at Berlin.

The influence of the Paris Opera on the history and development of operatic representations has been considerable; no other city has contributed in the same degree to the foundation and the progress of both opera and ballet. In Opéra Comique particularly, as distinguished from the Italian Opera Buffa, the French have taken the lead from the commencement; it is to them, almost alone, that we owe the growth of this branch of composition, the representation of which, however, has been transferred from the Grand Opera to smaller houses. Of course the first operas were, as the name shows, Italian, and the earliest of them are said to date from the end of the fifteenth century. But the establishment of what is now understood by a national Opera belongs to France, and dates from 1671, when "*Pomone*," a "*Comédie française en musique*," was performed, under the management of the Abbé Perrier, in a house built for the purpose, in what is now the Rue Mazarine. In 1672 Lulli was appointed by Louis XIV., through the protection of Madame de Montespan, Director of the Opera, and the title of "*Académie royale de Musique*" was bestowed on the undertaking. From that time to this there has been a French Opera in Paris.

But though the French Opera has always been a national institution, and though all its productions have been in the French language (excepting when, once or twice, an Italian troupe has given

momentary representations), its destinies have been largely shaped by foreigners. From Lulli to Gluck and Piccini, and from them again to Rossini and Meyerbeer, foreign composers have contributed as much as Frenchmen to its success. Furthermore, it must be remarked, as a characteristic of its history, that almost every one of the early pieces, whether by French or foreign composers, contained a ballet; indeed, on looking over the long list of *Tragédies lyriques* and *Pastorales* represented during the first hundred years, scarcely any example can be found of song without dance. And the dancing was an important portion of the whole show, not a mere *divertissement* as in our day. This feature was as clearly marked from the origin as was the cosmopolitan composition of the music. In the first letters-patent which Louis XIV. addressed to the management of the Opera, he used words which painted clearly the state of the opinion which then existed as to the importance of dancing. He said:—

“Bien que l’art de la danse ait toujours été reconnu l’un des plus honnêtes et des plus nécessaires à former le corps, néanmoins il s’est, pendant les désordres et la confusion des dernières guerres, introduit dans le dit art, comme en tous autres, un grand nombre d’abus capables de les porter à leur ruine irréparable. . . . Beaucoup d’ignorants ont tâché de le défigurer et de le corrompre en la personne de la plus grande partie des gens de qualité. . . . Ce qui fait que nous en voyons peu, dans notre cour et suite, capables et en état d’entrer dans nos ballets, quelque dessein que nous eussions de les y appeler. À quoi étant nécessaire de pourvoir, et désirant rétablir le dit art dans sa perfection et l’augmenter autant que faire se pourra, nous avons jugé à propos d’établir dans notre bonne ville de Paris une Académie royale

de danse, composés de treize des plus expérimentés du dit art.”

So that the Opera dancing-school was regarded in the royal mind as an aid for the development of Court dancing. And yet, notwithstanding this enthusiasm for “*le dit art*,” it was not until 1681, after the princesses and ladies of the Court had set at St Germain the example of dancing and claiming before the King in the ballet “*Le Triomphe de l’Amour*,” that women dancers ventured to show themselves on the public stage. Until then the female parts in the ballets had been performed by men. Emboldened, and indeed authorised, by the initiative from above, Mademoiselle La Fontaine had the courage to appear as a *dansuse* at the Opera; she was the first woman-dancer, the originator and creator of the profession; and as she had the good fortune to commence her career just at the right moment, she had immense success and made her name immortal. Whereon, it may be observed that immortality amongst mortals is obtainable from a variety of sources.

At that time dancing was regarded as such a noble act that not only did the bearers of the royal and historic names of France perform before the sovereign, and not only did the King himself take part sometimes in person, but, additionally, a young Prince Dietrichstein, the eldest son of the then Grand Master of the Imperial Court at Vienna, positively danced *a pas seul* in public on the stage of the Paris Opera on 19th June 1682, in the lyric tragedy of “*Persée*.” The ‘*Mercur*e Galant’ (the famous monthly journal of the time) described the scene in detail, saying, amongst other things,

"Ce jeune seigneur, qui n'a pris leçon que depuis un an, dansa cette entrée d'une manière si juste qu'il fut admiré de tout le monde." Yet, notwithstanding the success of the attempt, a hundred and fifty years passed before persons of society appeared again as dancers on the Opera stage. In 1833, when Auber's opera of "Gustave III." was produced, the ball scene, with its splendours and its mad galop, produced such an effect on the audience that, as a contemporary writer puts it—

"Il y eut entre la scène et la salle un fluide de communication et d'attraction tellement impérieux que la scène se peupla au préjudice de la salle. Des dames—de grandes dames—affublées de dominos épais, le visage couvert d'un masque impénétrable, vinrent galoper au milieu des danseuses et des figurantes du corps de ballet. Les hommes suivirent l'exemple des femmes ; ils passèrent sur le théâtre ; et, un certain jour du carnaval, les lions des avant-scènes et de l'orchestre, déguisés en ours blancs et noirs, conduisirent le galop à la grande joie d'une salle comble."

To give another example, of a different sort, of the importance acquired formerly by the ballet, I mention the fact that when the first Vestris, founder of the dynasty and father of "*le Dieu de la danse*," declared, with profound conviction, "there are only three great men in the world, myself, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia," nobody seems to have felt surprise or to have offered contradiction.

The portraits of twenty of the most famous *danseuses* are to be seen in the *foyer de la danse* of the present Opera House, where, from Mademoiselle La Fontaine down to Madame Rosati, including Sallé, Camargo, Guimard, Noblet, Taglioni, Duvernay, Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, and Cerrito, a fairly

complete gallery of faces and costumes, reproduced from old pictures, is on the walls. It is a curious collection of the types and fashions of the two last centuries.

The *foyer de la danse* was in other days a very famous gathering-place. Regular subscribers and distinguished personages alone had the right to enter it, and for a long while the right was regarded as a privilege. But since the new house has been opened the privilege has lost much of its ancient value. The *foyer* of the former building in the Rue Le Pelletier was old-fashioned, badly lighted, with faded velvet benches, and with damaged frames to the mirrors ; its sole ornament was a marble bust of Guimard. And yet all Paris and all Europe (I need scarcely explain that I am speaking of men only) flocked to it as a place of delight. It was full of traditions and associations ; the history of recent dance was represented in it ; every *danseuse* of name since 1821 (when the house was built, after the murder of the Duc de Berri in the preceding establishment in the Place Louvois) had received in it the homage of her admirers ; with all its shabbiness it shone, with all its dinginess it glittered ; it offered to its *habitue's* what they considered to be a delightful pastime, and constituted a drawing-room of an intensely specialised sort. The *foyer* of the new house is a vast gorgeous hall, all marble columns, brilliant lustres, endless looking-glasses, pictures, and bright ornaments : it is as magnificent as the old one was squalid ; and yet it lacks the meaning and the attraction of the other, and is comparatively abandoned. The fashion has changed ; foreign princes have ceased to think that their first visit to

Paris has been incomplete if they have not seen it, and have not listened to the oracles of the priestesses of the shrine. There is still a crowd in it (as thick, perhaps, as ever) during the *entr'actes* of the ballet; but the composition of the assemblage is altered: it is no longer made up principally of ambassadors, ministers, and bearers of great names; journalists and Bourse speculators are abundant in it now. The young ladies, who have acquired from long practice the faculty of standing about unconcernedly and imperviously in draughts, with bare legs, arms, and shoulders, and with "des robes qui ne commencent qu'à peine et finissent tout de suite" (another definition is, "des robes excessivement hautes par le bas et excessivement basses par le haut"), do not charm the gentlemen of to-day as they fascinated their fathers. The *foyer* lives upon its ancient fame, and is still curious to look at; but it has fallen from the high place which once belonged to it in the life of Paris. When I first saw it, the gathering was in its full glory. Almost miserable as was the room, with its dirty sloping floor (corresponding with the incline of the stage), its low ceiling, and its air of general discomfort, the scenes that went on in it, the words that were spoken in it, and the people that frequented it, were absolutely apart; nothing like them was to be found elsewhere. The mixture of brilliancy, of elegance, of dance, of sparkling talk (on the side of the men), of love-making and of laughter, was prodigious. Neither natural nor experimental chemistry has ever produced a more intimate compound of fantastic elements; it was social and moral synthesis in its intensest

form. At that time the *habitués* of the *foyer* were convinced that they could not live without it; it had become necessary to their lives. The present generation manages to subsist away from it.

Scarcely any of the stories told of *danseuses* are amusing; few of the heroines have left behind them any reputation of *esprit*. The best known of the legends is that Mademoiselle Guimard determined, when she was young, that she would postpone growing old; so she had her portrait taken at the age of twenty, placed the picture on her dressing-table by the side of her glass, and painted herself up to it every morning until she was fifty. By that means she remained twenty during thirty years. It was she too who, at sixty, consented to give a final representation for her friends, on condition that the curtain should be kept down to the level of her waist, and that the spectators should see nothing of her but her legs, which, although her body was so thin that she was called "the skeleton of grace," had retained in age the beauty of their youthful form.

Of all the others there is not a story to be told, not one at least that is worth telling; the quartz contains no gold. But yet there is something to be said of one of them. There was a dancer of whom it is impossible not to speak, not indeed to tell stories of her, for I know none, but to give her the first place which belongs to her in dance history—Taglioni! Nature did not, most certainly, intend that she should dance (although she belonged to a family of dancers), for, as a child, she was a most wretched object, pale, crooked, wasted; but will and work made of her a wonder. Her *début* was

at Vienna; her success, however, was won in Paris, and Paris claims her as its own. She appeared there in 1827, but it was not till 1830 that, in "*Le Dieu et la Bayadère*," she took her real place. In 1832 came "*La Sylphide*," a still greater triumph, in which even the physical defects of Taglioni, especially her phenomenal thinness, seemed almost to add to the effect she produced:—

"Elle devenait une ombre; elle se condensait en vapeur; elle flottait sur le lac bleuâtre et sous l'écume de la cascade, comme un flocon de brume soulevé par le vent! Une couronne de volubilis idéal s'enroulait dans ses cheveux, et derrière ses épaules frêles palpaient deux petites ailes de plumes de paon. Sa robe semblait taillée dans le crêpe des libellules, et son soulier dans le corolle d'un lis. Elle apparaissait et s'évanouissait comme une vision impalpable."

She made diaphanousness the fashion; "*toutes les femmes essayèrent de se vaporiser, à l'aide de jupes de tulle, de mousseline, et de tarlatane; le blanc fut presque la seule couleur adoptée.*" The dance of Taglioni was a revelation of new possibilities: it did not look human; she floated; when she soared into the air there seemed to be no reason why she should come down again; her bounds were the flights of a bird. She has had no successor; stage-dancing has become acrobatic; it is no longer the dream of grace which she had made of it. As she ceased in 1837 to dance in Paris (in consequence, I think, of some dispute with the management), it was in London that I saw her. She was not only extraordinary, but incredible; there was no believing that such aerial movements could be performed by a woman.

I leave the ballet where I found it, in the *foyer de la danse*, its now half-abandoned home. My object in referring once more to that *foyer* is to observe that, while everybody went to it, nobody but musicians ever looked, or do look, into the *foyer du chant*. Singers, unlike dancers, fear cold air, and stay in their dressing-rooms until the last moment; if they appear at all in their *foyer*, they are so wrapped up that they are in no way smart.

I have but two or three disjointed details to tell of them, for the stories about singers are even rarer than those about dancers: they have fewer loves, but even more jealousies, and, on the whole, are very uninteresting personally.

The first female singer at the Paris opera was Mademoiselle de Castilly, who appeared in "*Pomone*." As she was of noble birth, she obtained from Louis XIV. an edict declaring that "*tous les gentilshommes et damoiselles puissent chanter aux dites pièces et représentations de notre Académie royale, sans que pour ce ils soient censés déroger au dit titre de noblesse, ou à leurs privilèges, droits, et immunités.*"

After her came a series of names which have grown, more or less, into the history of music. The famous Sophie Arnoult was not only a great singer, but also the most brilliant wit of her time; most of the *bons mots* of the eighteenth century were attributed to her. It was she who created the rôle of Eurydice in Gluck's "*Orphée*" on its first performance in 1774.

Mademoiselle Falcon, who appeared in 1832, had an immense success: never had a more magnificent singer been heard; but, after eight years of triumphs, her

voice failed suddenly one night in the middle of a performance. It was gone!

The subjects of all the earlier operas represented in Paris were drawn, according to the usage of the period, from mythology, the 'Iliad,' or Greek history. "Jephté," in 1731, was the first piece taken from the Bible. The Archbishop protested against it, and got the representation stopped. But the interdict was soon removed, and from that moment all sources were open to the libretto-maker.

The first rôle written for a contralto voice was in Campra's opera of "Tancrède," brought out in 1702. The object was to utilise the superb lower notes of Mademoiselle Maupin.

After these slight indications of scattered points in the records of the Paris Opera, I go on now to such few of my own recollections as have remained clear. The mass of them represent, as I have already said, a kaleidoscopic mist. I see a great confusion of mixed colours and faint sparklings and almost shapeless forms; I am vaguely conscious of much chatter and much laughter; I dimly hear the shouts or the warblings of song, and the crashing or the whispering of music; I hazily perceive lights, diamonds, smiles, shoulders, legs, costumes, trees, mountains, lakes, processions, battles, a variety of crimes, wild loves and equally wild hates, and all the rest that helps to make up a lyric tragedy or a ballet. That, in the main, is what remains to me of long years of Opera; but as nobody else (nobody at least that I have known) can honestly pretend that he preserves much more, and as no other sorts of what is called amusement have left behind them

any plainer traces for me, I do not feel justified in addressing any special reproach to the Opera, because my memories of it are so nearly blank. On the contrary, I feel very grateful to it for the little I do remember.

In Gounod's "Tribut de Zamora" (which, I fancy, is not known in England) Madame Krauss filled the rôle of a Spanish woman, a native of Zamora, who had been taken prisoner twenty years before by the Moors, her husband being killed fighting and her baby lost, and who had gone mad from the shock. She appears in the piece at forty years of age, after spending half her life amongst her enemies, treated by them with respect precisely because she has lost her reason. At the moment when she comes on, the Spanish girls who are sent each year as tribute, under a disgraceful treaty with the Moors, are brought in from Zamora. One of them is kind to the crazy woman, tries to soothe her, and, sadly, talks to her of Zamora. "Zamora?" repeats the other, wistfully, almost tenderly, as if listening to a far-off echo, "Zamora?" The girl, surprised, asks, "Do you know Zamora?" The dull meaningless answer is again, "Zamora!" Then the girl tells her own story, speaks of her father killed on the ramparts by the Moors, of her mother carried off by them just after she herself was born, of the kind friends who brought her up; and the other listens vacantly, reiterating gently "Zamora!" Suddenly, with a start, the mad woman snatches at the girl, drags her hurriedly to the footlights, stares at her insanely, touches her, pulls her, muttering again and again "Zamora!" struggling, at first feebly; then, by degrees, excitedly; at last, with fran-

tic passion, making terrific efforts to form thought. Her lips part; a hoarse cry comes from them, but it tells nothing; her kindled eyes grow dull again. The girl gazes at her terror-struck; others gather round the maniac and watch her with awe. She falls upon her knees, pulling the girl down to her with the left hand, pointing the other hand out before her into space with an awfulness of idiotic eagerness I have never seen attained by any other actress. Again the moaning cry comes from her, terribly appealing, "Zamora!" With a wild leap she springs to her feet, hurls back her tangled hair, flings up her distorted eyes, and from her lips burst out three hysterical notes, sounding like the opening of a chant. With a strain so fearful that it is positively painful to watch, she crouches down again, glares vacantly before her, and then pours out more notes—this time with half-spoken words! Memory is awaking! Savagely the stress goes on; its fury seems to crush her. Again she falls upon her knees, upon her hands even; she bends down to the ground; lifts herself half up and casts her arms about imploringly, as if supplicating for consciousness. A glimmer shows itself weakly in her eyes; it gains; light is in them; it shines; it flashes; it blazes. Wildly, like a panther from its lair, she springs to her feet again, desperately she throws her ravelled hair behind her, tears off her hood, bares the head that once more begins to hold a mind, and, hesitating, broken, breathless, clutching with her fingers at the air as if to seize support from it, pronounces, in a fearful whisper, "Debout, enfants de l'Ibérie!" And then she goes on muttering "Debout . . . debout!" She stops

again, incapable, unknowing. But she has said enough; she has begun the hymn of Zamora! The terrified girl at her side has heard and recognised the words; she seizes gaspingly the mad woman, holds her, calls to her, implores her. The other struggles on. Clearer, plainer, louder, come out the words, "Debout, enfants de l'Ibérie!" Again and again she tries, but she knows not more. At last, after overpowering effort, with all-conquering passion, strained to her fullest height, her head uplifted, her arms stretched out as if to grasp the sky, her eyes a flame of radiance, a flood of bewildered joy, of returned reason, pouring over her, rushing out of her in every gesture, she shouts out, in thundering notes, the whole fierce chant—

"Debout, enfants de l'Ibérie! Haut
les glaives et haut les cœurs!
Des païens nous serons vainqueurs, ou
nous mourrons pour la patrie!"

Then, turning burningly to the girl, she cries, "And you?" It is her daughter!

It has never been given to me to behold on the stage such a scene as that. Even if I had seen nothing else to recollect, it would have been worth while to go vacantly to the Opera for fifty years in order to wait for that. The first time I was present at it I happened to be in a stage-box, with Madame Krauss ten feet from me. My throat dried, my back grew cold, my heart seemed to stop beating. The effect was almost awful in its intensity. I had always regarded Madame Krauss as a prodigiously powerful dramatic artist, but in that scene she surpassed all I had conceived possible. I need scarcely say that I never talked while that scene

was on. The rest of the opera was flat, but those minutes were tremendous; they do indeed stand out in my memories of the Opera.

Another recollection of a very different nature is, for other reasons, almost as fresh in my head. Soon after the present house was opened (I forget the year) Johann Strauss came to Paris with his band, and gave a concert in the staircase of the Opera, which was then still in the glory of its novelty. The concert was for the benefit of the Austro-Hungarian Charity Society of France, and was under the patronage, and indeed under the management, of the Austrian Embassy. All Paris went to it,—ex-kings, ex-princes, and all sorts of other people. The house itself was not opened; the visitors were admitted only to the staircase and its surroundings—that is to say, to the great landings on each floor, to the public *foyer* and *avant-foyer*, and to the colonnades, arcades, and corridors around. This does not seem much in words, but in fact it means an enormous space. And for architectural and ornamental effect nothing more splendid is to be found in Europe; such a grouping of marbles, columns, sculptures, colours, metals, and varied decorations exists nowhere else. The orchestra was placed in the colonnade between the open side of the back of the staircase and the *foyer*. Chairs were against the walls wherever it was possible to put them. The balconies were reserved for the diplomatic body and great personages. The public walked about or sat, and met friends and chatted. A brilliant show it was, and the music was most effective. From the “*Blauen Donau*” to the “*Künstler-Leben*,” Strauss played

almost every one of his compositions, and played them with that pulsating swing, that half-dreamy, half-fiery throe, and, above all, with that flickering, caressing hesitation on the first note of the measures, which are all so markedly distinctive of the Vienna manner of performing waltz music. The audience was fairly carried away. The success was enormous. Everybody congratulated Count Kuefstein, the First Secretary of the Austrian Embassy, on having conceived so luminous an idea. A concert in a staircase! But admirable as was the effect, there was a flaw in it. When everybody had arrived (and everybody came early), the staircase itself, which was the centre of everything, as the arena is the centre of a bull-ring, remained absolutely empty. The landings on the first floor were crammed with ball dresses and black coats, but in the middle was a vast hole, white, lustrous, void, engulfing. Not one soul passed up or down or stood upon those blanched marble steps. The chasm grew more and more yawning, cold, and painful, because everybody sat or stood or strolled around it and gazed into it. People seemed to become almost oppressed by it. I, in particular, looked at it with awe, for I was obliged to go away; I had to be elsewhere at eleven. Now going away meant going down that staircase; it meant leaping, like Curtius, into that chasm; it meant the descent of that endless series of white polished slabs (which I had till then admired, but which at that moment I hated) by a man alone in black, with all Paris looking at him. I advanced fearfully to the crest of one of the wide flights and cast my eyes into its depths. It appalled me! I shrank from

the awful plunge. It was like forming a storming party all alone. I wandered away again, and sought in the crowd for some one who looked as if he wanted to go, so that I might follow him. I felt capable of any sort of meanness in order to obtain a leader, or, at all events, a companion. Not one! Everybody stopped stolidly and solidly, and evidently everybody meant to stop until the end. It was already past eleven! At last, with an effort of will and a sentiment of duty, to which I have looked back ever since with admiration, I walked straight to the top step, clenched my teeth (I wanted to shut my eyes too, but I needed them open), and, alone, began the descent. With a determination to appear indifferent, which was never surpassed by the boldest criminal on his way to execution, I positively sauntered down! Notwithstanding my emotion, I did not hurry. I had the consciousness that, to the assembled eyes above, I must have looked like a fly crawling across a ceiling; but I persisted. In safety I reached the bottom, disappeared into the entrance-hall, and breathed. I knew that Paris loved to scoff, and I expected to be known thenceforth as "the staircase man"; but, to my intense relief, I found next day that not a soul had noticed me, and that all my terror had been wasted. All the same, I had rather not do it again.

Another recollection that has remained very clear to me is of something that happened outside the old house. One night, in January 1858, I had dined in the Champs Elysées, had lingered there, and had not started for the Opera till nearly half-past ten. When the cab that carried me

reached the bottom of the Chaussée d'Antin, it began to go slowly, and finally pulled up. I found myself in a crowd. I put my head out and asked the nearest man what was the matter. He answered excitedly, "They have tried to assassinate the Emperor; the Boulevard is barred; you cannot go on." Then up came a policeman shrieking out the order to turn back and clear the way. I questioned him, but of course obtained no reply whatever. So I left the cab and went on to the pavement, in the double hope of hearing details and of reaching the Opera on foot.

As everybody was bursting with the news, I was told in half a minute by half-a-dozen eager strangers that an infernal machine had exploded an hour before in the Rue Le Pelletier at the moment when the Emperor and Empress had reached the entrance to the Opera, and that, though neither of them was hurt, their carriage had been half smashed, and numbers of other people had been killed or wounded. I learnt too that every street was closed, that no one was allowed to approach the scene, and that it was idle to dream of getting any farther. The emotion of the mob was immense; horror of the crime and attachment to the Imperial dynasty were loudly professed. I daresay, however, that the suspicion of the presence of detectives listening for evidence stimulated somewhat the rather exaggerated expressions of loyalty I heard around me. In five minutes many descriptions of the explosion had been supplied to me, —most of them in contradiction with each other,—and I began to feel that I had exhausted the public sources of information available on the Boulevard. So I turned up the Chaussée d'Antin to see if it

was possible to get through the Rue de Provence to the Rue Le Pelletier. Before I had gone ten yards I met a friend who told me he had made the attempt, had been turned back by the police, and that he was certain it was idle to try to reach the Opera in any direction whatever. Ashe hurried on to carry the news to his club, I asked myself suddenly how the people inside the Opera would get away? If nobody on foot could reach the entrance, it was clear that no carriage could arrive there either; and the fate of the ladies began to interest me, especially as the night was cheerless and cold. So I risked saying to a passing policeman, "I have friends in the Opera, and am anxious about them. How will they come out?" For a wonder, he was civil. He answered, "Well, the people, I believe, are coming away now, on foot, round by the back streets. I don't think anybody is allowed to go by the Boulevard. I have seen nothing myself, but that is what I hear from my comrades on the beat." I thanked him, and went on up the Chaussée d'Antin to see if this was true. The crowd was thickening everywhere, for people were arriving from all parts of Paris; feelings of rage and horror, and particularly of shame, were being expressed in loud voices. I pressed on as well as I could, and, with considerable difficulty, squeezed myself at last to the corner of the Rue St Lazare, where the road was closed by a cordon of police. In vain did I appeal to the *sergents de ville*, and urge that I was searching for news of friends; they refused to listen to me or to the dozen other persons who wanted to pass for the same reason. I saw, however, through the shoulders of the people in front of me, that

ladies in evening dress were hurrying along the Rue St Lazare, which, at that point, appeared to be kept free for them, and I recognised that a portion of the audience was really escaping that way.

My alarm as to the fate of many acquaintances who, I knew, were at the Opera that night, grew stronger from contact with the emotion of the crowd, and, after a good deal of hesitation, I decided to go to the Rue Tronchet, to inquire if some great friends who lived there, and whose night it was, had returned home. I found the *concierge* asleep, and for half a minute could not make him understand my errand; but when he had woke up and comprehended, he burst into a violent commotion, jumped out of bed, flung on his clothes, and declared that he would go at once to arrest the murderers and pick up the wounded. I had some difficulty in persuading him that he had better leave those functions to the police, and that his duty was to let the servants know what had happened, so that they might make up big fires and have boiling water ready for their mistress and her daughters (who had not come home). So there he and I stopped, waiting nervously, listening for steps in the street, till suddenly, at midnight, the bell rang sharply, and in they came, half frozen and terribly upset. They crouched before the fires and shivered a good deal, from emotion quite as much as from cold. They knew almost less than I did: they had heard the explosion faintly, and did not ask what it meant; but in two or three minutes the news ran like fire round the house; everybody rose; many left their places to inquire; the panic was intense. Suddenly the Emperor and Empress were in

their box, came to the front, and, very pale but very self-controlled, faced the audience. Then out burst frantic cheering, wild, furious, unrepresible; it continued for minutes; the women waving handkerchiefs, most of them with tears in their eyes; the sovereigns bowing, much moved. It was impossible to think of continuing the performance; the shouting was too tremendous, too enthusiastic, too lasting to leave room for anything else. After a quarter of an hour (to allow time for fetching fresh carriages, instead of the damaged ones) the Emperor and Empress left again, amidst roars and tempests of bravos. Then everybody tried to go away, but found it could not be managed. The street was impassable—partly from damage done, partly from the constant carrying away of wounded (many of whom had been hit in the houses), partly from the stoppage of circulation by the police. So there they all had to remain until a passage was arranged for them, and were despatched successively. My friends were too disturbed to remember more, and the little they did know was not at all clear in their heads. They could not find a cab, but were accompanied in their walk by two gentlemen, who, when they had seen them inside their door, hastened to their own homes to relieve the anxiety of their families.

Next morning the details began to take a form; but, if I remember correctly, it was not for two or three days that the authors of the attack were traced and caught.

It was what is known in history as the Orsini plot.

The shake of Madame Bosio has also left me an impression of another sort. It was asserted and believed that nobody else ever pos-

sessed such a shake, and assuredly it was utterly bewildering. It was smooth as the surface of calm water, rhythmical as the beating of a clock, pulsating as the throb of an engine, enduring as an unknown quantity. No bird ever carolled more trillingly, no star ever scintillated more brilliantly, no diamond ever sparkled more dazzlingly. When we knew that shake was coming, we strained our ears in preparation; while it lasted we held our breath in fascination; when it ended we shouted out applause in intoxication. Of course it was purely mechanical; of course there was no passion in it; of course it was mere vocal dexterity, and in no way the lyrical expression of a feeling; but, all the same, it was as utterly apart in song as was the floating of Taglioni in dance. Amongst the luminosities which here and there light up my memories of the Paris Opera, I put it high.

Another reminiscence is not personal to me, for I was not present at the scenes which compose it; but as it offers interest of a special sort, and as I have often heard the scenes described by those who saw them, I venture to include an allusion to them. Under the influence of Princess Metternich, whose husband had come in the preceding year to France as Austrian Ambassador, "*Tannhäuser*" was played at the Paris Opera in March 1861. It was hissed, howled at, scorned, and driven off! Paris could not bear it! After three tumultuous representations it was withdrawn. At that time no political feeling was involved: France and Prussia were good friends. The objections were derived not from international enmity, but from profound and thoroughly honest repugnance to the

music. The opera-going public of the Second Empire wanted to be amused, not bored,—and “Tannhäuser” bored. A horrid *mot* was made about it: “Ça tanne aux airs et ça embête aux morceaux.” The result was that society misbehaved itself. The three evenings were passed in riot—not violent, but contemptuous. It is not often that the public of the Opera rejects the dishes placed before it; on that occasion it did so unmistakably, subject to changing its mind thirty years afterwards. It has now learnt to adore what it then reviled.

I conclude by the end, as is becoming. One of the pleasantest and most amusing of the very various contents of an evening at the Paris Opera, and certainly the portion which affords the most favourable opportunity for observation of local types and manners, is the process of going away. Of course all goings-away are more or less alike, no matter in what country they are performed; but there is, nevertheless, something in the Paris fashion of doing it, something supremely living, which is altogether proper to itself. When the break-up comes; when the staircase is so crowded with descenders from all the floors (rather different from its state that night when I alone was on it) that they have to wait on every step; when, at last, the emerging crowd arrives in the great entrance-hall below, then meetings multiply, and chattering bursts out feverishly, conscious that it has reached its final moments, and that it may be stopped abruptly at any instant by the announcement of the carriage. The groupings and ungroupings of the throng, the shifting shapings of the knots of men and women, are incessant. Good night is heard

in every tone and language. The scene is made more curious—or at all events more representative—by the mixture of classes. The entire audience is there, from top to bottom. Bonnets and shawls pass side by side with diamonds and resplendent cloaks. And as, at that moment, the doors are no longer guarded, any decent-looking person from outside can come in and contemplate. It is a strange confusion of brilliancy and shabbiness, with a good deal of the always evident effort to look dressed with insufficient means. Typical examples of Paris women are all about. The Duchesse des Sept Croisades, her tongue ejaculating to three men at once; her ugly little petulant face scrambling effervescingly out of a jungle of lace; the infinite elegance of her person spreading radiance around her (sharp contrasts between face and person are special marks of Paris); her rose satin skirts held daintily and rather loftily away from possible obnoxious contacts; her delicate feet reflected glimmeringly on the dark marble of the floor,—is gazed upon by two admiring, though manifestly jealous, work-girls, totally awake and partially attractive, from the gallery. Three stiff, frumpish Englishwomen, who look excessively out of place in that animated gathering, are staring with wonder at her gestures and her noise, and in half-awed whispers are expressing shocked astonishment to each other. In contrast with the Duchesse, Madame de V. stands cold, silent, stately; a very high model of actual Frenchwomen, immensely distinguished, but, like all the rest of them, distinguished rather than aristocratic. The young lady who is known as the “Californian nugget” has removed herself a

little apart from the friends who brought her, and is surrounded by a thick circle of young gentlemen, each one of whom is doing his utmost, according to his lights, to persuade her that he alone can make her happy. Regarded as a public exhibition of various devices of love-making (most of them of an extremely elementary nature) the scene may have interest for the worldly philosopher ; otherwise it can scarcely be considered to constitute an attractive element of the show. Madame de K. hurries out on the arm of C., leaving behind her, in coruscating waves, the wide wake of glances and admiration, of smiles and salutations, which constitutes *une sortie triomphale*. Others follow, at each instant, with much *frou-frou* of silk, and with more or less last words, last laughings, and last shruggings. Unfortunately it is invariably the smartest people

who get away first, because their servants know their business and bring up the carriages at once ; while the dowdies are, as invariably, the last. The perfection of the exhibition endures therefore only for some five minutes : during that period the movement is so pulsating and so vivid, so stirred by the restlessness of its components, so lighted by brilliancies, so diversified by contrasts of types and ways, that it affords a very special view of Paris. There is nothing in it like the beauty of faces one sees in London on similar occasions ; but there is an immensely greater air and consciousness of vitality, more indeed, by very far, than in the waiting-hall of any other opera-house in Europe. It is not only vitality, it is almost eagerness ; everybody lives acutely for the instant. Suddenly it is finished ; all is empty ; the gas goes out ; another Opera night is over.

MORAL TACTICS.

THE Great Napoleon is credited with the saying that "in warfare the moral is to the physical as three is to one"; and our modern Napoleons appear to be waking up to the truth expressed in the saying.

The Adjutant-General in a speech to the Woolwich Cadets said: "Discipline is as necessary as ever; but it should be maintained less by fear than by sympathy. The only wise way in which an officer can gain a permanent ascendancy over his men is by obtaining their confidence. If he can show that he is in every way an example, the men will be easily ruled, and as easily led."

These are brave words; let us examine how far it is possible for officers to act up to them.

In days past there was little call for this feeling towards the soldier, or indeed towards the working classes all round; the man who made the best "food for powder" was the country labourer who did what he was told without asking questions; he had so few thoughts to think with—if he did think at all it was to think that he was not paid to think. He was like the servant of the centurion, "I say, Go, and he goeth; Do this, and he doeth it." Such men are invaluable as soldiers, but the race is extinct; board schools and better wages have taught men to think, as the officers have found out, not always to their satisfaction.

An army is a great machine; the more perfect the mechanism the better the army; and in this initial fact is the stumbling-block.

If we could look down from a balloon when a battle is in pro-

gress, we should see the earth beneath scattered over with many patches that ever move in much confusion; some stretching into lines that coil, and wind, and undulate; others square and compact, moving slowly, gloomy, dense, and threatening; these but shadows of the summer cirri, those the rain-clouds which roll before the storm. And these lines and masses will be in ceaseless motion, now thrusting wedge-like to the front, now pushing quickly to the one side, now to the other, again sweeping backwards before a cloud blacker than the rest, ever changing, never still. And over all a great cloud of smoke, with the distant din of metal clashing, and the cries of a multitude surging up. These many movements are called "tactics," a system carefully worked out, printed in many scarlet-bound books, the subject of countless lessons. The patches that move are the troops, the brain that moves them stands apart and above; it is a game—the brain is the player, the troops are the pieces.

We look in at a barrack-square: in front is a red line, motionless; it is made of the figures of men, the top of every helmet is level with the next, another white line is the waist-belts, a bayonet glitters above every shoulder, the dabs of dirty white against the trousers are hands, everything is red, perpendicular, and motionless. Facing the line is a Voice—it speaks, and every bayonet is flung in the air, the sunlight has received an order to glitter a foot above the helmets and it obeys; it speaks again and the line that faced us has turned, we see the figures of two men in

profile instead, so accurate is the angle; another word and the barracks-square holds a crowd of men, like ourselves, hurrying back to dinner. These movements are called "drill," also a system carefully worked out, printed in many scarlet-bound books, the subject of still more countless lessons. Once more we have watched a game, in which the troops are pieces.

It is a difficulty at the commencement to realise the fact that these pieces, these troops, are an assembly of human beings; that underneath every scarlet tunic beats a human heart, under every helmet throbs a human brain, in every hand so precise in its attachment to the trouser-seam is the will to obey that brain, and in each perpendicular just as many senses, to love, to hate, to feel pleasure or suffer pain, as in our own.

Feeling, seeing, knowing this, we must admit that it will not be time or trouble thrown away to cultivate the individuality of our soldiers. Our aim is to get as much out of them as we can; if we are to succeed we must not look upon them as mere pawns on a chess-board which will move when we turn the handle.

The sympathy asked for is not expected from the top of the tree. At the Horse Guards wars are planned by clever soldiers, sitting in comfortable chairs in well-appointed rooms, with maps and books and references to every campaign that was ever fought, and where Tommy Atkins is unknown,—such an insect does not count in affairs when a Commander flings an army across the Vistula in the face of a second Commander; or when another, massing his cavalry on the centre, cleaves a way through the enemy drawn up to receive him,—these men discuss soldiers by tens

of thousands: Tommy knows nothing about any one farther away than his right- or left-hand man.

Travellers through the world do not expect to pick up much sympathy by the wayside: the journey will not last for ever, and at the end of it is the snug place with its cheery welcome and well-known faces which Englishmen call home. And the soldier's home is his regiment; it is there he expects to find such comforts as may fall to his lot. It is to the officers of his regiment that he looks for sympathy, and as often as not he is not disappointed. True, he likes to look a little beyond them,—he likes to see the General, to hear his voice, to follow with side-glances the crowd of cocked hats on horses which prance a good deal and splash the mud in his face, and no doubt he gets a glimpse of all this on occasion; but he does not get much more than a glimpse. The General and his staff are all impersonal to him, he never gets nearer to them than the dozen paces that separate them from the ranks; that any one of them is of the same make as himself does not occur to his poor brain. Perhaps they are soldiers, they don't look like it, their clothes are too fine,—his are torn and muddy with marching and sleeping out on piquet; these swells are out of a bandbox, they don't appeal to his senses.

Yet there was a time when these cocked hats got off their prancing chargers, unbuttoned their gorgeous tunics, and showed Tommy that inside the gold-lace was a heart, and one not different from his own.

Read the address that Napoleon issued to his troops when after sixty days' hard fighting it became necessary to raise the siege of

Acre nearly one hundred years ago :—

“Soldiers,—You have traversed the desert which separates Africa from Asia with the rapidity of an Arab force. . . . You will have new opportunities of acquiring glory ; and if, engaged in so many encounters, each day is marked by the death of a brave comrade, fresh soldiers will come forward and supply the ranks of that select number which best gives an irresistible impulse in the moment of danger, and commands victory.”

Orders are still issued as a prelude to a stirring action ; but the ring has departed, and the red-coated unit knows they are only “make-up” and does not read them. The words are there but they don’t get beyond the scarlet outside of the man. Tommy Atkins is a soldier and no more. So that his tunic fits, his belts are white, his shoe-laces tied, and he does not complain about his rations, we call him a good soldier ; the man is not in it,—when he enlisted that portion of him was left out.

Military authorities point with natural pride to the change for the better which they have introduced into our soldiers’ lives : the rooms he lives in are the perfection of sanitation ; the food is better—it runs to curry sometimes ; the canteen is a picture public-house the profits of which go into his pockets ; the grocery-bar a shop at his door where butter and bloaters can be purchased at wholesale prices ; in the reading-room he can read the daily papers ; and the library can be enjoyed for a penny a-month ; his furlough is never refused ; and if his colonel thinks he deserves to be put in the regimental prison he can differ with him. What more can a man want ?

He will tell you if he thinks no one in authority is listening.

That something which is always

inconveniently present inside the red coat is shrewd enough to explain that such improvements must come if you want soldiers ; the world has gone ahead since the days when labouring men tasted meat once a-week and lived in picturesque pigsties, since the days when soldiers had bread for breakfast, bread for tea, and three-quarters of a pound of such meat as the contractor chose to supply, bones and all, for dinner. Rations march with the times, newspapers and books are free to every one and everywhere ; we soldiers have our canteen, our libraries, our grocery-bars, and can stay out of barracks till midnight for the asking,—such things are the right of every working man, whether soldier or civilian. An ounce of sympathy is worth a hundredweight of cheap tea.

And it is this sympathy that should exist between officers and men of a regiment ; it is not impossible to gain it mutually.

Soldiers are very like children ; so much is done for them that they are very helpless beings—they must have some one to look up to, some one to take advice from, some one to order them about. And this not by continually mixing with them—that would be as irksome to the men as to the officer ; familiarity will breed contempt. When officers remember that every soldier is a human creature like themselves, and come to treat him in his sphere of life as they would be treated in their own, we shall be a good many miles along the right road. That the soldier is such a human creature, with like passions and feelings as ourselves, the following bit from real life will illustrate.

When the war in the Transvaal was on the eve of breaking out, I was travelling post-haste through the land to rejoin my regiment,

part of which was occupying an important town on the main road to Pretoria. When about half-way I heard the news of the massacre of the headquarters of my regiment by the Boers. It was midnight when the tale was told me by a man who had escaped with his life and no more; the colonel was shot under cover of a white flag, the officers were killed, the men were shot down at measured ranges, the band fell beside their instruments, even women were wounded, hardly a man escaped.¹

Next morning, on arriving at the town I was bound for, I told the men the story as I had heard it; it was better they should hear it from their own officer than from common rumour. The men stood round me in "square," their rifles at the "order," bayonets fixed, their fingers clutching them nervously, lips tight shut, every eye full on mine, not a move in those grim red figures. I told of the death of our colonel, and there came the sound of a great sob; I told how he met his death under the shadow of a flag of truce, and the words were answered with the quickly drawn breath of four hundred men. "Soldiers! there must be no white flags here!" and the answer that came from those four hundred lips was fierce and terrible in its intensity. "No!" cried every man, gasping out the word in sympathy with the man they loved, their dear, dead colonel.

The sequel was amusing. For three months the fighting had continued night and day, weary times, scanty food, and much hard work, every one left sick unto death of deadly weariness—even fighting can become monotonous. A "look-out" had been constructed above

my quarters,—it was only a cowshed with a tin roof,—and behind the sand-bags of that "look-out" a sergeant and six men lived for three months, always under fire, always on the alert. At last the end drew near, the three months had worn themselves away, when the sergeant put his head through the hole in the tin roof that was above my head,—"Please, sir, there's a white flag coming; shall I take him now or wait till he comes nearer?" The colonel's memory had not been forgotten through all those days and nights of watching, even in a soldier's heart.

How did that colonel win those men's hearts? He was a man fond of society, a firm man in the orderly-room; he had been the adjutant of the regiment, so was a strict man in the drill-field; a man of good family, not seen much among his men, yet they all believed in him. What was the ripple in this easy life which could find a place in the rough waves of barrack life? Perhaps it was born in him. The men knew it was there. Tommy Atkins is but a man after all, his wits sharpened by the stones that scatter themselves on his road through life, the instinct of the animal is there, and in a match with reason it will win "hands down."

But this sympathy misdirected is worse than none at all; first discover in what direction it can be applied, and then learn how to put it into practice. It is a question of individualities. These must be studied, the individuality of the man, that of the officer, and that of the regiment. Let us take the last first.

Now, a regiment is a living, sentient being brimming over with life and action; its brain crowded

¹ See "The Boers at Home," in 'Maga' for December 1881.

with many memories, a glorious battle won, a sad dull day of distress and defeat, to-day the death of one amongst the rest, to-morrow the presence of a great Prince and his entertainment when the day was done; expanding ever with success, or crouching itself together under the chill sun of defeat, gathering its strength when duty calls, thrilling to the beat of the strong life-pulse that throbs throughout. Given a firm guiding hand and it will do its duty with the irresistible force of a winter torrent; meddle with it, bid it travel on small uncertain ways, and the strength of the giant is as Samson bereft of his hair; drag it unwilling to unworthy tasks and the uncouth monster will destroy itself in its efforts to obey. And regiments being such, each will have its own individuality; there will be as much difference in them as there is in individuals. All obey the Queen's Regulations for the army. It is a point of honour that her Majesty's commands should be rigidly adhered to; yet in every regiment exist traditions and customs followed with minute precision and cherished as the life-blood of existence, things trifling enough in themselves but all-important in the eyes of the men who make the regiment and who have learned to believe that it is these very things which make their regiment better than any other regiment. *Esprit de corps* as this feeling is called is a healthy one; it begets a manly rivalry between regiments that cannot be too carefully fostered.

"Let us alone!" cry aloud the regiments; "we obey the Regulations to the last letter; the Drill-Book cannot be improved upon, and we don't want to try; Cloth-

ing Regulations we know better than our Bibles; there is not a button out of its regulation place; only let us alone." But expediency says No, and the individuality of our regiments is like to be lost in that of the pawns when the big man turns the handle.

The "linked-battalion" system was a blow which has done much to shatter individuality of regiments. The first twenty-five infantry regiments have been doubled for upwards of thirty years, yet the two battalions are still to all intent distinct regiments. In this case men and officers enlisted in the newly formed battalion as an entirely new regiment which was glad to "catch on" to the parent regiment, to adopt its traditions, and to tack itself on to an illustrious ancestor. Under the new system two existing regiments have been rolled into one, to be called after the name of one of the rolled ones, each to share the inherited honours of the other. Is it a wonder, both being ancestors, with an exaggerated feeling which regards each as the best regiment in the service, that individuality has suffered? Officers, more frequently non-commissioned officers, are drafted from one battalion to another, often unwillingly, to find themselves in a new world, the traditions they have been taught to revere gone, new ones to be got up, fresh fads to believe in. It is only a soldier can realise what these men feel. There is a lack of sympathy here.

When the home battalion was turned into the recruiting depot for the foreign one another blow was struck; the recruits in batches joining the former only to master sufficient drill to enable them to march on board the troopship on

their way to the latter. It is a thankless task for the home battalion to lick the raw material into shape, with the certainty that the "shape" when arrived at is to be for the benefit of strangers; while the recruits, all ears and eyes for the glories of the regiment of their choice, find themselves, with these still ringing through their heads, in a strange land where the name of Gilead is unknown. First impressions are the most lasting: the lad will never live those first few months again; in the tactics which destroyed so much illusion in those growing lads the moral element was absent.

The right which a soldier now enjoys to elect to be punished by court-martial instead of by his colonel strikes another blow at the individuality of the regiment. How can a colonel expect from his men implicit respect and obedience when such a scene as this is of no uncommon occurrence?—

Place.—The regimental orderly-room.

Dramatis Personæ.—The colonel seated in judgment; on one side his adjutant, on the other the captain of the culprit's company; grouped around, the sergeant-major and several non-commissioned officers and privates as witnesses; in front of the colonel the prisoner, a guard by his side with drawn bayonet.

Colonel (to prisoner, after carefully investigating the case, hearing and questioning the witnesses, learning the prisoner's character from his captain). Will you be told off by me, or will you go before a court-martial?

Prisoner (an undersized product of the slums). I'll take a court-martial.

Colonel. Very well, march the prisoner out.

And off he trots, with a grin on his face at having "done" his colonel, to be put back for a court-

martial which will entail the expense and loss of time necessary to refer the case to the General; to bring officers from other stations to form the court; to construct the machinery of a full-dress president, members, and prosecutor, the binding of a solemn oath on all present to do justice, the writing out of an elaborate form on many pages of foolscap paper, all to give Private Atkins two days' confinement in the regimental provost-cells; a sentence which he would have received from his colonel, and which will have lapsed by the time the proceedings of the court have been sent to the General and have come back confirmed. Yet the Queen's Regulations for the army say:—

"A commanding officer is responsible to his Sovereign for the maintenance of discipline. . . . His authority within his unit is paramount under all circumstances, and in every situation of service."

It can be assumed that this individuality of regiments should be preserved, and that it is only expediency and the difficulties inherent in a small army enlisted for voluntary service all over the globe that renders any departure from that assumption necessary. And to know the best means by which we can preserve that individuality of regiments, we must study the individuality of the human units of which the regiment is composed.

The strongest of all human instincts is the wish for company; out of it will come superiority, command: mix up a dozen men and the best man will soon turn up, the others will bow to his will and follow; take him away, and the eleven will wander helplessly till they find another. And it is this

principle which is at the bottom of what is called by military men "the tactical unit." The "tactical unit" is a self-supporting body, which can live, move, and have its being, fight if necessary, independently.

There are many "tactical units" in an army all in an ascending scale. The man—the soldier—is the first; out of the soldier grows the company; out of the company grows the battalion; it gains in size and becomes a brigade, then a division, and in time will accustom itself to be known as a *corps d'armée*; units all of them, expanding the principle which is in every human unit's nature, the love of company; all self-supporting, able to march, to live, to feed themselves, clothe themselves, and to fight shoulder to shoulder when the time comes. This "tactical unit" for practical purposes of war is the battalion or the battery; the company is the unit to which the battalion looks for its existence as a fighting body.

Take an example from the work-a-day soldier's world.

Given a hundred men, call them "a company," sergeants, corporals, privates, a captain, and two lieutenants; every man of the hundred wants to live and to live comfortably; the question is how to do it. This man, then that man takes up the case, others crowd in on the limited area and give it up; another pushes in who is morally a head and shoulders taller than the rest; there is a brief struggle, but weight must tell and the tall man settles down the leader, the company vote him the best man, he is the unwritten leader of the ninety-nine, he chooses his lieutenants and the small knot rule the barrack-room. This man forms a link between the captain and the men, and if the captain is

wise he is careful not to break it. He will have this man near him in the hour of battle, his influence will go out towards him, and through him will flow down the troubled ranks, and the unspoken order will be obeyed.

Then when eight company units are combined to form the battalion unit we have these eight company leaders all in touch with their eight captains, who again will be in touch with the colonel, a man they have known for years, one whom the men know their officers can trust, can look to in times of trouble, and the influence of the colonel's superiority will compel the rest. Such a man's influence needs strengthening by those who come above him.

Let us follow out the picture. The battalion has been on its feet since daybreak; there was a scanty breakfast, and while the men ate it, in the distance are sounds of the coming battle. The files on the march are closed up, every sense is alive, dust everywhere, then smoke, the galloping of horses, hoarse shouts, orders and counter-orders; the battle grows apace, men here and there go down, but the eight companies are there, the captains march close by the men; sometimes, through the smoke they catch a glimpse of the colonel leading on in front; each man knows his right-hand man, no one looks behind him, somewhere quite close is Tom or Dick or Harry, the good men they have chosen as the best, and as long as they go on the rest will follow. So the din increases, the earth is reeling underfoot, shells burst beside them with a horrid shriek and fling out quick death; can anything alive come out of this hideous turmoil? Still they press on; a captain picks up the rifle of a man who falls and speaks a cheery word,—all can't be lost

when an old friend can make a joke; another instant and a cool voice they've heard before rings out an order,—it is easy to obey what they have learned to obey for years,—a clash of bayonets as they fix them in smart time together, a pause, a gasp for breath — “Charge!” and the long thin line cleaves through the smoke and din and is out upon the other side and in the sunshine once again, cheering its lungs away: the battle and dear life are won.

Here is the reverse of the picture. A General determines on a movement which is to decide the campaign; it is so surely a success that he picks men from every regiment in camp to make up his force, so that the honour of the coming victory can be shared by all; a dozen or more small units, each under its own officers, the whole under himself. Late in the evening the men march off, for hours of darkness they climb the mountain, their General always in front; it is a weary and dangerous task, but what matters it when the top is gained and the victory won? The movement was so unsuspected by the enemy that they give up at once, and our soldiers see them moving off from their camp below. The hill-top is a long, oval plateau; in front is the General attended by his staff, one a cavalry man, the other an officer of engineers, all three good men but strangers to the little human units that line the rear crest of that hill-top.

Some one suggests that they should entrench themselves as they had been taught to do, but the General on being asked permission refuses; it is only waste of time and trouble, the day is theirs, no enemy will come up now, they are already moving off. They are companies, and their

captains ask it of a General, so the force of the request is not pushed home. Just then the heads of three or four men pop up above the crest-line, and the soldiers turn to one another and ask, How can this be? the Chief said no one could come, and here they are; something is wrong. They look round for their colonel, he is not there; they look to their captain, he is looking to his right or left to see what the other captains are about; they look to the General, they do not know him, they do not trust him now, he is not one of themselves; whom can they lean on? So panic seized them, and with one accord they turned and fell down that mountain-side, to leave its name, Majuba, a stain upon our own.

Majuba was lost because the leading principle of our nature was ignored — men and officers grouped together for the first time, the only man they could look to for guidance a stranger. There was a want of sympathy here.

At the commencement of this article we read the remarks by the Adjutant-General on the subject of discipline to be maintained by sympathy rather than by fear, and the same principle is found throughout the ‘Infantry Drill-Book.’ The order introducing the small volume says:—

“The success of the fire action of troops depends upon their discipline and their confidence in their leaders.”

Again, during the earliest part of the soldier's training we read:—

“In this part of the instruction, the intelligence of each individual recruit should be developed as much as possible, and, subject to the general directions of his section leader, he should be encouraged to think and act for himself.”

He passes on to the company, and we are told :—

“This organisation will be maintained both in barracks and in the field. The men accustomed to act together will acquire the spirit of true comradeship, and confidence in each other, while the non-commissioned officers will be habituated to command and to act on their own initiative. By such means alone can the fighting value of the company be fully developed.”

And when our soldier gets on to the higher ground of tactics, he learns—

“Strict discipline is necessary, but in addition great individual intelligence and self-reliance are required, not only in the leaders, but in the rank and file.”

And still further :—

“The conditions of modern warfare render it imperative that all ranks shall be taught to think.”

If the heads of our army are of this mind the officers are bound to be of the same mind too ; is it unreasonable if they ask to be left alone when they are trying to carry out their instructions ?

Lord Wolseley, in his ‘Soldier’s Pocket-Book,’ says—

“There has been a tendency to make all regiments alike in their outward appearance, and to consider them so in their feelings. The endeavour to assimilate them has not been happy. Military spirit is made up of trifles. The soldier is a peculiar animal that can alone be brought to the highest efficiency by inducing him to believe that he belongs to a regiment which is infinitely superior to the others around him.”

The territorial system is excellent in theory but cannot be put to any practical use in our army. Under that system the recruits of one county enlist into their county regiment, where they meet

men with well-known faces who have done the same before them ; the officers from the same county recognise the men and can talk to them of their homes ; the regiment has its depot in the county town, and every man serving in the ranks looks forward to showing off his brave uniform and telling of his adventures to his civilian friends when the regiment comes to be quartered in the old county on its return from foreign service.

Moral tactics of the highest. It is a pity stern facts rub out the fancy picture.

Our army does not attract the class of lads we should like ; the agricultural labourer does not come in, and he is the only unit to whom the territorial theory appeals. Our recruits are largely drawn from towns, manufacturing centres. We have to thank times when trade is depressed for any extra flow towards the ranks. Many lads enlist in order to get as far away from home as possible ; short service has not improved the attractions of the army ; most of the officers who join through the militia live at a distance, and only see the county to which their battalion belongs during the annual training ; in how many cases has the territorial regiment been quartered in its county on return from foreign service ?

The system only works in theory ; in an army enlisted as ours is, voluntarily, to make it practical we must go abroad and borrow the term “conscription.”

So much for the *haute politique* of the question. Let us examine it from a more domestic point of view.

It has been already remarked that the sympathy we are seeking must not be looked for at the top of the tree. The Horse

Guards have published most excellent orders on the subject, and it lies with the subordinate ranks to put them into practice. It is to the officers of his regiment that the soldier looks for sympathy. Now the officer that is most often brought into contact with the men is the captain; and if the colonel is wise it is to the captains that he will look for support. The captain is the most valuable unit among so many. On one hand he can meet his colonel on terms of something like equality; on the other he can mix with his men in a friendly, paternal manner which the soldiers can be very proud of and which is seldom imposed upon.

In the matter of command regiments differ; there is the regiment commanded by the adjutant, and the regiment which is commanded by the colonel. In the former the colonel, through the wish to take things easy, weakness of character, or unfitness for the profession, devolves as much as he can upon some one else. The adjutant is a younger man, full of go, who knows his work, and who finds it pleasant enough to rule the regiment in his own way with a nominal chief in the distance to back him up if things get troublesome; the sergeant-major becomes his assistant as a matter of course; the word of the adjutant is law to the officers, that of the sergeant-major to the non-commissioned officers; human nature steps in, every one accepts the inevitable, and the regimental coach rolls on.

The colonel who commands his own regiment is likely to see things for himself, to use his adjutant and his sergeant-major for the purposes for which they are intended, to take care that his captains command their own companies, that the subalterns grow up under the eyes of

their captains, and that the quartermaster and his staff do their work as he chooses it to be done. And if we ask Private Atkins which rule he likes best he will say the latter without hesitation. Human nature tells him that there is not an abundance of sympathy to be got out of adjutants or sergeant-majors.

Let us assume that the first step towards obtaining this touch between the men and their officers is that the colonel commands his own regiment. He cannot, of course, do it all himself; colonels try to do it sometimes and the men call them, somewhat irreverently, sergeant-majors; he must delegate some of his authority: the adjutant will manage the official correspondence and work in the drill-field, the sergeant-major will assist the adjutant, and the captains will look after the companies. The "chain of responsibility" will thus be set up and can be "strictly enforced."

The Duke of Wellington said that the non-commissioned officers were the backbone of the army; but that was when sergeants were middle-aged men of twenty years' service, probably the only educated men in the company; now men are promoted after less than three years' service, and are no better than the men in learning and education. Facts have changed since the Duke spoke, military units have moved onward and upward, and it is, or it ought to be, the captains (half of them are called majors) who are the backbone of our army now. And the Horse Guards recognise this fact and tell us, "The duties of the captain require that he be allowed great independence as regards his position."

Now there are colonels and colonels. There is a frequent type of colonel who interferes with the in-

dependence of his captains—he likes to have his finger in all the details of the company pie: a lance-corporal is to be appointed, he sends for the colour-sergeant to ask him if Private Jack is a good man for the place, the colour-sergeant is wise and says “Yes,” the sergeant-major assents, and the “stripe” is tacked upon the man’s sleeve; the character of a prisoner is required before sentence, the adjutant hands in the “defaulter sheet,” the colonel draws his own inference from a list of entries on a dirty bit of paper, and the man’s future is decided; the “pay-sheet” is in question, the colour-sergeant is sent for; barrack damages are excessive in a certain company and word is passed for the quartermaster,—as a common picture-puzzle asks, “Where is the captain?”

Here is an example in point. I happened to serve as staff-officer under two Generals in two separate campaigns, my duty to direct the daily march under the Generals’ orders.

The first published the evening before carefully detailed orders about the next day’s march, and himself rode alongside the column, giving continual directions to men and officers; first the infantry were stepping out too freely, now the cavalry were too far on the flank, or the guns were crowding on the infantry, while I rode about acting as a mounted mouthpiece.

The second called me to his tent the night before, pointed out on the map the road to be followed, where difficult places might be expected, where the next camp was to be pitched, when he wanted the troops to arrive, and where he was to be found throughout the day; the details of the march he left to me. As the ‘Drill-Book’ says, I was “allowed great inde-

pendence,” and I did my best. The officers liked to have an officer they could ride up to and ask for this or that to be changed, the men were more at their ease when a General was not above the horizon, and we got through the day quite comfortably.

When in my turn I became a colonel I called my captains together and we had a talk. Every captain was to be “boss” in his own company: he must conform to the Queen’s Regulations and the Standing Orders of the regiment, but in all matters of interior economy he might consider himself as paramount; he would personally recommend men for any post or promotion, his recommendation for or against a prisoner would have my careful attention, and no interference by the adjutant or sergeant-major would be tolerated. As the Queen’s Regulations lay down, “every officer and non-commissioned officer will then have a personal interest in the discipline and efficiency of the unit intrusted to his charge.” If the colonel passes on this amount of independence to his captains, they will learn how to use it.

What is required is not soft-hearted philanthropy; the object is to get as much out of the men as possible, and the more contented they are with their lot the greater will be the product. We will examine a few of the causes of a soldier’s discontent, and endeavour to show how much power lies with his captain towards their remedy.

Let him begin by treating his men as he would himself be treated, to consider that what may appear trifles to him are serious matters to them, to learn to bring himself down to the level of the man he wishes to elevate.

First among these trifles in the soldier’s mind are his accounts.

Each soldier has a page in the company ledger allotted to him; on one side are the items to his credit—pay, good-conduct pay, shooting pay, &c.; on the other his expenses—cost of living, washing, subscriptions, fines, &c.; the columns are balanced at the end of every month, and signed by himself or by his captain according as to whether the account is in debt or credit. This “signing” is the invariable wind-up of the soldier’s month, and is a matter of ceremonial in the barrack-room. The captain and his subalterns are seated in front with the ledger, pay-sheet, and a pile of small change to pay off the credits; the men are grouped round; on one side is the colour-sergeant, a pile of “small-books” on the other; each man in alphabetical order comes up to the table, the captain reads out his accounts, asks him if he is satisfied, the colour-sergeant hands him the pen, the man takes it, removes the inevitable hair from the nib, wipes it on his trousers, dips it solemnly in the ink-pot, turns the ledger at an inconvenient angle, lowers his body till it forms several right angles with the enemy, and affixes his signature with a sigh of relief. There will be some half-a-dozen who are not satisfied: they don’t understand accounts, there is a halfpenny wrong, and with evident confusion they blurt out their objection to sign; the captain sees the rest of the men waiting their turn, time is precious, the room is stuffy, it’s only a matter of a halfpenny, so he says, “Oh, Stiggins, it’s all right, you just sign and I’ll see about it.” So the man signs, salutes, and falls back. Some time afterwards the captain will ask the colour-sergeant about it, and will tell him to settle it. Probably the man is wrong, for

soldiers’ accounts are carefully kept, but he would rather the captain had told him so, and he remains unconvinced—that halfpenny will be a standing grievance. Put the officer in the man’s place; he finds an error, as he thinks, of a sovereign in his account at Cox’s, would he like Cox to write back to him, “Oh, all right, you just acknowledge your account is correct and a clerk will see into it?”

A continual source of irritation is the charge for “barrack damages”—to make good public property, broken windows, smashed crockery, &c.—assessed by the quartermaster and charged against each company *en bloc* at the end of the month. This amount is usually divided equally amongst the men of the company; it only comes to a few pence per head, and saves captains and pay-sergeants trouble. But Private Jones has scruples about paying his share of a window-pane which Private Smith smashed when he chucked his boot at Private Robinson and missed him; a grievance is established and contentment suffers.

Whilst I was in command of a regiment, “barrack damages” grew up in a very flourishing manner; the amount paid by each man was considerable, and provoked much complaint. Then it was discovered that there was a regular market for the men’s blankets at night across the barrack wall, and that the women of the regiment preferred to cover themselves up by day with blankets, converted into petticoats, rather than by night when converted into bedclothes. The remedy was simple; but the uniform charge per head was an old regimental custom and died hard. The captains took care that every man who was served out with a blan-

ket on the 1st of the month could produce it on the 31st; if he failed to do so he had to pay for the missing article. The same course was followed about the broken windows, and their number fell at once to zero; fewer boots were thrown, or else the men's accuracy of aim with that class of projectile increased.

Another grievance is the charge which appears in each man's monthly account for "marking," one penny for each article of his kit when he purchases them, and something monthly besides; the pennies are charged by the quartermaster whom he very often mistrusts, and go into that official's pocket. The man has to purchase these socks, towels, shirts, and holdalls; the price is fixed by Government, and is very moderate: he is in the position of the ordinary householder who pays his rent but objects to the rates which don't go to his landlord but to the local board. Now these pennies mount up, and the man is intelligent enough to know it. Captains don't get behind the scenes in the regimental offices; they are content to follow a custom and to stir up as little mud as they can. But the truth comes out sometimes.

The quartermaster of the regiment when I was a captain in it had a difference with his sergeant about the share of the "marking money" which the latter had got, and the case was at last referred to the colonel for his decision; when the quartermaster compromised matters by handing over £9 as the sergeant's share, I forget for how long a period, but it was not a long one. Now, if a subordinate got £9, how much did the superior get?

The soldier looks upon his regiment as his home, and the more homelike we make the regiment

the better he will like it. We all know that best parlour kept for company, with its six chairs along the wall, the sofa across one end, the round table in the middle, and the four unreadable books at acute angles with its circumference: the family don't live in it,—their home is in the kitchen with its cheery fire, its comfortable arm-chair with the stuffing showing, the big table not arranged as a rectangle to the yellow-washed walls, and its general aspect of being lived in. Now, the barrack-room has much of the best parlour about it; it has been put straight for company, and is never permitted to be anything but proper. The scrupulous cleanliness of it is necessary but irritating: the squarely folded bedding, the rigid "dressing into line" of the cots, the absence of such fragments of life as a razor or a looking-glass, the windows opened to the same level, the coal-box burnished like a looking-glass, and the coal inside on its very best behaviour, the cups and plates piled up with mathematical precision, are exasperating to men who have to live amongst them. There is nothing so pleasant to a captain as a well-kept barrack-room: he will poke after non-regulation dust in the corners, he will dress up the bedsteads till they look like a figure in Euclid; even the flies on the window are contrary to regulation, and if one buzzes the men will hold their breath at its indiscretion; the non-commissioned officer in charge will feel the reflection of his captain's pleasure, the colonel will be pleased, and the General will make a note of it in his annual report; but then these men pass just five minutes in a place where Tommy spends his life.

Cleanliness and regularity if not kept up strictly will soon degenerate into dirt and confu-

sion ; but it is possible to modify matters and bring in a glimpse of home even here.

Our soldier is fond of the *carte-de-visite* class of photographs, he is partial to gaudy-coloured prints, the chromo-lithographs supplied in Christmas numbers, and these will sometimes appear on the wall above his cot ; he is not sure that he is doing right when he sticks them up, but the wall is very white, the pictures are such a relief, he does not like to keep that *carte-de-visite*, which has faded yellow, of the stern-faced young woman in a crinoline and curls, in his squad-bag, she would not like it either, so he tacks her up with the battle of Abou Klea and a siren from 'Tit-Bits' ; to be met as often as not with an order to take them down. Now an officer can't go wrong when he studies human nature and is content to guide it into useful channels, and this trait in our soldiers' characters is so easily cultivated and will give so much recompence.

In my regiment men were encouraged to ornament their barrack-rooms, not only over each cot but so as to make the whole room more in taste ; the company which was considered to have succeeded best, the room in the barracks which was decorated with the greatest taste, and the name of the non-commissioned officer in charge of it, appearing in regimental orders at the end of the month. The plans succeeded ; Tommy showed a great deal of artistic taste under pressure of the rivalry that sprang up, and the officers had the pleasure of being much complimented by the General at the altered appearance of the rooms.

The taste displayed by soldiers is seen in the decorations which they put up for Christmas. It is a

pretty sight to visit the barrack-rooms when the Christmas dinner is smoking on the tables, and to see how the bare walls are transformed into bowers of greenery, bits of colour peeping out in home-made flags, and mottoes in honour of the captain or the colour-sergeant in ambitious places : were it not for the penalty of drinking those eight glasses of rich brown sherry, the compliment insisted on by every company, a colonel could wish that Christmas Day in barracks came many times a-year.

The more attractive the barracks are, the less inducements offer for the men to stray about the town at night. If they can be induced to take their amusement in the canteen inside the walls instead of in the public-house outside, much crime will be prevented. In these local houses the publican caters for human nature : he knows that men don't come to his house for drink alone—they want company and they want amusement, and he provides it ; the company a certain class of civilians not too reputable, the entertainment "sing-songs," when a local warbler trolls out interminable ditties of questionable taste and worse execution ; but it is something to listen to, and there is a chorus he can join in. Tommy will often start a song on his own account which is much relished by his comrades, and the evening passes merrily enough. Now it is quite easy to introduce entertainments into barracks : there is the canteen, a large room well lighted and well warmed, where the men can sit round and drink their beer, and which can be made as cosy as the publican's parlour ; and there are strolling players who visit barrack towns, and for a small consideration will give their

services; many canteens are provided with a stage, when the matter is easier still.

At Aldershot entertainments in the canteens are common: ballet-girls of a certain age, with much tinsel on their skirts, dance horn-pipes and smile frigidly; comic men with serious faces give the latest music-hall song; conjurors, thought-readers, animal-magicians, clairvoyants,—I have seen them all in my own canteen, and have watched with pleasure the room crowded with my soldiers, to be followed by a “guard report,” furnished blank, the next morning.

A great deal is said about the low pay we give our soldiers—that if we want to attract a better class of men the pay must be increased. But the soldier is fed, clothed, and housed, and after the bill has been paid he starts with about sixpence in his pocket to spend as he likes after a day of not excessive work. An increase of pay means an increase in the sixpence, and an increase in his drinking abilities. Do not cry out that I mean to run down the soldier: he does what other men do—as I do, as you do, so does the soldier. Work over I turn into my club, I can talk to my friends round the billiard-table over a glass of whisky; he turns into his club, the public, and talks to his friends round the bagatelle-table over a pot of beer. I am subject to no temptation to exceed; he is exposed to a great deal, and he does exceed.

The most wretched time in my life was during the Zulu campaign (taken from the comfortable side of life); it was a teetotal war, and I quenched my thirst with weak tea, but my spirit craved for companion spirits; and did not those smaller and weaker units crave as I did? But it was a

time when crime amongst the soldiers was absent.

I met the regiment on its way out of the battle of Ulundi: the men were hot, weary, and covered with dust; a company passed led by a captain—he was of stout habit and was suffering; he was, moreover, an especial friend, so I pulled out the flask of whisky I had carried in case of emergencies and gave him a drink: the poor fellow’s eyes glistened as he pressed it to his lips, and he handed it back with a great sigh of satisfaction, “Oh, Jack, you have saved my life!” There were nine hundred men in the regiment,—which of them did not feel as that man felt?

But if drink is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the crime in the army we must not blame the soldier: if I meet a friend, I take him into the mess and ask him what he will have, and he has it; why should the soldier not follow the example set by his officer? We shall not make matters better by increasing his sixpence.

So if we wish efficient soldiers we must study them as human beings: the day is past when they were only machines sewn up in red cloth that moved their legs alternately, “won! tow!—won! tow!” to the accompaniment of the regimental band.

But if it is necessary to study the character of the private we must be doubly careful to study that of the officer.

Every one who reads knows how campaigns have been decided by the character of the General who conducted them; every officer can tell you how the character of the colonel is reflected down every rank; and every soldier can bear witness to the influence that the character of the captain has within his company.

When my regiment was on the

march to take part in the Zulu war an example cropped up.

Roads in Natal are only tracks across the *veldt*, bridges are few, streams are many—we met them regularly across the road, shallow *spruits* just over the men's boots with a row of stepping-stones over which single pedestrians could jump dry-shod. The men were fresh from Aldershot, all young soldiers, just landed from shipboard, full of life and spirits: this march through a queer country was novel, they did not realise the hard work in front. When the first of these *spruits* was met the leading company made for the stepping-stones, and the sections of fours at once dissolved into a laughing, hopping mob. But the stones were small and slippery, there was not a man got across with dry feet. The second company did the same. When the third company reached the stream the captain passed the word to the supernumeraries to keep the ranks closed up, and placing himself at the head marched through the *spruit* followed by his company as steady as a rock, and the remaining companies did the same. "Well done, 'Letter H'!" was the reward the company heard all round, and from that day "Letter H" held up its head.

More than a year after this event I happened to be in command of the infantry sent to reoccupy Potchefstroom from the Boers. Presently the track came to a stream perhaps twenty yards wide and nearly up to the men's knees. The banks were soft and grassy, so I ordered the men to take off their boots and trousers and walk over bare-legged. When they fell in it turned out that "Letter H" company was in front, and the colour-sergeant remembering the day when the company earned so much

praise put himself at the head and led the men across; but he forgot to take off his boots, the effect was marred, and he got into much trouble for disobedience.

Nothing calls home-life into barracks more than such games as cricket, football, running, &c.; the regimental sports are looked forward to from one year's end to another; it is a time when discipline is relaxed, when the private, if he is good enough, becomes a hero; when Tommy can appear in all the glories of a cheap "blazer," scanty drawers, and a comic head-covering, while his officers have the opportunity of being beaten by him, or better still, of beating him in turn. There is no game like cricket to tighten up home ties between men and officers; matches between companies are eagerly watched and applauded, the regimental match is made the occasion of a general holiday, and if another regiment sends a challenge, the result is a matter of the deepest anxiety.

Many years ago, when on the march through India, the regiment arrived at a station where the 19th Regiment was quartered. It was the eve of their annual sports, and a challenge was sent to our camp to compete. Now, our regiment thought a great deal of itself in sporting matters, and the challenge was accepted with delight; every event open was entered for, bets were freely made, great were the boasts on either side in the canteen, and our men went back to their tents at tattoo supremely satisfied. But matters turned out otherwise for them: the 19th men beat us all along the line; I think we threw the cricket-ball a yard or two farther than they did, but it was a solitary victory, and our men dropped their money and went back to their camp without

a smile. Yet the day was remembered for many years; the victorious regiment was always spoken of as "the old 19th, ah! they's the lads that know how to do it;" not a trace of bitterness remained.

The love of manly sports so engrained in our English nature should be carefully fostered. In my own regiment every good cricketer was let off all but necessary duties; leave from parade was invariably given to men playing in a match; if the match was between two companies all the men in them got off afternoon drill.

If an officer can take a leading part in these games the effect is marvellous, and his influence over his company will grow enormously. It is a pity that a test for proficiency in athletics cannot be introduced into the system of examinations for entrance into the army.

Once more I will quote Lord Wolseley:—

"The officer should take a lively interest in their amusements, encouraging them in the practice of all manly sports. In fine, he should sympathise with their likes and dislikes, their pleasures and annoyances, being ready at all times to listen attentively to their grievances, be they supposed or real, until at last they regard him as one of themselves, a companion and a friend. For and with such a man they will brave any danger or endure any amount of privation."

Moral tactics again of the highest!

Thirty years ago a subaltern was expected to know every man in his company by name after he had served six months with it. We all know how invaluable it is to speak to another by name. "Step shorter, Atkins!" "Lower your butt, Jones!" "March on that bush, Robinson!" appeal to the men directly; "Step shorter, No.

four from the left!" "Lower your butt, there!" "March on that bush, you in the centre!" appeal to none in particular, and half-a-dozen heads will be turned round to see whom the officer means. It is irritating in civil life to be spoken of as Mr Thingummy or Mr What's-your-name, and soldiers have the same feelings as civilians.

The subaltern of to-day is expected to know as much as the subaltern did thirty years ago. The Queen's Regulations say—

"Subaltern officers on joining are to provide themselves with a nominal roll of their charge (half the company), and are as soon as possible to make themselves acquainted with the disposition, character, age, and service of each of their men."

But thirty years ago men and officers on joining the regiment were posted to a company and seldom left it. Every one was proud of his own company: to be in the Grenadier or the Light Company was an eagerly coveted distinction. Since then, short service, linked battalions, the home battalion the recruiting depot for the foreign one, endless classes held at distant stations, abolition of flank companies, periods of five years' absence on the staff or with the auxiliary forces, have rendered the task beyond a subaltern's powers.

Such are a few of the items out of which a system of moral tactics can be built. The points touched upon are those only which space allows me to mention: they are types of very many and various conditions found in a soldier's daily life which might be amended; many of them recognised by authority, many put into practice, many still allowed to run their course,—trifles all: but were not those brilliant armies which fought at Blenheim,

at Waterloo, at the Alma built up of trifles, human trifles such as we are?

It is the individual unit we want to mould; weld two of them together and our strength is doubled, take ten and it is tenfold stronger, a hundred, then a thousand, and from the small white scrap of flesh that glows and quivers inside the red coat grows out an army; and the destinies of our nation are safe.

We have looked at these matters from the men's point of view; the pictures are of the barrack-room, the impulses we wish to guide belong to soldiers, private soldiers, but they belong to you and to me alike.

I have spoken of the influence of the company officer; here is a final picture. General Harrison, who commands the troops in the Western District, told the story to his men. There was one man in his regiment notorious for his bad character; no amount of imprisonment seemed to have any influence over him; he was as well known in the orderly-room as the sergeant-major; and his courts-martial took an hour to read on parade. At last he was sentenced to be flogged and dismissed the service with ignominy,

and the sentence was duly carried out. All through the horrid ceremony the prisoner had not uttered a word of fear, of bitterness, or complaint. As he was drummed out of the barrack-gate in the ignominious fashion of those days, an officer said to him, "If while in the service you had behaved half as well as you have done while undergoing your punishment, you would have made a good soldier," to which the man respectfully answered, "I would, sir, if you had been my captain." And added the General to his audience, "Surely there must have been some want of system and of care in carrying out the mental training in that man's company."

If we want to catch our men, and to keep them when caught, officers of all ranks must look inside the coats and singlets and learn what those earnest heart-beats say; they must take off the well-worn cap and ask themselves what the poor, dull brain is thinking of. If they don't get an answer, ask their own hearts, their own brains, what they are beating for and thinking of, and the answer will be that which they want to get from underneath the brick-red coat and greasy cap.

W. E. MONTAGUE.

SOME GERMAN NOVELS.

WHEN an archbishop executes a concerto on the violin, a queen makes an apple-dumpling, or an astronomer takes part in a steeple-chase, these various achievements are apt to be somewhat leniently judged by an indulgent public, and their deficiencies condoned in virtue of a species of reflected glory drawn from the remembrance of the performers' achievements in their own legitimate spheres. Thus, instead of condemning the apple-dumpling as tough and indigestible, we only feel surprise that hands so august, accustomed to wield the sceptre, should be capable of rivalling the performances of the rawest kitchen-maid; it is considered marvellous that the eminent star-gazer should only have been ejected from the saddle at his third fence; whilst even if his Grace plays slightly out of tune, this impression is quickly effaced in admiring recollection of his eloquence in the pulpit.

In like manner, when an artist of European reputation exchanges the brush for the pen, and appears before the world in the character of a novelist, he has us at an undoubted disadvantage, and we feel that it would be ungenerous to make use of our customary weapons towards him. The professional novelist is, of course, fair game for the reviewer's shafts—no judgment can be too sweeping, no sarcasm too biting, for the wretched individual who has failed to attain the very highest standard of artistic perfection in his self-chosen craft. Every shortcoming of form or style must be ruthlessly laid bare by the sternly impartial critic's dissecting-knife;

each tiny discrepancy in character or construction dragged forth to light, and pointed at with the finger of pitiless scorn; and should the unfortunate man have so far forgotten himself as to misquote a line of poetry or misplace a historical allusion, it will be a happy day indeed for the critic who, from this joyful circumstance, will be able to evolve whole pages of dazzling squibs.

All hope of such exhilarating pastimes are from the outset denied to us when dealing with the work of a painter-author, and it is with a feeling of distinct diffidence, amounting almost to embarrassment, that we prepare to approach a novel by the well-known battle-painter Wereschagin, which, under the title of '*Der Kriegs Korrespondent*' (*The War Correspondent*),¹ has been published simultaneously in Russian and in German. Of those two concurrent renderings of the same book, the German version alone can lay claim to being an exact and faithful reproduction of the writer's work, inasmuch as it has been directly translated from the original MS., which had subsequently to be considerably mutilated and curtailed in order to satisfy the requirements of the imperious Russian censure.

Measured by the usual standard of fiction, this story undoubtedly falls short of what we are accustomed to look for in a good novel. The plot is meagre, the action confused and spasmodic, the characters mere pencil outlines in which everything is left to the reader's imagination, while the psychological analy-

¹ *Der Kriegs Korrespondent, Erzählung der Russisch-Türkischen Kriegs.* Von W. W. Wereschagin. Stuttgart: Verlag der I. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung.

sis is nowhere remarkable for either shrewdness or depth; yet despite these shortcomings, or, perhaps, also partly because of them, the book is better worth reading than many merely well-written stories. It is in description of a certain realistic kind that Wereschagin excels, and his book is like an artist's portfolio into which, without much attempt at order or method, have been stuffed a number of sketches and studies, many of them rough and unfinished, it is true, but all bearing the stamp of actuality, and helping us to realise with extraordinary vividness the prosaic horrors of war. A more finished literary artist would have turned a quarter of the material here squandered to infinitely better account; but this very profusion is the book's greatest attraction, as it helps us to understand and appreciate the circumstances under which the painter's sketches of the Russo-Turkish war were conceived and executed. Looked at without any such knowledge of the author's artistic calling, the book is an undoubted failure; but viewed as an explanatory index to those pictures which have been so widely exhibited and admired, it becomes invaluable.

The skeleton of the story is simple enough. Wolodja (Wladimir) Polowzew, eldest son of a small country nobleman, leaves his home to join the army at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war of 1876-77. Since childhood he has been attached to Natascha, niece of a neighbour and old friend of his parents, and both families look forward to their union as a matter of course. Wolodja is honest, simple-minded, and commonplace, with a dash of coxcombry acquired in the capital; but Natascha is troubled by higher aspirations, and vaguely dreams of a mis-

sion to fulfil. These ideas have been sown in her mind by Sergius Werschowzew, a young Russian author of repute, who, when war is declared, is attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief in the dual character of a sort of voluntary aide-de-camp combined with that of war correspondent to one of the principal Russian newspapers. After Wolodja's departure Natascha begins to fret and pine with anxiety, and easily persuades her good-natured aunt Nadeschda Ivanowna to accompany her to the scene of action, where as volunteer Sisters of Charity they procure admittance to one of the military hospitals. Comforted by the knowledge that if anything should happen to Wolodja, she will be there close at hand to watch over him, Natascha throws herself heart and soul into her duties as sick-nurse, and is soon idolised by patients and doctors. The descriptions of hospital life are given with a profusion of superfluous detail, and largely interlarded with incidents tragic or the reverse, all bearing the unmistakable stamp of veracity, but having nothing to do with the thread of the narrative, as for instance the following:—

"Another time Natascha was obliged to act the part of peacemaker between two friends who had fallen out—about pins. Verily about pins! Nadeschda Ivanowna had fastened the bandage on the hand of one of them with half-a-dozen pins. Subsequently, however, she withdrew a couple of these same pins in order to use them for the swathing on his comrade's foot.

"Great heavens, into what a fury did the first man fly! 'You have cheated me of these! You have enriched yourself at the cost of others! Why did you not take all the pins at once since you were at it? Your foot is of course so much more precious than my hand!'

"In itself this quarrel would not have been of much importance, had

not the friends been wont to exchange help and make themselves useful to each other. But the handless man was in the habit of assisting the legless one when he limped along the walk, and the legless one in return twisted cigarettes for his handless friend.

"Since the quarrel these reciprocal civilities ceased, and the two cripples both became melancholy. Thanks to Natascha's efforts, a reconciliation was effected, and they resumed their offices of mutual utility.

"'What funny children they are, aunty, to be sure; one cannot even be angry with them,' said Natascha in the evening at tea-time.

"'Thank God, my little heart, that they are so naïf. Whatever should we do with them if they were not such children?' returned Nadeschda Ivanowna, scarcely comprehending that she had uttered a great truth."

Werchowzew is wounded in one of the first engagements, and Wolodja, seeking for his friend amidst the labyrinth of military hospitals, has occasion to observe at close quarters the result of those brilliant skirmishes to which he had looked forward with such boyish enthusiasm:—

"Some large tents now came into sight, in front of which groups of people were assembled. The Sisters of Charity were carrying basins of warm water to and fro, or removing blood-clotted masses of charpie and cotton-wool. From time to time the doctors came out of the tents into the fresh air, which they greedily inhaled like stranded pikes. They smoked their cigars while gazing out at the bright sunny day and the blue sky. They were smoking with a double purpose, for enjoyment as well as from hygienic considerations, and then they went back into the tents in order to give orders, to bind up, and operate. They had all taken off their coats and rolled up their shirt-sleeves to the elbow. Their leather aprons were reddened with blood. Faces and hands were likewise blood-besmeared. How and where should they have been

able to wash themselves, when they had scarcely time to smoke!

"They were evidently dead tired, and heartily glad to meet a healthy man by way of a change. When Wolodja gave over his horse to the Cossack, and approached a young doctor in order to obtain information as to the object of his mission, he found the latter very ready to enter into conversation, informing him pleasantly that they had just finished bandaging up the eighth thousand, whilst he seized the opportunity of complaining of the difficulties which they had to encounter, and of the wholly inadequate supply of hands and material. 'We are waiting impatiently for chloroform. Just listen to the wailing!'

"And verily from one of the tents there pierced heartrending cries of 'Your worship! Your worship!' succeeded by the calm, fatherly, reproving answer, 'Wait a bit, little brother! Wait a bit! How impatient you are. Your turn to dance will come presently. Wait a little!'

"The doctor conducted the young officer into the tent through the groups of standing, sitting, and recumbent soldiers at the entrance.

"In how many different fashions had the men here been wounded! The blood-smeared faces with shattered jaws looked specially horrible. Those who had not yet been bandaged up were mostly wrapped in linen swathings soaked through with fresh or congealed blood. Whenever one of these creatures attempted to speak he could only bring out a faint monotonous whisper, spattering blood profusely on all sides. . . .

"'We have only got serious cases here,' said the doctor, in a whisper. 'The slighter wounds we leave outside, as there is not room for so many.'

"'What is that here?' shouted out the doctor to the assistant-surgeon, pointing with his foot to a soldier lying stretched out in the middle of the tent. 'Away with it!'

"The corpse was carried out.

"'Well, and how are you to-day?' the doctor now asked of a short, fever-flushed infantry soldier.

"'Better, your worship; much bet-

ter. So God chooses I shall now get well,' returned the man, gazing up hopefully at the doctor.

"He will not outlive the night," said the doctor to Wolodja in French.

"And you, how goes it?"

"Much better, your worship; only just here I still feel something. But with God's help that will also pass away. My humble thanks, your worship."

"Mortification has already set in: in a few hours he will be dead."

"Like grey shadows the Sisters of Charity were gliding to and fro. They glanced at the officer with grave anxious eyes as they passed by him, evidently worn out and exhausted by last night's labours.

"Wolodja, who had never seen such a mass of wounded men before, could not help acknowledging that all his preconceived notions of these things had been absolutely incorrect. These people all died and generally comported themselves in much more simple fashion than he had supposed. Hitherto he had always imagined that the wounded soldiers would be lying about in more or less picturesque, or at least interesting, attitudes. But here. . . . In leaving the tent he stumbled over a litter that had just been set down by the bearers. The doctor bent over an object that was still supposed to represent a living human being. Upon the dirty blood-clotted linen of the litter there lay a crushed-up form, or, more strictly speaking, a mass of livid flesh, covered over with an old burnt and tattered military cloak. The eyelids were slightly open, and one inflamed eye followed the movements of the doctor's hand. He removed the cloak, pushed back the shirt from the breast, where some drops of blood were visible, and . . . quickly covered it all up again as he had found it.

"Nothing serious, apparently," thought the wounded man, looking up cheerfully into the doctor's face. The physician wiped his hand dry on the edge of the cloak, as he indifferently remarked to Wolodja that it was not worth while doing anything here, as the patient was on the point of death.

"Tears rose up into Wladimir's eyes. He was obliged to return to the open air."

The news that Werchowzew is wounded enables Natascha to see clear in her own heart, and she realises abruptly that she had loved him all along, and that Wolodja is no more to her than a dear brother. Accompanied by her submissive aunt, she now proceeds to the Lazareth at Bucharest, whither Werchowzew has been transported. His state is critical, but her skilful nursing brings him through the crisis, and then of course the inevitable conclusion takes place, and they become engaged. Many authors would have terminated the story here, but Wereschagin has not yet by any means placed all the sketches contained in his portfolio, and so he compels his unfortunate hero, still weak and exhausted from the effects of his long illness, and with scarcely closed wounds, to leave the hospital and resume his military duties. While riding to rejoin the General's staff, Werchowzew takes occasion to ponder over many things; to pass in review the years that lie behind him, and to speculate as to what the future will bring. Will he be happy with Natascha? he dimly wonders, and has he done wisely in renouncing his independence in order to link his fate to that of another being, however lovable? He loves Natascha and she loves him, of that he is convinced; but are their characters really suited to each other? and is not her love for him in itself a delusion, having its origin in a perfectly erroneous conception of his personality? Perhaps she only loves him for the talents of which she, like others, believes him to be possessed. Do these talents really exist? He has been vaunted up to the skies as a brilliant writer and an original thinker; but in moments of doubt and discouragement he often asks himself as to whether

this be true, and whether he does not rather owe his *unsuccess* in literature to a whimsical fashion in his contemporaries rather than to actual merit of his own? Then follows a lengthy dissertation upon the art of writing, of which only those specimens deserve to be quoted, as affording a striking example of how curiously theory and practice may be at variance.

"He had long adhered to the principle of putting into his work all the material relating to the subject of which he was possessed, without suppressing unpleasant details whenever these happened to exist. This literary conscientiousness drew down upon him the double reproach that he loved to grovel in the mire, and that his work suffered from a superfluity of detail. This first objection he met by saying that the greater part of his work was intended to serve as material for future production. And with regard to the second point, he acknowledged that he had not yet acquired the great art of sacrificing details which, though possibly interesting in themselves, might yet be detrimental to the general effect. Such intuition only comes with years, by experience and long practice in production."

It is certainly strange that a writer who so well understands the rules of his craft should be so utterly incapable of turning them to practical account, as in the present instance. A moment's reflection ought surely to have convinced him that a long critical essay upon literary art is scarcely in place in the pages of a novel, even were it conceivable that a weak invalid, whose yet unhealed wounds scarcely permit him to sit straight in the saddle, should select this precise moment for indulging in such abstract reflection.

Soon, however, Werschowzew's thoughts are diverted into other channels, for now he is approaching

the end of his journey. But half an hour more and he will have reached the headquarters of the Russian troops. He begins to speculate as to the reception he will meet with, whether he will find his horses in good condition, and if his orderly will not have consumed all his master's supply of tea and sugar under the assumption of his decease! If only the rogue has not tampered with the trunk containing all his literary notes! -

"Now the old life was going to begin anew - the officers would come again to visit him - from early morning till late in the evening they would drink tea and lounge about on his bed. Incessantly he would hear the general's voice calling on him, followed immediately by his own voice saying, 'Ivan, quick, my horse!'

"From afar he could now see the tent of the white general, alongside of which his own tent was placed. Who would now be living there? He lost patience, and rode forward at a trot. Without doubt he loved his Natascha sincerely. He had promised to think of her and to go out of the way of danger. But how strange! As he drew nearer to the spot where he had nearly lost his life, for the moment he forgot his wounds, his bride, and all future dangers."

Things, however, turn out very differently from what Werschowzew had anticipated, for scarcely has he resumed his old position on the General's staff than he is again stricken down by a Turkish bullet. It was unwise of him after all to have courted danger a second time, and he suddenly feels that he has had enough of warfare. He longs to be back again beside his bride, and to be able to resume his literary labours. Let him be brought to Natascha as quickly as possible; she who has already once nursed him back to life will do so again this time.

So he thinks with tardy remorse; but he has tempted fate once too often, and the wound he has received proves mortal. Wolodja, hastening to the side of his wounded friend and quondam rival, finds only a corpse, over which the broken-hearted Natasha is weeping. Inexpressibly shocked at the first moment, the shallow and light-hearted Wolodja soon however recovers his mental balance, and on finding that Natasha is more beautiful than ever, and that her mourning garments set her off to the fullest advantage, he presently reflects that there is no reason after all why their former tacit engagement should not be renewed. The little episode with Sergius Werschew will be quickly forgotten, and he smiles complacently as he pictures to himself the effect Natasha will produce when, dressed in black velvet, she makes her appearance in St. Petersburg society. A black sealed envelope, however, soon dispatches these pleasing air castles, and Wolodja learns that Natasha has fallen victim to typhus fever within a few weeks of her bridegroom's death. She had acquired the germs of the disease while nursing in the hospital, while grief, fatigue, and anxiety had done the rest.

This abrupt and, according to Western ideas, decidedly awkward conclusion is essentially Russian in character; but it is only in the hands of such finished writers as Turgeneff or Tolstoi that such violent expedients are permissible. Real life is undoubtedly full of such clumsy *dénouements*; but it requires the eye of an accomplished artist to discern which of these may appropriately be fixed upon canvas. In the present instance it is very obvious that, whereas all the male figures are portrayed from life, the heroine alone is a creation of the author's fancy. She was solely in-

troduced in order to impart to an otherwise cool and realistic picture of warfare the indispensable flavouring of the tender passion required by fiction, and is handled throughout in a shiftless uncertain fashion, merely reminding one of a Parian bonnet in the grasp of an elephant. Having accomplished her purpose, the author is evidently burning to get rid of her with all possible speed; and so, as typhus fever is one of the most expeditious modes of exit from the world, he gladly seizes on the welcome device.

In reviewing this work we have not been able to do more than indicate in vaguest general lines the many vivid sketches with which it abounds, and many of these will haunt the reader's imagination with a sense of actual reality long after he has closed the book. It will not be easy, for instance, to forget the gruesome picture unrolled before Wolodja's eyes as he rides over a snow covered plain, where some five months previously an engagement had taken place. The bodies, stripped almost bare by those human vultures that always haunt a battle field, had been left here to decay without attempt at burial, and the solitary rider now finds himself surrounded on all sides by grinning skulls and bleached skeletons, which wind and weather have distorted into weird and threatening attitudes. An Werschagin has elsewhere related, this scene in all its horror as depicted from life, he himself having repaired hither in order to search for the body of his own brother, which, however, he failed to identify from this wholesale collection of ghosts. A man who has had the opportunity of studying warfare at such close quarters, and with the double advantage of combining the two characters of actor and audience, cannot fail to produce

an interesting and noteworthy book; but the distinguished Russian artist would, in our opinion, have been better advised had he given us the result of his impressions at first hand, instead of forcing them into a framework whose construction he but imperfectly understands.

The talent and industry expended by Fritz Mauthner on his latest novel, bearing the laconic and aggressive title of '*Kraft*' (Strength),¹ was worthy a better cause. The story is interesting and admirably written, containing some good character-painting and a highly sensational plot; but the premisses on which it is built up are rotten throughout, and no amount of ingenious sophistry can blind us into accepting his conclusions as a natural or even possible solution of the situation.

Major von Ossendorff, a distinguished artillery officer, has had the misfortune to be maimed by an explosive grenade while engaged on some scientific experiments with a new sort of gunpowder. A non-commissioned officer and two common soldiers had been killed alongside of him on the same occasion; but a less merciful fate has condemned him to go on living as a crippled and disfigured man:—

"The Major had remained alive as a cripple; according to his own superficial estimation, about three-quarters of his body now remained to him. There was scarcely anything wanting but the left leg, a piece of the right one, the whole left arm, and some trifles from the head. Had he likewise retained three-quarters of his soul? Hardly one-half."

Ossendorff bears his misfortune with a sort of fierce resignation, and only at rare moments his mental

agony finds expression in bitter jokes at his own expense; but Marianne, his wife, is young and beautiful, and although sincerely anxious to fulfil her duty towards her helpless husband and indefatigable as a nurse, she has not been able to shut her heart from another love. Robert van Tennis, a distinguished young advocate, and the Major's old friend, is her lover; but their relations are purely platonic, and the only imprudence of which they have been guilty as yet are a few *tête-à-tête* walks and solitary drives whenever Marianne has been able to snatch a brief recreation hour. One of these drives leads to the catastrophe which forms the subject of the story. Tempted by an unusually warm afternoon in early spring, Robert and Marianne have driven out into the country near Berlin, and have committed the still greater imprudence of causing the carriage to be opened. Suddenly, to Robert's annoyance, he is saluted by an acquaintance walking along the road, an unscrupulous adventurer, who will certainly endeavour to turn the incident to good account. He must be silenced at any price, and so, making some excuse to Marianne, who luckily had noticed nothing, Robert leaves her to return alone to Berlin, while he walks back towards the spot where his enemy had been standing:—

"Vap Tennis slowly retraced his steps, putting down his ivory-headed walking-cane firmly at every step as was his habit: he was endeavouring to form some resolution. But nothing would occur to him. Only this much he knew, that he must not shun that silent threat, but meet it boldly. The rest would follow as circumstances seemed to prescribe. . . .

"As Van Tennis touched his hat

¹ *Kraft*. Roman von Fritz Mauthner. Leipzig: Heinrich Minden.

with an uncertain gesture, Herr von Zerpen called out to him—

“Good evening, my dear barrister. Fine weather for a drive. I did not know that you were so intimate with the Ossendorffs. I suppose you had covered up the Major completely with his eternal black rug, for I did not catch sight of him.”

“The words were spoken so harmlessly that Van Tennis at first scarcely knew how to answer them. And at that moment he would have been incapable of any reply. His senses had threatened to desert him with blinding rage at that moment when the scoundrel had pronounced the name of Ossendorff. Knock down the dog with a deadly blow. This shot through his brain, but not as a wish or resolution, still less as a conscious thought, only that it required all his self-control in order not to perform the action. To raise the arm, and with the stick or the fist to batter in this rotten skull, kick aside the corpse, and then run to a doctor in order to cauterise the scar on his hand. The dog might possibly be mad.

“Van Tennis drew a long breath, and then became aware that he had recovered his senses, and had not dealt the blow. Thank God we lived here in the heart of civilisation, where it was not feasible to finish off obnoxious persons in this fashion!

“Herr von Zerpen was looking at him impudently, and still waiting for an answer.”

So, instead of killing his enemy, Van Tennis strangles down his rage, and, rather to his own surprise, he presently finds himself walking up and down in apparently friendly conversation with this man whom he hates and despises, although ever and anon those wild delirious thoughts of murder and bloodshed will flit unbidden through his brain. He was perfectly conscious of the full insanity of these ideas. Here, almost within the precincts of the capital, such things were not to be dreamt of. Elsewhere, in the heart of Africa, for

instance, if such a creature had crossed his path, how simple a matter would it have been to suppress him. In spirit he sees himself at the head of a troop of black retainers, walking by the side of a litter, where reclines Marianne, playing with her long golden hair. The burning African sun shines down on a venomous insect crossing her path. He would simply have crushed it under foot, turned away in disgust, and thought no more about it.

But here each single personality was sheltered behind high walls, which secured it against personal action. Civilisation and culture and law, and perhaps also compassion, forced us to respect even venomous insects; and then—murder had to be committed prudently, not before witnesses, and here at one end of the little copse where the conversation takes place there is standing an old blind beggar with a barrel-organ, whose monotonous droning tones accompany each word they say to one another. Here, therefore, they walk up and down, a stretch of five minutes, turning each time at the one end when they reach the barrel-organist, and at the other end at a turn in the road marked by a large heap of wooden staves, stacked up for firing. Mechanically Van Tennis picks up one of these cudgels and weighs it tentatively in his hand, then throws it away again.

After some useless word-fencing, the two men cautiously approach the real object of their present interview, and with scarcely veiled impertinence Herr von Zerpen proposes to Robert an ignominious bargain, by which each of them shall pledge himself to keep the other's secret. He, Zerpen, has resolved to marry a certain rich widow whose legal affairs are in the hands of the solicitor, who, unfortunately,

knows some little things to Herr von Zerpen's disadvantage; but if Van Tennis will engage to keep silence as to these, and do nothing to hinder his projected marriage, so he, in return, will breathe no word about this pleasant little drive with another man's wife.

"It had now gradually grown dark, and unbroken quiet reigned around. Only a droning vibration seemed to rise up from the earth, now nearer, now farther off, like muffled thunder. Railway trains, perhaps. A crow flew up croaking from the nearest pine-top. Herr von Zerpen took off his hat, and passed a silk pocket-handkerchief across his bald yellow skull. He suddenly looked at least ten years older.

"*'Surely as thin as paper his skull,'* thought Van Tennis, idly. Just then they heard a slight noise. The barrel-organist had risen, and was taking up the organ on his back.

"Herr von Zerpen seemed all at once to grow uneasy. The lurking impudence of his look only increased. Nervously he twisted his chimney-pot in the left hand, while the right one made an involuntary movement towards his pocket, as though he had hoped to find there a revolver.

"*'It is all one, my dear barrister; anyhow it was a lucky chance for both of us that Frau Schade just happened to take you into her confidence. I will marry Frau Schade, and you will keep silence.'*

"*'And I will keep silence.'*

"*'Do you see the musician is going home? It is seven o'clock. . . . Well, dearest friend, as far as we two are concerned I like to be distinct. I do not believe that the Major was with you in the carriage. Therefore shake hands. We will both keep silence.'*

"Van Tennis had picked up the cudgel again, and was holding it fast in his left hand. Slowly he stretched out the right one as he thought—

"*'Is it possible? Will I really give him my hand? Am I really such a coward?'*

"And then he thought nothing more. It only kept on still vibrating confusedly in his brain, *'Knock him down! Blood! Caution! Murder!*

Marianne! Defend her! Knock him down! Nonsense!'

"Herr von Zerpen was still holding out his right hand, smiling ironically, and saying, *'Good friendship! I am no hypocrite, and have some experience in the art of forcing a hand. If for the sake of a tender rendezvous with the fair Ossendorff—'*

"Van Tennis had suddenly come to a conclusion. He would not give his hand, would not commit himself to anything, but would secure the rascal's silence by means of threats. A civilised being is also free to threaten—of course not to murder. A dog jumps at his adversary's throat, but barristers do not do so. These wild hallucinations were simply ridiculous.

"But just then the last words met his ear. One movement up and down with his arm, and then, felled by a blow, Herr von Zerpen sank on to his knees. His eyes stared up terror-stricken. Once more up and then down again, and the heavy cudgel descended with fearful weight on the yellow cranium. Blood streamed down on to his face.

"Van Tennis threw the cudgel back on to the wood-heap, and thought to himself, *'Just like paper indeed.'* Then he smiled.

"Suddenly he began to tremble from head to foot. He knelt down heavily to examine what he had done.

"Herr von Zerpen lay there outstretched, dead beyond question. His left hand still convulsively grasped the shining chimney-pot hat, as though he were saluting his murderer."

This catastrophe takes place in the third chapter of the book, and the other nineteen chapters are devoted to the various investigations leading up to the trial of a workman in whose possession the dead man's watch has been found. The first shock of horror and agitation over, Van Tennis feels no remorse for what he has done. Herr von Zerpen's death is a misfortune to no one, and a direct benefit to several persons, and he is perfectly satisfied that in suppressing this

superfluous existence he has only acted as his conscience compelled him to do for Marianne's sake. Lest, however, some innocent man should come to be accused in his place, Van Tennis takes the precaution of writing down a full account of the circumstances under which the crime had been committed. Should unforeseen events force him to take refuge in suicide, this written confession will preclude any disastrous consequences to others.

In the meantime, Major von Ossendorff, having come to the conclusion that life is no longer worth living, has deliberately blown himself up in his laboratory, taking care that there should be no mistake about it this time. Marianne would now be at liberty to marry the man she loves; but when, meeting her again for the first time, six months after her bereavement, Robert attempts to claim her as his own, he finds unexpected resistance on her part. In a weak moment Marianne has sworn to her dead husband that she will never give their child a stepfather who is not of noble birth, and so, as Van Tennis had no illustrious pedigree to produce, her resolution would seem to be a decisive one. Robert, deeply hurt and offended, withdraws his suit, and a complete breach between the lovers has taken place, when Marianne hears that the Polish workman accused of Von Zerpen's murder is about to be tried, and that Robert, in his character of solicitor, has volunteered to undertake the defence. Obeying an irresistible impulse, she goes to Berlin, in order to be present at the conclusion of the trial. Circumstantial evidence is strong against the Polish workman, and a sentence of death seems inevitable up to the moment when Robert makes his last speech, which, by abruptly reversing the

jury's conviction, causes them to return a verdict of "not guilty." Despair has given Robert an almost supernatural eloquence, for he is staking everything upon this one last card, having resolved that if it fails him he will blow out his brains. A little while ago the coachman of the drosky who had driven him with Marianne on the eventful afternoon has been called as witness, without, however, having been able to identify any of the parties concerned, although he distinctly remembered the fact of the gentleman having left the carriage in order to join an acquaintance who had recognised him from the road. Upon this circumstance Robert's final defence of his client is built up, and it is the story of that drive which he now tells in court, demonstrating how it might well have come to pass that a perfectly honourable man, goaded to desperation by the threats of a villain, should in a passing moment of blind passion have committed the deed. This unknown gentleman in the carriage had possibly merely acted in self-defence; he had perhaps a secret to conceal, the secret of a woman whom he loved, and whom he was bound to defend. Was it not conceivable that in an impulse of ungovernable passion such a man should have dealt the one imprudent blow which had such unexpectedly fatal consequences? All this, and a great deal more, Robert says in strange impassioned language; and without guessing at the secret of his burning eloquence, or understanding that the brilliant orator is pleading his own cause, the audience is carried by storm. But Marianne, listening in the gallery overhead, has understood, and in her likewise the words have produced an unexpected revulsion of sentiment. She begs Robert to visit her next day, and in obedience

to her summons he appears before her on the following morning, holding in one hand the sealed-up packet containing his confession, and in the other a loaded revolver. Robert invites his lady love to read these papers, and then, on finding that she still loves him, he requests her to prove her affection by permitting him to shoot first her and then himself. But Marianne, not wholly incomprehensibly, objects to this romantic arrangement, so she burns his confession unread, and locks away the revolver in a cupboard. Then she announces her intention of becoming his wife, for since the disclosure at the trial her eyes have been opened, and she has recognised to her own perfect satisfaction that whatever her lover's name may be in the eyes of the world, he has proved himself to be possessed of all those noble attributes which constituted the nobility of our ancestors.

As possibly, however, the English reader may fail to grasp these self-evident deductions, some slight explanation may not be superfluous, and we cannot therefore do better than reproduce a scrap of conversation bearing on the subject between Marianne and her old aunt. The latter, in attempting to dissuade her niece from contracting a union with a man who is not of noble birth, has endeavoured to rouse her pride by reminding her of the glorious traditions of the Ossendorff family, which proudly traced its origin to a certain knight Gautier, who had vowed his love to the holy city of Jerusalem, and sworn to end there his days:—

“ . . . He broke away from the Rhine country and wandered towards the East; there came to him various emissaries sent out against him by the Evil One, in the shape of venomous dragons, armed warriors, and fair women. But Gautier wandered on

step by step, always straight on towards the town of Jerusalem. Without ever swerving one footstep from the way, always at an equal pace, never slower nor faster. Whosoever crossed his path fell victim to his sword. He cut down three dragons on his way, thirty-three armed warriors, and seven fair women. He became a hermit, and when he lay on his death-bed he confessed these crimes,—that he had killed three dragons, thirty-three men, and seven women in order to pursue his road. Then called down a voice from heaven: ‘Come to me, my beloved son, for thou hast proved the faith and strength of the German nobility.’

“Marianne looked down thoughtfully.

“‘That was the first ancestor of the Ossendorffs, was he not, aunt? I admire his faith and his strength. So should a man be, that he forces his way by the help of his sword.’

“‘You see yourself, Anna Maria, you would never be able to harmonise with one who was not of noble birth. . . . It is impossible. Your little son is also an Ossendorff, and if he must have a second— Anna Maria, you must surely see that he would require to be noble.’

“Marianne looked up gravely. The old lady had risen.

“‘Dearest, best aunt. If only you could tell me who is noble and who is not.’

“‘Don’t talk nonsense, child; one is either noble or one is not.’”

But Marianne will not rest satisfied with these vague answers; and proceeding to analyse the precise meaning of the word and its derivation, she proves to her aunt that to be noble, strictly speaking, signifies to be the embodiment of manly beauty, goodness, and strength. Wherever she sees these three qualities combined, there also she sees true nobility; and can any one deny that Robert is possessed of all the attributes which were the boast of those ancient knights? Is he not good, handsome, true, and strong? And if he has slain a man

who happened to cross his path, has he not acted precisely as did that admirable knight Gautier, of whom the Ossendorffs are so proud?

We do not suppose that any serious reader can rest satisfied with this conclusion, although we have to acknowledge that it is grounded and argued out with almost bewildering ingenuity, and that from first to last we are held spellbound under the sway of an exceptionally interesting narrative, clothed in brilliant and vigorous language. But it is ill meddling with those ancient statutes that were once delivered to us from the top of Mount Sinai, and even our *fin-de-siècle* wisdom has not reached the point of officially condemning the ten commandments as obsolete and *rococo*. Strive as we may, we cannot yet contrive to shake ourselves free from their restraining influence, and no modern philosophy has yet been found capable of satisfactorily replacing the practical simplicity of that order which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

The thoughts to which the book gives rise are serious enough had we space to pursue them; but nevertheless it is not all unbroken tragedy, and Herr Mauthner's conclusions, if closely regarded, have likewise their comical aspect. If a person who has committed manslaughter in furtherance of his own individual ends has thereby established his resemblance to those glorious knights of yore, so likewise inversely must not all those who can boast of a blue-blooded ancestry entertain perforce the pleasing conviction of being descended from a stock of murderers and cut-throats? It is just possible, however, that Herr Mauthner, being a German, may not have perceived the latent humour of his deduction;

although, on the other hand, the fact of his own name being unencumbered by the compromising prefix of "von" puts the author, of course, quite at liberty to disclaim all personal connection with those blackguardly old Crusaders.

Another story, touching indirectly on the question of homicide, is an exquisite little picture of the Hungarian plains, entitled, 'Der Rebell,' by Marie Delle Grazie,¹ and it is distinctly refreshing to meet with a German story by a woman, so utterly free from the usual faults of her sex and nationality. Apart from its signature, nothing in this story would betray it to be a woman's work: alike the terseness of language, the breadth of description, and the admirable reticence practised with regard to the love-scenes, combine to make of the book one of those refreshing landmarks which afford a welcome haven of rest to the jaded reader, exhausted and nauseated by ploughing through heavy seas of sentiment and osculation. Perhaps, however, it is only fair to mention that this gifted lady is not, strictly speaking, a German (although this appears to be the language in which she is most at home); for while her family name seems to imply a strain of Southern blood in her veins, it is very evident that she is a thorough Hungarian at heart. Marie Delle Grazie was born in Hungary, where apparently the greater part of her childhood was spent, for it is always from the land of her birth that she draws her best and happiest inspirations. So in the present instance. 'Der Rebell' is a little gem of landscape painting, in which the full magic of the Hungarian *puszta* and of the sleeping slumbering waters of the

¹ Der Rebell. Von M. Delle Grazie. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Theiss river are reproduced with marvellous vividness, like an exquisite pastel all painted in delicate grey-green neutral tints, with just a figure thrown in here and there in order to give life to the picture. But these figures are no mere automatic puppets; they are the natural and inevitable outcome of their surroundings, as inseparable from the scenes in which they move as the feathery grasses and fluttering insects of the *puszta*.

The story is told in the first person by a lady who, revisiting her native land after an absence of several years, feels her heart leap up again at sight of old familiar scenes:—

“How long had I not looked at them, those sad endless plains of my native land! But I had always carried their picture about with me through the wide world, even as the remembrance of our first love accompanies us throughout life, brilliant, unforgotten, and unique! I had meanwhile gazed on the peaks of the Apennines, and listened to the thunder of salt sea-waves, but no foreign charm could lessen their power over me, and whether dreamily I conjured up before my mental vision the vast plain robed in bridal spring blossom or in scintillating purple autumnal glory; whether I beheld it stretched out before me parched and thirsty in the burning sunshine, swarmed over by gold-scaled beetles and velvety bees, and lulled into burning dreams by the monotonous whispering of nodding reeds; or if my imagination, running riot, now robed the giantess in the ermine drapings of winter, while the shining surface of the frozen Theiss vied in brilliancy with the scintillating stars overhead—it had always remained to me alike precious and incomparable, and alike present to my soul.

“The summer was drawing to a close; but as rain had been frequent and the heat endurable this year, the grass stood yet fresh and unbroken in long vigorous blades, which were

flogged by the rising wind into wide-curving rhythmical waves, while their damp acrid perfume imparted something mysteriously intoxicating to the thunder-laden atmosphere. Forming a wide border of emerald green, the grass accompanied the march of the venerable Theiss to either side, growing brighter and more brilliant in hue, more luxuriant in growth, as it neared the water's edge, till the swaying rushes assumed the sceptre, to murmur the plain's mournful dreams into the ear of the gurgling waters.”

The carriage in which the narrator of the story is driving breaks down during a thunderstorm, and along with her companions she is forced to take refuge for the night in a solitary *tanya* (hostelry) which stands in the midst of the *puszta*. Here she unexpectedly meets again an old playmate, Lajos the gipsy, who as a boy used to share her games and to delight her ears with the plaintive strains of his violin. He has grown into a tall handsome man of haughty unapproachable demeanour, and she is at once puzzled and her curiosity aroused by his attitude towards the young Hungarian nobleman who forms one of the party; for when he, the gentleman, had taken off his hat with an involuntary movement of respect at sight of the gipsy, the latter had not condescended to take notice of or return the salutation. Later on in the night, when the storm had passed away and the rest of the household have retired to rest, the lady steps out into the moonlit courtyard, attracted by the sound of the gipsy's fiddle; and after renewing acquaintance with her old play-fellow, she induces him to tell her his history and to explain why it is that the nickname of the “Rebell” has been given to him. The tale he has to relate is not long, and but for its conclusion, it is a very commonplace one. Lajos had loved a

young girl, the stepdaughter of a drunken old blacksmith, who would have been ready to sell his soul and hers any day for a glass of brandy.

"There was nothing to take me to the forge, went on the gipsy; but whenever I was obliged to leave the village I had to pass it, and that happened each time when I was engaged to play the fiddle for a dance in the next *puszta*. Well, it happened once as I went that road—they were holding a fair at Szent Mihal—that I caught the sound of loud angry scolding inside the forge, then a couple of ringing slaps, and in the next moment a girl comes flying out of the door, sits down by the side of the duck-pond, and weeps and weeps! At last she removes her hands, and sees me watching her over the paling.

"Well, what are you listening to?" she cried, her face flushing with anger like a wild poppy flower. What shall I tell you, madam? The girl was beautiful, and I had never seen her before. Scarcely fourteen, she had never yet been to a village dance, and at church I had to attend to my notes in order not to anger the organist. It was only my fiddle that they wanted there at any rate, for in their eyes I was no more than a Pagan—a gipsy. But the girl's face and her anger had made me quite foolish.

"Well, what are you crying about?" I stammered, putting down my fiddle and bow between the paling staves.

"Are you also going to Szent Mihal to the fair?" she called back, looking at me with such large angry eyes as though she would have liked to kill me.

"Of course! and you?" I returned.

"Go to the d——!" she cursed back furiously. "Do you imagine that I am sitting here howling for nothing? My father will not let me go. My father!—ha! ha! ha!" and then she laughed and clenched her fists in a manner that made me feel hot and cold all at once.

"But her grief had touched me, or perhaps it was something else, but that I only found out later. 'Shall I intercede for you?' I called out over the paling. 'You have grown out

of your skirts long ago, and the *csardas* will fly into your feet without teaching.'

"She opened her mouth very wide and kept silence, but her eyes were saying, 'Come!' and so I took up my fiddle and went into the courtyard."

Lured by the bribe of unlimited glasses of brandy, the blacksmith is induced to permit Julezi to appear at the next fair, and the girl herself graciously permits Lajos to spend his last farthing in purchasing ribbons and other finery for her personal adornment. For a few weeks he lives in a fool's paradise, for he is soon Julezi's accepted suitor, and their wedding-day is already fixed. But the lovely Julezi comes of a bad stock, and beneath her kittenish grace is concealed a cold heart and mercenary disposition. After leading on her lover with all the wiles of a finished coquette, she abruptly throws him overboard at the eleventh hour, in order to become the mistress of a dissolute young nobleman. Lajos vows to be revenged on his rival, and for nearly a year he lies in wait for him at the turn of solitary byways and on the lonely *puszta*. All in vain; for the sneaking coward has taken good care to keep out of the avenger's way. But his chance comes at last. It is on a burning midsummer day, when having to cross the *puszta* to reach the village, where his services as musician are required, Lajos turns aside into a path between the reeds at the river's edge. It will be cooler here, he thinks, and perhaps he will find a little shade and a whiff of fresh air from off the water:—

"So I went along the edge of the Theiss between the reeds, so that the dry blades cracked down underfoot, and fell rustling together behind me. When I had walked on thus some little distance a flash of something bright met my eyes. 'A gun-barrel,

I think to myself, and so it was: as I come nearer I see the gun lying on the ground. The reeds were crushed down to either side, and there five steps beyond lies my deadly enemy, with his head pillowed against his game-bag, and sleeping as soundly as though he had never harmed any one in his life! I almost lost my breath in the first moment of surprise! For ten whole months I had vainly dogged his footsteps, and now he was lying across my path, fast asleep into the bargain! I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and still I could scarcely believe it, so curious were my sensations! But as for joy, none. Just think—I was conscious of no feeling of joy! It seemed to me that I must have killed him long ago, already that time in the forest, and I felt almost surprised to see that he was still alive. ‘Yes, but just because of that he must now die,’ something called out within me, and I bent down and took up his own weapon; but everything as in a dream I tell you, for directly afterwards, I think again to myself, ‘No really, how hot it is to-day,’ and as I lifted up the gun and heard the church-bells beginning to ring for midday at Csát, I glanced back again at my fiddle, which I had previously laid down on the ground, and I said to myself quite seriously, ‘If only you don’t come there too late!’ Yes, just so, I was saying to myself, and at that moment the other one awoke—for now the sun was beating down straight on to his face—and saw me! Perhaps he also thought it was a dream in the first moment, when he saw me standing before him with his own gun between my hands; but then he grew ghastly pale to the lips, his knees began to shake as though he had the Danube fever, and suddenly he pulled off his hat and made me a low bow, much lower still than to-day, smiling all the while like a simpleton. . . . Then I felt relieved and light of heart—so light of heart I tell you, for now I knew that one can do one’s enemy a much greater injury than by killing him, and that my sufferings were now at an end because I could no longer hate the man that stood before me: a sort of disgust rose up in my throat, I spat out towards him, flung down the gun

into the reeds, took my fiddle, and went.”

This, then, is the secret of the gipsy’s proud reserve, the consciousness that he is better than all these people who dare to look down upon him as a nameless vagabond; and when asked to explain how it was that he had reached these conclusions, he sums up the result of his unconscious philosophy in the following words:—

“‘How did I come by these thoughts?’ he repeated, slowly and stolidly. Do you see, madam, I cannot tell that; but they were there all at once, and since that time I carry them about with me as I carry my fiddle! and they make me feel so happy and peaceful. Sometimes, when I am sitting alone in the forest, my dog lies at my feet, the leaves scarcely move in the air, and everything around is so quiet and restful, then it all comes over me strangely. I wish for nothing, I hope for nothing, and yet I am happy, happier even than when I was a child! And then I shut my eyes, and can see myself going about, I tell you, as though it were a stranger. ‘That is what you used to be like,’ I say to myself, and then I laugh or shake my head at it. And am I not right, madam? What has become of my love and of my hate? All gone, and at that time I thought I should have died of it! Whoever has passed through all this grows calm, and cannot behave unjustly even to his enemy. Yes, do you see, I often say to myself, Was the girl to blame or he yonder, if I thought them better than they are in reality? If my eyes are bad, and I knock my head against a post, is it my fault or that of the post? The post is there and is in its own right, and here am I also in my own right, if my eyes were not bad, for I could avoid it, could I not? And if I was able to love a worthless creature, and to hate a rogue, was I not every bit as blind? They were not so, and therefore I was forced to bruise my heart and my head against them. But whom can I trust again if I was able to deceive myself so, and if each

man is there twice over,—once so as he was born, and once again as I believe him to be? And can I tell how I am myself? . . . Often at night-fall I go out into the *puszta*—far—far—where no one can see me, and throw myself down into the high grass or amongst the rushes. A bird is chirping overhead, or a fish splashes up in the Theiss; but presently all is quiet as I would have it. Then I cross my arms under my head, gaze out into the distance, and think. ‘Yes,’ I say to myself, ‘that was so and so;’ but again it often seems to me as though all that I had lived through had never really been, and as if I myself did not exist at all; and then I stop thinking, but only feel happy and content, and then I forget that the sky is blue, that the grasshoppers are chirping around me, and that my dog is licking my hand, and even when after a while I begin to hear and see and feel again I scarcely believe it all.”

Pursuing her journey next morning, the lady carries away with her the picture of her last glimpse of Lajos, a tall proud figure disappearing in the distance, with his fiddle under his arm and his dog alongside:—

“The full sunshine lay across his path, and on all sides of him the waving Theiss rushes were nodding. A buzzard flew up from the reeds ten paces ahead; but he pursued his march without looking up, and only Beg seemed to halt for a moment in attentive surprise. . . .

“The sunny pathway, the river with its waving rushes, the dog, and the flying buzzard with outstretched wings, all together seemed to crystallise into a finished picture before my mental vision; and the centrepiece of this picture, in reality but a poor vagrant musician, gradually drew my thoughts and feelings into the magic circle of its apparition. Ever again I seemed to see him moving on before me; above him the sky, from which

he hoped nothing, beneath him the earth, from which he expected nothing,—and thus it came that his simple figure grew and developed before me into endless proportions, floating over my native soil like a shadow of he who thousands of years ago in distant India taught that which the vagrant gipsy but dimly felt and mistily expressed, ‘Life begets suffering, and suffering begets fear: who is delivered from life can know no pain; whence therefore should he know fear?’

“But I knew now why he had been nicknamed the ‘Rebell’ by those others: it was because he despised them.”

We are glad to see Hermann Sudermann’s name again affixed to a work of fiction, after an interval of several years, for the dramas he has meanwhile produced were but a sorry exchange for novels which are justly entitled to a foremost position in contemporary German literature. His latest work, ‘Es War’ (It Was),¹ is distinguished by the same qualities as its predecessors, ‘Frau Sorge’ and ‘Der Katzensteg,’ although veracity compels us to add that we likewise find here some of the faults that disfigured the author’s earlier attempts.

‘Es War’ is fully more a tale of friendship than of love,—the friendship of two men who have grown up together, and who love each other as only two diametrically opposite natures can do. Both belong to the class of Prussian landed gentry, and their estates are but separated by the breadth of a river. Leo von Sellenthin is an honest, good-natured, simple-minded giant, gifted with indestructible health and irrepressible animal spirits; while his friend Ulrich von Kletzingt is one of those delicate sensitive individuals in whom mind takes the

¹ Es War. Roman von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart: Cotta’sche Buchhandlung.

place of matter, and who possess a tenfold greater capacity for suffering to what is accorded to ordinary mortals. No cloud has dimmed the harmony of these two souls until the moment when a woman appears on the scene—the old, old story of he, she, and a third one, so often related; but which, when told by a writer who understands his business, can always be made to sound new.

As quite a young man, scarcely issued from boyhood, Leo has had the misfortune to shoot his adversary, Herr von Rhaden, in a duel brought about ostensibly by a quarrel at the card-table, but in reality about Rhaden's wife, Felicitas, whose lover Leo had been. No one, not even Ulrich, guesses at the real motive of the duel; but as after its fatal conclusion it is deemed expedient that Leo should disappear for a time, he goes off to America, where he spends some years in sport and travel. Thus it comes about that he is not at hand to avert the event that leads to all his future misery, for when he receives a letter to inform him that his friend is about to marry Felicitas, it is already too late to prevent it. Had he been at home, of course, it would have been his painful duty to open Ulrich's eyes; but now that the mistake has been made, an equally imperative duty bids him keep silence as to the former relations between himself and Felicitas. Forced thus into a false position, utterly at variance with the simple loyalty of his character, Leo is dragged down step by step to the very verge of a precipice, from which he barely escapes by the skin of his teeth, and the whole strength of the book lies in the marvellous intuition with which the author has depicted the mental struggles and gradual moral degradation of an honourable man under

the influence of a heartless and designing woman.

The story opens when Leo, after a four years' absence, sets foot again on the paternal acres. He has returned home a wiser and a better man, whose healthy nature, while condemning the error of his hot-headed youth, yet forbids him to waste time in futile self-reproach. Ulrich's unfortunate marriage is the only untoward circumstance in the situation; but even this fact is not sufficient seriously to overshadow his buoyancy, and the question as to whether Felicitas is really capable of making his friend happy is more paramount to his mind than any foreboding of unpleasant consequences to himself:—

“Leo wandered on alone between dewy meadows brooded over by a thick, almost tangible, cloud of heavy perfume. To either side of him there resounded a thousand-voiced concert of chirruping grasshoppers. Startled up by his footsteps, the little animals sprang on before him like heralds proclaiming his arrival, and the topmost branches of the old elm-trees bordering the meadow pathway were rustling a whispering welcome overhead.

“A perfect forest of blossom grew in rank luxuriance on the fallow ridges. Purple campanula bells brushed across his hands, thick coils of bindweed and vetch wound themselves about his feet, a sprinkling dew fell caressingly on his forehead.

“He stood still and looked about him. As far as his eyes could reach in the summer twilight, the land was his property. A feeling of shame came over him. This warm, soft nest, prepared expressly for him by his Creator, had he—thoughtlessly rather than heartlessly—been ready to make over to any stranger!

“The exalted sensations of home, hereditary possession, and the mid-summer night, had come over him with intoxicating strength. . . . He tore off his cap, folded his hands over the smoking pipe, and prayed, while tears ran down his cheeks.

"A man mature and strong, of moderate abilities, but honest to the core, who knew his own mind, and had already learnt from life to distinguish evil from good, stood loyally before his Maker, and opened out his heart to Him."

But Leo is not suffered to rest long in the peaceful enjoyment of his recovered home. His former love begins to weave her nets for him with super-refined cunning, and insensibly he falls into the trap. Felicitas is the innate personification of deceit, and has reduced falsehood to such a fine art that she is almost deceived by her own subterfuges. After pretending to Ulrich that it is impossible for her ever to meet again the man who has killed her first husband and made her child fatherless, she secretly writes to Leo, and bids him meet her one foggy morning on a certain island on the river. He goes to the rendezvous with great reluctance, only driven thereto by the necessity of defining their mutual position, before meeting her again in Ulrich's presence.

"His eye sought the temple, resembling a covered tombstone, between whose pillars the statues detached themselves through the looming mists.

"There, leaning against the pedestal, crouched a female figure, who slowly raised her head at his approach, only to bury it anew in both hands, after a shy fugitive mournful look.

"But this one glance had sufficed to tell him, 'She has remained the same.'

"From beneath the hood of her waterproof cloak, drawn so tight around forehead and cheeks that only a few stray locks of fair hair escaped here and there beyond the edge, there had looked out upon him the same pale sweet face, the same plaintively curved lips, the self-same mysteriously veiled blue eyes, that had once held his senses captive in blissful rapture.

"She leant more closely against the

pedestal, and made no sign of rising when with uncovered head he stepped before her.

"*'Felicitas,'* he said. His voice sounded harsh and threatening, harsher perhaps than he had intended.

"A tearless sobbing, that convulsed the slender swaying figure, was her only answer. Without looking up she withdrew the left hand from her face and stretched it out slowly towards him. . . . Weakly, helplessly, this hand seemed to grope about for a support, for another to take and hold it fast.

"But a friendly greeting was far from his intention, and so, without having found a support, the outstretched hand sank helplessly back on her knee, as a wounded bird falls to the ground.

"*'You desired to speak to me, Felicitas,'* he said.

"Then she likewise withdrew the right hand from her face, and the tearful, reproachful look that was now turned upon him was saying—

"*'Have I deserved this from you?'*

"*'She is older looking after all,'* he said to himself, as he looked at her more closely. . . . *'Curious,'* he went on thinking, 'how completely one can get over one's love for a woman,' and then he said once more aloud: *'Felicitas, you desired to speak to me.'*

"In a low, irresolute voice she answered: *'And you, Leo, have you never had this desire?'*

"*'Never,'* he returned, gruffly.

"Such a harrowing pathetic smile played round the corners of her lips that despite all his fortitude Leo felt a sharp stab of pain. He must be severe, but he had not the right to be rough towards her.

"*'You must understand me rightly, Felicitas,'* he resumed, more gently. *'We have not come here in order to become sentimental or to rake up the old ashes. My duty is to speak seriously and frankly, however painful it may be, and I intend to give you pain.'*

"She drew a long breath. This unequivocal declaration of war seemed to relieve her. Then she humbly bowed down her head.

"*'First of all,'* he went on, 'in order that there may be no possibility of

misapprehension in our intercourse, Have you got over that which once took place between us?"

"‘I do not understand you,’ she answered, gently.

"‘Have you—have you—well, in short, have you still got a spark of inclination for me remaining?’"

"She closed her eyes and shook her head—slowly and wearily like an invalid.

"‘Make your mind easy,’ she returned, still with half-closed lids. ‘There is no one in the whole world whom I abhor so deeply as you.’"

"‘That is perhaps scarcely necessary,’ he replied, with a forced laugh. ‘What happened was but a natural error after all, since once we had reached the point of—’"

"He broke off, dimly aware that his preconceived programme threatened to become confused."

It is impossible to follow step by step all the various phases through which Leo passes before finding himself once more irretrievably in the power of this woman he had sworn to shun and avoid. The old intimacy between his family and Ulrich's house is resumed, for Felicitas has caused her son to be sent to a boarding-school at a distance, in order to remove the sole obstacle to their intercourse. Little Paul, who is a delicate, sensitive child, feels miserable amongst strangers, and there is a pathetic undercurrent of his ill-spelt childish little letters to his unnatural mother, in which he vainly begs to be taken home again. Felicitas loves her child in a certain impulsive hysterical fashion, but her passion has for the moment blinded her to all other considerations; so she conceals Paul's letters from Ulrich, and goes on wilfully blinding herself and Leo to where they are drifting. He on his side strives vainly at first to resist his fate; but his whole virile nature is undermined by the struggle, and he presently seeks to drown his misery in drink and vulgar de-

bauch. Ulrich sees without understanding the change in his friend, and with indescribable pain both men come to realise that their lifelong friendship is slowly making shipwreck upon some mysterious obstacle which the one cannot fathom nor the other reveal. The scene in which this knowledge first comes home to Leo's mind is an exceedingly powerful one. He is sitting with Felicitas in the sweet stuffy atmosphere of a hothouse, whither she has lured him under pretext of warming her feet from a walk in the deep snow, when he startles her by the following abrupt question:—

"‘Woman, have you really no presentiment as to whither we are steering?’ he cried, stretching out his hands towards her.

"‘Do not torture me,’ she implored, turning half round as she hid her face against the fur-lined cloak.

"‘Answer me! At least I will know whether you are aware of the game that you are playing with yourself and with me?’"

"‘O Leo!’ she whispered, ‘I do not choose to think of anything. I cannot think. It is so sweet to be together with you. That is all I know, and all I care for.’"

"‘At first we were to have repented together,’ he went on. ‘That is what we had proposed to do. We were to have done penance in sackcloth and ashes, and to have mortified body and soul. . . . And I—God knows I did so thoroughly—I am so crushed and bruised by remorse of conscience that there is not an honest spot left on my body; I feel rotten and mouldy to the core, and when some one offers me his hand I feel inclined to say, ‘Take care lest you soil yourself.’ If that is what we were striving for, well and good—that object is attained. But what we are now doing, wretched woman, can that still be called repentance? Is it not rather new horrible treason?’"

"‘I know nothing,’ she whispered. ‘It is all so sweet.’"

"‘And that suffices you?’"

"She nodded twice, thrice silently, as in out-blossoming happiness, then she said, 'You are here; that is enough for me.'

"But you do not ask what I have endured till I came hither. . . . Have you even a notion how it looks in the soul of a man who is holding on convulsively to the last remnant of energy left to him? . . . I have wandered sleeplessly whole nights through the woods. Have walked my feet bloody. . . . I would gladly have hunted myself to death in order to keep myself from coming, . . . and yet now here I am.'

"Beseechingly, imploringly, like a famished helpless child, he stretched out his arms towards her. Her eyes were greedily drinking the words from his lips.

"My poor, poor boy!' she said, softly.

"Then he clasped his hands to his face and burst into bitter weeping.

"Terrified and horror-struck, she stared at him. She had now known him for sixteen years, and never yet had she seen a tear in his eye.

"She jumped up and seized hold of his head between her hands—

"Leo!—my dear, dear Leo!"

"She strove to unclasp his fingers, and finding that she could not do so, she pressed her lips upon them. But he did not move. Her alarm increased, and she knelt down beside him, twining her arms about his neck.

"Some vague comprehension of the wrong she had done to him rose up dimly in her mind as she beheld this giant bodily and mentally broken before her. In order to repair her fault and to drown compassion she could think of nothing better than to kiss him, and she kissed every spot in his face that she could reach. She kissed his hair, his hands, his neck. . . .

"Then she drew down his head upon her lap, and with caressing fingers removed his hands from his face.

"With closed eyes and slack muscles he lay there motionless like one asleep. His breath came short and panting from between his lips."

After this scene in the hothouse

events move on rapidly to the conclusion, and the reader's interest is not suffered to flag for a single instant. Little Paul dies at the boarding-school, of fever brought on by disappointment and home-sickness; but even this blow fails to rouse Felicitas to serious remorse, and after a half-hearted attempt at suicide, which ends more comically than tragically, she finds in her bereavement but a fresh pretext for intrigue and coquetry. The rôle of broken-hearted mother is a pretty and bewitching one, and she drapes herself in her grief as complacently as though it had been a new Parisian toilette, and contrives to make her tears as becoming as a set of pearls and diamonds. But she overdoes her part so completely as to open Ulrich's eyes abruptly to the true value of this woman, whom he has hitherto loved with blind adoration; and scarcely able to hide his disgust, he takes the first available pretext for leaving home. During his absence things come to a crisis. Leo's sister, Johanna, a half-crazy fanatic, who by chance has become possessed of his secret, resolves to enlighten Ulrich as to his wife's antecedents, and after vainly endeavouring to deter his sister from her project, Leo sees no other escape but death from the intolerable position in which he finds himself placed. He cannot endure the thought of living dishonoured in Ulrich's eyes, and of surviving that friendship that has been the best part of his existence. When he breaks the news of his resolution to Felicitas, she receives it with enthusiasm, and declares her intention of dying with him. The idea of suicide appeals to her fantastic imagination, and since fate has decreed that they cannot live together, what greater rapture can there be than to die in his arms? The details of the ghastly drama

are soon settled between them. On the following day at midnight Leo is to come to fetch her: an old servant, upon whose discretion they can rely, will admit him and conduct him to Felicitas's chamber, where she will be ready dressed and waiting to receive him, and together they will then go down to the river's side in order to select a suitable spot for the tragedy.

"Felicitas had returned home from the last interview with Leo, glowing with the intoxication of death.

"To die—to die on his breast—to breathe her last sigh into his lips,—what a finale! what a grand harmonious last chord!

"A picture that she had once seen at Königsberg came into her mind. It was called 'Weary of Life,' and represented a gentleman and lady who, bound together by ropes, are on the point of plunging from an overhanging pier into the lake below. . . . An envious thrill of delicious horror had run through her veins at its sight.

"And now that old delirious dream was to be fulfilled for her by Leo's side!

"And for many other reasons too it was best for her to leave the world. Ulrich's health was becoming more and more delicate, and he thought less than ever of rendering life worth living for his wife. No glimpse of the great world, of society or court life, could reach her here. The women she knew all persecuted her with their hatred, the men with their love, and the one was as stupid as the other. No future remained to her but slowly to wither away, between corn-prices and colt-breeding, between jam-pots and milk-pails, undervalued and unappreciated.

"A thousand times rather die!

"If at least my little Paul were alive,' she went on thinking, 'then at least I should have an object to live for,' and scorching tears of suddenly revived maternal grief ran down over her cheeks.

"But in the midst of her sweet compassion for herself and her dead boy a cold shudder came over her at

the thought that in a very few days she too would be lowered down into the dark grave.

"Was that possible? . . . How could it be?

"In a year, or, better still, in ten years—at some distant uncertain period, when they should have loved each other to satiety, . . . but already now, when a whole world of new burning happiness lay unenjoyed before them.

"What sense was there in this?

"Then again the picture 'Weary of Life' came into her head, and slightly consoled her.

"The gentleman in the picture was not at all like Leo. As far as she could remember he wore a velvet coat, and was therefore probably an artist. . . . Yes, the artists, those grand, sublime natures, they knew how to snatch hearts with them into death. . . . Perhaps the coat was not of velvet after all. . . . But she remembered the lady's satin dress quite distinctly. . . . The shining bodice had been drawn in tight folds across the bosom. Of course that was no longer fashionable; but what did fashion signify when one was about to die? One only required to look beautiful in death—that was a matter of course.

"Then she began to reflect what she should put on for the occasion."

Felicitas decides to wear a certain Parisian dressing-gown of delicate *crêpe de Chine*, which she had been treasuring up for some festive opportunity; but when she tries it on she is so intoxicated by her own beauty that she finally concludes that it would be folly to die. Let only Leo once look at her thus decked out, and she feels confident that all thoughts of suicide will vanish from his mind.

Punctual to his given word, Leo appears at midnight to fetch his companion in death; and while Felicitas in the dressing-room alongside is donning those seductive robes that are intended to turn his head, he sits down at the writing-table and stares apa-

thetically at a scrawled piece of writing that had been lying there uppermost. Poor little dead Paul's last misspelt childish letter, in which pathetically he begs to know why it is that he is not to be allowed to come home for the Christmas holidays? All the other boys are going home except one who has not got a mother but only a guardian, and another who comes from West India, and is yellow in the face like a piece of Swiss cheese. And why is Paul not to come? He would like so much to come, and he cries every morning and every evening because he is not allowed to come home.

Mechanically at first, then with dawning comprehension, Leo has read this letter to the end, and all at once the scales fall from his eyes as he realises the baseness of this woman who has wrecked his life; and when presently, smiling and seductive in all the voluptuous splendour of the *crêpe de Chine* dressing-gown, she steps out to greet him, she finds to her consternation that her power over him is gone, and that he remains deaf to all her blandishments.

"Dearest one," she murmured, 'give up those foolish thoughts.'

"What foolish thoughts?"

"Well, about death and suicide."

"Wha—t?"

"Only see," she whispered, stroking his cheek with triumphant confidence. 'Why should we wish to die now? That would be purest folly! . . . Now, just when we have found each other again. Surely we should rather now begin to live in good earnest.'

"He stared vacantly into her eyes.

"So completely had he come to regard himself and her as two dying persons that he hardly comprehended the full ignominy implied in her suggestion.

"And when he had understood, he was taken possession of by a blind bloody rage. . . . Red mists seemed

to rise up before his eyes. 'Make an end of this!' something seemed to call out within him.

"'You are truly a despicable wretch!' he cried, plunging one hand into his breast-pocket.

"She saw his movement, saw the shining steel barrels glancing out towards her, and in mortal terror she shrieked aloud—

"'Help!'

"Before he had time to raise the cock she had flown into the dressing-room, whence her voice came loud and shrill—

"'Help! Murderers! Help!'

"'Vernin!' he muttered, letting the weapon sink on to the table.

"He stood there for a moment, uncertain whether to escape or to suffer himself to be taken.

"Then he looked up.

"In the dark doorway, tall and gaunt as a ghost, stood Ulrich, and the woman was convulsively crouching at his feet.

"Leo felt no fear, hardly even surprise.

"'Now he knows it,' he thought; and he merely experienced a sort of cold curiosity as to how the other would bear it.

"'Speak!' said Ulrich, in a new strange voice. 'How do you come here?'

"He seemed to grow taller and taller.

"'But speak,' said the strange voice a second time.

"'He wanted to kill me,' sobbed Felicitas; 'because—because—I—repulsed him. That is why he would—have—murdered me!'

His soul once freed of the dark secret that had almost dragged him into the grave, Leo's healthy nature rapidly recovers its former elastic energy. He feels that he has now regained the right to live, and perhaps even to be happy at some no very distant time, of which the author permits us to catch a glimpse at parting. Felicitas has disappeared, in order to pursue an unshackled life of pleasure elsewhere, and even Ulrich's decree that he

and Leo are better apart, has not got the power lastingly to overshadow his faith in the future. He will win back his friend some day, he confidently swears to himself, as he rows back again over the river to return home, where he is waited for by a sweet guileless maiden who wears her heart on her sleeve.

Leo's portrait, both in its previous degradation and subsequent moral resurrection, is one of the most perfect psychological studies we have met with for long, and would in itself be sufficient to make the reputation of a vastly inferior book. Some of the other male figures are likewise very good, none better than that of Pastor Breckenberg, the jolly, good-natured, swilling and swearing old clergyman, who, whether sober or tipsy, has always the welfare of his spiritual children so sincerely at heart. In female portraiture Herr Sudermann strikes us as being decidedly less successful. The two young girls

here depicted, Hertha and Elly, are merely the conventional stereotyped *ingénues* of the modern drama; the austere, fanatical, half-crazy Johanna is overdrawn to the verge of caricature; and as to Felicitas herself, we have met her scores of times before—within the pages of yellow-backed French novels. It is evident that the author has expended particular trouble on her portrait, which, taken by itself, is doubtless a finished piece of work, but placed in these particular surroundings, she gives us the impression of an anachronism or a false note. The healthy German soil where beetroot and cabbages flourish is not calculated to produce such abnormal exotic plants; and those beautiful monsters, made up of sphinx-like smiles, opopanax perfume, and ravishing dressing-gowns, imperatively demand a hothouse atmosphere and Parisian background in order to convey any sense of reality.

CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN THE HIGH ALPS.

THE compiler of sporting literature is usually a person of unfaltering purpose and unerring aim. All his stalks are conducted without flaw or mistake; his cartridges are loaded with the straightest powder only, and every bullet finds its proper billet. The pangs of disappointment and the mortification attendant upon baulked ambition are not his, for he never fails to attain his object. Personally I feel hardly entitled to express an opinion on the subject, never having tasted the sweets of such unvarying success; but I cannot help thinking that an occasional failure or two must enhance the flavour of a sport which, like cricket, owes much of its fascination to its glorious uncertainty. It must be so very tiresome never to miss; besides, if everybody were built that way, the game would soon be exterminated. In my own case, as far as my pet sport of stalking chamois is concerned, I fancy that the failures rank with the successes in the proportion of about four to one. But then I have always hunted over big mountains, where the game is not plentiful and the difficulties of the chase are materially increased, and I have no pretensions to be anything more than a fair average rifle-shot. Moreover, on looking back over an experience of several seasons, I am inclined to think that most of the really interesting stalks which I can call to mind have had an unsuccessful termination. I have hunted chamois at intervals during the last fourteen years, and my total bag only just tops a score. But those twenty

beasts — more or less — represent the fruits of many days' hard work, many keen delights, and many scarcely less keen disappointments. Happily the charm of the *gems-jagd* in the High Alps depends in but a small degree upon the mere gunning part of the business. In that splendid air, and with those glorious and ever-varying scenes around you, it is enough to sit still and watch the game if a stalk is out of the question. Of course the pleasure is greater if you return home with a fine buck on your own, or, better still, on your guide's back; but the disappointment of a miss, even though momentarily keen, is soon forgotten. The number of chamois that one kills is to my mind quite a secondary consideration. Far be it from me to decry the sports of my native land; but I must say that I would rather slay one good buck after a week's unremitting toil, than a whole hecatomb of pheasants at the end of a well-stocked covert between the hours of ten and five.

Now that I am on the subject of shooting, straight or otherwise, I may remark that, unless you are an exceptionally good shot, it is a very easy matter to miss a chamois at any distance over seventy or eighty yards. Anyhow, that is my experience. In my arm-chair at home I can slay them in imagination with unerring accuracy, but on the actual mountains it is a very different matter. Owing in a great measure to the clearness of the atmosphere, the distances are exceedingly hard to judge, and the angles of depression and elevation are usually very considerable.

Moreover, the mark is a small one. A chamois is little bigger than a roebuck, and, unless you hit him fair somewhere in the regions of the vitals, he will probably make tracks over the mountains, and leave you lamenting. Nature, too, who, in her solicitude for the preservation of types, always contrives that the plumage of her birds and the fur of her beasts shall harmonise with their surroundings, has made no exception in the case of the antelope of the Alps. He is by no means easy to distinguish against his background of rock, especially if he happens to be in shadow at the time. Then you are always afraid that the beast may see you, or that a puff of wind may give him your odour, and this is apt to make you hurry over the shot. Add to this that the work is very hard, and that "stag-fever," or some other form of nervousness, will occasionally overcome even the most experienced sportsman, and it will be seen that the ingenuity of ordinary humanity in inventing excuses for misses is quite superfluous as far as chamois-hunting is concerned.

All this by way of prelude to an account of one or two stalks which, partly owing to indifferent shooting, partly to a variety of other causes, were by no means uniformly successful. The place where I purpose taking up my parable is the Valpelline on the Italian side of the Pennine Alps. Fortunately, perhaps, for the sportsmen of the district, this picturesque valley, owing chiefly to the absence of hotel accommodation, is less known or visited than it deserves, the natives of the Val d'Aosta preferring, as a rule, the no less beautiful Valtornanche for their excursions. Lodgings can be

obtained in the house of the *cure* of Bionaz; but we took up our abode in the chalets of Prérayen at the head of the valley. Here the traveller finds himself in the heart of the mountain world. Innumerable peaks of varying height and form, intersected by deep valleys and gorges, rise abruptly from the larch forests that clothe their lower slopes. The monarch of them all, the Dent d'Hérens, the near neighbour of the mighty Matterhorn, attains an elevation of 14,300 feet, and the ice-scenery at its base, and on the slopes of the adjoining mountains, is hardly to be surpassed in grandeur.

I should mention that the shooting in the Valpelline is all private, the sporting rights, as elsewhere in North Italy, being vested in the owners of the soil.

The greater part of our hunting was done on the south side of the valley, where the game was usually more plentiful, though it was scarce enough even in the best places. During the summer and early autumn months the chamois, in their endeavour to escape from the sun's rays, chiefly frequent such mountains as have a northerly exposure. Here the grass is longer and sweeter; the soil is less parched; and the rocks afford a grateful shade during the noon-tide heat. There was one mountain, however, on the northern side of the valley—I do not think that it has any name—which I was anxious to explore. The big herds usually deserted it until the late autumn months when the sun had less power. On account, however, of its inaccessible nature, for it was flanked on three sides by enormous precipices, it was said to be a favourite resort of sundry big solitary bucks. These selfish old bachelors lead retired lives as a

rule, and during the greater part of the year shun the society of their fellow-creatures. With this end in view they frequent the summits of lofty peaks, or else lie hidden at the foot of inaccessible cliffs, where they are very difficult to get at. As Mr Charles Boner poetically observes in his book, 'Chamois - Hunting in Bavaria,' in order to stalk them "the hunter must brave the intense cold as well as all the dangers of a region of snow and ice, for he will be led to spots where good nerves are required not to feel overcome with horror at the scene around."

On the other hand, being less timid than the does, they occasionally venture much lower down the mountains, but always in some out-of-the-way place where they are not likely to be disturbed. He is a wary old stager, your veteran *solitaire*, and even more difficult to discover than he is to stalk. In the daytime he lies *perdu* in the shadow of some overhanging rock, only emerging in the early morning and evening to feed. Like his human congener, the elderly buck dines late—at his club, I was about to say, but at any rate in some sequestered nook where the ladies cannot bother him. Fortunately, too, he has a rooted and very proper aversion to being disturbed at his meals, and if you can only catch him at dinner-time he is so preoccupied that in my opinion he is then easier to approach than are his lady friends. As my favourite hunter, Jean Baptiste Perruquet, justly observes—and Perruquet is no misogynist, but rather a fervent admirer of the gentler sex—"C'est toujours les femmes qui sont les plus méchantes!" Your old doe is always so horribly suspicious. She cannot even eat her

dinner in peace, but between each nibble she must needs look round and sniff the air to see if anybody is coming. If a pebble trickles down the mountain-side she pricks her ears, cocks her head sideways, and seems to mutter to herself, "Dear me, I wonder what that noise can be." The most annoying creatures that I know are those outlying doe sentinels of the herd, who upset the best-laid plans, and convert fair prospects of successful stalks into miserable failures. Many a time, as you are stealthily creeping along some narrow ledge, fondly imagining that you are well screened from view, a shrill alarm-whistle from a lofty crag above you tells of some watchful guardian of the band which your telescope had failed to spy out. The remainder take the hint at once, and are gone in the twinkling of an eye.

In the late autumn the old buck grows less morose and unsociable, and evinces a taste for the company of the ladies. At this period he joins the large herds, and divides his time between love and war. He is of a pugnacious disposition, and his "cocky" appearance and air of bravado, as he swaggers around, are highly amusing. Desperate are the battles he fights, and those sharp curved horns of his inflict many a terrible gash upon the flanks of his rivals for the favours of the fair. When his honeymooning is over he quits the herd and returns once more to his crabbed and selfish bachelor habits.

My bedroom in our chalet was on the ground-floor, and it was quite early morning when a goat walked in at the open door and rang the little cracked bell on its neck in an aggressive fashion, as much as to say, "It's time to get

up." I paid no attention to the summons until a cow came in and gazed at me with wonder in her great sad liquid eyes, and then, shaking her head reproachfully, sounded her deeper-toned and more musical instrument and disappeared. Day had already broken, and the saffron light of dawn was stealing over the shoulder of the Dent d'Hérens, so I jumped out of bed and called Perruquet, and in half an hour we had boiled and swallowed our coffee, and were ready to start. There were three of us to-day, instead of two as usual, as my hunter had complained that once or twice previously, when fortune had befriended us exceptionally, I had brought him down *chargé comme un âne* with chamois. Accordingly he had brought along with him a brother-in-law, one of the numerous and celebrated family of Maquinaz, who have furnished a large proportion of the best guides of the Valtornanche. He was an excellent fellow, with remarkably sharp eyes, but somewhat overtalkative for a *chasseur*. In the rather faint hope of entrapping one of the wily old *solitaires* we determined to try the mountain on the north side of the valley to which I have alluded. Following a rough goat-path, which was also used by the athletic cattle of the district on their occasional visits to the higher pastures, we zig-zagged up the steep face of the hill. There were hardly any trees on this side, though here and there amid the grey rock-boulders rose the stumps and fast-decaying trunks of what must, judging from their girth and appearance, have been giant larches. The bark had fallen off, and most of the stems were rotting away, while others were riven and seamed and scarred

all over by lightning. After a sharp burst of two or three hours' climbing, we got upon an *arête*, or ridge, overlooking the Vallée d'Oren. On our left the sides of the mountain fell precipitously in a series of alternate cliffs and steep grass-slopes. Far below, blending with the familiar music of the cow-bells, we could hear the murmur of the glacier-fed torrent as it hurried down to mingle its waters with those of the Valpelline river, while above and all around reigned the solemn silence of the eternal snows. We halted on the *arête*, and, getting out the telescope, commenced spying the ground. Perruquet is an accomplished master of this most difficult art, but his efforts on this occasion disclosed nothing but three sheep—a black demoniacal-looking old ram and two white ewes—seated upon a pinnacle of rock above us, and calmly surveying the situation from their safe coign of vantage. They had evidently strayed far from the flock, and from the look of them we judged that their owners would have a tough job to reclaim them to civilisation. After a few weeks' liberty among the upper peaks and snows, these Alpine sheep become as wild and shy as the chamois themselves, and the shepherd may search for them in vain. When they have once got separated from the flock they roam farther and farther afield, and the traveller occasionally comes across them in the most inaccessible places. More than once when crossing the loftier glacier passes my ears have been startled by a distant bleat high up among the rocks, telling of some vagrant wether who had fled from bondage and the shears or butcher's knife, to pass the remainder of his days in the upper

mountain solitudes. Sometimes, when they have become thus wild beyond all hope of reclamation, they are stalked and shot like other animals *ferce nature*.

It was useless to continue spying further, as we were not likely to find any chamois. The latter cannot endure the presence of sheep, and, whether it be on account of their odour or because they associate mutton with their natural enemy man, are seldom or never to be found in their neighbourhood. Accordingly we shut up the telescope, picked up the rifle and ice-axes, and began crossing the face of the mountain on our right, which was here hollowed out into a sort of shelving basin of grey crumbling limestone. We had got about half-way across when Maquinaz's sharp eyes discovered the form of a big chamois on a serrated ridge of crags that led straight up to the summit of the mountain. He was a long way above us on our left, but we could see him distinctly standing out in clear relief against the sky-line. Our only fear was lest we should be similarly visible to him, in spite of our varied background of grey rock, with its alternations of light and shadow. Fortunately his gaze seemed concentrated in the opposite direction, so, screening ourselves as much as possible from his view, we scrambled as swiftly as my wind and the treacherous surface of the ground permitted towards the eastern *arête*. The ridge once gained, it was easy enough to conceal ourselves behind a projecting buttress of rock, and the glass was once more brought into play. For a while it failed to discover the whereabouts of the buck, and we began to think that he must have seen us

and taken his departure. Presently, however, his head popped up above the jagged line of crag that rimmed the crest of the *arête*, and finally his whole body emerged. A very short inspection showed him to be a grand buck, and, strange to say, the possessor of only a single horn. A hunter's bullet had probably removed its fellow, leaving a stump barely an inch long, which detracted considerably from his otherwise dignified aspect. No doubt he was a pretty wary old stager, and after his recent narrow escape he was not likely to be caught napping. In any case, he was quite unapproachable as long as he remained in his rocky fastness, some 11,000 feet above the sea-level; so for the present it was decided to pursue a policy of masterly inactivity.

"We can't get at him up there," said Perruquet. "There is nothing to be done but wait till he shifts his ground. *Ah, comme il est gros!*"

With a deep sigh, and giving utterance to the pious hope that he might soon have the pleasure of sticking his fork into one of those juicy steaks, my hunter lit his pipe and composed himself for a nap.

Nothing loth, I prepared to follow his example; for truly I know few pleasures in life to compare with these noontide siestas of the chamois-hunter in the High Alps. The sunshine, the bright clear air, the glorious scenery, the keen interest of watching the movements of the chamois, and the planning of means to circumvent them, all these appeal alike to the instincts of the sportsman, the artist, the lover of nature, and the mountaineer. Even the melancholy Schopenhauer admitted that

there were two things that gave him unalloyed pleasure—listening to beautiful music, and the contemplation of exquisite scenery. Could he have added to the latter the delight of basking on some lofty *arête*, a pipe after a lunch eaten with an Alpine appetite, and the excitement attending one of the healthiest and manliest of sports, heaven knows whether he might not have been less of a pessimist than he was! For truly to the man who loves the mountains for their own sake, apart from the mere glory of getting to the top of them, chamois-hunting offers a rich field of varied enjoyment which is quite distinct from that derived from ordinary mountaineering. While engaged on what Chamonix guides call *courses extraordinaires*, one is usually too much on the stretch, one's faculties are too much engrossed with the difficulties of the route, and time is too exacting to admit of a proper study of the features of the mountains. And, *pace* the critics of Alpine climbing, there are other joys in mountaineering besides those of wrestling with impossible rocks and hanging on to precipices by your eyelids. We climbers, even the most active and adventurous amongst us, are not all mere athletes. We can appreciate the æsthetic as well as the gymnastic side of our craft. Personally I love mountaineering in all its aspects; but being of a somewhat lazy disposition, I think I find the glories of the everlasting hills more attractive in moments of repose than in times of storm and stress. The romance and poetry of those upper regions sink more deeply into one's soul when one is permitted to commune with their tremendous solitudes in peace and quiet.

The view from our hiding-place was very beautiful, though not particularly extensive. Immediately on our right a great cliff plunged down almost perpendicularly to the snout of the Glacier de Braulé, while opposite the rocky sides of the mountain of the same name rose to a height of fully 12,000 feet. In its upper reaches the glacier expanded into a wide snow-covered basin, a sort of frozen lake some miles in extent, and guarded on every side but one by the hoary giants of the central chain. On this great dazzling sheet of snow the chamois were wont to bask and gambol at noonday, undisturbed by their natural enemy man, who seldom or never passed that way. Southwards, their heads appearing above a mellow haze which filled the Valpelline and Aosta valleys, the snow-capped peaks of the Graians bounded the view, conspicuous among them being the curious triple summit of the Ruitor.

Meanwhile the morning passed and afternoon wore on as we sat contentedly dozing, smoking, eating, watching the chamois, or else admiring the scenery. Every rose, however, has its thorn, and there was one little drawback to our pleasure. We had brought no wine, and I had had nothing to drink since our very early breakfast. There was water welling out of a rock tantalisingly near, but we could not get at it without exposing ourselves to the view of the chamois, and so were compelled to go without. All this time our friend the unicorn seemed no more inclined to stir than ourselves. We could see his single horn and his head as he lay on the edge of the crag, only occasionally getting on his feet to stretch himself and to see if the coast were clear.

Suddenly, however, a black object appeared poised in mid-air above the summit of the mountain, and a magnificent golden eagle sailed majestically along the crest of the *arête*. A few sweeps of his wide pinions brought him close to the rock where the buck lay.

"He will get up now fast enough, you may be sure," said Perruquet.

Nor was he wrong, for immediately he saw the eagle the buck sprang to his feet and put himself in a posture of defence, and, with his stern to the rock and his head lowered, prepared to resist attack. The eagle, however, took not the slightest notice of him, but passed slowly on with outstretched wing, and then wheeled upwards higher and higher until he became a tiny speck in the sky.

It is not without reason that chamois dread the advent of these feathered foes. So great is their terror of them that I have seen a herd of twenty or more huddling helplessly together when eagles are hovering about in the neighbourhood. In the early spring the latter often kill and carry off the young kids to their eyries, and the female chamois has more than once been seen doing desperate battle with these fierce birds in defence of her young. When hard pressed for food, I am assured by several hunters of experience, they will even attack the full-grown animals. They wait until they see a chamois in a difficult and dangerous place, and then swoop down and dash it over the cliff and devour it at their leisure. There was a *chasseur* of the Valpelline who was full of the most astonishing yarns concerning the various winged and four-footed denizens of the Alps. Among other things he told us that in the previous spring a peasant of the

Val Grisanche had found an eagle's nest containing a marvellously well-stocked larder. In it were the carcasses of ten chamois kids, several lambs, and twelve young *bouquetins*, or ibex, besides several other smaller animals and birds. This struck me as trespassing on our credulity a little too far. I am of a fairly believing disposition, and could swallow the legend of the lambs and the chamois; but the twelve *bouquetins* were too much for my mental digestion. However, the story appeared in the local journals, so I suppose it must be true.

The afternoon was wearing on, and it was evident that we should soon be obliged to make a move of one kind or another. The buck would not budge, though the chamois' ordinary dinner-hour had passed, and we fancied he must be getting pretty hungry. As I said before, however, these old bachelors dine later than the ladies, and for all we knew we might yet have to wait an hour or two longer before he shifted his ground. A stalk seemed hardly possible as long as he remained where he was; but as there seemed little prospect of other sport, I said to Perruquet that we might as well have a try. Accordingly, leaving Maquinaz to watch with the glass, my hunter and I started along the *arête* to try our luck. All was plain sailing until we arrived at the foot of a big *gendarme*, or projecting buttress of rock twenty feet high, which bade fair to bar our further progress. It would have been perfectly easy to avoid this obstacle by leaving it on our right, but in that case the chamois would inevitably see us, so, if we were to pass it at all, we must do so on the side overlooking the precipice. Selecting the most likely-looking

spot, Perruquet threw himself at the rock with a will, and being a magnificent climber, got up apparently without serious difficulty, and called on me to follow. I scrutinised the place carefully, and the more I looked the less I liked it. It was not particularly difficult, but there was no proper hand- or foot-hold, and one had to trust almost entirely to the adhesive powers of one's boot-nails against the nearly sheer face of the rock. The consequences of a slip were only too painfully evident. Immediately underneath was a drop of about twenty feet on to a short shelving ledge, and below that was *ewigkeit* a bottomless abyss. I had a good look at the precipice a few days afterwards from the slopes of the Mont Brulé just opposite, and I calculated (other visitors to the Valpelline may correct me if I am wrong) that from the shoulder of the *gendarme* to the place where such portions of one's anatomy as remained intact would stop rolling was a height of between 2500 to 3000 feet. On big climbs even higher precipices are met with commonly enough, but Perruquet remarked to me that he had never before been on the brink of such an abyss while out chamois-hunting. Of course it doesn't make much difference in the result whether one falls 300 or 3000 feet,—indeed, if you have got to tumble over a cliff at all, you may as well do it handsomely and fall over a good big one,—but the effect on the nerves of looking down immense heights cannot be gainsaid. Accordingly I confessed to Perruquet that I could probably do it, but that I farked it.

“Eh bien ! Nous allons vous attacher,” my *chasseur* sententiously remarked.

So saying, he pulled out of his

breeches' pocket a piece of whipcord, which we used for tying the legs of our slain chamois together, and threw me down one end. Submissively, and not without some misgivings, I tied it round my waist, and, steadied by the moral, rather than the material, aid of this very inefficient rope, I scrambled up.

Continuing on our way, we crept along the shelving edge of the cliff, only stopping a minute to see if our chamois had shifted his position. Suddenly a clattering of falling stones made me turn round, and lo ! there was another big buck bounding up the rocks on the side of a small gully where he had lain concealed. Without reflecting a moment, I seized my rifle and let drive at him at a distance of about 140 yards, and, as may be imagined, missed him clean. It was probably just as well, as, had I done otherwise, he must almost inevitably have rolled over the precipice and been gathered to his forefathers in tiny fragments. At it was, he pursued his way rejoicing and unhurt, and it really did my heart good to see the way he skipped up those tremendous rocks and galloped along the crest of the beetling crags until he disappeared from view.

It was obviously useless to continue the stalk, so we lost no time in rejoining Maquinaz, who told us that the unicorn had disappeared over the peak on hearing the shot. My first thought was for drink, which I had not tasted for eleven hours, and, my throat being quite parched, I lapped greedily at the clear ice-cold water as it trickled out of the rock. Descending to the place on the southern *arête* where we had seen the three wild sheep in the morn-

ing, we caught sight of a chamois cantering down the grassy side of the mountain, evidently intent upon taking his evening meal on the lower slopes. Presently he came to a halt and began to crop the coarse herbage with avidity. Meanwhile the weather, which had been so perfect in the morning, was rapidly changing for the worse. The wind was rising fast, and the mists were surging up in the valleys and wreathing and eddying in strange fantastic shapes along the flanks of the mountains. A long grey streamer floated out from the beautiful snow-capped pyramid of the Becca di Lusenay, and it was evident that we were in for a sharp squall. In a few minutes it struck us. The wind howled and raved, and a storm of sleet and hail drove horizontally by our ears. The air seemed literally a-boil with clouds, that danced and eddied round in mad frolic, and one almost fancied that one could see the wind as it tore the vapours to fragments and whirled them aloft. There was absolutely no shelter, so we had to huddle together and grin and bear it until a temporary lull gave us a chance of seeing the chamois. He was still there, but we had only an hour of daylight left, and the ground was very unfavourable for a stalk. However, we determined to trust to the dim evening light, the clouds, and pelt-ing rain and sleet, and to the fact of his being busily absorbed in his dinner. Accordingly, crouching as low as possible, and availing ourselves of such cover as the ground afforded, we swiftly descended the hill. It was very steep, and Perruquet went so fast that I nearly sprained my ankle once or twice in my hurry; but we managed to reach a hillock

four or five hundred yards from the buck, which masked us completely. He was still feeding quietly, so without more ado I commenced the stalk. Unfortunately, just as I was getting within range, the storm broke afresh with redoubled violence, and in the blinding scud of mist and rain I blundered right on to him. To my astonishment I recognised in him our old friend the unicorn. He had evidently made a long *détour* over the top of the mountain and descended here to his favourite pasture. I fired two shots at him as he scampered off, but I could barely see the sights of my rifle owing to the rain, and to my great disgust all chance of adorning my chimney-piece with that peculiar head vanished with my last view of his stern disappearing over the hill.

The chamois one misses, like the fish one hooks and loses, are generally of monstrous calibre. My readers may guess that, as we mourned the loss of him, our unicorn grew to lordly proportions. Poor Perruquet was even more downcast than myself over our failure. However, darkness was coming on, and, if we were to get home that night, there was no time to waste in unavailing lamentations. Below us the mountain was broken and scarped by a series of formidable precipices, and we knew of no way down. Perruquet, however, insisted on trying to find one, so we crawled down a dangerously steep and slippery grass slope into a gully which terminated in an ugly-looking chasm. Scrambling up again, we tried two more places without success, and were finally forced to climb laboriously up to the *arête* and follow the route by which we had ascended in the morning. It was

long past nightfall when we reached the chalet.

On the morrow we tried our luck again, and this time fortune favoured us. Not feeling particularly fit, I told Perruquet that we would have a short day on the south side of the Valpelline, where most of the chamois were to be found. He suggested trying a cone-shaped hill about 10,000 feet in height, which, from the prevailing colour of the granite of which it was composed, we had named the Mont Rouge. Ascending the lateral valley at the base of its eastern flank, we had a pleasant climb of half an hour through a larch forest up to a cowshed on the highest alp, or upland pasture. Here we commenced spying. My *chasseur's* practised eye was not long in discerning the form of a big solitary buck in a black cleft of rock high up the precipitous side of the mountain. Handing me the glass, he indicated the place, but, the beast being in deep shadow, it was some time before I could make him out. I have excellent eyes; but spying with the telescope, so essential a branch of the hunter's craft, is an art which requires long and constant practice, and I must confess to being hitherto unable to master it properly. The buck was no great distance off, but it was not until he had moved a few steps down into the sunlight that I could find him. He continued descending, although it was the hour when the chamois generally seek the summits, until he reached a *balmier*, or overhanging rock, where he seemed disposed to take up his quarters for the day. He could not have selected a spot more fitted for the accomplishment of our fell purpose, as, unconscious of his ap-

proaching doom, he lay down or else browsed with true masculine indifference to all that was passing in the outside world.

"Ha! ha! *mon gros*," said Perruquet, rubbing his hands with indecent glee, "you are not long for this world."

Descending the right bank of the stream, we found a way down to the bottom of the gorge which the water had worn for itself to a depth of two hundred feet, and scrambled up the opposite side. Maquinaz remained behind in order to signal to us any fresh movements on the part of the chamois. In little more than an hour my hunter, who managed the stalk without a mistake, brought me to within a hundred yards of the rocks where we hoped the buck still lay concealed. Stealthily crawling forwards, we looked about us for some time in vain. While thus engaged a faint tinkling fell upon our ears, and far below in the valley beside the torrent we saw a goatherd leading home half-a-dozen truant members of his flock. I whispered to Perruquet that I feared it was all up with our stalk. For reply he commenced making horrible grimaces and gesticulating violently in the direction in which I had imagined the chamois to be.

Not daring to raise my head, I scanned the ground two or three hundred yards off, but could see nothing.

"Where is he?" I whispered.

"Under the cliff, under the cliff!" he replied in agonised tones.

It was all cliff where I was looking, and there seemed to be nothing there. At last, his excitement getting the better of him, my hunter seized my head with both his hands, as if with the purpose of wringing my neck, and turned it

in the direction in which he wished me to look. I raised myself two or three inches, and there, about forty yards off, was the buck feeding as unconcernedly as possible. My heart beat so fast that I almost expected to miss him even at that ridiculously easy distance; nor was I reassured when at the shot he sprang up on to a boulder and remained erect and motionless. In a couple of seconds, however, while I was hurriedly reloading, his limbs relaxed, and he fell over stone-dead.

We had a rather nasty scramble down some slippery water-worn rocks before we could reach our quarry, and I was glad of the aid of Perruquet's broad back at one place. As time was not pressing, we galloped him at our leisure, and presently, when Maquinaz ar-

rived, his legs were tied together and we carried him down in triumph to Prérayen. He was a remarkably fine buck, and he had caused us singularly little trouble or exertion, as we found him at a lower elevation than any other chamois that I have killed. The bulk of our summer and early autumn hunting in the High Alps is done at heights varying from 9000 to 11,000 feet, but this particular buck can have been little more than 8000 feet above the sea-level. The stalk, moreover, was the simplest and easiest that I can recall to mind, and the incidents of the two days' sport convinced me of what I remarked on a former page—namely, that the successful expeditions are not necessarily the most interesting ones.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

ARIADNE IN NAXOS.

I.

LIKE the light of a dawn that was roseate and splendid,
Like a dream that was fleeting and fair,
So the day of my bliss that for ever is ended
Hath died in this night of despair!
In my soul that is faint for the smile of its Lover,
No pulses of pleasure can beat;
By Theseus forsaken—no charm I discover
In an isle that is sylvan and sweet.

II.

I know that the grapes in the vineyards are turning
All misty and purple with bloom;
That blossoms of crimson are blushing and burning
'Mid pomegranate hedges of gloom;—
I know that the Summer is waiting to bless me,
But my life hath no gladness to greet
Her pine-scented winds that so softly caress me,
Or the fragrance of flowers at her feet.

III.

I linger no more by the vales and the mountains
Where the Dryads so blithesomely dance,—
Nor dream by the musical fall of the fountains,
Where the songs of the Naiads entrance;
I listen no longer, when woodlands are waking,
For the voices of Echo or Pan;
My heart with its burden of sorrow is breaking
In a kingdom of blight and of ban.

IV.

No more am I thrilled by the voice of the ocean
When Dian doth silver the dusk;
I delight not in music and rhythmical motion;
Nor in odours of myrrh and of musk;
Nor in days that are balmy and nights that are tender;
Nor in sunsets of marvellous dye;
Nor in dawns that are dreamlike with opaline splendour
Till they fade in a hyacinth sky.

V.

The sapphire-lit sea like a bride may be smiling,
To an azure and infinite dome;
The Sirens may wake with their beauty beguiling,
And sing from the crystalline foam;
The Zephyrs may sigh to the myrtles and roses,
And the rivers melodiously run,—
But my soul, like a flower when in languor it closes,
Desires not the light of the sun.

VI.

While the nightingale's music around me is falling
In a dulcet and passionate song,
And the birds trill a chorus so sweetly enthralling
That it might to Elysium belong;—
While the poppies below me, in meadows of clover,
Are dewy and drowsy and red,
I sigh for my passion and pain to be over,
'Mid the asphodel meads of the Dead.

VII.

Oh! thou who didst woo me, with locks that were sunny,
And tones that were formed to delight;—
With the smiles of a sun-god, and kisses of honey,
And eyes that were splendid with Night;—
When my soul was a lute full of music supernal
'Neath thy dusky and amorous gaze,—
Could I deem that thy love would be less than eternal?
Could I dream of these desolate days?

VIII.

Oh! phantom of Love that in madness I follow!
For thee I am turning my face
From the fair land of Hellas—the light of Apollo—
The marvels of Time and of Space.
I am heedless of Art in her beautiful palace;
And Nature no more can enthrall,
Since I drank to the dregs of Love's magical chalice
And its nectar was changed into gall.

IX.

Though we cry through the cycles of palpitant æons
To the gods in their halcyon spheres,
Are they moved by our dirges or thrilled by our peans?
Are they touched by our laughter or tears?
Do they mock at our prayers and our mystical dreaming
Whilst the flowers on our altars entwine,
And the fairest of rose-tinted marble is gleaming
In our Temples of beauty divine.

X.

The God I will seek shall be Thanatos only,
The dim god of Silence—for He
Hath a Lethe for souls that are loveless and lonely.
From these summer-lit isles of the sea,—
From the sound of the wind and the gleam of the waters,
From the glory of sun and of star,
Let Him bear me—the saddest of Earth's weary daughters!
To the shores of Nepenthe afar.

ALICE MACKAY.

S. AFRICA.

AN INDICTMENT OF PARLIAMENTS.

DISRAELI, in his fantastic romance of 'Tancred,' puts the following words into the mouth of his protagonist: "I go to a land that has never been blessed by that fatal drollery called a representative government, though omniscience once deigned to trace out the policy which should rule it." Remarkable words, and all the more remarkable as coming from the pen of an old parliamentary hand; yet more remarkable when the date is considered of these words being indited. For they were written in that period of our national history when it was deemed that parliamentary government was a panacea for all human ills, when an Englishman's first thought regarding an oppressed nationality was to endow it with a Parliament, believing that if this gift of representative government be once accorded, all else must necessarily go well with that nation, never stopping to consider, with John Bull's habitual want of projective imagination, that the temperaments, traditions, trainings of some of those nations, so vastly different from his own, made John's pet universal nostrum by no means necessarily a curative medicine for that organism. Since that date many European and also South American lands have been endowed with this doubtful blessing, with the result that the esteem for parliamentary institutions has undoubtedly and justly been lessened. Nowhere perchance has it been lowered so much as in France and Italy, especially in Italy, and it is small wonder,

therefore, that from that country should proceed a philosophical examination and an indictment of this form of government. A young writer of the new philosophical school that is headed by Lombroso, Signor Scipio Sighele, has made this theme the subject of an able study in collective psychology, and his work is truly remarkable.¹ It is by no means a militant pamphlet indited in haste with a view to censuring the recent gross parliamentary scandals of Italy, nor does it refer even indirectly to Crispi or to Giolitti. It is a theoretic book, the result of close careful study which considers the mischievous nature of parliament in the abstract, paradoxical at moments perchance, but one of those paradoxes that reveal long-suspected though carefully hidden truths. Signor Sighele has merely tried to discover the causes for the decay of parliamentary institutions, and he has sought for that purpose to oust all temporary or personal facts. In truth, Signor Sighele's book notes that revolt against the despotism of majorities of which our own Herbert Spencer has made himself the spokesman in his able latter-day work, 'The Individual against the State.' In that pamphlet, as we know, the English philosopher points out how the function of Liberalism in the past was to limit the power of kings, and predicts that the function of the Liberalism of the future will be to limit the power of parliaments.

The chief objections directed against parliamentary government

¹ 'Contro il Parlamentarismo.' S. Sighele. Milan: Treves, 1895.

have hitherto been levelled at the personality of the members. Thus it has been contended that they are rarely the best representatives of their nation, and that when once elected they are too apt to consider only their own advantage or the local interests of their electors, with a view to re-election. This so-called church-steeple policy is but a collective form of egotism, rendering the member a man who confers favours in return for the one personal favour of re-election. Further, there is also that ugliest side of all, bribery and corruption, the buying of votes in return for money spent directly or indirectly, the former so largely practised in southern lands, a custom also not unknown among ourselves in the earlier decades of this century. Such are the principal arguments against this system of government by collective reasoning, a mode of government that is but too often an exemplification of a famous definition of the word *deputation*—a noun of multitude, signifying many but not much. But, curiously enough, no one seems to have thought of the chief objection to parliamentary government, namely, its inherent weakness as a collective organism—the objection, in point of fact, to Parliament as a system. No one before Sighele has put the question, “Supposing Parliament were composed of the best men of a nation, would it give the best results?” or in other words, Does not its chief defect consist in the fact that it is an assemblage of many persons? It is to this question that the young thinker endeavours to reply in his suggestive study in *Psychological Collectivism*.

We all know a favourite and much-quoted proverb is “*Vox populi, vox Dei*.” Is it not, per-

haps, of all proverbs the most fallacious? Was it not Carlyle who asked, “How many fools does it take to make a public?” Does not another popular proverb say, “Too many cooks spoil the broth”? It is a vulgar error to believe that many persons together can decide better upon a subject than one person alone. An optimist might argue that this belief has taken birth from the modesty of mankind; a pessimist that it has arisen from the desire to escape responsibility. The popular notion is that a number of intellects can be summed up into one whole. But the real fact is they limit each other and act as a clog. “Men,” said Galileo, “are not like a number of horses attached to a carriage, all pulling together; but rather like a number of loose horses running a race, of which one gains the prize.” Lamartine says—

“Il faut se séparer pour penser de la foule,
Et s’y confondre pour agir.”

The real truth is, the human mind is not subject to the rules of mathematics, but is rather governed by the laws of chemistry, by which, when an atom is united to other similar atoms, the most surprising and unexpected results ensue. Max Nordau, in his able and suggestive book, frankly entitled ‘*Paradoxes*,’ puts the matter profoundly and lucidly. He says:

“Bring together twenty or thirty men like Goethe, Kant, Helmholtz, Shakespeare, Newton, &c., and submit to their judgment and approbation the practical questions of the moment. Their expressions will probably be quite different from those which would be given by any other assembly (though I would not vouch for that); but as far as their verdicts were concerned, I am certain that

they would in nowise differ from those of any other assembly. And why? Because each one of these twenty or thirty elect, besides his own originality, which makes of him an excellent individual, possesses also the patrimony of the inherited qualities of his kind, which make him resemble not only his neighbour in the assembly, but also all the unknown persons who pass along the street. It may be said that all men, in their normal condition, have certain qualities which constitute a common value, identical to all, let us suppose equal to X , a value which is augmented in superior individuals by another value which is different in each individual, and which, for that reason, should be described by a different name for each one of them, being, for instance, equal to b , c , d , &c. This being admitted, therefore, the result is that in an assembly of twenty men—all geniuses of the highest order—there will be twenty X , and only one b , one c , one d , &c., and necessarily the twenty X 's will vanquish the isolated b , c , d 's—that is to say, the essence of humanity will vanquish the individual personality, and the workman's cap will completely cover the hat of the doctor and the philosopher."

This reasoning explains the strange verdicts so often given by jurists when twelve men pronounce a joint decision inferior to that which each of the twelve would have given singly. When this law is applied to a Parliament of some 300 to 500 members, no wonder that the result is still more mediocre and unsatisfactory. This idea is embodied in the old saying, "*Senatores boni viri: Senatus autem mala bestia.*"

Herbert Spencer has maintained that aggregate character is determined by the character of the units that compose it. This axiom, however, by no means holds good in all cases. As the Italian thinker Enrico Ferri has well pointed out: "The union of

capable persons is not always a sure guarantee of the definitive capability of the whole: by the union of individuals of good sense it is possible to obtain an assembly which has no common-sense; as in chemistry, by the union of two gases may be obtained a liquid." The fact is, Spencer's axiom is exact, and can be applied when the aggregate is composed of homogeneous unities organically united among themselves. But it ceases to be exact, and cannot be applied except in a restricted manner, when the aggregate in question consists of heterogeneous and unorganical unities. It is a remarkable fact, but a fact none the less, that an aggregation of people is predisposed, as by some fatal arithmetical law, rather to do evil than good; and in the same way an assembly of human beings, no matter of what nature, is predisposed to give an intellectual result inferior to the mental level of what should be the sum-total resulting from the intelligences that compose it.

Such being the case, the question naturally forces itself upon us, Are we then to return to the personal despotism of one man? This is by no means Signor Sighele's contention, nor would he advocate this for a moment. The tyrannies of old had two great defects: they were hereditary and they were individual. It was in order to correct these defects that power was also given into the hands of the people. Unfortunately, from the ashes of one fetich phoenix arose another equally strong and blatant. The prejudice of the divine right of parliaments was substituted for the prejudice of the divine right of kings. Now parliaments, in accordance with the laws of collective psychology,

like all human assemblages, are liable to sudden and unexpected impulses—impulses such as may at times move a crowd to commit crimes, as was the case in the French Revolution; or to practise some generous act, as happened during the Italian *risorgimento*. That such was possible had been recognised already by Napoleon the Great, ere the modern Italian positivist¹ school of philosophy had reduced experience to a formula, for when inditing his studies on the Convention the Emperor wrote, "Collective crimes implicate no one." A deed or word may change the judgment of all by the contagious emotion of a moment. Thus, besides lowering the intellectual level, an assembly is also liable to sudden mutations of view. Yet another danger, and yet another reason why the judgments of these huge national talking-shops should not be regarded as infallible or be treated with too much deference. John Stuart Mill dimly foresaw this modern positivist conclusion when he pleaded eloquently in favour of safeguarding the rights of the minority.

And as though the mere fact of the assemblage of a number of human beings and all that this implies were not enough, parliaments are in themselves the result of two phases of collective psychology which are superimposed, or rather enter into combination, to use the chemical term. In the first place, there is the election of the member, and this, too, is subject to the game of hazard of collective psychology. In the

second place, there is the vote of the members themselves. For what are the most influential causes which enter into the election of a member of Parliament, putting on one side the idea of bribery and corruption? These causes are the electioneering speeches of the candidates and the agitation of newspaper articles. These two methods exercise a species of hypnotic suggestion which, working upon the masses, are at the same time most powerful and most untrustworthy, because they work by taking advantage of the surprises of collective psychology.

In order fully to follow Signor Sighele's arguments, a brief digression is necessary, treating of the physiology of success. Putting advertisements on one side, the success which follows from suggestive working upon the multitude may be divided into slow or immediate, according as a suggestion is exercised upon men one by one—singly, that is—or upon men as a crowd. Of the former a good example is the influence of a book, of the latter the effect of a speech. In order to judge of the respective values of these two kinds of success, it is necessary to analyse psychologically the nature of the applause which is given in the theatre after listening to a drama, or to an orator after he has pronounced the words of an eloquent discourse. It is a well-known psychological law that the intensity of an emotion increases in direct proportion to the numbers of persons who feel that emotion in the same place at the

¹ The word "positivist" as used by the modern philosophical Italian school must not be confounded with the term "positivist" as used in England by the followers of Auguste Comte.

same time. Now, if we suppose for the sake of argument that the emotion felt by a certain orator be represented by 10, and that he succeeds in communicating one-half of this to his audience, who, we will say, number 300, each of these 300 will also feel the emotion of all the others, who will thus act and react upon each other, experiencing, we will say, one-half of this emotion, which will be represented by the half of 5 multiplied by 300, or 750. These figures suffice to demonstrate how exaggerated and misleading is the feeling produced by an able speaker upon a crowd, and this very exaggeration of feeling is the first element required for success. The judgment we fondly believe to be the sum-total of the judgment of all present is in reality the work of one man, who by the phenomenon of suggestion becomes the casual and momentary despot of the whole crowd.

The effect produced by a newspaper article is analogous, for it is read in the course of an hour or two after its hasty compilation and hurried appearance, by great numbers of people who afterwards compare notes and mutually communicate the impression. Thus the effect of the newspaper article, like that of the speech, is exaggerated and often misleading.

Now to return to the election of a member of Parliament. It is easy to comprehend that it is the result of suggestion exercised by these two methods, the art of the orator and the effect of the daily newspaper. The elector who deposits his voting-paper in the ballot-box apparently performs a free and isolated act. In reality he is the victim—or shall we say the instrument?—of suggestion of the

occult mesmeric forces which proceed from a speech or a newspaper article. Now, if these always proceeded from superior persons, the mischief would not be great; but, as we know, the stump-orator's arguments are not always of the best, nor newspaper rhetoric of the most impartial. In this wise it is that members of Parliament are, too often, manufactured. Once elected, Parliament acts in accordance with those laws of collective psychology to which reference was made above. The intellectual level is lowered, if not to the plane of the meanest intellect present, certainly to a mediocre standard. It is rarely or never raised to the standard of the best intelligence represented in the assemblage. Laws are made, amended, modified, in accordance with the momentary impression produced by an orator, with the result that the statute-books of all nations are filled with the most heterogeneous, at times with the most contradictory, articles. For collective psychology is made up of contradictions and cruelties, and passes from one sentiment to its opposite with incredible rapidity. "Parliament, in fact," ungallantly says Signor Sighele, "is a female, and more often than not an hysterical female to boot." In passing this judgment he perhaps goes too far, at least if his verdict is meant as a generalisation for all parliaments. If it is intended as applied to that of his own country as well as to that of France, the verdict, severe as it is, is perhaps not too strong. It is certain that for the Latin races in particular that universal panacea for all evils, a Parliament, has proved somewhat of a failure. Their easily impressionable character is peculiarly unfitted to resist the hyp-

notic suggestion of an impassioned speech or a persuasive article.

If such be the intellectual results of a Parliament, what must be the moral results? Will they follow the same laws of deterioration resulting from the union of many units? Unfortunately in all countries, England, France, Italy, too many events, fresh in our mind, remove all doubt as to the answer this question imposes. Has not the general lowering of the moral standard, which all nations deplore in a major or minor degree, somewhat to do, perchance, with this in its day much-vaunted institution? Certainly this question would be well worth detailed study.

It has often been remarked that members of Parliament, when convoked in solemn assemblage, behave like a number of overgrown and often very naughty school-boys. Now look at a number of children together. How much more easily they are led into evil and influenced by the bad amongst them. How much naughtier they are when together than when alone, committing acts collectively which singly not one of them would have ventured on. "Men," said Bagehot, "are guided by example and not by reasoning;" but he forgot to add that they were quite especially led by bad example. The rotten pear corrupts the sound one. We never find the reverse to be the case. The microbe of evil has a power of multiplication infinitely greater than the microbe of good, even supposing this last to exist, for we know too well that many diseases are contagious, but it is yet to be proved that health is contagious. And when moral corruption is aided by self-interest, when an immense pecuniary advantage follows a slight violence

of conscience, it would be found that money influences even those who think themselves honest. Personal immorality, party immorality, government immorality, all these follow from a system which seems framed on purpose to deteriorate men instead of improving them. It has been noted again and again that members coming from a distant province with a high ideal and rosy promise are soon corrupted in the atmosphere of Parliament.

And now as to the remedies for this state of things. Here Signor Sighele leaves us rather in the lurch. A radical remedy is practically non-existent, in the face of the fact that every group of men is intellectually and morally inferior to its separate elements, and these groups are called classes, churches, associations, parties, committees, and what not besides. In fact, it is an exemplification of the saying that a committee is a group that has no body to be kicked and no soul to be saved. The evil is too deep-rooted in human nature to make it possible to eliminate it; its pernicious character can only perhaps be modified and the mischief attenuated. For one thing, Sighele would have members of Parliament paid; but in return for this pay they should make a profession of their duties and have no other outside. It should require as much study and exertion to be a member of Parliament as to be a lawyer or merchant or professor. At present members of Parliament are amateurs who for a brief space exercise a serious power over a variety of causes, many of which are frivolous. Further—and this is, too, an important point—he would considerably limit the number of members. Thus, where a

nation returns 500 he would have but 100, and this with a view to make the office less of a sinecure: the responsibilities, divided by 100 instead of 500, would be more felt. Then, too, he would have Parliament occupy itself solely with the large questions at stake, leaving to local Councils the management of local affairs. In this wise he thinks some improvement might be looked for, and that treated thus, this ancient institution of Parliament, vastly simplified, might live yet a while longer without infamy in praiseworthy fashion. "I think," says Signor Sighele, "that of Parliament one may say as of certain poisons, that they kill or cure according to the size of the

dose administered." To quit metaphor, the extension and importance that parliamentarism has taken is so great as to menace the life of the body politic. Would it not therefore be worth the experiment to see whether, by limiting the dose, it could be made to strengthen this body instead of slowly annihilating it, as it does at present. Paul Bourget has said of life that it seems to him "un volume de Labiche interfolié par du Shakespeare." May not this be said with yet more reason of parliamentary life,—that is to say, that it is a farce in the lobbies and a tragedy in the house?

HELEN ZIMMERN.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XLI.—“THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND.”

PHemie performed the journey in a state of excitement which rendered reflection impossible: she was still so agitated and bewildered at the suddenness with which this resolution had been taken, that she scarcely paused to ask herself whether pleasure or pain was the more prevalent actual sensation. Was she still angry with Leo because of the fox he had shot? Was he not himself displeased with her on account of her abrupt departure? These were questions which scarcely touched her at present, for just at this moment everything not directly connected with the journey seemed strangely insignificant.

At the Buda-Pesth station she was met by her friends Count and Countess Boldalagi, and together they reached Hamburg on the third day after her departure from Hermannstadt. Here it had been arranged that they were to spend twenty-four hours, previous to embarking in Count Boldalagi's steam yacht, which awaited them at the mouth of the Elbe; but on arriving at the hotel where rooms had been secured, a telegram was put into the Count's hand which caused them abruptly to alter their plans. The telegram was from the nurse at home announcing that their youngest child, little Nina, aged three, had, shortly after her parents' departure, been suddenly seized with a dangerous attack of diphtheria, and that her life was in danger. To continue their projected journey to Norway under these circumstances was of course impossible, and though fagged and overtired as they were with having spent forty-eight hours on the railway, both husband and

wife had no other thought but to take the very next train which would convey them back to Buda-Pesth. Time-tables were hastily consulted, and it was rapidly decided to start back that very night, after having had barely time to snatch a hurried meal.

So engrossed were the Count and Countess with the cause of their anxiety that neither of them had as yet given a thought to what Phemie would do under these now altered circumstances; for Irma had gone off into a fit of hysterical weeping at thought of what meanwhile might be happening at home to her darling Nina, and Count Boldalagi had his hands more than full in trying to comfort his wife and at the same time see to all the necessary arrangements for their homeward journey, so that it was only when Countess Boldalagi's maid approached her mistress with some question regarding the manner in which the travelling-trunks were to be conveyed back to the station that they seemed to remember her existence.

“And what will you do, my dear?” said the Countess, who had checked her tears almost as suddenly as they had begun to flow, in order to deliver some intricate directions to the *femme de chambre* regarding a certain fur-lined cloak which she desired to have unpacked from the trunks. “I am so sorry to disappoint you of the promised yachting expedition, but you see there is nothing else to be done; so if you are not too tired to start back at once, that will perhaps be your wisest course.”

Phemie hesitated: she was look-

ing rather white and weary as she had sunk back into an arm-chair, and in her secret heart she was beginning to feel the first painful sense of isolation experienced by those who have been accustomed to live in an atmosphere of protecting love, which, though often felt to be irksome and inconvenient, is nevertheless keenly missed whenever the object of daily and hourly solicitude finds itself thrown adrift upon the kindness or convenience of comparative strangers. But the idea of returning at once to her husband without having accomplished the journey which had been undertaken more or less against his desire, implied a sense of degradation and failure which she was loth to accept.

"I might go on to Scotland alone," she said at last, slowly, while all these things had had time to shoot to and fro through her brain.

A large advertisement sheet posted up in the dining-room of the hotel, and surmounted by the picture of a magnificent steamboat flying the Union-jack, had probably suggested the idea to Phemie's mind, for this was the announcement of the dates and hours of the steam-packets running between Leith and Hamburg.

"To Scotland? Alone?" said the Countess in doubtful accents.

"Why not? The Leith packet starts to-morrow evening, and would take me there direct."

"But what would your *strenger Herr Gemahl* say to this arrangement?" now put in the Count in a tone of banter. "You know that he never permits you to travel half a mile unless properly escorted and securely guarded. No, no, my dear Baroness, I am afraid that I, as a married man myself, cannot countenance such open violation of conjugal obedience. Why, I should never dare to meet Wolfs-

berg again without having restored you to his guardianship safe and sound."

But Count Boldalagi's well-meant advice had a directly opposite effect upon Phemie. In her present state of irritated dissatisfaction these words were precisely best calculated to arouse in her heart the slumbering spirit of rebellion which would sometimes assert itself in unexpected fashion.

"It would be folly to turn back now that I have come so far," she said, sitting up straight in her chair without a trace of languor or fatigue. "No reasonable husband could possibly object to my decision."

Though her words were spoken in a studiously calm tone of voice, the two bright spots of colour mounting on her cheeks, and a certain flash in her hazel eyes, belied this fictitious composure.

"Husbands are never reasonable upon this point," said Countess Boldalagi. "Believe me, my dear, Istvan is right, and you had better make a virtue of necessity by coming back with us to-night."

"Please do not trouble yourself further about me, dear Irma," said Phemie, rather ungraciously. "I assure you I am perfectly well able to take care of myself, and it is rather pleasant for a change to be able to dispense with one's leading-strings. I have quite made up my mind to go over to Leith."

"Do as you choose," returned Irma, with just a touch of asperity in her tone; while Count Boldalagi, clasping together his hands with much pathos, exclaimed fervently, though his eyes had shot a glance of covert admiration at Phemie's countenance, lighted up just now by a glow of excitement which gave to her features the charm which they sometimes lacked in repose—

"Thank heavens that I did not

marry an Englishwoman ! You are all rebels at heart, and imagine you can dispense with some one to look after you. Such a terribly independent wife would never have suited me ! ”

Phemie hardly felt terribly independent when, an hour later, she found herself sitting alone over the solitary supper for which she had but small appetite. She was feeling unaccountably provoked with the Boldalagis for having, with such small compunction apparently, abandoned her to her fate, although it had been done at her own express desire. By this time, no doubt, they had forgotten all about her, as they were hurrying back towards Buda-Pesth. But presently she checked these thoughts as unjust and unreasonable. Of course, she now told herself, it was only natural that they should be wholly absorbed by anxiety for their sick child. Family ties must always take precedence of other outside conventional and social interests. Family ties—the tie of parent and child, of husband and wife—were not those the only true bonds which have a real and permanent meaning in life ? The Boldalagis had not really been wanting in kindness and consideration, she now recognised ; but it was only that this unforeseen event had caused Phemie abruptly to realise that they were no more than mere indifferent acquaintances after all, and that, now that a more vital and personal question had arisen, they were quite prepared to let her drop out of their lives again.

Next morning, when Phemie sat down to write to Leo acquainting him with the unexpected alteration in her plans, for the first time in her life she experienced some difficulty in expressing herself towards

her husband, and she tore up several failures before she succeeded in producing an epistle entirely to her own satisfaction. If she took too much trouble to explain the reasons which had made her decide upon going on to Scotland alone, she argued, that would look too much as if she herself had doubted the wisdom of her own decision. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, she said to herself, as she resolved to send merely a few lines stating the facts as briefly and concisely as possible, without either comment or apology for having possibly acted against Leo's wishes. It was Count Boldalagi's rather injudicious banter which was hampering her power of expression, and half unconsciously she gave a cold stiff turn to her letter.

The rest of that forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets of Hamburg rather forlornly ; but when about two o'clock she found herself fairly installed on board the steamer, she felt relieved and comforted by hearing English spoken all around her, and catching sight of numberless little national signs and touches she had wellnigh forgotten. Several of the gentlemen on board wore unmistakable British ulsters and stalking-caps ; trunks and hatboxes were mostly unlike the usual Continental articles ; it was decidedly refreshing to be served with such unaccustomed fare as buttered toast and ham and eggs, reviving sweet recollections of nursery and schoolroom days ; while, best of all, to Phemie's inexpressible delight and satisfaction, the stewardess in the ladies' cabin turned out to be a native of Cockleburgh, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent most grateful to ears long unused to the sound.

But Phemie's excitement reached its climax when about noon on the

second day after leaving Hamburg one of the sailors pointed out to her a faint white line on the horizon, which, detaching itself from the heavy sea-fog, seemed to hang aloft like a silver thread shot through a dull grey pall.

"Yonder's the coast of Fife," were the words which in a moment electrified Phemie with a new and unknown emotion, and sent a rush of tumultuous tears welling up to her eyes. It was her own dear country she was seeing again after an absence of four long years! Never before had she realised the deep significance of our poet's words as he describes the feelings of the home-returning exile, whose heart burns within him on beholding again the land of his birth. What to her at that moment were all the beauties of foreign scenery she had looked upon since leaving Scotland? The majesty of the Salzburg mountains, the wild romance of the Transylvanian forests—all paled away into feeble insignificance be-

side that faint white line on the horizon.

"Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

she murmured to herself, as she turned aside to conceal a couple of scalding tears which dropped unbidden to mingle with the foam-crested breakers.

For the next two hours she sat, neither feeling the touch of the keen east wind, which had driven most of the female passengers down to the cabin, nor aware of the numerous sea-gulls that, emboldened by her motionless attitude, were shrieking and fluttering all around her. Tightly wrapped in her grey woollen plaid, she might have passed for a statue of expectation, every line of her graceful figure spellbound in suspense, her gaze fixedly strained in that one direction, with eyes for nought but that ever-growing white line in the distance.

CHAPTER XLII.—LADY LAURISTON.

Lady Lauriston, whom failing health and diminishing eyesight now compelled to spend the greater part of the year in town, had returned to her residence in Charlotte Square early in September. Though mostly confined to her arm-chair, and unable to recognise her friends' faces unless at very close quarters, she still took as lively and sympathetic an interest in them as of yore, and her tongue had lost none of the keen-edged pungency which had obtained for her the nickname of Lady Bitterwort.

On this particular afternoon she was engaged in sorting out remnants of pale blue and pink silk, for the construction of one of her famous patchwork counterpanes destined to

adorn the cradle of a first great-grandchild, which had lately signified its intention of making its entry into this vale of tears, when a card bearing the name of

La Baronne Wolfsberg,
née Dalrymple,

was put into her hand.

"She says as how she's a Baroness, and that her name is Volsbag, please my lady," said the footman who had brought the card, seeing that his mistress, having mislaid her spectacles, could not decipher the letters; "but she speaks English just like as if she had been born here," he added cautiously, evidently considering this to be a

curious and suspicious circumstance. "Shall I tell her that your ladyship is not at home to any one?"

But already the old lady had found her missing glasses lying concealed under a piece of blue satin, and eagerly called out—

"Send her away! What are you thinking of, man? Why, it is wee Phemie Dalrymple, who is like my ain bairn. Let her come in at once. This is a sight for sair een indeed!"

On arriving at Leith, Phemie had scarcely as yet given a thought to where she should go in the first instance; for as her journey to Scotland had been utterly unpremeditated and unforeseen, of course she was expected by no one. Her most natural course would have been to go to her sister; but Chrissy led such a gay restless life, and was so often away from home, that she could not have been certain of finding her at Blushwood till communications had been exchanged on the subject. Besides, Phemie could not think of leaving Edinburgh and its environs before she had paid visits to all her old haunts, and sought out those friends and acquaintances that might be within reach. She would have to go to a hotel, she supposed, but not having had any experience of Edinburgh hotels, she did not feel very sure as to which it should be; and then suddenly the idea of Lady Lauriston occurring to her mind, she had told the cabman to drive first to her old friend's address in Charlotte Square, in order to procure the desired information.

"Go to a hotel, bairn! are you clean daft?" said Lady Lauriston, when the case had been made clear to her. "Why, your brain must be addled with the sea-crossing ever to have thought o' sic a thing; and what should be the use of my two empty bedrooms up-stairs, I should

like to know? Just pay off the cabman, Thomas, and have this lady's boxes taken to the chintz-room," she added to the footman, who had stood by impassible, but inwardly surprised at the cordiality with which the lady with the furrin-sounding name had been received.

It was just the hour of afternoon tea, and presently Phemie found herself established in one of those luxurious lounging-chairs which we never seem to find out of England, with a cup of such tea as she had not tasted for years beside her. Though scarcely the end of September, the weather was already sufficiently chilly to justify the blazing fire which smiled a hospitable welcome to eyes long unaccustomed to the sight. It was not yet dark enough to call for the lamps being lighted, and the mixture of firelight and twilight combined to impart to all the little details of a thoroughly well-appointed yet unconventional drawing-room, that peculiar air of intimate mystery which can better be felt than described. The faint perfume of lavender, which Phemie since her childhood had always been wont to associate with Lady Lauriston, hung about the room, and brought back with a rush to her mind whole visions of the past; or perhaps it was the shortbread, which, untasted for so long, by its flavour suggested many things which had gone astray in the course of years, but now unexpectedly took shape again and came crowding about her with bewildering persistency: for there is no more mysterious and capricious artificer than Memory, and subtle and varied indeed are the keys by which she elects to unlock the treasures of the past. Sometimes it will be no more than a withered flower which suffices to unchain a torrent of grief

we had believed to be long since exhausted; and another time the striking of an old clock, or the humming of a bumble bee, will fill our ears with the music of other days.

When, after having been thoroughly rested and refreshed, Phemie was taken up-stairs to her bedroom, she again experienced a sensation of comfort and luxury, to which she had long been a stranger, as she gazed with almost loving eyes at the vast ewer and basin of a sprigged rosebud pattern matching the chintz of the curtains, and seeming to convey coolness and refreshment by their mere sight alone; the ample japanned bath waiting only to be filled at pleasure with hot or cold water; the large mahogany wardrobe, in which some unseen skilful hands had already arranged and sorted all Phemie's effects; and the dainty lace-draped toilet-table, where her brushes and combs, scent-bottles and hair-pins, were as neatly and methodically arranged as though the room had been inhabited for weeks by the newly arrived guest.

It was all at once so strange and so familiar, and paradoxically enough Phemie felt it hard to realise that she was actually back in Scotland, while at the same time conscious of a dual sensation, which made it appear to her almost as though she had never been away.

"And why didna ye bring your man with you?" asked old Lady Lauriston that evening when, after a simple but exquisitely refined little dinner, which, to Phemie's still gently bewildered brain, seemed to be chiefly composed of roast grouse, Minton china, and purple chrysanthemums, she found herself again alone with her guest over the dessert.

Phemie coloured slightly as she lowered her eyes and played with a piece of preserved ginger rather ner-

vously in order to screen her embarrassment.

"Leo did not care to come," she said at last. "He is not very fond of travelling, and then it is not always easy to get leave of absence."

"Then how did he come to let his bonny young wife take such a big journey all her lane?" pursued the old lady, sagaciously. "When you are writing to him you can say that I think him real foolish for trusting his treasure so far out of sight. But that seems to be the way all over the world to-day, and it has become quite the correct thing for husbands and wives each to go their ain gaits as soon as they have been a few years married. But I should scarcely have thought it of just your man. He somehow did not look to be like one of those fashionable husbands one meets so often."

"Leo is not a fashionable husband," Phemie blazed out suddenly; "and he did not much approve of my journey either, because he is always so afraid of something happening if he is not there to take care of me."

"Then is it you who have run away from him, my bairn?" said her hostess, adjusting her spectacles in order the better to scrutinise the delicate young face opposite her.

Phemie laughed constrainedly. The reaction of the long four days' journey was beginning to tell upon her, and she was feeling at the same time exhausted and excited.

"Yes, I have run away from him," she said, with a not very successful attempt at lightness. "That is to say, Leo did not exactly forbid me to come, and his telegram told me to do as I pleased; but he would much rather that I had remained instead of accepting the Boldalagis' invitation."

Lady Lauriston shook her white curls with a slightly disapproving gesture.

"I doubt if ye have been wise, my bairn, in coming here against his will. Men are apt to get into all sorts of mischief when they are left to their ain puir guidance."

"But he is not that sort of man at all, Lady Lauriston. Now if it had been his cousin Poldi, for instance, that would be quite another thing. But Leo is so good and sensible, and will never get into mischief."

"Don't ye be too sure, my dear; they are all kittle cattle at heart, and I have small opinion of the best of them. Many a bonnier face than yours has been forgotten as soon as it was out of sight."

"Persons who have got such short memories can never really have loved at all, and a husband who could so easily forget his wife would at any rate have been not worth keeping," retorted Phemie, with a touch of that cut-and-dry dogmatism only affected by the very young. "What signifies a few weeks' absence when people really love each other? True love cannot be affected by time or space."

"Hoot, my bairn! you know just nothing of what ye are saying. Such sentiments are mighty fine in a poetry-book or in a young lady's album, but looked at closely they have not a leg to stand upon. Trust an old woman's word for it, half the divorces in the world would be avoided if married folk would be content to bide together instead of each seeking their pleasure in another quarter. Why,

only last summer there was that sad case of poor young Mrs Gordon of Glenrobbin, not yet two years a wife, who was foolish enough to take up with as worthless a callant as ever was born, while her husband was catching salmon in Norway. Now, had he been content with guid honest Scotch salmon this thing would never have happened, while now he has only himself to thank for it if his name is dragged through the Divorce Court, as it will presently be."

"Nonsense, Lady Lauriston!" returned Phemie, with some heat. "Of course there are good people and bad ones, just as some men can be trusted and some cannot. I tell you that I am as sure of Leo as I am of my own self."

"And can any one of us be sure of their ainsell?" said the old lady, shooting a keen glance of her shrewd brown eyes across the glass troughs of white-and-purple chrysanthemums at her young friend's slightly flushed countenance. "You have still to learn that the human heart is an unco brittle article, and cannot be too carefully packed when it is sent a-journeying. I am as pleased to see you as if you were my ain child; but believe me, my bairn, next time ye come home it will be wiser to bring your man with you. But it is me that is a silly old woman for letting you talk so much, and you so tired. Come, let us go to the drawing-room and have our coffee. You are fit for nothing else the night."

CHAPTER XLIII.—PHEMIE'S WELCOME.

The next few days flew by on golden wings. The intoxicating sensation of being at home again had so completely taken possession of Phemie as to leave no room for other feelings just at present. Old

familiar sights and sounds came crowding round her at every turn, seeming to bid her welcome back to Scotland, like so many trusty friends that had been mourning her absence and were now rejoicing

over her return. Everything she saw and heard seemed to be repeating to her the self-same words over and over again: "You belong to us, Phemie, and we belong to you. Oh, where have you been away all these weary years, away from your own land and your own people?" She seemed to hear their voices in the long plaintive call of the blue-skirted fishwives, as they cried their fresh oysters in the twilight hour; in the imperious boom of the mid-day cannon as it sounded down from the Castle rock like a royal salute to greet a returning princess; and even in the barrel-organs at the street corners playing old familiar airs with which she had been sung to sleep in her nursery days. The gorgeous display of tartan goods in Princes Street (for this was still the tourist season) seemed to be as many gay pennons put up in her honour; while from the jewellers' shop-windows the gleam of Scotch pebble brooches, and cairngorm encrusted dirks, appeared brighter far in her eyes than the glitter of the rarest foreign gems she had ever looked upon.

Edinburgh is not a large place, and so the news of young Baroness Wolfsberg's unexpected arrival was quickly made known among all those who had formerly been acquainted with the Dalrymple family. Phemie was repeatedly invited out to luncheon and afternoon tea by persons she had formerly known, or who remembered her father and mother; old grandaunts and second cousins seemed suddenly to start out of the earth and to multiply around her, for the feeling of kinship is still strong in Scotland, and nowhere is better exemplified the truth of the axiom that blood is thicker than water.

Amongst these invitations which Phemie received soon after her

arrival in Scotland was one from Sir Thomas and Lady Colendar, who asked her to dine and spend a couple of nights at Colendar Park, which she accordingly did—for the Colendars were old family friends, and would take no refusal.

As Colendar Park was within easy driving distance of Laird's Hill, it had been arranged that on the second day of Phemie's visit she was to drive over there with her hostess, so as to revisit her old home—a painful sort of pleasure at best, which, however, she was unable to forego; but Lady Colendar, whose health was delicate, had caught cold at the dinner-party, and was pronounced unfit to leave the house—the more so as the weather was cold and chill, and a bleak east wind had just set in.

"So sorry to disappoint you, my dear," said Lady Colendar, as she stood by the window with Phemie, watching the swiftly falling leaves from the lime-trees in the avenue; "but my rheumatism is more than usually troublesome, and I really feel that it would be unwise to venture out to-day. And Sir Thomas cannot go either, I fear, for he is bound to attend a meeting in Glasgow, and will not be back till dinner-time. But can you not manage to stay a day longer? To-morrow I am sure he would be delighted to drive you over."

"Quite impossible," exclaimed Phemie, regretfully, "for you see Chrissy expects me on Monday, and as I have still several things to do in Edinburgh before going south, I positively must return to-night."

Lady Colendar had meanwhile taken up a time-table, and was consulting it attentively.

"I will tell you what," she said presently; "I have thought of a plan by which you can revisit your old home, if you are really so

anxious about it, and certainly it would be a pity to miss doing so while you are in the neighbourhood. So if you don't mind going alone, I should advise you to start from B—— Station on the Caledonian Railway, instead of H—— on the North British line, and stop at Laird's Hill in passing. It will not take you half a mile out of the way, and if you start an hour sooner than you would otherwise have done it can easily be managed. You will only require to say who you are, and I am sure that Mr and Mrs Woolfield will be delighted to receive you. They are not quite in our own class of society, of course, but they are very well-meaning folk and inclined to be civil."

And so, despite the slight drizzling rain which had begun to fall after luncheon, Phemie set off in the fly which was ultimately to conduct her to B—— Station. The gate of the Laird's Hill lodge was locked, and as no one responded to the reiterated summons, she was forced to leave the vehicle standing outside the gate while she made her way on foot up the avenue.

Already, at the lodge, she had been struck by its improved appearance. A new and ornamental roof, on which the brand-new crest and coat of arms of the Woolfields were ingeniously executed in coloured enamel tiles of brilliant hues and of heroic size, replaced the modest slating she remembered of yore, and with every further step she took through the grounds fresh marks of opulence crowded upon her notice in bewildering fashion. Not only was the avenue better kept and the turf to each side of it smoother and more level than it used to be, but the former wooden palings round lawn and shrubberies had been replaced by majestic iron gratings of a pattern more ostentatious than tasteful; and there,

where once had stood a rustic summer-house, thatched with moss and decorated with fir-cones, an imposing Greek temple now peeped out from between the bare beech-trees, looking about as much in place as would do a giraffe harnessed to a dog-cart.

Nor had the house itself been left intact by the enterprising iron-master, as Phemie could presently see when the last sharp turn of the avenue had brought her in sight of her old home.

Laird's Hill in its former state had been a quaint unpretentious building, like so many old-fashioned Scotch houses, which, though possessing no remarkable architectural graces of their own, are yet imbued with the beauty of congruity and fitness to their surroundings. The quiet dignity of the old peaked roof and ivy-mantled turret had been, however, wholly inadequate to satisfy Mr Woolfield's love of display, and he was determined to show the world that he was a rich man. What was the good of having toiled for thirty years to scrape his money together, he argued, unless he had something to show for it? He had not as yet, by any means, completed all the improvements he had in view for the glorification of his residence, as he told his friends confidentially; but some of his sentiments had meanwhile found expression in a ponderous Gothic porch, numerous bow-windows, and in a conservatory of aggressive dimensions, brimming full of cactus, palms, and other rare exotic plants. The general impression conveyed by this metamorphosis was that the house had successively swallowed three or four different classes of architecture, all of which it had failed to digest.

"Can this really be my home?" said Phemie to herself aloud, as she ascended the doorsteps and pulled

the bell, whose sound, echoing and re-echoing through the silent house, conveyed the first familiar sensation she had experienced that day. The bell at least had not been changed, and as its well-known voice struck upon her ear, in some subtle fashion it seemed to be conveying an answer to the question she had just put.

"Not here, not here, Phemie, is now your home," the bell was saying in a voice of warning melancholy. "Your home is yonder in that strange foreign land by the side of the man you have chosen."

Finding that her repeated summons here also failed to elicit any response, Phemie turned away from the front door with the intention of gaining the back entrance of the house. Passing through the strip of shrubbery which skirted the wall, she paused a moment to examine the little red horse-chestnut-tree which had always gone by the name of Phemie's tree, since it had been planted on her birthday. How large it had grown during these past four years! Why, she remembered quite well the time when it had been scarcely taller than herself, and now it had assumed such imposing dimensions as to be able to afford fair shelter against a shower of rain. Not quite sufficient shelter as yet, however, as Phemie presently perceived, for her light tweed ulster was rapidly becoming unpleasantly moist, so hastening her steps she gained the rear of the house. The back-door stood open, but just as she was about to approach it Phemie was startled by the rattling of a chain close at hand. The dog-kennel to be sure! She had not noticed it before. Not, however, the same old dog-kennel she remembered in the days of her childhood, but a new and gorgeous edifice of a staring gingerbread hue, constructed on the pattern of a Swiss *châlet*, and much tricked out with open-work carving.

Such a splendid imposing mansion as this could only shelter a large Newfoundland, or at the very least a bulldog of the fiercest description, thought Phemie, who, nervously afraid of large dogs, was already preparing to give the supposed monster a wide berth, when again the chain rattled, more loudly this time, and the dog itself issued from the kennel. It was, however, neither a Newfoundland nor a bulldog, as the first glance told her, but a brown retriever, blear-eyed with old age, which moved its limbs with cramped and feeble motion, as painfully it crawled towards the intruder, barking as loudly as the exhausted condition of its lungs would permit of.

"Drake!" exclaimed Phemie, going up to the kennel. "Poor old Drake! Have you quite forgotten me?" She knelt down on the damp earth, and, oblivious alike of the pouring rain and of the probable damage to her clothes, clasped her arms round the retriever's neck with as strained an intensity as though she were endeavouring to hold fast the fleeting ghosts of by-gone days. The dog had stopped barking, as slowly and cautiously it began to sniff and smell at Phemie's clothes, much in the same fashion in which it had examined Leo Wolfsberg on that bright spring evening, now some four years ago. Apparently the olfactory sense had in this case survived the decay of the other organs, for what ear and eye had refused to tell was penetrated by the dog's more trustworthy nose. Recognition culminated in a feeble yelp of delight as it responded to Phemie's caresses with canine effusion, licking her face and hands over and over again, and making frantic attempts to infuse into the feeble wag of its tail something of the forgotten fire of early youth.

Phemie's tears now rained hot

and thickly over the retriever's brown furry coat. "Drake, poor old Drake!" she murmured into his ear, "are you the only one now left at home to bid me welcome?"

While she was still sobbing upon her canine friend's neck, a kitchen-maid, carrying a pail, had come out of the back-door, and stood there rooted with surprise at sight of a strange young lady kneeling bare-headed in the rain (for during these effusions Phemie's hat had slipped off), weeping copiously over the old daft watch-dog, which was merely kept here on sufferance, since it had long ceased to be of any actual use to the establishment, having now become too deaf to hear the approach of robbers, too blind to see them, and too toothless to bite them. Mr Woolfield, who had taken over Drake along with many other useless appendages of the Laird's Hill estate, had more than once expressed his intention of putting an end to this superfluous existence, and replacing the superannuated guardian of the house by a younger, fiercer, and more expensive-looking animal; but Mrs Woolfield, being one of those constitutionally benevolent women who cannot bear to be directly implicated even in the murder of a fly, had on each occasion succeeded in obtaining a reprieve.

Finding the spectacle altogether too puzzling for her unassisted reason to unravel, the kitchen-maid set down the pail on the threshold and went back to summon the footman, who in his turn thought it well to apprise the housekeeper and butler of what was going on outside the back-door, so that when after a while Phemie, still clasping Drake with one arm, looked up, she was confronted by the gaping, insolent stare of half-a-dozen pair of eyes.

Rising to her feet in some con-

fusion, she picked up her hat, and with, what she herself felt to be, a not very successful attempt at dignity, approached the group of servants.

"Is Mrs Woolfield at home?" she said, addressing the butler.

"Not at home, miss," returned the man in the conventional tone of a trained domestic, through which, nevertheless, there pierced an unmistakable element of flippancy.

"Then Mr Woolfield?"

"Also gone away."

"Gone away! Where to?"

"Lun'on, miss."

"To London! Oh dear me, how provoking!" exclaimed Phemie, in accents of deepest distress. "And I only came here on purpose—— But perhaps you could let me see the house all the same," she went on more timidly, aware that she had not produced a very favourable impression upon the group of domestics. "I only wanted to see my old home again, and Lady Colendar said there would be no difficulty."

"What name, miss?" now inquired the butler, with a slight—a very slight—accession of deference in his tone, evidently solely due to the mention of Lady Colendar's name.

"Miss Dalrymple," stammered Phemie, growing more and more nervous at this protracted ordeal, and beginning to shiver in her damp tweed ulster; "that is to say, Baroness Wolfsberg. I mean that I am the daughter of the late Mr Dalrymple to whom Laird's Hill used to belong."

The butler and footman now exchanged significant glances, without however attempting any other reply. Evidently this young person who had come here in such unaccountable fashion, apparently on foot, and who seemed so utterly unable

to offer any rational explanation of her presence, must be an impostor.

Phemie now began to fumble in her pocket for her card-case. The name printed black upon white would surely be sufficient to convince these insolent menials of her identity. But, alas! the card-case had been left behind in the carriage, and the hand which she drew out of the pocket was empty. Still she was not inclined to let herself be turned away from the door without one more effort.

"I have come here on purpose, only to see the house again," she said, in an uncertain voice. "It used to be my home. I lived here as a child; would you not allow me to go into the rooms for a few minutes?"

"Poor young lady," now said one of the younger maids, in an audible whisper to the butler, "perhaps she is speaking the truth, after all, and maybe, Mr Robertson, you might just for once in a way——"

"Very sorry, I am sure, to disoblige a lady," interrupted the pompous butler; "but you see, miss, my orders is very particular. Without my master's express sanction I cannot take it upon myself to admit strangers into the house. In these times one cannot be too careful. Why, only last month part of the plate at Cranborough Castle was stolen by a chap who gave out that he had been sent from town to

measure the rooms for fresh wall-papers."

"Oh, if that is the case," said Phemie, drawing herself up with all the dignity she could command, and stuffing back into her pocket the purse she had half drawn out as a last possible means of persuasion, "by all means obey your master's orders if you have any doubt as to the truth of my assertions. You will find out your mistake soon enough, for I shall apply directly to Mr Woolfield, and next time I come here you will have to admit me by his orders.

Without giving the man time to reply, she turned quickly on her heel and struck into the avenue to regain the carriage she had left waiting at the bottom of the hill outside the lodge. As long as she knew herself to be within sight of the group of servants, Phemie forced herself to walk with proudly erect bearing and a firm determined step; but there was a bright spot of colour flaming on each cheek and a suspicious moisture in her eyes, and no sooner had she reached the carriage, and in a hoarse strangled voice bade the coachman drive on to B—— Station, than she threw herself back in the cushions and wept long and violently.

Turned away! turned away from her own old home! Was it indeed for this that she had come back to Scotland?

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN OLD FRIEND?

Phemie's tears were scarcely dried when she reached the station, but she pulled her black lace veil closely down over her face and trusted to the rapidly growing darkness of the October afternoon for concealing these traces of emotion; and presently ensconced in the somewhat dimly lighted compartment of

a railway carriage, occupied only by a harmless-looking old lady whose whole luggage apparently consisted in a pot of ferns, she felt herself quite safe. It was extremely unlikely that she would meet any one who knew her, and as it would take fully two hours to reach Edinburgh, by that time she hoped the

suspicious redness in her eyes would have disappeared. How foolish she had been to cry, to be sure, she now somewhat angrily apostrophised herself. Of course the servants were not really to blame for merely having obeyed their master's orders, and any lady who goes about alone must be prepared occasionally to face such unpleasant incidents. When Leo was beside her, no one had ever dared to treat her with anything but deference and respect; and if she did not feel competent to protect herself, why then had she been foolish enough to set out on this journey alone? Oh, if Leo were only here! she murmured under her breath; but this mood was but transitory, for in the next moment she felt ashamed of her passing weakness.

"Phemie, you are a fool," she now said to herself, severely; "surely you are not going to become homesick and hysterical merely because an idiotic, ignorant servant has answered you rudely? And it is only because I am not yet accustomed to going about alone. It is merely a matter of habit after all, and in a few weeks' time I shall have got quite used to it. But, oh, I wish that Leo would write! Surely I shall find a letter waiting for me when I return this evening!"

The old lady who shared the compartment had long since subsided into a peaceful slumber, after having earnestly beseeched Phemie to permit her to close the nearest window, as she was a martyr to chronic ear-ache, which happened to be hereditary in her family; and as no other passengers got in to disturb Phemie's reflections, fully half the journey to Edinburgh was accomplished in a restful silence most grateful on the back of her previous emotion; when at R—— Station the carriage door was flung open, and saying, "This way, sir, if you please," a porter

scrambled into the carriage encumbered by a portmanteau, a bundle of wraps, a gun-case, and a brace of partridges, which he proceeded to dispose of in the net overhead. The owner of these several articles followed in more leisurely fashion, a tall man clothed in a brown checked ulster, whose features were partially concealed by the turned-up collar and stalking-cap drawn tightly down over the ears; for by this time it was raining in good earnest, and every station platform that was passed on the line afforded glimpses of drenched and dripping figures, and of surging masses of upheld umbrellas.

The new-comer took place in the opposite corner from that in which the two ladies were seated, on the same side as Phemie, who, after casting an indifferent glance in his direction, abandoned herself once more to the train of her thoughts, wondering over and over again what Leo would say in his letter, and whether he would be seriously angry at her sudden flight,—for since her departure from Hermannstadt this was almost the first time she had found leisure to review the situation calmly, and ask herself whether she had acted rightly or wrongly in coming here without her husband's full concurrence. It was now exactly ten days since she had landed in Scotland, and the first burst of intoxication at regaining her native land, which had previously made her deaf and blind to all other considerations, had received a momentary check in the experiences just recorded of her visit to Laird's Hill.

The gentleman meanwhile at the opposite end of the carriage had unfolded an evening newspaper, and was reading it with the assistance of a little portable railway lantern, which he took out of his portmanteau and fixed to the upholstered

side of the carriage, for the oil-lamp suspended above afforded but a dim uncertain light. Apparently, however, the reading did not prove to be of very engrossing nature, for he fidgeted once or twice, and frequently looked at his watch, as though he were finding the time to drag very heavily on his hands.

Presently the old lady in the opposite corner woke up with a start to inquire of Phemie in a tearful voice whether M—— Station had not yet been passed, explaining that as she invariably travelled with her ears stuffed full of cotton-wool as a precaution against earache, her sense of hearing was thereby greatly lessened, and she might have failed to notice the name called out.

Phemie had some trouble in reassuring her on this point, and by consulting her time-table was able to inform the distressed matron that some seven or eight minutes must yet elapse before her destination was reached. But in order to read the close printing in her Bradshaw, Phemie had been obliged to put up her veil and to draw nearer to the lamp in the centre of the carriage, and as she did so the unknown gentleman, who had previously given a slight start at the sound of her voice, now put down his newspaper with a rustle, and likewise rose to his feet.

"Miss Dalrymple!" he exclaimed, in accents of manifest pleasure. "I beg your pardon,—Baroness Wolfsberg I should rather say. Can it be possible? And yet when I heard your voice I felt sure that I could not be mistaken. I should have recognised it anywhere!"

Phemie stared at the stranger in some bewilderment. Short-sighted as she was, and in this dim uncertain light, recognition was not so easy on her side.

"I really don't know——" she was beginning somewhat stiffly, when he interrupted her with an easy laugh.

"Cinderella! You don't mean to say that you have forgotten the miscreant prince whom with your own fair hand you deigned to chastise once upon a time?"

"Mr Hamilton!" exclaimed Phemie, rather blankly, acutely conscious of the red eyes she had been so anxious to conceal. Just a minute ago she had been inwardly congratulating herself at having escaped detection; and now to be surprised by Mr Hamilton of all people in the world! It really was most provoking! There was, however, clearly nothing for it now but to accept the situation with a good grace, and trust to the uncertain light for concealing the traces of her emotion; and when some minutes later the old lady with the earache and the pot of ferns had taken her departure from the carriage, Mr Hamilton dropped into the now vacant seat opposite Baroness Wolfsberg with the easy grace of an old friend who feels sure of his welcome, and Phemie felt that there was no escape from the hour's *tête-à-tête* which must now ensue, since Edinburgh was Mr Hamilton's destination as well as her own.

"You are travelling alone?" he said to her interrogatively, after a few semi-conventional phrases regarding the weather and the political state of the country had passed between them.

"Yes. I have only been spending a day and a half with the Colendars, and am now on my way back to town."

"And—and your husband—Baron Wolfsberg—he did not accompany you? He has remained in Edinburgh?"

"Leo did not come over with

me," said Phemie, quickly, flushing up she hardly knew why. "He has remained in Austria."

An unmistakable look of satisfaction shot over Mr Hamilton's expressive countenance at this intelligence, but it was gone in the next moment, as he remarked in a studiously guarded tone of voice—

"Ah, indeed. Then I suppose Baron Wolfsberg did not care to leave his own country?"

"It is difficult for an officer to get leave of absence," said Phemie, rather drily, ignoring the direct question. "Just at this time of year too, when the fresh batch of recruits are coming in, an Austrian cavalry captain has got his hands full."

"So I believe," retorted Mr Hamilton, courteously. "I have always heard that Austrian officers are very hard-worked nowadays."

"And my coming here at all was quite a sudden inspiration," pursued Phemie, who, not having quite regained her self-composure, was actuated by a foolish and mistaken impulse to excuse herself in her companion's eyes for something which she could not exactly have explained or defined.

"A very happy inspiration indeed," he said, replying to her last words.

Phemie now related how she had only contemplated a short yachting tour in the North Sea with some Hungarian friends, explaining how it had come to pass that the project had fallen through.

"And then, when I found myself alone at Hamburg, and saw the English steamer lying at anchor there," she said in conclusion, "I could not resist the temptation of seeing Scotland again."

"Of course not! Who could have done so in your place?" said Mr Hamilton, warmly. "There is nothing like one's own country

after all, and—and one's own people. I am glad to find that in spite of your foreign name you are still a good Scotchwoman at heart. I was afraid," he went on, dropping his voice a little, although they were alone in the carriage, "that your long residence abroad might have made you forget all your old friends at home."

It was difficult to reply gracefully to this question or assertion—she hardly knew as which to regard it; and so Phemie, after keeping silence for a few moments, by way of changing the subject, plunged into a rather feverish account of her abortive attempt to visit her old home that same afternoon. As she finished her narrative, a look of quick comprehension shot over Mr Hamilton's face.

"So that is why you have been crying," he said, bending still nearer and taking hold of her disengaged right hand between his own and pressing it with the privileged warmth of an old friend who feels himself entitled to take liberties. "I feared—I fancied that you might perhaps be unhappy—about some other more serious thing."

"No—no," said Phemie, in some confusion, withdrawing her hand from his grasp, although without any sign of anger or haste; "there is nothing else to make me unhappy—indeed there is not; and of course it was foolish of me to cry—only, you know, it is hard to be turned away from the door of what used to be your own home."

"If I had only known—if I had but guessed—I should have been so happy to be your attendant knight. I know the Woolfields quite well enough to have taken upon myself the responsibility of showing you over the house. If you wish, I shall write to Woolfield to-night, and we can arrange an-

other, and I trust more successful, expedition to Laird's Hill for some day next week!"

Phemie shook her head.

"I am afraid that cannot be. I shall be leaving Edinburgh on Monday to go to Chrissy's: she has written to say that she expects me. Besides, I do not wish to trespass too long on Lady Lauriston's hospitality."

"Lady Lauriston!—you are staying in her house?"

"Yes," returned Phemie, who fancied that at mention of Lady Lauriston something like a shade had passed over Mr Hamilton's face. "She insisted on taking me in, and has been very kind; but, after all, she is old, and it must fatigue her to have visitors in the house. There is only one more place which I must visit before leaving Edinburgh, and then there will be nothing further to keep me there."

"One more place?" he asked, interrogatively.

"Yes. I want to make a run down to Cockleburgh to see the old schoolhouse where I lived for seven years. I have a weakness for paying such sentimental pilgrimages to the haunts of my youth," she concluded, with a little laugh that was intended to be light and careless.

"And you have seen to-day how imprudent it is to undertake such expeditions unattended. Come, Baroness, if I am not to be allowed the pleasure of showing you over Laird's Hill, you must at least permit me the satisfaction of accompanying you on the Cockleburgh trip. You have only to name the day, and behold me at your service a willing slave."

Phemie hesitated, perhaps because Mr Hamilton had unawares thrown a little too much warmth into his offer of attendance, and

some indefinable instinct may have warned her to beware of permitting this intimacy to assume too close dimensions.

"You are very kind," she said, rather stiffly, "but I do not like to trouble you to that extent. Cockleburgh is not a place calculated to offer great attractions to most people. Its only charm for me lies in the fact of association——"

"For me also!" said Mr Hamilton, eagerly. "Have you forgotten that it was there that I first saw you?"

"I should hardly have thought that reminiscence a very pleasant one?" put in Phemie, unable to repress a slight smile. "Cockleburgh is the very last place in the world I should have suspected you of a desire to revisit."

"I always like to do penance for my sins," he returned, with one of those flashing smiles which served to give brilliancy to the most commonplace utterances, "and I shall have neither rest nor peace of mind until I have expiated my crime on the very spot where it was committed. If you persist in declining my attendance, of course I can only conclude that you are still nourishing feelings of implacable revenge for what took place fourteen years ago. Is it really possible that you can be so young and so untender?"

He was now looking straight into her eyes with that playful audacity which, as experience had taught him, few women were able to resist; and Phemie, who felt that to maintain her refusal would only serve unduly to emphasise whatever latent misgivings she may have felt, had no other course but to consent, and permit Mr Hamilton to write down his address in her pocket-book.

"You have only to drop me a line or a telegram any time," he

said, in conclusion, "and I shall await you at any hour and place you choose to name;" and Phemie, as she replaced the pocket-book in her travelling-bag, soothed her conscience by the reflection that it would have been ungracious and wellnigh impossible to make a fuss about such a very simple matter.

Edinburgh was reached by this time, and Mr Hamilton, after having collected Phemie's luggage and placed her in the cab which was to take her to Charlotte Square, put his head once more into the window.

"If you don't mind," he began, with a little hesitation very unlike his usual manner, "I think it would be better not to speak of our meeting to my aunt Lady

Lauriston. I am not very much in her good graces at present—old people are apt to take fancies, you know—and I don't think she cares to be reminded of my existence."

"Very well," said Phemie, in some bewilderment as she bowed a semi-reluctant consent; and as the cab drove off, she began to ask herself whether after all she had not been imprudent in accepting Mr Hamilton's attendance for the Cockleburgh expedition? But these passing misgivings were quickly neutralised by the comforting reflection that after all there was nothing so very compromising about a simple address, and that she need not make use of it unless she chose.

CHAPTER XLV.—CORRESPONDENCE.

Phemie did not find the expected letter from her husband awaiting her at Charlotte Square; she had not heard from him since leaving Transylvania, which, however, was scarcely surprising, since until he had received her first letter from Edinburgh, he could have had no possible clue as to where to address his own communications. It takes fully five days for a letter to go from Hermannstadt to Edinburgh; therefore, even had he answered her by return of post, it would barely now be due. Phemie knew all these things quite well, and was aware, moreover, that Leo was not a very great letter-writer at any time; but we are all subject to absurd fancies when absent from those we love, and after the close daily and hourly companionship in which she had lived with her husband during the last four years, the sense of separation was a feeling both strange and disquieting. As she tossed about in bed that night, unable for many

hours to find sleep, Phemie resolved that it would be better after all not to communicate with Mr Hamilton on the subject of her trip to Cockleburgh. Leo was not a jealous man to be sure—the perfect confidence that had hitherto existed between them precluded the mere suspicion of any such feeling—yet on thinking over the matter dispassionately, Phemie did not feel sure that her husband would entirely approve of this *tête-à-tête* expedition with a man whose admiration for her was so very apparent. She would go alone without saying anything about it to any one, or, better still, she would send a note to Maggie Grahame, a second cousin of her mother's, and ask her to be her companion; and if she met Mr Hamilton again, why, it would be easy to invent some plausible excuse to explain away the reason of her apparent lapse of memory.

Phemie fell asleep upon these good resolutions, and, hardly risen,

next morning proceeded to put them into effect by writing the note to Maggie Grahame that was to ensure her companionship for the drive to Cockleburgh on the following day. This letter in hand, ready stamped and addressed, she proceeded downstairs to the dining-room, which she found empty; for Lady Lauriston was breakfasting in bed that morning, as she frequently did when her night had been disturbed. But the post had already come in, and there on the sideboard, amongst a parcel of notes and papers for her hostess, lay the letter bearing the Hungarian postmark for which she had been longing with such feverish intensity for the last twelve hours.

"At last!" she exclaimed aloud, throwing herself into an arm-chair near the fireplace and proceeding to tear open the envelope, utterly regardless of the footman's respectfully reiterated queries as to what it would be her pleasure to take for breakfast.

"Yes, coffee please—and bacon, or anything," she said at last, impatiently, when the question had been repeated for the third or fourth time; and presently she had forgotten all about her physical wants, and was entirely engrossed in the contents of her letter.

It was not a long one, yet although it contained no direct disapproval of the course she had adopted, its tone of stiffness and constraint was unmistakable; and if reproaches were absent from its pages, so also did it lack the inevitable endearing expressions, without which no true German letter is complete. After briefly expressing his satisfaction on hearing that his wife had had a prosperous journey, and was comfortably housed in Edinburgh, Leo went on to give a short account of his recent journey to Kronstadt, and of the busi-

ness which had taken him there. Then followed an allusion to Colonel Farkas, and to the never-ending persecution kept up on his side on the subject of the fat horses.

"Between the Colonel and Brigadier my life is rapidly becoming a burden," wrote Leo, "and unless I were wizard enough to metamorphose my horses alternately into prize-pigs and slender greyhounds, there would be no possibility of satisfying both these gentlemen. Of course it is the Colonel who is responsible for the welfare of the material intrusted to his charge, and at this time of the year there is no great harm if the horses develop a little more girth than during the summer months—the superfluous flesh can easily be worked off in spring in the space of three or four weeks; but I must confess that in this particular instance my sympathies are all with General Rappelthurm, who is a really magnificent horseman, and devoted to riding as a fine art, whereas all that Farkas thinks of is how to keep the horses smooth and sleek, and the best recipe for furbishing up the curb-chains and stirrup-irons. The Colonel's want of breeding is also apt to show itself very palpably whenever he is annoyed or excited. I am not particularly thin-skinned, as you know, and every soldier should be able to take a reproof, yet flesh and blood can hardly stand the shafts of clumsy irony which he is sometimes pleased to deal out. Only last week, when he visited my squadron, he inquired aloud, in the hearing of the younger officers, whether I was training my horses to jump through paper-hoops at the Carousel which General Rappelthurm is trying to get up for Christmas? Two days later the General looked in upon me unexpectedly when the squadron was

exercising in the open riding-school. He only stayed a few minutes, and on going away remarked that the horses were only now beginning to get into proper condition, and that he hoped I would not fall into the common mistake of letting them lay on more flesh during the winter months. It is a comfort to think that in less than a year Farkas will probably be leaving us, as he expects his promotion by next May, or November at latest. I do not think I could answer for myself if we were to remain much longer together. As long as I was a subordinate officer his unpleasant peculiarities did not greatly affect me, but ever since I received the command of the squadron there has hardly passed a week without my teeth being set on edge by some piece of exaggerated pedantry. It is likewise his fault that our regiment is one of the few that will not be represented at the coming Distance Ride from Vienna to Berlin, which is the great topic of the day just now. Several of our younger officers were anxious to come forward as candidates; but the amount of cold water administered by the Colonel so effectually damped their enthusiasm as to cause them to relinquish the idea."

"Is that all?" said Phemie to herself, rather illogically, when she had read down to the last words of the letter. "Nearly two pages about his odious fat and thin horses, and about that stupid Distance Ride, as if that was what I care to hear about! He does not even seem to be sorry for having shot the fox; and there is not a word to say that he is missing me, or that he feels lonely in my absence! I thought—I hoped that he had begun to feel just a little unhappy without me, and would have said so; and then, of course, I could

have written to tell him that I too was missing him dreadfully, and that I would come home as soon as I have paid a short visit to Chrissy. But no—apparently he does not care what I do, or how long I stay away. His mind is evidently much more full of the Colonel and the Brigadier than of his wife. Then why should not his wife amuse herself on her side, if that is the state of the case? How foolish I was to have thought of curtailing my visit to Scotland out of a mistaken feeling of compassion for his lonely state! and why on earth should I not accept Mr Hamilton's offer of accompanying me down to Cockleburgh tomorrow? He is ever so much more amusing than that tiresome Maggie Grahame!"

When Phemie had swallowed her cold tea and greasy bacon, without much appetite for either, she drew her husband's letter out of her pocket and submitted it to a second perusal, as though hoping to discover in its contents some extenuating phrase or latent meaning which might have escaped her the first time; and turning it over, she saw that a postscript previously overlooked was placed on the fourth page. With renewed hope, she put up her eyeglass to read it; but it only contained these words:—

"*P.S.*—I hope you are careful to dress warmly, for the sudden change of climate demands great precaution. Be sure always to wear woollen stockings, and NEVER [twice underlined] on any account to sleep with your window open, as you are so fond of doing. I was much surprised to find that you had not taken your warm fur cloak with you. This was decidedly imprudent, unless you intend to return home before the cold weather sets in."

At any other time Phemie would probably have been touched at these evident marks of solicitude on Leo's part; for superfluous, and even ridiculous, as such warnings might appear as measured by British standard, it must be evident to the meanest capacity that a husband who thinks of writing across Europe to inquire what sort of stockings his wife is wearing cannot be suspected of either coldness or indifference.

But Phemie was not in a mood to be either just or clear-sighted in her judgment, and in Leo's words she could only discern an irritating and tyrannical desire to control her actions and circumscribe her liberty.

"I shall wear exactly whatever sort of stockings I choose," she said to herself with great dignity, as, rising from the breakfast-table, she finally restored the letter to her pocket; "and I shall in general consult no one's pleasure but my own as to what I should do or leave undone. I am not a child to be kept in leading-strings, and am quite capable of controlling my own actions."

Ten minutes later the note to Maggie Grahame had been consigned to the flames, and a telegram addressed to Mr Hamilton apprised him of her intention of

visiting Cockleburgh on the following day.

In answering her husband's letter, Phemie gave herself much trouble to write as carelessly and flippantly as possible, dwelling chiefly on the delight she was experiencing at being once more in her native land, and giving elaborate descriptions of the various dinners and luncheon parties which she had attended. She took no notice of Leo's injunctions regarding open windows and woollen stockings, but she followed his example in likewise adding a postscript to her letter to the following effect:—

"*P.S.*—You are perhaps right in saying that it was imprudent on my part to forget my fur cloak, for there is certainly no likelihood of my returning to Austria before winter sets in in good earnest. In fact, I am enjoying myself so much here that I cannot bear as yet even to think of departure" (here Phemie paused a little and gnawed the end of her quill pen nervously before proceeding). "Of course, if you really want me to return, and find you cannot do without me, I should be ready to curtail my visit; but I give you fair warning that I shall not think of coming back until you expressly ask me to do so."

CHAPTER XLVI.—COCKLEBURGH.

One long sloppy street along which runs the tramway from Edinburgh, crossed at right angles by other streets leading down to the sea; a substantial stone-built esplanade fully a mile in length, dotted all along by villas of various degrees of ugliness, albeit some of them expensive and even handsomely constructed, standing back in gardens of their own—such is the Cockleburgh of the present day.

At this time of the year all the houses have a bleak forlorn appearance: the majority, shut up and with tightly-closed blinds, are evidently wont to be let as lodgings during the summer months; while those few others whose appearance betrays some torpid symptoms of human life, convey the impression of being inhabited by people who have lost all their money, and have retired hither to wrestle uninter-

ruptedly with the stupendous problem of how to make every sixpence do duty for a shilling. There is next to nothing to be seen in the gardens at this time of the year save an occasional rotting dahlia nodding heavily on its stalk, or here and there a dash of yellow jessamine vainly endeavouring to make a little spurious sunshine against a red brick wall. In summer the beach is enlivened by troops of donkeys and bathing-machines, by children digging in the sand with their wooden spades, and by young ladies drying their back hair in the breeze after their morning dip; but to-day there was nothing of all this to be seen, and the sole occupants of the esplanade consisted in a couple of old gentlemen taking their daily constitutional walk with an air of depressed resignation, and a few rather dishevelled nursery-maids wheeling perambulators containing more or less frost-bitten-looking babies.

As Phemie walked down the esplanade with Mr Hamilton by her side, she had some difficulty in recognising the place where she had spent a considerable portion of her childhood, so completely had half-a-dozen years sufficed to metamorphose Cockleburgh from the quiet old-fashioned burgh it used to be, into the weird caricature of a fashionable watering-place. It had sufficed for a few enterprising builders to run up the scores of mushroom villas in which the place now abounded, and presently both a line of branch railway and a tramway had been constructed in order to convey to and fro the swarms of Edinburgh tradesmen, whose families make up the brunt of the bathing guests during the hot summer months. The esplanade, hotels, and restaurants had followed as a matter of course, while donkeys, negro-singers, Italian ice-men, and

yelling troops of the Salvation Army had been the last links in the evolutionary chain.

"How utterly hideous they have made the place!" exclaimed Phemie; "why, I should hardly have known it again. When I lived here as a child, Cockleburgh always seemed to me a sort of enchanted region."

"Probably your eyes are changed as well as the place," remarked her companion. "It all depends upon what sort of spectacles we wear. Now, when last I was here, fourteen years ago, the passing glimpse I had of Cockleburgh made it appear to me as a wretched hole, whereas to-day I am inclined to see things *en couleur de rose*, and to find everything about the place entrancing."

Phemie laughed, not quite naturally perhaps.

"Even the perambulators and the babies?" she said, determined not to see the compliment implied in his last words.

"Undoubtedly," he returned, with mock gravity. "I would face ten thousand perambulators containing twice that number of babies for the sake of a walk like this."

"Yes, the sea-breeze is very refreshing, and I enjoy it also," consented Phemie, demurely; "but let us go down on to the beach instead of remaining mounted up here on this stiff esplanade. I want to feel the sand under my feet and to get quite near the sea—that at least has remained the same, and it is a comfort to think that neither the tide nor the waves can be spoilt or altered by the spirit of progress."

They went down on to the sands, for it was low tide just now, and walked for some time along the water's edge, Phemie stooping now and then to pick up a stray shell or pebble cast up by the waves, and hoping to discover some of the bright-coloured transparent stones

she had so often collected at this self-same spot. But the weather was dull and sunless, and therefore unfavourable to the discovery of such marine treasures. On a clear day the island of Inchkeith might be seen from this point, its dark outline sharply defined against the blue sky; but to-day a heavy fog brooded over the sea, obscuring the distant ocean and blurring the line where sky and water meet. The sole living creature to be seen on the sands just now was a solitary sandpiper hopping swiftly along the water's edge, and monotonously reiterating its shrill plaintive note, to which the waves, as they rose and fell with their regular gurgle and swish, were playing a sad and solemn accompaniment.

"Everything is different," repeated Phemie, as she threw back into the sea a piece of worthless quartz she had picked up under the mistaken impression that it was agate. "When I was a little girl it seemed to me that the whole sea-shore was strewn with precious stones, great lumps of dark-red jasper, and agates too, both pink and white, but now they are gone—all gone. Everything is changed."

The weird cry of the sandpiper had affected her nerves, as a seemingly trivial cause has sometimes power to touch us to the quick; and in her present state of mind, the bird's note struck on her ear like a sort of wild coronach singing the dirge of her vanished childhood. As she raised her eyes to Mr Hamilton, he could see that they were full of tears, and, an experienced adept at the game he was playing, he knew that this was the right moment to make another step in advance towards the object he had in view.

"Everything changes," he said, in that low *sotto voce* which had often proved so efficacious in similar

situations, although there was no danger of eavesdroppers out here, and he might with impunity have risked the most passionate declaration of love, or even gone down on his knees on the moist sands, so far as the outer world was concerned. "Everything changes except our feelings, when they are genuine."

Phemie made no answer. She was struggling to fight down an emotion which she would scarcely have known how to define.

He went on, still in those same low accents that carried with them such a dangerous power of fascination.

"Sometimes I am tempted to wish that my feelings were a little less stable. When you have missed your one chance of happiness, it would surely be wiser to forget all about it. But my memory is so unfortunately, so fatally tenacious, that I cannot forget; and so is yours, I see. Like me, you are realising to-day that the things we have lost are the most precious."

Phemie was not nearly calm enough to be able to gauge at its true value the ingenious sophistry of these remarks. She was only conscious just now that amid these dismal surroundings there was some one near her to whom she could confide the painful thoughts that were crowding on her, and she felt grateful for the sympathy which she read in his eyes.

"Let us go on," she said, swallowing down her tears with a little gulp; "I shall not be satisfied till I have visited Rhododendron Lodge. I wonder whether I shall find it much changed."

The rest of the walk proved to be one long series of disappointments, for most of the old landmarks which Phemie remembered of yore had either disappeared or had been metamorphosed into something utterly at variance with their

original character. Thus a group of rocks from which on half-holidays the girls used to fish for shrimps had been removed to make way for a substantial wooden pier jutting out far into the sea, and at whose farther end a dancing-saloon had been constructed; and a little burn nicknamed by the girls the Rubicon, on account of its reddish hue, which crossed the beach at right angles to empty itself into the sea, was red indeed still, but a stream no longer, its waters having been enclosed in a large metal pipe of staring vermilion colour, which fulfilled the necessary but somewhat prosaic office of sewer to this part of the town.

Rhododendron Lodge was not changed, simply because it had ceased to exist: it had vanished from the earth as completely as though it had been a mere phantasmagoria of Phemie's brain; and on the spot once occupied by the quaint old-fashioned garden, into which the waves and the sea-gulls used indiscriminately to penetrate, there had now been erected that ghastly instrument of torture, a switch-back railway, deserted of course at this season, and whose appearance on this foggy October day was dingy and abject in the extreme, with the paint falling off in large flakes under the influence of the all-pervading damp.

The final blow on realising that Rhododendron Lodge, which she had been wont to regard as her second home, had vanished into air, effectually destroyed, on Phemie's part, all wish to extend their sentimental pilgrimage any farther that day, and so she not unwillingly assented to Mr Hamilton's proposition, when he suggested that they should adjourn to a hotel in quest of lun-

cheon. There was clearly no use in attempting to pursue a vain Will-o'-the-wisp chase after things which no longer existed, for she could no more revive the conditions of her careless childhood than it was in her power to conjure back the sunshine of other days, or revive the flowers that had withered years ago.

All these conflicting thoughts and emotions were read aright by the practised man of the world, and throughout the rest of that day—for it was late in the afternoon ere they parted—his conduct was regulated by a delicate comprehension of the situation. He did not again risk alarming Phemie by any audaciously turned compliments or direct reference to his feelings; but even while conversing on apparently indifferent subjects, his every word and look seemed to be repeating the self-same tale over and over again, that while everything around her had been altered or destroyed, he alone, the friend of her first youth—as he persisted in regarding himself—had remained true and unchanged.

It was close upon dinner-time when Phemie regained the house in Charlotte Square, and during that whole evening she was singularly silent and abstracted, giving but laconic answers to Lady Lauriston's questions, and volunteering but a meagre account of how her time had been employed from 11 A.M. to 7 o'clock P.M. The whole day had been to her but one long series of painful deceptions, while Mr Hamilton, on the contrary, as he lounged in the reading-room of the club that same evening after dinner, was meanwhile congratulating himself that his day had been spent to very good purpose indeed.

A POOR RELATION OF THE ALBATROSS.

THE average stay-at-home Briton, whose experiences of the sea are for the most part confined to an occasional run across the Channel or visit to a Norway salmon-river, has not many opportunities of making acquaintance with ocean-birds. Comparatively few of us have seen an albatross on the wing, and fewer still are ever likely to witness its eccentric courtships. But we have still within the limits of the British Isles a few colonies remaining of a small cousin of "the largest of sea-fowles"—a typical representative of the great oceanic family of the Tubinarides—the Manx shear-water.

Driven from the island from which it takes its name, where once it bred in enormous numbers, the shearwater still congregates during the breeding season by thousands in Eigg, and in smaller numbers in others of the western islands of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and has a home on one, and one only, of the Scilly Isles, within a mile or two of the reefs of evil repute among which Queen Anne's fleet on its return from Spain, confused by continuous fogs, and believing itself far to the south off the French coast, found itself entangled with fatal results on the night of the 23d October 1707.

The coarse granite on which Annet, in common with the rest of the islands of the beautiful Scilly archipelago, is based, is painted to high-water mark brown and green with sea-weed, and higher up stained to a bright orange with lichens or grey-bearded with Iceland moss. Farther inland it crops up in all directions

in needles and pyramids, which sparkle in sunshine after a shower as if set with diamonds.

The chief part of the island is covered with thrift, which has grown on the dust of its ancestors until it has formed a light spongy peat of its own, extending in places to several feet in depth, honey-combed, more particularly at the eastern end, with burrows.

On landing—though black-backed and herring gulls are in plenty, and the seaside rocks are dotted with puffins and shags—there is nothing to be seen which could suggest to an explorer, unwarned, that he stands in the chief English breeding-place of the most powerful and graceful on the wing, and—excepting perhaps its own smaller near relative the storm-petrel—the most poetical in association of European birds. The shearwater during the nesting season is nocturnal in its habits, leaving the nest, if at all, only after sunset, and returning before daylight.

It is not until the visitor starts to walk over the pink-carpeted and apparently untenanted tableland, and finds himself tumbling in ankle-deep every ten or twelve yards, and, putting a hand (well gloved, if he is wise) into the holes his feet have made, feels fingers seized by sharply hooked beaks which cut and make themselves felt through stout "dogskin," that he can realise in the faintest degree the number of birds hidden in the ground around.

The burrows vary considerably in length, but seem all to be engineered on the same general principles, entering the ground horizontally, or in a downward direction, and rising a yard or

two from the end until within a foot or so of the surface, and then dipping again.

It is at the highest, and in wet weather presumably the driest, part of the burrow, where the borings approach the surface most nearly, and consequently where an incautious footstep breaks through most readily, that the single white egg, not unlike a small smooth-shelled hen's egg, is laid,—commonly on a few stalks of brake or grass.

The bird, if at home, is invariably to be found a few feet beyond the egg in the deeper inner chamber, which serves as a retiring-room in case of alarm, and possibly as a second bedroom when both birds are in. When turned adrift, it is for a time more hopelessly dazed than an owl pulled out into sunshine from a hollow tree, waddling and flapping helplessly for some minutes before waking up to the use of its marvellous wings, which, by the by, have been developed at the expense of the legs, which are feeble and comparatively useless.

The shearwater—excepting during the breeding season, when it hides in silence, as if ashamed of coming ashore—keeps clear of the land, following with gliding flight, as if it would never tire, the curves of the waves, or pausing for a few seconds—a true “petrel,” the little St Peter walking on the water—to poise its wings and paddle on the surface.

It is poetically appropriate, though unfortunate, that a bird which in a scarcely less degree than “Mother Carey’s chicken” is the embodiment of sea and storm, should have suffered much at the hands of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

It has been almost, if not quite, driven from its old English stronghold by the erection of the light-

house on the Calf of Man, and the chief danger now threatening the Scilly colony, which is fairly safe from human molestation under the fostering care of the lord proprietor, is the indirect result of the building of another lighthouse. The Round Island, on which a light was placed eight or nine years ago, was until then the chief home of the puffins of the Scillies. They seem to have been scarcely less offended at the innovation than were the feathered residents of the Calf of Man, and have revenged themselves by invading the shearwaters’ territory in numbers which threaten to affect materially the prosperity of the rightful owners. From many of the holes into which the writer unintentionally trod when on Annet in the early summer of 1894, was pulled, instead of a shearwater, an indignant puffin, which fought hard with beak and claw until it found itself powerless, and then, mistaking its captor’s motives, composed itself in a heroic attitude to die with dignity, looking only doubtfully pleased, and not quite sure that it had not been made a fool of, when it found itself free to return to its desecrated home, or join the excited party of gossips who watched what was going on on shore from outside the breakers.

It is impossible for any one who has established an intimacy with sea-fowl, puffins more especially, to watch their behaviour under exciting or perplexing circumstances without crediting them with motives and passions the counterpart of our own, a sense of humour included.

The sentiments of a swarm of birds—razor-bills, shags, puffins, and guillemots—who came out of their holes and craned their necks to see the fun, as a boat rowed

away after an unsuccessful attempt to land on the rather inaccessible island which gives the Scillies their name, having narrowly escaped a catastrophe, could scarcely, as appeared to the discomfited crew, have been more vividly expressed if each had held an extended web-foot to her beak. There is something, too, very human in the way in which evil-doers in feathers as well as fur—birds and beasts of prey—consult their own interest by trying to keep up characters as law-abiding people at home, seldom interfering with creatures their natural prey elsewhere, near their own nests or lairs. The “enterprising burglar” has before now been highly esteemed as a Sunday-school teacher in his own parish.

The only herons seen during a ten days’ ramble among the hundred and fifty or more islands of the group were a pair who flapped peacefully up from a sea-girt rock, on the highest pinnacle of which was a nest of the ancestral enemy of their race—a peregrine—beautifully quilted with soft grass and the neck feathers of a cock pheasant from the preserves of Tresco, a mile or two away.

Young shearwaters, when nearly ready to leave the nest, are said—“slightly salted”—to be excellent eating, the fat with which they are then thickly coated tasting, according to one high authority, like “the best fresh marrow from a marrow-bone.” Other enthusiastic admirers have described the meat as possessing a flavour “suggestive of some tropical fruit.”

It was in all probability the Manx shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*) which as “poffin” was honoured with special mention as a delicacy apart from “other wyle foyle” in the *menus* which have come down to us of more than one high monastic feast; and,

excepting only wrecks, the bird was in old days the most valued product of the Scillies.

The estimation in which it was held is shown by a lease of the island, granted by the abbot of Tavistock to Ranulph de White in 1345. The rent fixed was three hundred shearwaters, or 6s. 8d. (CCC Volucress Vocat. Poffins vel vis. viii^d), to be paid yearly at the Feast of St Michael the Archangel.

There are few calculations more difficult than the equivalents of pounds, shillings, and pence at different periods, and, considering the number of disturbing elements which have to be taken into account, few calculations when made are more apt to be misleading.

It happens, though, to be on record that about the time that Ranulph de White obtained his lease—the year before the victory of Crecy—the Earl of Arundel was drawing daily pay of 6s. 8d.—the amount of the money alternative to the 300 “poffins” rent—as Commander of the Southampton Fleet.

The pay of an admiral commanding the Channel Squadron, including table allowance, is now, according as his rank may be “rear” or “vice,” £6 or £7 a-day. Judged by this standard—taking, that is, the worth of a fat shearwater to be $\frac{1}{300}$ of the daily pay of an admiral on active service—the present wholesale price of the bird, if we still appreciated full flavours as highly as did our ancestors, and could gratify our palates on the same terms, would be from 5s. to 6s. a-dozen. Pigeons, which, according to Mr Rogers’s tables, fetched in inland places much the same prices as “poffins” in Cornwall, were to be had in the fourteenth century commonly at four a penny, and

chickens, excepting at Oxford, where tradesmen had already learnt the art of running up prices, for 1d. or 1½d. each.

It is worth noting in passing, as an interesting instance of the manner in which useful commodities maintain their proportionate values, that the cost of a chicken, a cow, and of an admiral competent to command a fleet in action, are relatively almost exactly the same now as in the reign of Edward III.

What little difference there is, is in favour of the cow and chicken, both of which have risen in price rather more than the admiral. But this may possibly be accounted for by "disturbing elements" in the House of Commons, which in these free-trade days unhappily make themselves felt less in the prices of agricultural produce than in the prices of good public servants.

It is a curious instance of the apparently capricious likes and

dislikes of birds to particular places, which are still as great a puzzle as ever, that the many attempts to acclimatise partridges in the Scilly Islands have all hitherto failed. The ground—at least in the two or three larger cultivated islands—seems suitable, and pheasants do well. For nine or ten months in the year the birds, it is said, seem contented and at home. But almost always, as the pairing season comes round, they become restless and unsettled.

The homing instinct, which makes the limpet which has been moved an inch or two find his way back somehow to his own exact place on the rock, and gathers fulmars from north, south, east, and west to St Kilda, and wandering shearwaters to ancestral breeding-grounds in the cliffs of Eigg or thrift-peat of Annet, draws the partridges irresistibly eastwards, and sooner or later they disappear in the direction of the mainland.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

MY MAID OF HONOUR.

Soon after my return to Burma, it was my good fortune to meet again the Maid of Honour who told me the story that I wrote in 'Maga' two years ago.¹ I had never told her that I was going to publish her story, and I was afraid she might be offended when she heard. I found that there was no necessity to tell her. She knew. The story had been copied into the 'Rangoon Gazette,' and a translation had appeared in a vernacular paper. She was not at all offended, though she was a little shy at appearing in print ever so many thousands of miles away in the fairy country of Belat (Europe).

However, when I produced a little present that I had got for her, to show her that I had not quite forgotten her, I think she was pleased.

I told her of some of the criticisms on her story: how some people said that it was not true, because it did not agree with what had been written before; but mostly I told her of the favourable things that had been said. And when I had coaxed her into a good temper, there, in the shadows of the garden, I begged her to tell me some more of the palace and the queen. I did not find her very ready to do so. I think she had doubts as to how it might sound in my translation to ears that have never heard Burmese, or what mistakes I might make. She looks upon me as a person very ignorant of the Burmese—as indeed I am,—and well-meaning rather than well-doing.

But I think she forgot after a while the object of our talks, and was pleased to recall to herself these long-past days that she always says were so pleasant. "For it was very pleasant in the palace then," she says often, with a little stop in her voice.

It must not be forgotten that she was only a child, a little girl of thirteen, when Mandalay fell, and that she saw with childish eyes and was blind to many things an older woman would have seen. To children, all that those they love do is done well. Criticism does not come to us till later and less happy days. Our gods are near to us when we are young, and we never look at their feet to see if they be clay. And who would ask that our early feelings and impressions should be revised by later knowledge? I have never told her a great deal that has been said about her queen, and the light in which some of her acts are regarded. Why should I?

There appear to have been a great number of maids of honour—over five hundred in all, she told me. They were divided into companies of thirty or forty, with some one as head. My maid of honour belonged to a company whose head was the daughter of the Taingda Mingyi, the old Minister who brought on the war. She was not his own daughter, but adopted. They were sent on duty for six hours at a time, and the queen herself distributed the hours of service for each company.

The maids of honour had nine silk skirts a-month given them, and money besides for jackets and

¹ See "The Last Days of an Empire," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' May 1893.

kerchiefs. The queen wore, as a rule, much the same clothes as her maids; but there was this rule, that if she was wearing a skirt of a certain design, no princess or maid must wear one of that same kind on that day.

"But how did you manage?" I asked. "Did you know beforehand what the queen was to wear?"

"When we went on duty we would peep and see, hiding behind some one else. And if we were wearing a skirt like the queen, we would run off and change it and return."

When I suggested that at the rate of nine a-month skirts must have accumulated, she said it was easy to give them away to attendants. Nine a-month were none too many, for it was necessary to look smart before the queen. Then skirts got spoiled in many ways. They would play hide-and-seek in the gardens. The queen would hide, and the princesses and maids of honour would look for her. Of course they never found her, and the queen was very pleased. It must be remembered that the queen was not twenty-three when the palace was taken. She was only a girl too.

"What happened if any one was rash enough to find the queen?" I asked.

The girl laughed. It appears that when she first went to the palace and played hide-and-seek she found the queen. "For indeed it was easy enough. I could see her kneeling down on a little hill behind a clump of bamboos. Every one could see. So I went up and found her."

"And then?"

"She boxed my ears. She was very angry."

"I suppose you never found her again?" I asked.

"No! No one could ever find her except the king, who would come and play with us too. Then after a time, when she was tired of seeing us wander up and down and look in all the wrong places, she would come out laughing, and say she was too clever for us, and that some one else must hide. So one of us would hide, and there would be great fun looking for her all up and down the garden, in the boats, behind the rocks, or perhaps we would find her perched in a tamarind-tree.

"Then we would go out in the boats. The fish were so tame that if you put some rice on the edge and tapped the bank, and cried 'Hey! hey! hey!' the fish would come crowding up and eat it. There were so many they would quarrel and fight and push each other about to get at the rice. Some had gold-leaf put on their heads. Once when the queen was in a boat with the king a big fish jumped right into the boat, and the queen was delighted, and laughed and screamed, and took it up in her hands and put it back in the water. Her dress was all splashed over with water and mud, but she did not mind that.

"We also used to catch crows."

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"For fun. We would wait till a crow came into the room, and rush and slam the doors. Then there would be a great running about, and climbing on tables, and throwing handkerchiefs to fetch the crow down."

"What did you do then? Kill it?"

"Kill it?" she answered with great surprise. "What should we want to take its little life for? The queen would put gold-leaf on its beak, or put a ring on its foot, or tie a string with something on

it round the crow's neck, and let it go again. There was always a tremendous excitement among the other crows when this crow came out. They would crowd round it and caw very loudly, and the caught crow was ashamed. We never caught the same crow twice.

"If it was very hot, and we could not go out, the queen would wrap up a lot of things in paper—rings and gold and stones and feathers—and put them in a bag. The princesses and maids of honour drew the things out. When you got a ring or a jewel you were pleased, when you got a feather every one laughed at you."

"Did you ever get a feather?" I put in.

"No! I never got a feather; but I got a piece of tobacco-leaf once, and I got a small gold ring another time.

"Three times a-year there was a great amusement throwing water at each other. A low bamboo barrier was put in the garden, and the queen and her maids were on one side and the king and his pages on the other. We got water in little cups, and threw it one side at the other. We got very wet, and we were not allowed to wear old dresses, but quite new ones. They were all spoiled, of course."

"Who threw water at the queen?"

"The king. Who else?"

"And did the pages cross over the barrier?"

"If any page crossed over the barrier to our side he would have been executed straight off. No one ever did, of course.

"No! girls would never cross to the men's side. How can you ask such a question?"

"Then twice a-year money would be thrown by the king for the people to scramble for. He would

throw fifty thousand rupees or more. One man would get thirty rupees or fifty rupees."

"What did you get?"

"I was a maid of honour. Maids of honour do not scramble for money. That was for the attendants," she answered somewhat severely.

It seemed to me that I was asking rude questions. I changed the subject.

"Did the king and queen have dinner together?"

"Yes; they had breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at four o'clock in the evening. At mid-day the queen would have cake, Japanese cakes. She had a Japanese cook-woman who knew how to make sugared cakes, which were very nice. The breakfast and dinner was rice, just like any other person's dinner. I never supposed anybody could live on anything but rice till I saw the English. The queen and king ate rice, and there was curry too. It was brought in golden bowls by the man who cooked it, and he had to eat a little himself to show that there was no poison in it."

"Was there ever any poison?" I inquired.

"No; never."

"And what else did you do all day?" I asked. "Did the king ever do any work, or the queen? The time must have been very long."

"The king used to go to the court-house sometimes in the early morning. The queen did not go. It was not her business. The time was not long at all. It was very pleasant in the palace. We used to read books, sacred books generally, and talk, and there was always new people coming and news to hear."

"You never got a newspaper, I suppose?"

"No. There were no newspapers in the king's time. What is the good of them? I have looked once or twice at the 'Mandalay Times,' which I have seen in my mother's house. It says that a man fell down out of some house in Mandalay town and broke his neck, and that the Japanese are taking some place I never heard of before, and that some ship has sunk in the sea near Belat. I do not care to know these things. I do not even know if these things are true. I have a cousin who helps in one of the papers, and he tells me that many of the things are not true at all. I do not see the use of papers."

"They are not any use," I answered, "except to the proprietors. I suppose your cousin gets some money for helping on the paper?"

"Little enough," she said. "Besides, it is a great shame to make money by selling things that are all made up. I do not think the Government ought to allow newspapers. Besides, they are very rude sometimes."

Probably she has seen some disagreeable remarks about some of her friends. I thought I would change the subject again.

"What else did you do in the palace?"

"I must think," she said, and she moved round on the mat she was sitting on and looked up meditatively at the silver star that beamed above the sunset.

"Thakin," she said presently.

"Yes?"

"Did you ever know of a king and queen cooking their own dinner?"

I said that none of the kings and queens of my acquaintance would do such a thing.

"No!" she acquiesced; "it is

unheard of. But my king and queen did so one day."

I assumed a look of extreme surprise. "What for?" I asked.

"For fun. There was nothing to do in the afternoon. It was hot, and we were all sleepy. The queen was not sleepy at all. Suddenly she said to the king, 'There is nothing to do. Let us cook our dinner. I never cooked a dinner—did you?' The king said he never did. The queen said it was a thing everybody ought to know, even kings, and it must be great fun."

"So we were sent off in a hurry. Some went here to get firewood, others to get earthenware pans for cooking, others for rice and water. It was, 'A hundred rupees for a pumpkin,' or 'Here five hundred rupees for some curry-powder,' or 'A thousand rupees for a few chillies.'"

"We got all the things at last, and put them down in the shade outside, and the king and queen set to work. They would not let any one help. So we sat round and looked on. The king lit the fire after much trouble, and made himself dreadfully dirty. One of us had to tell him how to do it. The queen put the rice into the cooking-pot with water. She ought to have washed the rice first, but she did not know that. Then the king set to and made another fire between three bricks and boiled the rice, and the queen made the curry. She did not know anything about making curries, and she kept asking questions all the time. She never peeled the pumpkin, and she put in far too much chillies."

"While the king and queen were arguing about how much salt there ought to be in the curry the fire under the rice went out,

and the king had to light it again. When he thought the rice was sufficiently cooked he took it off and thought all was done. But he could not understand why it was so wet. We had to tell him to pour off the water and dry the rice.

"When at last it was done we had all of us to eat it, for the queen said she was not hungry. She ate just a little, and we ate all the rest. It was not good at all. The rice was quite hard in the middle and smoky, and the curry was so hot that tears came into our eyes. Fortunately there were a great many of us, and everybody wanted to eat a little because the king and queen had cooked it. For no one ever before heard of a king and queen cooking food. It was a quite unknown thing in all the world for kings and queens to cook. But it was very amusing. Ah! it was very pleasant in the palace in those days."

She stopped again, and there came into my mind a saying of the wise old minister, the Kinwoon Mingyi, in those last days of the fall. How one day he went into the palace to see the king about some very important business, that business on which lay the fate of the king and queen and their followers and their people, and he could get no attention because the king was playing with the queen. The minister went away sadly to face the ruin coming swiftly up the river, and when he came without the palace to his own house he met there some of his advisers, Europeans, who were trying to help him to save the king in spite of the king. They asked him how he had sped in his interview, and the minister told what had happened—how the king

was at play and could not be disturbed. "The kingdom is in the hands of children," he said. "There is no hope at all."

Presently she went on again: "The queen used to go twice a-day to the pagoda in the palace to pray, once in the morning and once in the evening as the sun set."

"What did she pray for?" I asked.

"What does one pray for, Thakin? She prayed for what she wanted, I suppose, just like we do. I should think she asked that her little son might not die, and to keep the love of her husband, just like we all do. A queen would not pray differently from any other woman, would she? Both her sons died from smallpox one after the other, and the queen was very sorry. The girls did not die, and every morning they came to bow to the king and queen. They lived in a separate part of the palace from the queen. The girls lived, but the sons always died. And yet the queen tried all she could to have strong children. When a baby was coming she would eat lizards' eggs out of the jungle. They were toasted over the fire, and are very strong food. And she would eat the flesh of unborn calves. Only she of all the people in the palace was allowed meat, and only when she was going to have a child. But it was all no good, the sons always died.

"The king also went to the pagoda twice a-day to pray. And the monks would come and talk to him, and he would always listen to what they said. Monks would come to him when they liked. He was a good man the king, and every one liked him. Some people did not like the queen at all. She

was very severe. If the king said that any person was to be punished, he generally was sorry afterwards and the man got off; but the queen was never sorry. If she said that any one was to be executed, there was no hope at all. She had no mercy when she gave an order.

"There was a Roman Catholic Sister in the palace who used often to come to the queen, and the queen gave her four little girls to take away and educate properly. She took them away and kept them for a year or two, and took them to Bengal and elsewhere, I think. After a time they came back, and the queen sent for them to come to her in the palace.

"So the children came. They were dressed in European dress, and when they came into the queen's presence, instead of sitting down, as all must before the queen, they stood up. Mebya was very angry. 'Sit down,' she said; but they did not. They were frightened, I think, and did not understand. She caught one by the arm and pulled it down, and the others then sat down. 'What is this?' said the queen, and she pulled at a chain round the neck of one of them, and a little image came out. 'It is the image of a god,' she said, 'of a foreign god. Take them away and dress them properly, and take away their idols,' for each had an image to its neck.

"Mebya was not at all pleased with these children, but soon they became just like any one else.

"This was only a little anger. Once I saw her very angry indeed, dreadfully angry. I remember how frightened we all were."

She stopped again for a moment. I said nothing. I saw that she was quite lost in her memories of

those palace days, and would talk on and on if I did not interrupt her. The present was quite forgotten in the recollections of her youth. There was a far-away look in her face, and a soft colour on her cheeks, as if she was very happy.

It was dark now across the hills, and very still. The low whisper of moving water came up out of the river, and the night looked down upon us with a thousand diamond eyes.

"There was a princess, a half-sister of the king, younger than he, younger than the queen Mebya, the youngest of all the princesses. She had a household of her own, as all the princesses had, and she was very pretty. She was religious too, and would go often with her attendants outside the palace to the monastery near the south wall to give offerings to the monks and to hear them preach. It happened one evening when she went there to hear a sermon, that she noticed seated behind the monk a boy just received into the monastery. All boys, as the Thakin knows, must enter the monkhood once in their lives, and take the yellow robe, and keep the vows, if it be only for the months of fasting. This boy was about sixteen then, and he had just come in, and sat there behind his teacher, holding his fan, and the princess thought he was the most lovable of all boys whom she had seen.

"She could not, of course, speak to him, but whenever she could she would go to that monastery to give offerings and hope to see the little novice. Sometimes she saw him, and sometimes he was with his teacher and did not appear. But when she saw his face she forgot all the teaching of the monk, all the prayers she came

to say; she forgot everything, as girls do.

"So she was in love with the novice, and she thought always of him and of how she could tell him of her love. But it was very difficult. You see she was a king's daughter, and kings' daughters may only marry kings. There was no chance at all that she could ever marry him, or even speak to him except by some deceit. She was very carefully kept in the palace, and no men could come near her. To any man who came into her presence unbidden, only one thing could happen, and that was death.

"The princess knew this, but still she did not despair. She thought and thought of some way. She was quite certain she would succeed in the end, and this is what she did.

"There was an old woman among her servants who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, and she told the old nurse about it. And the nurse begged and prayed her princess to forget the boy; she said over and over again that nothing could happen but disaster, grievous disaster, to both, and death. But the girl would not hear. It is like pouring oil upon a fire to give advice to one in love, the Thakin knows, and it only made the princess more and more determined that the boy should come to her. Not all the guards and orders of the king, not all the thousand prying eyes of the palace, not anything in heaven or earth, not even the fear of death, should keep them apart. That she was sure. At last, when the princess one day rushed out of her rooms in the palace to drown herself in the moat, the old nurse gave way, and said she would take a message to the boy; but she meant quite

a different message to what the princess thought.

"The nurse went to the monastery that evening, and in some way she managed to see the boy. She told him that the princess had fallen in love with him. Then she went on to say what a terrible thing it was, and how it could only end in one way. The boy must run away, she said, to avoid death. If he did not go, she said, she would herself tell an official, and have him sent to exile to Mogaung. He must not stay and trouble the heart of the princess, but be off at once.

"The old nurse expected the boy would be terrified, and that she would have no trouble with him. 'He will run off at once,' she said to herself; 'and when the princess cannot see him every day nearly, as she does now, she will in time forget. This is the way out of the difficulty.'

"But the boy refused to go. Whether it was he had noticed the princess looking at him, and had fallen in love with her too, I do not know; but he declined to go. 'If you,' he said to the nurse, 'go and tell any official about it, and I am arrested, I will tell them all about the reason. I will say that you came to me with messages from the princess. Everybody shall know. Go and tell your official if you like. You know what will happen. If the king does not punish you for bringing me messages, the princess will have you killed for getting me into trouble; and the princess will herself be punished. Go and tell.'

"The nurse saw she had made a tremendous mistake. She ought to have gone straight to some official and got the boy sent off without his knowing why he was sent. Now she saw that matters

were very much worse than before.

"She went back to the palace in despair; and when the princess questioned her about what had happened, she was obliged to lie, and say that there was no way of speaking to the boy, as the monks were all about.

"The princess was exceedingly angry at this, and said it was because the nurse was stupid. Then she said if time could not be gained to talk to the boy, yet the nurse could get a chance of giving him a note. So the princess went off and wrote a letter, a love-letter. She wrote it very small upon a little piece of paper, which she rolled up like one of those rolls of paper that women wear in the holes of their ears to keep the hole open and in proper shape when they do not care to wear gold ear-rings. She wrote the letter very secretly so that no one should know, and next afternoon she came and put it in the old woman's ear, and sent her out to the monastery to see the boy.

"So the woman went. She gave up trying to fight against the love of the princess, and she surrendered herself to fate. She went and gave the letter to the boy, slipping it into his hand by stealth as she placed some flowers before the image of Buddha. She could not get an answer that night, of course, but the princess did not mind. When she heard that the letter had reached the boy she was happy again.

"Do you know what it was she wrote, Thakin?"

"How can I know?" I said; "I never got a love-letter from any young lady. How do they write? Tell me."

"It was not just a letter. It was a little love-song. All women

know it. It goes like this," and she began to hum to herself in curious minor tones a song of which this is a translation. She sang it so prettily that it seemed to me she must be thinking of some one to whom she herself would like to say the words. Perhaps she did:—

"My lover is gold, he is pure gold without any speck. I will love him for a hundred years, never shall I cease to love him. Do not doubt me, my lover, for I am not as other girls are who love here and there, but am true far beyond death. Love me, then, for there is no one that can love you as I do. Come let us go, my lover, to the pagoda, and we will pray there that we may never part; not in this life, nor in the next, nor the next. For a hundred lives, for a thousand eternities, we shall live and live and be together.

"My lover is pure gold. I would wear him as a necklet about my neck that should not leave me for ever. He is my king, my lord, and there is no one in my heart but him."

When she had finished there was a silence. Far away across the river the gongs in a monastery began to ring, and the notes thrilled to us out of the distance like an answer to her words. In amongst the bushes of the garden the gauzy white-winged moths wavered to and fro, and a night-jar came fleeing past on noiseless wings.

"Next day the princess went in the evening to the monastery with the nurse and attendants to give offerings, and she saw him, the boy, her lover. They could not speak, of course—they could only look a little, a very little, for fear people should notice; but as they came away the boy managed to give a note to the old woman, who gave it to the princess. I do not know what was in the letter. I know what was in the one the princess

wrote, because it was found afterwards, but the note he wrote her was never found. After this they wrote to each other often, using always the old nurse as messenger, and writing the letter on little slips of paper to be put in her ears. And when they saw each other at the monastery they loved each other more and more.

"It seemed as if this must be the end, for how could they ever meet—she who was a princess, and he a lad in a monastery? Presently he left the monastery and returned to his home in Mandalay; but this made matters no better, only perhaps worse.

"But the princess was mad, and nothing would stop her. She thought and thought, till at last a scheme came to her. She waited till the boy's hair was grown long again—it was shaved off in the monastery—and then she sent out the old nurse to him one evening secretly with a letter and a bundle.

"The letter was just a few words of love, for there is no room to write much on a piece of paper, but the old woman had her orders. She met the lad at nightfall in the house of a relation in the city, and she gave him the letter and opened the bundle. 'Here,' she said, 'is one of my princess's own dresses. Quick, change and put it on. Tie up your hair like a girl, and here is some false hair to add to it, and here are some flowers.' So the boy changed quickly, putting off his boy's dress, and putting on the pink and silver skirt and white jacket of a girl. He put flowers in his hair, and a pearl necklace about his neck, and gold bangles on his arms. Nothing had been forgotten. With his round cheeks and his young figure he looked just like a girl, and they went away, the nurse and the boy-girl, through

the city to the palace-gates. The nurse told the sentries that this was her niece, a young girl who was coming to be attendant on the princess, and the guards let her through. They went on through the gardens to the rooms where the princess lived. So they met at last, those two, and loved and kissed and slept in each other's arms, with the fear of death covering them like a cloak. But they did not care. What did it matter?" She stopped again.

To make the end plain, I must explain here what those who do not know the Burmese tongue would not understand. There are in Burmese two sets of pronouns. One is masculine and the other is feminine. Thus a man for "I" would say *chundaw*, but a woman would say *chümmà*, and so on. It must have been very bewildering to one brought up as a man to say *chundaw*, to have to remember always to say *chümmà*. It is but a trifle, perhaps, but it was the flaw wherein the princess's little intrigue failed, and it brought ruin to them both.

"They lived," went on my maid of honour, "together for months. Of course some of the attendants on the princess soon got to know that the new girl was no maid at all, but a boy. But the secret was well kept. You see, Thakin, that it was such a deadly secret that no one dared to speak of it. Had it been a little thing, no doubt it would soon have been spread all over the palace; but this was far too serious.

"The boy kept very quiet. He just stayed in the princess's rooms and went nowhere for a long time. I suppose the secret must have been found out sometime, but who could have suspected the way of it?

"One morning when I went to my wait at noon, I saw at once when I came into the queen's presence that something had gone wrong. She looked very angry. She had a way of ruffling up her skirt to show her little bare feet when she was annoyed, and she had ruffled it up very much this morning. The king was seated by her, looking very troubled. All the maids were frightened to death, and in front of the king and queen, kneeling on the floor, were two guards of the gate with a girl between them. The guards were just explaining to the king how that this girl had come to the gate that morning to get out. They had challenged her. 'Who are you?' they said, for they did not recognise her face. And the girl had looked up and asked, '*Chundaw la?* Are you speaking to me?' using the fatal masculine. The suspicions of the guards were aroused. 'What girl are you that speak like a man?' they said, and they arrested this would-be girl, and soon enough discovered who she was.

"There was the lad kneeling before the king, grey with fear, for he knew his time was come. He could not speak for very horror, and you could see him panting for breath. We were all so sorry for him, for he was such a pretty boy, and looked prettier in his girl's dress.

"Presently through the door and up the steps came the princess. She had been sent for by the king. I do not think she knew at first why she had been called, but when she saw her lover there she understood at once. She came up as near to him as she could, and knelt down before the king. She looked in great distress, and tears came into her eyes and ran down

her cheeks. She looked only at her lover, she never looked at the king or queen or any one else. He was so afraid, I do not think he even knew she was there—he was quite distraught. Then there was an inquiry. It did not take long, for the princess confessed at once. She said it was all her fault; the boy was not to blame, she insisted. If any one was to be punished it must be she, for it was by her orders that the lad had been brought into the palace. She pleaded and pleaded for the boy, and I think the king looked sorry, but the queen only got more and more angry. She was especially furious at the love-letter, the little love-song the princess had written to her lover, which was found on him when he was searched at the gate. He had always carried it with him. It was a terrible scene, Thakin. Such an end to all their love-making! I can remember it all now. I can see it as if it were before me. The room with gold-and-red pillars, and the sad king, and the angry queen, and the princess, and——"

Her voice had begun to quaver, and she stopped suddenly and began to cry softly; she was so sorry for them both. Poor child, it must have been a dreadful scene for a little girl of only twelve years old to witness. No wonder she remembered it so well. Her tears seemed to give her relief, but I said, "Do not go on if it hurts you. I can imagine the end."

"I will finish now, as I have begun," she said. "There is not much more. The inquiry was soon over, for there was no doubt about it. No one denied what had happened. The boy, still in his girl's dress, was led away, and the princess followed.

Many of us who could escape unseen went after them to see. The boy went along between his guards like a man in a dream. Once without the king's presence, the princess tried to get to her lover to kiss him, but the guards repulsed her, and her attendants took hold of her to take her to her chambers, as the king had ordered ; but she broke from them, and seized a golden bowl of drinking water which one of her attendants was carrying for her. She went up to the guards again with it. 'Give it to him,' she said, 'my last gift.' The guards saw no harm, and gave the boy the water, and he drank to her with lack-lustre eyes. Then her attendants took her away. 'Be of good courage,' she cried as she went. 'Be of good courage, for I love you always.' She did not care who heard. The boy tried to speak, but his throat was choked, and they went each their own way,

and they never saw each other again.

"The princess was shut up in a special prison. After a few days she was told that her lover had been exiled to Mogaung, far away on the Chinese frontier. It was told her so that she might not be too distressed. But she knew that he had gone to no Mogaung. She would not believe. She knew he was dead ; and in a few days more, brooding over her misery, she went mad.

"There she was found when Mandalay was taken. She was released then, and gradually got back her senses and became a nun. She is now alive in Mandalay—a nun.

"And the boy? No one can love a princess and live. He was drowned in the Irrawaddy. He was tied up in a sack with great stones, and thrown from a boat into the waters of the great river."

H. FIELDING.

REMINISCENCES OF A POULTRY-YARD.

WE seldom take up the 'Field' nowadays without seeing a letter from Mr Tegetmeier, the great authority on all matters connected with poultry-breeding. He generally has something new to tell us, and we read with interest his words of wisdom. Even more interesting in some ways is the study of the balance-sheets of those fortunate people who from time to time attempt to teach the public how poultry may be kept at a profit. We shall give our own views on that point later on, and quote a case where we really think that a recently formed limited liability company is likely to return a substantial dividend to the shareholders. But we wish, before all things, to assure Mr Tegetmeier and other great authorities that we have no intention of trespassing on their preserves, or of attempting to convey to the "Fancy" any new information as to the merits or demerits of any particular breed of fowls. Rather may we preface that we propose to deal with the ethical side of the poultry-yard. "Quidquid agunt pulli nostri far-rago libelli." In other words, we shall attempt to describe the manners and customs, the virtues and the vices, of poultry as we have found them in our own small experience.

For we, too, "have drunk of the hackneyed stream"; not only have we kept poultry for many years, but we have so far qualified to pose as members of the Clan-na-Gael of poultry-keepers as to have more than once taken prizes at the Crystal Palace Show, and to have used an incubator, in which we have hatched some eggs, parboiled many, and addled not a few. But neither

prizes nor incubator results have afforded us a fraction of the pleasure that we have derived from a personal—we might even say an intimate—acquaintance with our feathered friends, and the companionship of poultry-keeping has been infinitely pleasant to us, even when it could not by the greatest stretch of imagination have been pronounced profitable.

In the first place, then, we will admit that the purchase of our incubator was the result of a conclusion arrived at, after long and careful observation and sundry costly experiments, that there are few things in life so wholly unaccountable and so intensely exasperating as the vagaries of a broody hen. Too many of our feathered lady friends when in this presumably interesting condition seem absolutely to lose all self-control, and to set at defiance any well-meant attempt to make matters comfortable for them. One day an expectant mother will make up her mind that the only possible place to sit is in the box where two or three other hens quite as obstinate as herself elect to lay their eggs. Attempts are made to coax her. She is transported in the middle of the night to a beautifully prepared nest in some secluded corner, where she is left comfortably asleep, only to be discovered in her old quarters in the morning, either sitting on the top of a laying hen or allowing the latter to sit upon her. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to induce her to take a lease of the new abode, it is resolved that she shall be allowed to have her own way. Accordingly other hens are warned off the premises, and the

broody lady is intrusted with a sitting of valuable eggs in the place she has selected for herself. Now that she has triumphantly asserted her independence, we might expect that matters would go on smoothly, and that a sense of decency would impel her to proceed with the hatching process. But, lo and behold! after she has sat upon her eggs for perhaps a week, a new whim seizes her. She deserts her own nest, prolongs her morning walk, and with infinite labour makes her way to the nest which she had originally rejected, and proceeds to oust the tenant, another lady in the same condition as herself. Mutual recriminations ensue: there is a stand-up fight in the nest; the eggs are scattered, trampled upon, broken; and when the poultryman arrives on the scene of action he finds two settings of highly prized eggs completely ruined, and two hitherto respectable middle-aged ladies in a woful state of dilapidation.

Another prospective mother, also a strong-minded female, announced a determination to sit in a hay-loft, where, for a good many reasons, it was decided by the authorities that she should not so sit. A search was made, and a nest discovered, in which, as a preparatory measure, she had laid a dozen eggs. These were duly confiscated, and the hen was driven away by the groom whenever she was seen to approach the loft. When, after a few days, she ceased clucking, and seemed to be going about the yard much as usual, it was naturally supposed that she had made up her mind to postpone her sitting till a more convenient season. But, as events shortly proved, the lady was only dissembling; and we are free to admit that she dissembled so successfully as to completely hoodwink the

groom and the poultryman. She must have sat at odd times, and taken her outings when she was most likely to be noticed; and the first evidence of her *mala fides* was a solitary chicken hatched out of an egg laid in a new and quite unsuspected part of the loft. Her one and only child this strong-minded mother conducted to the opening of the loft, and, as he gazed in wonder on the wide, wide world below, she suddenly put her beak behind him, launched him into space, and then, cackling loudly, flew down herself to retrieve him at the other end. Mother and child reached *terra firma* almost simultaneously, and the latter seemed none the worse for his ten-foot drop on to a paved courtyard. Having no little brothers and sisters to share his provender, he showed every promise of growing into an extremely fine cockerel; but his career was ruthlessly cut short at the request of a practical and most unromantic cook.

We can remember in our childhood the Cochin-China craze, and the pictures in 'Punch' of long-legged Cochin cocks being taken out for an airing by the family page. Everything in creation has an object, and it seems to be a common theory that Cochin-China hens were sent into the world for the especial purpose of hatching young ducks. For, if of all hen mothers the Cochin is in some ways the most awkward, it would be hard to find any creature in which the instinct of maternity is more strongly developed. One old lady we can remember who spent the months of March, April, and May in hatching two sittings of ducks' eggs, and laying four eggs on her own account. She rather spoilt her record by treading two of her first brood to death; and as it

was felt to be improbable that her feet should have grown smaller or her awkwardness mitigated during her second period of incubation, the latter brood of ducklings were given to another hen to rear. For a fortnight Mrs Cochin walked about disconsolate, and was apparently trying to make up her mind between the two alternatives of committing suicide or laying what she was pleased to consider a sufficient number of eggs to qualify her for another sitting period, when one fine day a welcome sight greeted her eyes. Several members of her first brood had, alas! gone the way of most ducklings, and had already been eaten or were being fattened in a coop. But now the survivors, three ducks reserved for breeding purposes, having been transferred from another part of the grounds, hove into sight under the escort of a middle-aged drake. These the old lady greeted with an enthusiasm which the young people, who had long left the nursery, and might even be said to have "come out," clearly thought misplaced. But children's ingratitude, sharper, as King Lear held, than a serpent's tooth, fell very flat on Mrs Cochin, who was resolved at all hazards to do her duty. From morning to night she toiled in the rear of her returned but far from penitent prodigals, and the idea that it was an entirely one-sided affection never seemed to have entered her dear old head.

She watched them with undisguised anxiety at first, and later on with an air of complacent resignation, as they swam in a little muddy pond, and after a few days gave up as hopeless the attempt to recall them by such well-worn nursery artifices as promises of newly found tit-bits and treats galore. When they came to shore

after their bath and prepared for a quiet nap after the manner of their tribe, the old lady would flutter round them and invite them with loud clucking to come once more, as in old days, beneath her sheltering wings, absolutely disregarding the fact that their size rendered the feat a physical impossibility. How we pitied the drake, suddenly condemned to see the chosen objects of his attentions subjected to this most unforeseen and most assiduous chaperonage! Under the circumstances, to his credit be it said, he behaved very well, and constrained himself to be decently civil to the old lady. But when, last ignominy of all, Mrs Cochin, whom we presume to have been short-sighted, in an unguarded moment mistook him for one of her own offspring, and, fearful that her darling might be sitting in a draught, proceeded to deposit her portly form, not on his lap, which would have been bad enough, but on his head, his cup was full to overflowing. He so far forgot himself as to swear out loud, and ungraciously overturning his intended protectress, waddled off to the water in high indignation, and, as we believe, came very near breaking off the proposed alliance. Poor young fellow! he was neither the first, nor is likely to be the last, eligible bachelor destined to be sat upon by his prospective mother-in-law.

How truly and rigidly the French proverb "*Cherchez la femme*" holds good in the history of a poultry-yard may be gathered from the following story. Long years ago there were living in a grass-run, far from the madding crowd and separated by a three-acre field from the petty strifes and jealousies of the farmyard, two young cockerels which had

been set apart for breeding purposes. Inasmuch as they were the only two chickens hatched out of a sitting of eggs for which a very fancy price had been given, they were worth their weight, if not of gold, at any rate of silver at the present value. As in their country residence there was a sufficiency of food, room, scratching-ground, and all that a fowl holds dear, nothing ever occurred to disturb their harmony. In fact, Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, could not have lived in more perfect concord. There was a total absence of jealousy: if one crowed, the other flapped his wings as a matter of course: either youngster readily applauded any up-to-date performance of his companion. But, alas! on one fell day a featherless and thoughtless biped, temporarily forgetful of the fact that the law of forbidden affinities has no force in the poultry-yard, introduced into this earthly paradise—a female. She was neither young nor fair to see, only a dirty, dishevelled, most unprepossessing old hen, a shrew at the best of times, and on this occasion in a consumedly bad temper. To be strictly just, she really had a grievance. Having succeeded in hatching three chickens from a setting of thirteen eggs, ten of which had been addled entirely owing to her shortcomings, she had had the mortification of seeing her trio taken from her and presented to a neighbour who had just brought off a brood of ten. They were only common barn-door chicks to be sure, but still—

“When yet was found a mother
Who’d give her booby for another?”

However, maugre her unprepossessing appearance and obvious ill-temper, the sudden appearance of Helen of Troy, or even of the

apple of discord itself, could not have created a greater sensation. While she was intent on nothing but the discovery of some exit from her new residence, the original proprietors, gay young cavaliers both, rushed forward to proffer their services. And then, melancholy to relate, either Damon in his haste trod on Pythias’ toe, or the latter it may be unintentionally jostled Damon; at any rate, a peck was given and returned, and in an instant the quondam friends were engaged in a desperate encounter. Being equally matched and well-bred birds, they fought till they could hardly stand or see, and as in the Hannibalic war the ultimate victor was more than once perilously near defeat. At the end of half an hour, all breathless and bloodstained, the victor, as after the tournament of old, approached to pay his devoir to the “Queen of Love and Beauty,” and as “the meed of valour” received at the hands of the indignant virago quite as sound a thrashing as that which he had just administered to his brother. Let us draw a veil over the history of the next few days. Suffice it to say that the lady showed that she was in no humour for love-making or for being made love to. She bossed the show from morning till night, kept the young gentlemen very well in their places, and never allowed them to touch the food until she had finished her own repast. Even when she was finally restored to the poultry-yard, the evil effects of her disastrous advent were clearly visible in the altered relations of the lads she left behind her. An armed neutrality took the place of the old cordial affection.

The cock, the lord of the harem, has often been described as gallant. His gallantry, we regret

to state, is, so far as our experience of him goes, gallantry only in a very restricted sense of the term. He has all the faults and few of the virtues of a jealous husband, and if he objects forcibly to see any one dangling about his own wives, he is absolutely unscrupulous in the matter of poaching on other people's preserves. In short, in his matrimonial relations his motto may be said to be, "What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own." When he is in a good temper he is moderately polite to the fair sex, and may at times be seen standing with his eyes half-closed while a chosen circle of lady friends perform for him much the same kindly office as Bottom exacted of his attendant elves. When, again, he has eaten and drunk as much as he can conveniently carry, he will be generous enough to summon his favourite sultana for the time being and allow her to pick up any surplus food. But even then it is a Damoclean repast. For if her lord and master, who is, like the schoolboy, generally hungry and always greedy, suddenly feels that his crop can contain one more grain, the lady becomes painfully aware that her presence—or, shall we say, her assistance?—is no longer required. She becomes the recipient of a hearty peck, and is sent about her business, an innocent victim, like Vashti, of a despot's caprice. At the morning and evening meal, when all fowls have a right to feel hungry, and there is a general rush for the food, we note a painful lack of dignity about the royal movements; for then cocky thinks nothing of upsetting the ladies of the court in all directions, and pecking right and left with a hearty goodwill which spares neither age nor sex.

"Look, darling," we once heard a governess, anxious to improve the occasion, say to her charges,—
"look! how kind the big brother is to his little sisters. He never tries to snatch things himself, but calls them up and gives them all the nice things he finds."

Poor deluded woman! if the moral was all right, her premisses were very, very faulty. It may be laid down as a law of nature that whenever a cock calls up a hen to eat anything he has discovered, he will occasionally do so because he is in such a gorged condition as to feel himself incapable of swallowing another morsel; but much more commonly because he either has a suspicion that the treasure-trove is poisonous or indigestible, or because he has learnt by previous experience that it does not suit his royal palate. This fact in natural history we had already suspected from observation. But recollecting that our logic books had told us that experiment, where practicable, is the more reliable method of scientific discovery, we experimentalised as follows. It happened that we were playing cricket on the School close at Rugby on a typical English cricket-day—very cold, that is, and showery: it was one of those occasions, in fact, when the fielding side spends some hours in the pavilion, and the game only proceeds at lucid intervals. Outside the window of the down-stairs dressing-room some fowls were busily scratching. These some of our party began to feed with bread-pellets, of which the cock, a hardened old Mormon in brown drawers, long of leg and prolific of pecks, got the lion's share. Some genius, disgusted with the old fellow's greedy and overbearing behaviour, suggested that we should give him a soap-pellet by way of a change.

A couple of soap-pellets were accordingly manufactured, and thrown out, and the cock swallowed them one after the other. In a moment a change came over his countenance. He first eyed us with a look which said as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "Well, you are a set of beasts," and then retired to a corner, where by dint of expectoration he so far relieved his feelings as to be able to come up to the scratch when he saw that his womankind were being regaled with a fresh stock of bread-pellets. We tried him again with the soap. But if he had abated nothing of his greed, and though his manners were in no degree improved by his temporary retirement, he amply demonstrated the proof of the proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy," and instead of swallowing the pellets like so many oysters, retained them in his beak just long enough to make sure of the flavour. If it was bread he ate it himself; soap-pellets he distributed among his wives with a great affectation of generosity, calling each lady up in turn as her predecessor retired to clear the decks in a corner of the yard. His invitations were clearly to be regarded as royal commands, and any hesitation on the part of a lady, who having tasted soap once was loath to repeat the experiment, was treated as a serious offence. In fact, they were one and all much in the same predicament as a small boy whose Spartan nurse has told him to choose between a black-draught and a spanking.

We wondered afterwards whether the headmaster, or whoever owned the fowls, detected a soapy flavour about the breakfast eggs for the next day or two, but consoled ourselves by the reflection that no instructor of youth could really

object to suffer a little temporary inconvenience in the cause of scientific discovery. We feel very strongly that if our old friend cocky-locky ever finds his way into the divorce court, both on the score of cruelty and inconstancy, plenty of evidence will be forthcoming to establish the decree *nisi*.

And yet, strange paradox, in his position as a husband the cock positively shines as contrasted with the attitude he assumes in other domestic relations. The brutality of Frederick the Great's most unnatural father pales into insignificance before the habitual severity shown by chanticleer towards his own offspring.

"Uxoris pārēre, et pārēre, parare mariti est."

So ran a line in our old Latin Primer. The hen, it is true, faithfully performs her part of the contract, but the cock wofully fails in his. In that old-fashioned, but none the less admirable, child's story-book 'The Robins,' we have the sketch of a robin father who is unsparing in his efforts to provide the young brood with wholesome food as well as sound advice; and we believe that in real life as well as in fiction the male bird in his wild state takes occasional spells of sitting, by way of relieving his consort. Can it be that ultra-civilisation has warped the nature and changed the disposition of our *Gallus gallinaceus*? The sole piece of advice, so far as we have noticed, that he ever condescends to bestow on his chickens may be held to imply, "Get out of the light, you nasty little thing, or I shall kick you;" and he adds weight to the admonition by inflicting most unnecessarily hard pecks on some small fluffy little thing which has only imperfectly understood him. We are all in

favour of a little wholesome chastisement, and even mother hen finds it necessary on occasion to correct some unruly member of the brood; but we can see that she, like other sensible parents, uses the slipper judiciously, out of kindness and for the good of the child. The father's pecks are palpably given in a fit of bad temper or in a spirit of wanton brutality. And as to providing food for the family, he not only does nothing of the sort, but is so far recognised by poultry-keepers to be habitually guilty of robbery with violence, that the food which other people kindly provide for his chickens has to be put into a coop or some place where he cannot get at it. Even then the crafty old villain will lie in wait like Duval, the pirate of Dr Birch's school, immortalised by Thackeray. Like Duval, "he scents plunder from afar off, and pounces upon it." Woe betide the misguided chicken who issues from his shelter with some *bonne bouche* in his beak! The lord of the premises is on the look-out, and, *vi et armis*, appropriates the delicacy.

But there is looming in the distance a day of retribution. We know the advice often given by a friendly monitor to a young man in difficulties, "Go and have it out with the governor." The little cockerel, son, or it may be supposititious child, of an unnatural and barbarous father, seems to live—that is, if the cook and other powers that be allow him to live—with a determination deep rooted in his little heart to "have it out with the governor" at some period or other. To a certain extent we must applaud the sentiment. For if our trodden worm was never to turn, proverbs would lose their significance. But the means to the end we may not commend. In

punching his twin brother's head, or it may be in having his head punched by his twin brother, he is only doing what we might have done ourselves had Providence thought fit to provide us with that rather overrated commodity—a twin brother. But, *horresco referens*, it is no unusual thing to see the young rooster engaged in a stand-up fight with his own mother, and come off victorious. We will give him credit for not bestowing any unnecessary pecks after he has once for all asserted his superiority; but the unpleasing fact remains that he would just as soon have a rough and tumble with his progenitress as with any other fowl in the yard. From the day that he has thus vindicated his claim to independence the young cockerel may be regarded as a sort of social pariah. A few giddy-pated young pullets may surreptitiously lend him countenance; but the more staid matrons of the yard strongly resent any attempts on his part to establish a flirtation, while paterfamilias takes his daily exercise in chasing the young upstart round and round the premises. He keeps a specially sharp eye upon him at the morning and evening meal; and as we have often watched the old gentleman suddenly break off his own meal and charge with reckless disregard, both of his own digestion and his wives' comfort, at any male youngster who happens to be eating in his neighbourhood, we have felt that the dog in the manger must have been a mere joke to him. This pariah-like existence on the one side, and relentless persecution on the other, will last till the young bird is perhaps a year old. Then one day he will suddenly turn round and face his persecutor. He knows as he does so that his is a desperate game,

and must be played out to the bitter end. He has crossed his Rubicon and burnt his ships behind him: he must do or die: it must be victory or Westminster Abbey. And in nine cases out of ten it will be the former. For youth will be served, and the yearling cockerel is probably in better training and better fighting trim than his mature rival. But it will be a desperate battle—desperate on both sides, in the strictest sense of the term—and the young victor will be punished almost more severely than the vanquished.

“Hope for a season bade the world
farewell,
And Freedom shrieked,—as Kosciusko
fell.”

There is no patriot in the case now, only a fallen bully and tyrant. And yet, little though he has deserved it, we must extend to him some sympathy. For neither in the pages of history nor those of fiction is pictured quite so lamentable a fall as this, that must occur daily in one or other of the poultry-yards of the world. For a parallel we must go to Scripture, and read the story of Satan being cast out of heaven. The Greek tragedian was perhaps beyond all other writers successful in what we may be allowed to call “piling up the agony,” and it is hard to imagine any reverses of fortune more awful than those depicted in the cases of Hecuba or of *Œdipus*. The former, in summing up her misfortunes, tells us that “she had been a queen, but now was a slave; that from being a happy mother she found herself in old age childless, homeless, deserted, most wretched of mortals.” But to her was granted the solace of a bloody if only partial revenge. Of *Œdipus* it was said—

“By how much from the top of
wondrous glory
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou
art fallen.”

In the day of retribution it may indeed rest lightly on the conscience of fallen chancicleer that he has wittingly—or, as he is only a bird after all, shall we say unwittingly?—committed the same crimes as *Œdipus*,—has very probably murdered his father, and if so, most certainly married his mother; it may well be that the only reason why he has not cared to call himself, like Hecuba, blessed in his children, is because he has habitually ignored the relationship. But, on the other hand, he has neither the savage comfort of revenge like Hecuba, nor, unless indeed some merciful biped, acting the part of the *deus ex machinâ*, transports him to fresh pastures, will he have, like *Œdipus*, the chance of redeeming in old age the misfortunes of youth, and “wholly forgetting his first sad life and home and all that Theban woe.”

For the bowstring offered to deposed Oriental sovereigns by their supplanters, the disappearance of the dethroned Sultan which we encounter in the history of Turkey, the violent murder of more than one of our own kings, the lifelong incarceration of ill-starred Robert of Normandy, are so many acts of mercy as contrasted with the fate of this autocrat, reduced to abject and hunted slavery, compelled to see his wives become the willing prey of the conqueror, condemned to wander unattended in the outskirts of the yard, and to pick up a scanty livelihood from the refuse of his late slave's leavings, afraid to answer the challenging crow of his triumphant enemy. There is no semblance of chivalry about the victor. He will neither receive

the deposed monarch into the circle of his intimate friends like a Cyrus, nor treat him royally as Alexander treated Porus, nor let him retain his title and semblance of royalty in an Elba. His is rather the motto of the Gallic chieftain, "*Vae victis.*" Old insults will be repaid with insults, old beatings with beatings; for every degradation that was put on himself in his youth he will heap tenfold degradation on his former persecutor, and to compass that object he will bring into play all the resources of spite that an ill-regulated nature can invent.

It only remains for us to redeem a promise made early in these pages, and to quote the only case that has come actually within our own ken where poultry have been kept at a profit. The proprietors are a limited liability company which may have escaped registration owing to the circumstance that all the shares, whether preference or ordinary, were taken up by the directors, and none were offered to the public. The directors are three young ladies, and a ready market is found for the produce of the poultry-yard—at home; it being an understood thing, even if there is no stamped agreement to the effect, that the housekeeper—*i.e.*, the mother of these adventuresses—should buy eggs the whole year round at 1s. 6d. per dozen, and fowls at a trifle over the current poulterer's price, and that no extraneous purchases may be made except by special consent of the company. No rent is paid for the premises occupied by the poultry; and as there are plenty of gardeners, &c., about the place, the employment of outside labour would be obviously a work of supererogation. Occasionally the Market has been reported to com-

plain that there is a plethora of eggs between February and June, and that the supply is wholly inadequate to meet the demand at any other time of the year; or that the chickens are ridiculously small, and the especially fattened are abnormally tough. But the answer to such criticisms is that the directors really cannot be held responsible for the capriciousness of laying hens; that a provident housekeeper should in the months of plenty store eggs for winter consumption; and that if the same price is quoted for a four-months as for a six-months chicken, it would be obviously false economy to feed the creature for the extra two months. Hens, it will be added, who refuse to lay must be got rid of, and it is cheaper to sell them than to give them away.

"You need not eat them, mother dear, unless you like. You can bury them if you like, after you have paid for them."

Hearing such words of wisdom, the Market resignedly accepts her fate.

Under such circumstances as these, it is easy to imagine that there is a fair margin for profit.

But, generally speaking, the poultry-yard is by no means an El Dorado, and he who aspires to make money out of poultry-farming, either on a large or small scale, is more likely to be disappointed than the reverse. But, *per contra*, any one who is prepared to devote much time, much personal attention, and a little money to a harmless and withal a very interesting occupation, may derive a vast amount of pleasure and not a little instruction from studying the manners and customs, the virtues and the vices, of his feathered friends.

TARPON-FISHING IN TEXAS.

MANY articles have been written on tarpon-fishing off the coast of Florida, but I do not remember to have seen any referring to the same sport farther south in the Gulf of Mexico. For years my husband had entertained the greatest wish to try his luck amongst these "mighty monarchs" of the deep, but fortune did not favour him till 1890. In the month of May that year, after leaving our ranche, we determined that, before turning our faces towards New York *en route* for England, we would treat ourselves to a few days' fishing in the Bayoux of the Gulf of Mexico, off the coast of Texas.

For a fish so large, so quick, so game, and such a confirmed jumper as the tarpon, proper tackle, and that of the very best description, is absolutely necessary, and a very good man to get it from is Vom Hoff, Fulton Street, New York. He is a thoroughly practical fisherman, and has made a special study of tarpon-tackle during his annual visits to the best tarpon-waters off the coast of Florida.

The rod used is about seven feet long, consisting of one joint of bamboo or split cane five-feet-six, with an independent butt of eighteen inches, fitted with seats to carry a large reel capable of holding two hundred yards of strong line made of the best Cortrass flax. The reel is fitted with multiplying action, one turn of the handle giving two and a half turns to the spindle. It is also fitted with a raw-hide break, which checks the run of the reel when pressed by the thumb.

The hooks are about the size of those used for cod-fishing, and are fixed on very soft plaited cotton

snooding, or, better still, on three one-foot lengths of piano-wire with swivels between each length. The tarpon's mouth is free from teeth, but each side is formed like a pair of strong shears with file-like edges, which cut through with the greatest ease any other material than those above mentioned.

The gaff necessary to secure one of these gigantic fish, after he is brought to hand, is a most murderous-looking affair. It consists of a hook twice the size of that belonging to an ordinary salmon-gaff, fitted to a handle about seven feet long, and the thickness of a fair-sized skull. The greatest care must be taken in handling this formidable weapon, and a clumsy "gillie," by making a bad shot at the fish, is extremely likely to smash the tackle, and so lose the prize just at the moment when the unfortunate fisherman thinks he is certain of landing it.

The armour of scales by which the "Silver King," as the tarpon is called, is protected, is of so hard and impenetrable a nature that it is useless trying to make the gaff enter anywhere excepting at the gills or behind a fin. The friend who had kindly furnished us with information regarding the tackle we should require, also gave us the name of a reliable fisherman, who, he said, would furnish us with a boat and all necessary supplies for our expedition. Hearing that this man and his boat were at our service, we bundled into the train one broiling afternoon, and soon found ourselves rushing along the Aransas Pass Railway between San Antonio and Rockfort, our destination on the sea-coast.

Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the wild flowers, or weeds, as the Texans call them, on either side of the line. Looking at the acres of dwarf lupins from the car windows, I could only compare them to pools of intensely blue water.

On we steamed through miles of dark, rich loam, cropped with cotton and waving maize, across tracts of sandy, unkind-looking land covered with nothing but scrubby brush cactus and prickly pear plants with their lovely brilliant flowers of all shades of red and yellow. On through vast tracts of mesquite-trees with their terrible thorns, till we found ourselves rolling, pitching, and lurching along, across endless grass plains covered with large herds of cattle. We passed many thousand head of horned stock, ranging from the descendants of the old "mean," long-horned Spanish cows, to the familiar homely Herefords with their mild white faces.

Large "bunches" of future cowponies, too, roamed at will over the prairies, in happy ignorance of the misery in store for them when the time should come for them to be handed over to the merciless "Broncho Busters," by which elegant name the Texan horse-breaker is known. Owing to the vast dimensions of their pasture, it is impossible to realise the immense number of animals one passes in the course of a few hours by rail.

I say we rolled, pitched, and lunched, for this is the mode of progression adopted by the trains on most of the railroads in the Southern States. It is by no means a comfortable or pleasant manner of getting over the ground, and is chiefly due, I am told, to the way in which the rails are laid, and also to the unevenness

of the track. Instead of being fastened in "chairs," the rails are merely nailed to the sleepers—a very simple method, but not conducive to the peace of mind or body of the unlucky travellers. The engineering part of the business in that part of the world is not what one can call perfect, by any means; and the ground being in some parts very sandy, the metals are apt to sink, making the track even more uneven than it would be otherwise. Why the trains remain on the rails and are not oftener "ditched" (upset) is a mystery to me, though I have been told that this pleasing variety occurs quite often enough for the comfort of the passengers.

Occasionally, too, there is the diversion of running into cattle or horses straying on the line, and, where the railroad is not fenced in, the train has constantly to slacken speed to give the animals time to get out of the way. Should any of the poor brutes be caught by the cow-catcher and maimed, one of the officials generally gets down and puts them out of their pain, though, I fear, this humane act is not always put into force.

No accident of any kind happened to us, I am glad to say, and, though rather shaken and dazed, we found ourselves landed safely at Rockfort at 10 p.m. At the station there was awaiting us a waggonette drawn by two very fine mules driven by a nigger coachman. When our goods and chattels had been duly stowed away in the vehicle, our team proceeded, with many a "git" and whip-crack from their dusky Jehu, to struggle and plough their way through the sandy streets of the little seaport town. Clouds of sand greeted us at every corner, borne along by a stiff gale, which was driving the waves of the bay

on to the beach with a sound by no means pleasant to any one who is not a good sailor.

Not knowing that part of the world, we had unfortunately written for rooms at the Sea-Shell Hotel, which, to our annoyance, our driver told us was situated two miles farther on up the coast. This difficulty was soon overcome by our future skipper, who met us at the post-office, where we stopped to pick up the mail. He persuaded us to put up at Rockfort instead of going on to the other hotel, saying he felt sure he could settle matters easily enough for us with both landlords. The proprietor of the Sea-Shell Hotel was most obliging, declining to take a cent from us, though he had had the trouble of making preparations for us according to our instructions by letter from San Antonio.

The hotel at which we put up in Rockfort, though only partly furnished, promised great things in the future, and even in its half-finished state we found it very comfortable—at least, I had better say, should have done so had the mosquitoes left us alone.

It is always a drawback, on arriving at an American hotel after the usual supper, not to be able to get a meal unless you can find a restaurant somewhere handy. The food in these establishments in the smaller American towns is by no means always very appetising, and often the wisest course to take is to go supperless to bed. However, "forewarned is forearmed," and we had no occasion to test the merits of the Rockfort restaurants, having provided ourselves in San Antonio with a picnic-basket full of eatables; and as excellent lager beer can be obtained everywhere, we had no cause for grumbling at our fare. After supper I prepared to turn into bed, while

my husband went down to smoke a pipe with Klein, our skipper, and consult him about the victualing of our little schooner for our expedition the next day.

My ideas on the subject of tarpon-fishing, and the manner of setting about it, were decidedly vague. I had fondly imagined that Harry would cruise about the bay, fishing all day, and returning to the hotel at night, while I, should the sea prove rough, could stay on shore and make up my arrears of letters. Almost immediately on our arrival at the hotel this pleasant delusion was rudely dispelled by the skipper, who said it was useless to fish in the bay, and that to do any good we must go right away out some miles and cruise amongst the Bayoux, visiting in turn the different places where he knew the fish to be in good numbers. He remarked that it was full early in the year for tarpon-fishing, but he hoped all the same to show us some fair sport.

These Bayoux of which I speak, and where the "Silver Kings" lie in such large shoals, are narrow channels or lagoons between the islands, which run a long way up the coast of Texas at about the distance of ten miles from the mainland. Considering the immense numbers of fish to be found in these lagoons, it seems wonderful that so few fishermen are to be seen trying their luck at the exciting sport of tarpon-fishing; but as yet these waters and their merits are little known, and nearly every one goes to Florida instead. In Florida, it appears, the fishing is of the still order, and the fisherman, either sitting in a boat or on a rock, throws out his bait, lets it sink, and then waits with patience or not, according to his temperament, for a bite. From all accounts,

it must be a work most trying to the patience, as a man may sometimes be kept waiting for a week before getting a run. When the bait is taken the fish is allowed to gorge it; for a Florida fisherman will tell you that it is useless to try and hook a tarpon in the mouth. Of course a tarpon hooked in the gullet or stomach can fight strongly, as his weight is generally immense, and his pluck not to be equalled by any other of the finny tribe. I therefore think it stands to reason that trolling for tarpon in the Texan waters must be ten times more exciting and satisfactory to the true sportsman than sitting on a rock waiting for bites, which, according to all accounts, seem to be few and far between.

In 1890 the excellence of the Texan tarpon-fishing was little known, and perhaps the greater distance one has to travel to reach it may be a drawback to some people. All the same, I feel convinced that any one making up his mind to go to Corpus Christi or Rockfort would never regret either the expense, or the few extra days, spent either on the sea or the railway.

Should the fisherman find himself in Florida and have a wish to go and try his luck in the Gulf of Mexico, he can join the steamer from New York at Key West, and with luck, after a pleasant run, will find himself landed at Galveston, at no great distance from his future destination.

Now I must return to Rockfort. For some time I stood on the balcony outside our room listening to the dash of the waves on the beach below, and the longer I listened the less did I relish the idea of spending three or four nights rolling about on the sea. My relief was great when my husband came up to tell me that unless

the wind should fall considerably during the night it would be useless to start on our expedition, as the tarpon will not take in rough weather. In fact, the shallow waters of the Bayoux get so stirred up and muddy that the fish cannot see the bait. It was then settled that we should start as early as possible the next morning (weather permitting) after the provisions had been taken on board.

Feeling more easy in my mind after hearing this cheering bit of news, I thought I had better turn in and make the most of another night on land while I had the chance, for I could not tell what sort of sleeping accommodation we might have on board our boat. The bed looked clean and comfortable, and I noticed, with intense relief, that the bedstead was new and made of iron; so I felt that we need not dread the attacks of that tribe of night wanderers whose name begins with the second letter of the alphabet. In Texas their name is legion! They herd under the bark of some of the native trees, especially under that of the white oak, and they are particularly fond of pitch-pine, which is inconvenient, most of the houses being built of it. The onslaught of the "B" tribe together with that of the mosquitoes is almost more than mortal man or woman can endure, but, nevertheless, I have undergone the torment several times, and am still alive to tell the tale.

The bed did not belie its looks, and appeared to me in the light of a haven of rest after the jolting and bumping we had experienced on the railway during the afternoon. It had a good mosquito-bar, which fact made me feel I could lie down in perfect confidence, though I had seen a few

mosquitoes flying about the room during the evening. Most carefully did I examine the curtains both inside and out, but, beyond a few remains of dead bodies, could see no trace of the tiresome little pests. Feeling that I could now defy the enemy, I slipped as quickly and gingerly into bed as possible, for the little brutes have a wonderful knack of nipping in with one. Alas! my confidence in the curtains was sorely misplaced, as I discovered to my cost directly the light was put out, for then I found there was work enough under them to keep the most active person in full employment. Relighting the candle, I set to work with a will to slaughter as many of the little wretches as I could lay hands on, but it did no good. The instant the light was put out, again forth sallied another troop of invaders from their ambush in some uninvestigated corner, and the fray began all over again; and so the battle raged at intervals all through the night. Never before had I been so tired of the irritating "ping, ping," buzzing, singing, worrying noise of those most aggravating of little pests. I had flattered myself that I was inoculated, and that mosquitoes had not the power to poison me as much as they used to do, but soon I found out my mistake. As for poor Harry, he could hardly see in the morning, and we came to the conclusion that the mosquitoes of Southern Texas must have a peculiar venom of their own. Several of our San Antonio friends had told us to expect to find a mosquito or two in Rockport, and verily they were true prophets.

It was some consolation to find when we awoke, after a few hours' unresting sleep, how many of our relentless tormentors we had killed.

But, oh, what objects the little brutes had made of us! The irritation arising from the bites remained with us for several days as an unpleasant memento of that "restless night" on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. In the morning it mattered little to me whether the sea was rough or smooth, for I had only one wish, and that was to get away from Rockfort and leave my enemies behind me. We, however, found it impossible to make an early start, the bay being still too rough. With the turn of the tide the wind went down a good deal, and though the "ocean-horses" were still tossing their white manes and kicking and leaping right merrily, we boarded our little schooner, and were soon scudding across the waves at a great pace, hoping to reach a likely spot where we might have a few hours' fishing before dark.

It is marvellous at what a rate these nearly flat-bottomed boats can go with a good wind behind them, even with, as ours had, two small boats towed astern till wanted on the fishing-grounds. The vessel we had hired was fore and aft schooner-rigged, of about ten tons burthen, and being built for sailing in very shallow water, only drew about two feet. She was half-decked with a roomy well aft, and with as comfortable a cabin as one could expect to find on that sort of craft, forward. The accommodation was certainly not luxurious, as far as furniture was concerned. In fact, I may safely say it was conspicuous by its absence.

The skipper, Captain Klein, and our other hand, Hermann, a German, had of course turned out of the cabin and placed it at our disposal, and as there was only one, it had to serve as both bedroom and saloon. It was most

wonderfully decorated with photographs of the captain's friends and relations, and many beautiful shells and other curious trophies from the Gulf of Mexico. In the middle of the cabin was the well of the centre-board, which formed our table, on either side of it being a hard narrow couch of boards on which we tossed our aching limbs at night, and which in the daytime served as our saloon sofas. They were not quite as hard as some of the floors I have slept on in America, but quite hard enough to make one wish to get up as early as possible in the morning. If we had only had two or three extra blankets to lie on we should have been all right, but this being our first experience of the kind, we did not know exactly what we required in the way of extras.

We could have dispensed with the dirty clothes which the men had left stuffed into various corners of the cabin, as also with the company of the remarkably fine black beetles which ran about at night. We could hear the rats scampering about, squealing and fighting, not far from our heads; but as none of them ever took upon themselves to pay us a nocturnal visit, that did not matter much.

Dressing in the morning was rather a trial, and an awkward proceeding altogether; for though I am by no means tall, I found it impossible to stand upright in the cabin anywhere except on the ladder leading to the deck when the companion-hatch was open. When I wished to begin my toilet, this was shut down after Harry had handed me some water in a very small tin basin, the only washing utensil on board. Then, in semi-darkness, I proceeded to perform my ablutions and struggle

into my garments as best I could, till I arrived at a stage when I felt justified in being allowed to finish dressing on the ladder, where I could once more straighten my back. After all, these few drawbacks were only trifling novelties, and merely made us feel that we had taken a few steps aside from the beaten track of ordinary life and travel.

On leaving Rockfort, I had taken up my position at the side of the boat; but I very soon found that unless I wished to have a thorough soaking I must move to the middle, so I ensconced myself comfortably in the well, where I was beyond the reach of the waves when they splashed on board. Both the bay and the Bayoux are queer places to navigate, and require a pilot who knows thoroughly all their ins and outs; and even those who know the waters best cannot always help getting stranded in the shallows, as we found to our cost. In one place, just before entering the intricacies of the Bayoux, we had to go through a passage between the sand-banks where there was only just room for the schooner to slip by without grazing her sides. The skipper said it was a ticklish place to steer through even in the calmest weather, and accidents were constantly occurring there.

After a couple of hours' sailing we ran into smooth water, and by the time we had eaten the very good dinner Hermann prepared for us, I began to feel that I should enjoy my trip, notwithstanding my gloomy forebodings of the previous night. We continued cheerfully on our way for some time, keeping a sharp lookout for a yacht which we had reason to believe was ahead of us, and carrying our friends from San Antonio, who were also out on a

fishing expedition. Finally we descried her away in the distance, and our captain became much exercised in his mind on seeing her so far ahead, fearing she would reach the best fishing-ground before we did, a thing he by no means wished should occur. As we neared our friends' boat, however, we discovered that she was motionless.

"Aground!" exclaimed Klein, in a tone of exultation; but the words were hardly out of his mouth when "bump, bump," and we too were in the same unpleasant predicament—viz., hard and fast on the sand. It was most annoying to be stuck in this way on the shallows just as we were getting so near to our destination. The skipper very soon had off his shoes and stockings, had rolled his trousers above his knees, and, fastening a rope to the vessel, began walking round her, tugging at her from every point with all his might, while Harry, Hermann, and I pushed "for all we were worth" with long poles. At last, after a great deal of trouble, we found ourselves once more afloat, and congratulating ourselves on the fact, when "bump" we went again, stuck faster than ever. This time we were much longer in getting off; but at last our patience was rewarded, and we reached the first fishing-ground without any more delays. Our friends too got out of their dilemma soon after we did, and joined us, when we stopped to try a few throws at the entrance of the Bayoux, in whose waters, a mile or two farther on, we meant to cast anchor for the night. In a short time the schooner was brought to a stand-still on the edge of a strip of sand, where we were left nearly high and dry when the tide went out.

Grey mullet is the fish used for bait for tarpon, and as the water was literally teeming with them, it was not long before a sufficient number had been netted to enable us to commence operations. The tarpons were evidently on the feed, and not far from the vessel we could see a school of these hungry giants cruising about, with their dorsal fins out of the water, and every now and then threshing it into foam, as they rushed off in pursuit of some unfortunate mullet. Harry lost no time in getting into one of the small boats belonging to the schooner, and, rowed by the skipper, he soon found himself in the midst of these ravenous creatures. A few minutes and the long length of line had shot out with a "whizz," the mullet was being trailed along at some distance behind the boat, while on the seat lay coiled twelve or fifteen feet of loose line, so as to let the fish get the bait well into its mouth before the run of the boat tightened the line. Then comes the first stroke of business, and the fisherman must strike with as much force as his rod will give. This plan, it must be acknowledged, often fails to get the hook firmly fixed in the fish's horny mouth, and springing into the air with his mouth wide open, you are apt to see the bait flung defiantly five or six feet away; but what does it matter? you are sure to have another run directly, for they come fast and furiously enough in clear water to satisfy any one. They did so on this occasion, and in less than a quarter of an hour I saw that Harry was into a good fish.

I shall never forget my excitement over the capture of the first tarpon I had ever seen hooked, as I sat on a log at the water's edge, watching the efforts of that brave game fish trying to rid himself of

that cruel hook. I knew my husband would naturally be terribly disappointed if he failed to land the first tarpon it had ever been his luck to handle; but all the same, I must say my sympathies were very much on the side of that grand "Silver King" as he made his splendid and determined fight to regain his lost liberty.

The first thing that happened after the fish was hooked was a rush for a hundred yards or so, which made the winch scream, and then a series of grand leaps, five or six feet in the air; the fish then turned towards the boat at such a pace that the quick reel, aided by Klein's hard rowing, could hardly keep the line taut. This disproves a statement I have read, that a tarpon will never run in towards a boat. The fish, finding that this ruse failed to free him, now started off again, plunging, jumping, and rushing—rushing, jumping, and plunging,—all the time held as firm as could be by the break on the reel. He never seemed to tire, and was far too bold to sulk; but after about half an hour the pace began to tell on him, and Harry thought he had got him ready for the gaff. The boat was brought to the sand-bank, Harry and the skipper with the gaff stepped out, and with much gentle handling Harry brought him within gaffing distance; Klein made a dash at him, but his armour of scales defied the gaff-point, and the fish, as if insulted, rushed out with a hundred yards of line, and jumped as if he had only just been hooked. However, this was a final effort, and slowly he was brought to gaff once more. This time he was caught in a softer place, just behind the fin, and dragged—still fighting—on to the sand. What a beautiful fish it was! like a huge bar of frosted silver with a narrow

line of oxidised silver along the back. He looked a big fellow to handle with a rod, but, as tarpon go, he was rather small, only measuring five-feet-six long and weighing 100 lb.

After his scales had been removed he was consigned to the tender mercies of the crabs, of which hundreds soon came to feast on his poor denuded carcase. The uselessness of the fish after it is caught is the worst part of tarpon-fishing, for it seems to turn it at once into such a wanton kind of sport.

Directly after the first fish had been disposed of, Harry ran another big fellow; but he had the mortification of seeing the bait thrown away at the first leap. It was now getting dark and the fish had left off feeding, so he reeled up his line and returned to the schooner. It is surprising how quickly the darkness falls in these southern latitudes, and to those who are accustomed to the long twilight of our summer evenings it is a revelation, when, almost directly the sun has set, the night is upon one.

Having made a most capital supper off chowder and canned fruit, we came to the conclusion that a chat with our friends over the events of the day would be a pleasant way of passing an hour before turning in for the night. They had tied to the shore a little way above us, and we could distinctly see their figures gathered round a blazing camp-fire made of drift-wood, the bright light of which made everything outside its circle look more gloomy than ever. Though the days were intensely hot, the evenings were rather cool, and a fire was by no means to be despised, especially on that dreary waste of sand, over which we could hear the sound of the billows roar-

ing on the other side. There is nothing more cheery than a good camp-fire, provided there is not a shifty wind, when the smoke and flames cannot make up their minds in which direction they mean to go.

Having paid our visit and wished our friends a good night and pleasant dreams, Harry and I strolled off to have a look at the breakers before returning to the schooner. They were certainly a splendid sight as they came thundering in, all crowned and studded with phosphorus, which sparkled and shimmered in the dark waters like so many millions of precious stones. The stars too appeared to be shining, if possible, even more brightly than they generally do in Texas, as if they were determined to light up the heavens as brilliantly as the phosphorus did the sea. It was an awe-inspiring and solemn scene; but after a while, in spite of its fascination, I felt it was time to retrace our steps to the boat, and join our lively, but harmless, friends, the black beetles, for the night.

It was very vexatious, when we got up the next morning, to find that during the night the water had become quite thick; but as several tarpon were to be seen moving about, Harry sallied forth to try his luck once more, while I betook myself to the shore of the gulf.

The island on which we had taken up our quarters appeared to be one of considerable length, but a mere waste of sandhills and rushes, bounded on one side by the Bayoux, and on the other by the open sea. I wandered a long way up the shore, watching the great waves of surf as they rolled and tossed great trees about as if they had been only so many sticks. Thrown here, there, and everywhere, were pieces of wreck—here

the framework of a cabin window, there a mast or some other portion of a vessel—all adding their share to the sadness and gloominess of the apparently endless sandhills. The breakers came roaring in one after the other, as if bent on breaking all bounds and sweeping everything away before them. Looking from them to the *débris* lying on all sides, it seemed as if they were thundering forth tales of the shipwrecks, distress, and destruction of which they alone had been the cause.

There were plenty of bones of cattle scattered about, and intermingled with them were the skulls and vertebræ of huge fishes and other marine monsters. In the variety of the shells I was much disappointed, as it was so limited; but I found a good many curious and interesting things, called by the natives "sand-dollars." On my return home, I found out their real name at the South Kensington Museum, but unfortunately I lost the paper on which I had written it down. They resembled flat sea-eggs composed of sand, and attached to each of them was what appeared to be a small jelly-fish; but whether it was really part and parcel of them or not, I could not make out for certain. I took some of the best specimens with me, but, though I packed them with the greatest possible care, owing to their extreme brittleness there was hardly one intact when I unpacked them. There were many other curious things on that shore well worth collecting, but I had neither the time to hunt for them nor the wherewithal to preserve them.

When I reached the schooner again, my husband told me that he had not had a single run, though he had seen plenty of tarpon swimming about, so he supposed they were either not on the feed or else

were prevented seeing the bait by the thickness of the water. Hermann was anxious that I should catch a tarpon, and after luncheon he proposed that I should go out with him and try my luck amongst them; but as I had only a trout-rod, which I did not care to have smashed, I declined to fish for the royal monsters, and as a compromise went with him after red-fish. He rowed me straight away to the mouth of the Bayoux, where the tide came rushing and boiling in over the bar in an alarming manner. Though we did not venture as near to it as Harry and Klein did in their larger boat, we went quite near enough to please me, and as I am no swimmer I was not sorry to get away from the swirling whirlpools into quieter water—for our little craft was rather of the crank order, though, of course, there was really no danger with as good a boatman as mine.

We caught some good red-fish, and let me tell you that when you hook a fellow weighing from 4 to 5 lb. you find you have plenty to handle, for he is a game fish, and shows a good deal of fight. The red-fish is seen at his best in the aforementioned chowder. This concoction is composed of fish, tomatoes, onions, and potatoes, and when made as well as by our cook on the schooner, it would, I am sure, be appreciated as much on a well-appointed table on land as on our little fishing-boat at sea.

While I was fishing, my husband called out that he had got hold of something, but he did not know what it was unless it was the bottom! This idea Klein scouted, because, he said, it had moved a little; however, with all the strain on that the rod would stand, the obstacle remained perfectly still. The boat was then

quietly rowed up until it was immediately over the fish; still Harry could not raise him the least bit, so Klein made a thrust with the oar, then off the monster started with a most peculiar wobbling motion, something like that which a large tea-tray would make if held in a rapid mill-race. The speed of the run was slow, but so sure that the rod was quite useless to stop it or change its course. Then it ceased suddenly, and the hook was again as fast and firm as if it had hold in the bottom. The boat was once more quickly brought up, and the oar again used as a persuader. Off again the fish started with the same wobble-wobble motion, till again he stopped. What in the world could it be? After this had been going on about half-an-hour, with no better signs of killing the fish, and no signs of freeing the hook without losing part of the tackle, Harry told Klein some plan must be devised to make the creature fight quickly, or to get him out of the water by fair means or foul.

Our brother fishermen had come up to see the fun, and one of them, having a short spear which he used instead of a gaff, suggested lashing it to an oar to make it more persuasive, and using it to prod the fish with. This having been done, and the boat brought up within striking distance, one of them managed just to prick the enemy. Then the business became rather more exciting, the wobbling rush was quicker, stronger, and longer, but again the fish came to a halt. Again the spear was brought into play, and this time became firmly fixed in "something." After a few seconds the "something," with a tremendous splash, rose to the top of the water, and proved to be an enormous

sting-ray, which kicked and fought furiously, nearly pulling Klein into the water with him. Finally the monster was hauled to shore, and landed high and dry on the sand. We were warned not to go near the fish while he was still knocking about, as a stab from his stinging-spear would cause intense suffering for some days, even if it had no worse effect. However, with large stones the poor brute was despatched, and we were able to examine him. He was armed with a sting about eight inches long, with a serrated edge like a saw. His weight we could not tell exactly, but the boatmen estimated it at about 70 lb., and altogether he looked a most hopeless gentleman to manage with a rod.

Now, finding the water was too thick for tarpon, we decided to cast off and try some other ground. Klein suggested a place called "The Mission," and on the way there we tried a likely-looking bay; but as no fish showed, we continued our cruise. When we arrived at "The Mission" it was only to find the water like pea-soup. There were plenty of huge fins to be seen on the surface of the water, but not a bite could we get, so it was again a case of up anchor and try somewhere else. We were much disappointed at our bad luck, so our skipper persuaded us to try "Flower Bluff," saying that if we were to catch fish anywhere that would be the place. It was a long way off, but we determined to make that our next point, and as we had fair breeze, we made good way. Night came on all too quickly, and as the moon would not be up for some hours, we let go our anchor and turned into bed. At 3 A.M. the moon rose, so off we started again, making the Sea-Shell Hotel about

eight o'clock. Here we landed, had a very good breakfast, and made our peace with the very obliging landlord.

At the hotel we found our fishing friends, also *en route* for Flower Bluff, so we agreed to sail in consort, which we did, after putting into Rockfort to get bread and a few other supplies. Now a race between the boats began, almost as exciting as if we were racing for the America cup; but our friends easily outstripped us, and showed us the way in a most provoking manner till we got to the narrow passage between the embankment, made across the bay to carry the Aransas Pass Railway, and the islands. Here it is hoped at some future time to give Texas the deep-sea harbour she is so much in need of. Now came our chance of getting ahead, as our friends missed the way, and while they were looking for the passage away to the east, our more experienced pilot sailed straight through it.

Arrived at Flower Bluff, we cast anchor close to a sandbank in about ten feet of water, and all round us we could see tarpon thrashing up the water in their pursuit of the unfortunate mullet. Unluckily we were without bait, so Klein and Hermann went ashore with the casting-net, and after an hour's work with indifferent sport, returned with a few small fish to begin with. The hour's delay was very tiresome, as there was not much time left for fishing that afternoon. My husband ran three large fish in a very few minutes; but he could not get the hook to hold in their hard mouths, and it was aggravating to see the bait thrown into the air at the first leap they made. He then managed to hook a small fish, which behaved in a most untarponlike

manner; for, instead of making strong rushes and leaps, he made straight for the boat, a most unusual thing for a tarpon to do. Klein started to row as if he were racing, while Harry reeled up till the fish was running at about six feet from the stern of the boat. He now had to keep the tarpon passing backwards and forwards to each side of the boat, as there was danger while he remained exactly in her wake that he might jump into Harry's lap. This is a performance to be avoided, as there is not room in a small boat for a lively tarpon and the two men employed in catching him. The entertainment did not last long, and as the victim was only a 40-pounder, Klein ran the boat into shallow water, jumped overboard, and ended the poor brute's struggles with the gaff and a few knocks on the head.

Now another start was made, and three very large fish were firmly hooked, but they made such

furious rushes and frantic leaps that the strong tackle snapped as if it had been a horse-hair. Harry said it was his fault, because he was too hard on them!

During the night a shark came by and made a mouthful of the dead tarpon, which was hanging over the side of the vessel. A school of porpoises also came to our fishing-ground, and as they remained cruising about all day, not a fish was to be seen, and naturally it was no use trying for them. This was a great disappointment, for unfortunately the last day we could spare was gone, and there was nothing to be done but to turn our faces towards Corpus Christi, which we reached about 10.30.

So ended our first campaign amongst the tarpon,—not a very successful one, to be sure, but good enough to make us wish to try the experiment again at some future time.

EDITH A. BAILEY.

HEATHS, MOSSES, AND MERES.

MILES of heather of both shades of colouring, rose-pink and purple, lie all around us, showing as extensive distinct patches on some parts; whilst the two species are about equally mingled on other portions of this glistening, sandy tract of country. Dwarf furze, green broom, and trailing brambles, with tufts of wire-like grass where this can get enough soil to grow on, are here; the two latter will trip you up, if your foot should hang in them, and give you a nasty fall. Very few fir-trees show, and the few clumps that can be seen are ragged and broken by the fierce winds that rush over these open heaths; apparently they are fairly level, but deep hollows intersect them, where ferns and bush-growth flourish luxuriantly, also black alders, sallows, and dwarf-birch. It is easy to tell when you are nearing one of the heath-hollows, for the sand has soil mixed with it. The hollows are filled with soil, not very sweet certainly, yet vegetation flourishes in the shape of low bushes and rushes. Knowing that the waters I was bent on looking at lay in a western direction, I only examined some of the hollows that appeared to run in that direction; but they merely ended in a dead pond fringed round with sand. Not a tuft of rushes was there to break the bareness of it, nor yet a pipit to enliven it, so we are soon out of that hollow and on the heath again, to look around for bearings. Half a mile away a dark winding streak shows below, which we at once make for,—brook alders these are. If there is not water there now, it is moist along that winding hollow, so we decide to follow in the

line of these, one of our rustic friends having told me that if I “could stick it”—meaning that it involved a great amount of uncomfortable travelling—I “might in about a week, or it might be a fortnit, see summat.” Three times was that alder hollow broken by stout hedges that surrounded small farms, where there was soil that in the course of time had been broken up for cultivation. It is interesting to see the sudden changes from corn to fern brake, and from orchards laden with fruit to alder swamp, side by side. In past days all the ground that could be cultivated was dealt with; the rest remained as it is now. The scattered houses of one secluded hamlet—it was not large enough to call a village, even by courtesy—which I dropped down to from some high woods above it, was built on the edge of what had once been a wet moss sprinkled with rush clumps. The main road ran on one side of it, four-armed sign-posts were numerous at the cross-roads, and at the end of the still moist waste was a fair-sized pond. Much has been written about the beauty and the extreme healthiness of the country, but a place may be very beautiful without being particularly healthy. One would not care to live near that waste with the polluted stream running through it. But in this particular hamlet I wished to see the old church, because a man I met told me that there was a “werry old church stuck in a wood t’other end o’ the willage,” if I was curious on “sich things”; and as I had had about enough for one day’s tramping, I asked him the distance to “t’other end,” as he termed it. “Oh, well,

let's see. Well, 'tis within a short half mile, I reckins."

It proved a very long mile, and when the place was reached the entrance-gates that led to the church through a path between trees were locked. The church could not be seen, being in the wood as the man said. Some one did come by at last, and on being asked if he knew where the person could be found who kept the keys of the gates and the church, he replied, "Well, I bain't werry sartin 'bout it like, but if you goos back agin and meks inquiriations in the willage, I dessay as you'll find 'em somewheer."

I thanked him and passed on to the next little village, where the question, "Can you put me up for the night, and can you let me have something to eat and drink?" was answered much as follows: "Well, it ain't werry often as we is asked, fur ye see this is a bit out o' the track, like, but I'll ask the missus. What would ye like tu eat now?"

"Oh, cold meat, if you have it."

"Well, we ain't, for the butcher wunt call afore to-morrow—he on'y cums twice a-week. Ah! here's the missus, now we shall know."

Yes, we find we can sleep there, and for supper, or rather late tea, we can have new-laid eggs and bacon, and tea or coffee, unless we prefer ale or cider: we prefer tea. All is very clean and comfortable, but the same diet for every meal soon becomes monotonous.

When it got dusk I joined the limited company that used the house. As our host was, like most of his class, a small farmer, the custom to the house alone not being sufficient for a living, the conversation of the company turned on crops, horses, dogs, and game, whilst the general stock, such as cows, sheep, and poultry, filled up

odd corners of the conversation whenever it flagged.

I ventured to ask if a celebrated pack of stag-hounds still hunted the district, and our host at once referred me to a grey-headed wiry-looking man that might have been, from the look of his dress, under-keeper, mole-catcher, or stable-help: he had only left the kennels of a well-known hunting establishment when the owner died, having been one of the kennel feeders. From him we had odd scraps of information. The dogs he tended were large hounds, blood-hounds as they were always called by all the rustic population of the district. That they had been crossed with the blood-hound there was not the least doubt; their jowls, ears, and build told that plainly, so did their voices. To look at, they were very large heavy fox-hounds, and they were named far and near by all that knew them as Lord ——'s blood-hounds. That they were sharply looked after when out for exercise was a well-known fact, and it required no small amount of hard riding and thonging at times to keep them from doing mischief. One morning, when out on the main road, they caught sight of a sweep who had been down to the mansion to sweep the kitchen chimney. He was plodding along one of the field-paths well above the road. They sighted him, roared out their challenge, and were in full pursuit like a flash, followed by their attendants, just as hard as the horses could gallop. Old "Coomber" heard the hounds and the shouts of those that were following them; but not before they had crashed through into the large field did he dream they were after him. Fortunately for him, some trees were near: down went his sweeping kit, and Coomber

was up one of these like a squirrel, with the hounds baying him at the foot of it.

Deer-parks and covers for pheasants, to say nothing about the large fields with their partridge coveys, have a class of numerous admirers whom those who look after them would prefer not to see about. Desperate gangs have come from the borders of one county into another, got their booty, and cleared off again without being seen. Their plans are always laid long ahead. The way there, and the way back by a different route, is arranged away from all main roads.

One guardian of the coverts in this district had a pure white pheasant that roosted in a tree close to his house. White pheasants, or nearly such, are to be met with in most large covers, but this particular bird had chosen the near neighbourhood of the keeper's house for resting at night.

After a visit from one of the gangs mentioned, this gamekeeper made the remark that no one would be able to get his white bird at night without his knowing it; in fact, he aired this bit of information considerably. In less than a week that pheasant was shot from its perch; the keeper heard the shot but never saw the one that fired it. The barefaced audacity of the act was the safeguard of the culprit.

Old cottages that have not been improved are to be seen as you pass along. Some of the houses that in past years, by the look of them, had been occupied by yeomen of a substantial class, are now tenanted by a very different class of people, who use them as summer residences. If they are four or five miles from a railway station they soon let. The interiors and exteriors remain as they were when the

houses were built generations back, but the low ceilings and beams have been papered with the latest of paper decorations, the old diamond pattern lead-light windows have been taken out and replaced by fret lead-lights of medieval pattern, and the furniture has been made to suit the age that the houses were built in—the heavy gables, quarterings, and massive old oak beams being painted a dark æsthetic green. What the exact name may be, we do not know, but in our young days this went by the name of “bottle-green,”—a compound it is of yellow ochre and lamp-black. To contrast with this sombre tone of colour, the rough-cast, in between the quarterings, had been coloured a delicate salmon-colour, which is now known, I believe, as cerise. All this is very idealistic in the bright summer-time, and history records some high-handed doings that were carried on in this vicinity when princes and nobles hunted here with hawk and hound; but folks do not stay here in the winter, when the waters rush down from the hills and flood the roads, if they can help it. Before the leaves are quite off the trees, the owners of the cosily furnished and furbished up old farm-houses leave them in charge of some one for the winter, and go back to town, to come again when the birds are singing.

Some moneyed folks carry their æsthetic fads with them out into the wilderness; but only a few, fortunately, as yet. On one corner of a wild heath, sheltered by a belt of high firs, I lately passed by a large house of many gables, the roofs being covered by tiles of a ferocious red. The gables, quarterings, and window-frames were painted peacock-green, the sashes pure white. All the outside doors were a faint rose colour. About

fifty yards away from it, on the other side of the newly-made road, in its own garden patch, sheltered by birch-trees and willows, stood one of the large old rambling cottages, grey and yellow tinted, covered with moss and lichens. This was in perfect keeping with all that surrounded it; the other was simply incongruous and out of place. One fine house stands in the centre of what had been only a few years ago one of the most treacherous snipe-bogs in the whole district. It is very secluded now, for wet ground and alder thickets surround it; on one side only is it comparatively open, and that is where the woods slope down to the moor. Good roads have been made, that never have water lying on them, even in the wettest seasons. With the exception of the spot where the ground had been levelled for the house itself, the rest had been left in a state of nature; but plants and flowers from other lands had replaced those that once grew there. So cleverly has all this been done that it looks part and parcel of the district fenced in. The rill that once trickled through now forms a pond filled with white water-lilies; a rustic bridge of twisted and gnarled oak branches reaches from one bank to another over the pond; it is strong and solid, but the bridge looks as if a dozen axe-men had thrown it over in the course of a day. Fruit and vegetable gardens, forcing-houses, and pit-lights are all there in perfection and abundance,—a dwelling-place and a garden in what was once a reeking snipe-haunt.

So far as seclusion goes, it is as quiet and out-of-the-way as it ever has been. If we had not followed the road up, we should not have known such a beautiful

place existed. It caused me to go a couple of miles out of my way, but I felt well repaid in seeing what could be made by judicious management and refined taste out of what was once a swamp that would not bear a man.

Next morning after breakfast we bade our host and hostess good morning, after being warned by him not to get off the hard track, in passing through a moss that was on my way, unless I travelled by the narrow up-and-down cross-country road.

I had seen mosses or moss-swamps before, but this could hardly be surpassed for wild beauty, although so far as size went it was only a long patch, whilst others run for miles. Still, before I got through it, it was more than enough for me. Young flappers were about, near the foot-way—too much wet does not suit even ducks—and snipe were near; and that was about all the life to be seen, with the exception of a rabbit or two. What there may have been concealed on or in those moss-bunches, ranging in size from a large circular table to a flower-pot, one could only guess at. If one had placed one's foot on one of those gaily tinted masses of moss, one would have gone down through it and been smothered.

If to the natural beauties of such spots you have added, as we had, a heavy thunder-storm and a perfect deluge of rain, you are likely to remember it for some time. It is almost useless now going out in the wilds to look for wild creatures. Fires have so devastated whole tracts of country of late years, that all we are acquainted with in southern counties draw as near man and his dwellings as he will let them. So much has this been the case quite re-

cently, that you may go for a distance of twenty miles now over the roughest ground and not see a slow-worm, let alone anything more important. This is a matter that has been noticed by other field-naturalists with whom I have compared notes. Some creatures are now scarce where at one time they were a little too numerous. All birds have some traits about them that are impossible to understand. Just before that storm burst a fine male cormorant in full plumage left a piece of water where he would have been in perfect safety, for no one would have seen him, to settle on the ridge of a house like a pigeon. We need not add that he had not been there a minute before he was shot, to be put in a fine glass case, well set up. The bird must have been carried out of its course at express speed. Immature birds I have known visit certain lakes, ponds, and meres; but this, a full-plumaged adult, in August of 1894 was, I think, an exceptional case

so far inland, thirty and forty miles from the tide. That large stretches of fresh water, broken by heaths, woods, mosses, and alder swamps, all of them well stocked with fish, should at times attract the fowl at certain seasons, might be expected. The osprey or fish-hawk has not only been seen but shot in the same line of country.

There is in this district any amount of the most charming scenery, varied to a degree, from the most rugged to the softest velvet-like bits that were ever placed on canvas, but not one of the artistic community have I seen in a fortnight. In certain spots in Surrey artists gather like flocks of sheep, until the public has become wearied with repetitions of the same old cottages, venerable dames in mob-caps, and chubby children. Now and again one will seek out a wilder spot, such as is indicated here, with results satisfactory to his art as well as his pocket.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

BRITAIN IN THE BOX.

THE walls of Jericho have fallen indeed ! The general election commenced on the 13th of July, and in two days London was virtually in the hands of the Unionists, while more than a hundred members of the same party had been returned unopposed in the various boroughs and counties. By the middle of the week the Unionist triumph was assured. The key-note was struck by the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at Derby, who, to the general surprise of all parties, was pelted out of the borough with his own Local Veto Bill. After this men's minds were prepared for anything ; and they had not long to wait for equally remarkable events. Mr Woodall, Mr Arnold Morley, Mr Shaw-Lefevre, Sir J. Hibbert, Mr George Russell, shared successively the fate of their former colleague ; and finally, to crown all, Mr John Morley was ejected from Newcastle. All the pretensions and protestations on which the Radicals sought to secure their tottering edifice while in office have been scattered to the four winds. In Scotland, as we go to press, they have lost eleven seats and only carried four ; in Wales they have lost five seats, and gained none at all. They were always told that Scotland was against Disestablishment ; nor did Lord Rosebery's ingenuous confession of the true grounds on which he himself supported it, though on principle an advocate of the connection between Church and State, do much to disarm the hostility of the people. In Wales they were told also that they had completely miscalculated the strength of the Church party. We pointed out to them

last January that the tests on which the Liberationists in Wales relied were wholly fallacious ; that while in 1892 the Nonconformists had polled their full strength, it was demonstrably certain that the Church party had not ; and that, just as a religious census would tell a very different tale from their own, so also would a general election. Perhaps they did not require to have it pointed out to them. Perhaps the late Government were equally well aware of it, too ; and the consciousness may have strengthened their reluctance to face an appeal to the people. However, the truth is now brought out with indisputable clearness ; and what seems also to be a conclusion fairly deducible from the late election is that in 1892 the same thing happened in the rest of Great Britain as happened in the Principality. The Unionists maintained their majority, but they lost the command of the situation by not keeping it up to the mark. That a certain number of voters have actually been transferred from one side to the other is of course certain. There is always lying between the two great parties a floating mass of unsettled opinion, veering now to one side and now to another as circumstances may incline it. But the clean sweep of the board which has now been effected by the Unionists cannot be due to this element alone. Neither do we think it likely that so large a number of the regular Radical party as would be necessary to account for it have absolutely changed their principles within so short a time as three years. Our own belief is that the general elec-

tion of 1892 indicated no change of public opinion, but only that degree of supineness and security on the part of the Unionists which long tenure of power has a tendency to generate. This is a theory to which we have frequently adverted in our political articles: and it is certainly very strange that no sooner had the combined forces of Great Britain and Ireland built up a Radical majority than the electors of Great Britain set to work to pull it down again. In only three years they reduced it from forty-two to twenty-seven—a result which certainly seems to indicate rather that the Unionist party had woke up to a sense of their own delinquency than that they had really lost any great numerical strength between 1886 and 1892.

But not less remarkable than the general result is the number of seats to which Unionist members were returned unopposed. These amounted to something like a hundred during the two first days; and they have been considerably swelled since. No such spectacle has been witnessed within the memory of men, nor can any other instance of it be found in our parliamentary history. Such a confession of weakness is unprecedented, and in the case of a Ministry who boasted down to the last that they had the country with them, and had received a popular mandate for all the measures they were proposing, it suggests very serious reflections. Certainly it more than justifies all that we have said upon the subject in previous numbers of this Magazine, and more especially in the last one. We said that the by-elections were a denial of the mandate. We dared the Government to put the nation in the

witness-box. And now it is proved that their so-called commission was spurious, and that they had the best possible reasons for shrinking from a dissolution of Parliament. The unopposed returns show that the statesmen who claimed a mandate were conscious of the fraud, and knew that their case was a hopeless one before it was opened. Otherwise, is it to be believed for one moment that they would have failed to provide candidates for a large number of these seats, or that they would have allowed judgment to go by default in nearly a hundred and fifty constituencies?

The decisive majority by which Lord Salisbury has been restored to power, after an interval of only three years, naturally suggests the question why he was ever turned out. If he had really lost the confidence of the country in 1892, he would hardly have met with such a hearty reception in 1895; and we should rather say that the lesson to be learned from 1892 and 1895 is that we in England must begin seriously to recognise the power of “log-rolling” in politics, and the necessity of always being on our guard against it. The late Government were confessedly kept in office by this and nothing else; and there can be little doubt that the trifling majority which they obtained in 1892 was due to the same cause. Its complete exposure in the late Parliament has doubtless disabled it for the time, while its absolute failure to attain any of its desired objects must have added lead to the limbs of its professors. But it may recover in time; and we can only recommend the electors of Great Britain to keep an eye on its movements and not to be

caught without their arms again. Great Britain had not changed its opinions in 1892, but a change of Government was forced upon it by reason of its own slackness. It has had a sharp lesson, and may be expected to profit by it.

The Government themselves did all they could to make the most of their position. Home Rule, Disestablishment, and a demonstration against the House of Lords were all in the day's work, necessary forms to be gone through, but not exciting very much interest among the working classes generally. Home Rule, perhaps, they feared, as likely to increase the Irish immigration into this country. But with regard to the other two we should say the feeling of a great many was one of indifference. But there *were* measures, both promoted and neglected, which did excite the interest of the working man to a very considerable extent. These were the Local Veto Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Eight Hours' Bill, on the one hand; and measures which were *not* introduced on the subject of the Poor Law, of Home Labour, of Artisans' Dwellings, of Agricultural Distress, on the other. The British workman won't be robbed of his beer if he knows it, and least of all by the means proposed. To confiscate the property of one class without a farthing compensation, in order to encourage virtue in another, too childish to take care of itself, would be committing a crime merely to mitigate a vice. The means were wholly, enormously, disproportioned to the end:—

“Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a
child”—

But Sir William Harcourt would.

To conceal intemperance, as a wash may efface pimples, only by driving it inwards, he would have stewed the unhappy publicans without the least mercy. The working man did not approve of this. Neither did he approve of Sir William Harcourt's scuttling the Employers' Liability Bill in a fit of temper, because he could not make it a measure for robbing the workman of his liberty. A very large section of the labouring class were likewise averse to being placed under the thumb of the trades unions, which would have been the effect of the Eight Hours Bill had the Government remained in office.

It is, however, to the agricultural labourer that the Radicals owe their *coup de grâce*. Nobody could say for certain what the ultimate result would be till the English eastern counties had spoken. There was still a chance, to which the Radicals clung with aching hearts, that the counties would restore the battle. On the 17th the labourers were called upon, and in twenty-four hours the Radicals were put out of their misery. Unionist victories in Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Essex, to say nothing of Wiltshire and Derbyshire, and the repulse of the Radicals by greatly increased majorities wherever they ventured to attack a Unionist fortress, told their own tale. All was over. And the agricultural interest had shown, at all events, that it was not to be neglected, insulted, and left to perish with impunity. Neither labourers nor farmers felt that anything had been done for them by the Radical Government. Many fair promises were lavished on them three years ago. But when these had done their work no more was heard of them.

Instead of reducing the burdens upon land, Sir William Harcourt trebled them. The Parish Councils Bill, the natural complement of the County Councils Bill, which the Conservatives would have brought in to complete their own edifice, was after all but a tribute to an idea. The labourers did not find that it made any practical difference in their condition. They felt that they had been treated like children; and they naturally turned to those who would devote their time and energy to the social questions in which the peasantry are really interested, and desist from the quixotic business of attacking Churches, senates, and empires.

In Scotland, in particular, the history of the Crofters' Bill, as we explained in our last number, is quite sufficient to explain any loss of seats north of the Tweed. But over and above all we must remember that the spectacle of continuous failure and proved incapacity would have its effect upon the working man as well as upon all other classes, even though he had suffered nothing at all from it himself. He saw what a miserable mess the Radicals had made of their affairs; he saw that they had stuck fast—that they could do nothing, and would, as far as lay in their power, prevent others from doing anything. He was perfectly capable of understanding that the great want of the country was a strong Government, and of appreciating the selfish cowardice which deterred the Ministry from taking the only step which could possibly secure one. We may depend upon it that these considerations, to which perhaps the Radicals may have thought that the labourers were impervious, have had considerable weight.

To these observations it may be added that the Radical party is now practically without a leader. Nobody knew when he voted for it whether he was supporting Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt. The great name was gone—the name which would rouse enthusiasm by itself, without the aid of any extraneous stimulant. Sir William Harcourt might represent something very beautiful, some political principle of surpassing merit; but he was not good enough to make the people swallow it with their eyes shut. They were tired, in fact, of these *μετέωρα πράγματα*—of seeing statesmen always on their hind-legs and trying to scale Olympus. They wanted some quiet useful work done of a really practical character, and experience led them to the Conservatives. Had Mr Gladstone remained at the head of the party, the glamour which he had thrown over it might have lasted in some quarters, though not, we think, in Scotland. But with the disappearance of the enchanter the spell is broken. The electors are set free, and come down into the common day.

The excellent understanding which has prevailed throughout between the two sections of the Unionist party, soon we hope to be only one, and to bear only one name, is of good augury for the future of that national party to which the Duke of Devonshire looks forward, and which Mr Chamberlain already sees. It is not in a day, or even in a few years, that old associations, old watchwords, and familiar names can be forgotten or laid aside to make room for new combinations rendered necessary “by time and fate.” With the leaders of political parties, the men who are in

constant contact with the highest thought and culture of the age, and also with each other, the process is less difficult; because they are better able to gauge the real significance of party terms, and the comparative value of the objects which they represent. But with the rank and file it is different. It is not without real pain that the local Conservative or local Liberal consents to call himself by any name but the one which he has borne so long, or to support a parliamentary candidate whose party as long as he can remember has fought under a hostile flag, and been the object of his keenest opposition. It is a great wrench, we say, to such a man to turn his back on his former antipathies, and to be compelled to believe that any good can come out of Nazareth. So far from being surprised at what took place in Leamington and Birmingham, our wonder is that it did not occur more frequently; and it speaks volumes for the good sense and patriotism of the Conservative Unionists that they gave way as they did. That they gave way only at the eleventh hour shows the depth of their sincerity. That they gave way at all is an equally strong proof of their loyalty.

We can only hope, as we write, that the same good sense and disinterested loyalty will continue to be shown by the Liberal Unionists. The correspondence which has been published between a member of that party and the head of it shows that all jealousy and uneasiness has not yet disappeared. Liberal Unionists are afraid of being called Tories. But Conservatives might just as well be afraid of being called Radicals. We must look to facts, not words. And he must be a very weak-kneed brother who cannot laugh

at an idle taunt like this, for the sake of the great principles to which his party are devoted. Of course every effort has been made by the Opposition to render the necessary sacrifices as difficult as possible for both sides, by bringing all their armoury of wit to bear on "the Coalition"; and parading from one end of the kingdom to the other the famous words which Mr Disraeli in his wrath let fall nearly half a century ago, "England does not love Coalitions." She certainly had no cause to love the Coalition which turned Lord Derby out of office in 1852. But none knew better than Mr Disraeli himself that there have been Coalitions which England did love, as well as those which she did not. The ever-memorable Coalition of 1783 long stunk in the nostrils of the people, and is the one by which transactions of this kind have usually been judged. But the Coalition of 1794 was both patriotic and popular; and so was the Coalition of 1835-40, when the Moderate Whigs went over to Conservatism to resist the Radical party, to which Lord John Russell had surrendered himself. If we examine each of these combinations, we shall easily perceive certain distinctive features which determine its character at once. The great points, the notes of a healthy Coalition, are—first, that it should be formed for the sake of principles, or else for the sake of the public safety, and not for the purpose of gratifying either personal animosities or personal ambition; secondly, that it should follow on a gradual concurrence of opinion between the coalescing parties; and, thirdly, that both should have tested by experience the possibility of their acting together on the great public ques-

tions of the day. Where only some of these conditions are present, the Coalition may be honest and useful. Where all are wanting, it stands condemned at once.

We have omitted to mention the Coalition against Sir R. Walpole, which was of so very blended a character that it cannot well be coupled with either of the three above-mentioned ones. It was a Coalition to hunt down an individual and to gratify personal ambition: that is certain. But it was also a Coalition formed for great public objects, or what were honestly believed to be such by the majority of those engaged in it. But in 1783 and 1852 we have the *verugo mera*. We will not inflict upon our readers a detailed history of either. It is sufficient to say that the Coalition between Fox and North was one formed for the exclusive purpose of hunting down an obnoxious individual, between statesmen and parties who only one year before had been at each other's throats, and whom the interval had supplied with no common bond of union except jealousy of Lord Shelburne. On all questions of policy they were as far asunder as ever.

“Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obigit
Tecum mihi discordia est,”

is what any member who had supported Lord North in 1782 might have said to any member who supported Mr Fox in 1783. It was totally impossible that they could have continued to act together, even had the Ministry remained in office. This famous Coalition, then, was a sacrifice of all principle, consistency, and public spirit on the shrine of personal jealousy.

The Coalition of 1852 was not much better. It was formed for the express purpose of hunting

down Mr Disraeli between two parties whose fundamental differences it was impossible either to reconcile or suppress, with the result that the discordant and vacillating Ministry formed out of such materials plunged us into the Crimean war, which it was admitted by Mr Cobden that Lord Derby's continuance in office would almost certainly have prevented. It is true that one of the conditions we have named was partially present in the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Government. The Whigs and the Peelites had acted together for some years before it took place. But their agreement extended no further than the defence of Free Trade. And when that was out of danger Mr Gladstone did not hesitate to vote against Lord John Russell's Government both on agricultural distress in 1850 and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in 1851. When Lord Russell resigned, two years afterwards, there was nothing to prevent the Peelites from re-joining Lord Derby except hatred of the new Conservative leader who had risen in the meantime. Even after the general election, Mr Gladstone's object was not to turn out Lord Derby, but simply to oust Mr Disraeli and step into his shoes. Foiled in this attempt, he instantly joined the Coalition Ministry, though neither he nor any of his associates, except, perhaps, Sir James Graham, had the slightest sympathy with Whig principles, Whig policy, or Whig measures. There had been no approximation of opinion between them during the period they had acted together, on either foreign or domestic politics.

If we look to 1795 and 1835, we shall see a very different spectacle. The junction of the Whigs with

Mr Pitt was against a foreign enemy by whom we were threatened with invasion. Englishmen were called upon to show a united front to such a danger; and their response was such that the Opposition, as the joke ran, all went down to Westminster in a hackney-coach. But it is during the six years that elapsed between 1835 and 1841 that we see the best illustration of what a Coalition ought to be, and the nearest approach to the course of events during the last nine years. Lord Stanley and the other Whigs who agreed with him seceded from the Government and the party to which they had always belonged rather than consent to the spoliation of the Church in Ireland. This was the point of departure. They did not join Sir Robert Peel's Ministry in 1835 any more than Lord Hartington and Mr Chamberlain joined Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886, and the reasons assigned for this abstention by Lord Derby himself might have been given in almost the same words by the present Duke of Devonshire fifty years afterwards. Peel's new allies continued to give him an independent support during the whole of the Melbourne Administration, and unanimity on one point gradually led to unanimity on others, till co-operation had at length ripened into coalition, and all lines of difference had been completely effaced. This is the only healthy process by which under ordinary circumstances these combinations can be effected. And is not this an exact account of the very steps by which the original alliance of the Liberal Unionists with the Conservatives gradually proceeded, till it glided naturally and easily into the more complete amalgamation which we now witness? Is

there not all the difference in the world between this and those unnatural Coalitions, to use the words of Mr Pitt, which England rightly does not love? And would it be possible, we may further ask, for the system of party Government to continue at all without a periodical redistribution of its forces and a periodical extension of its basis? The more progressive elements of the Conservative party and the more conservative elements of the progressive party gravitate towards each other by a natural political law, and unite from time to time to produce the new political organisation which the movement of thought in the country at large requires. A party system which was debarred from doing so, which was incapable of these processes of excretion and absorption, must soon wither away and perish.

The unhappy Mr Goldwin Smith, on whom the mention of Mr Disraeli's name always acts like the red rag upon the bull, and who can never forget the punishment he once received from him, has rushed into print in defence of the Coalition of 1852, and, further than this, in order to convict Mr Disraeli of having been himself a party to various transactions of the kind of a much more malignant type. "He coalesced with the Whigs and Radicals against Peel on the Coercion Bill, he coalesced with the Radicals against Palmerston on the Conspiracy Bill, and he coalesced against Lord Russell on parliamentary reform." But these affairs were not Coalitions. To call them so is positively childish. It might just as well be said that when Mr Gladstone supported Mr Disraeli's motion on agricultural distress, he was coalescing with him against the Government, who were beaten on

it by a majority of twenty-one; or that when he combined with the leader of the Opposition to censure Sir Cornewall Lewis's Budget in 1857, he was coalescing with him against Lord Palmerston. Still more might the Peelite agreement with the Tories in 1857 on the Chinese question have been termed a Coalition. But it is not to isolated combinations of this kind that the term is properly applied. In the language of political history it means something totally different. But this was a matter of indifference to Mr Goldwin Smith, if he could only have a side-kick at the dead lion, whom he pursues with all the vindictive spite of an offended woman.

The Coalition Government, then, of 1895 fulfils all the conditions which are necessary to distinguish a sound political transaction from a vicious one; and such being the case, we may expect its offspring to testify to the virtues of its parent. What do we mean, therefore, by the National party, to which we have several times referred? What is a party to be which is neither Whig nor Tory, neither Conservative nor destructive, but National? It must obviously be the party which subordinates sectional to national interests—questions which concern only particular groups and cliques to questions which concern us all, and call more urgently for attention than mere abstract theories, ranking much higher perhaps in the domain of political philosophy, but decidedly lower in the scale of practical legislation.

It has sometimes been urged that a National party is a contradiction in terms: that if it represents the whole nation it cannot be a party: and that if it represents less it cannot be national.

But we must take common-sense views of such questions, and consider that the word National cannot after all be an exhaustive term, or used in a strictly literal sense, when we are discussing either the institutions, or the character, or the customs of any given people. By the term National we can only mean something which attracts to itself so large and preponderant a share of the national affections, and is so thoroughly in harmony with all the instincts and traditions of the people, that the minority who do not share in them are likely to be powerless for evil for at least another generation. A good instance of what we mean is the party that was formed by Mr Pitt,—a party which continued to represent the general feeling of the country for very nearly half a century, and might have represented it much longer but for the mismanagement of Peel and Wellington. For more than thirty years at all events this party was a national party. The great Conservative majority of 1841 very nearly, if not quite, came within the definition of a national party. It had absorbed into its ranks a large amount of floating Liberalism, alienated from the Whigs by their alliance with Repealers and Radicals. The country was in no hurry about Free Trade. It would have rested contentedly under the sway of that moderate Conservatism which Peel represented. But yielding a second time to that precipitancy which is the growth of timidity, he broke up this powerful connection, and it was not till after an interval of forty years that any signs of its revival began to show themselves. Now, however, Lord Salisbury has, *mutatis mutandis*, much the same chance

before him as Sir Robert Peel had in 1842. There are several great national interests on which all parties are agreed that some legislation is necessary. Agriculture is one, the Poor Law is another, Education is a third, and Labour is a fourth. A National party will also attach great importance to our connection with the colonies, and to the necessity for opening up new markets for British manufactures. Such a party will regard our institutions from an imperial rather than a provincial point of view, and will consider what is best for the entire community, and not merely what will satisfy particular schools of politicians, each with some pet panacea for all the evils of the age. Great countries cannot be governed on such a principle as this, as the late Government found to their cost; and hence the necessity of a powerful majority, to enable the Government to act on broad views, and to disregard the importunities of hobby-riders. In carrying out the policy of which he has already given us a forecast, Lord Salisbury will have the support of a great mass of independent public opinion which cannot be brought within the grasp of our party nomenclature, and will be recognised as the Minister of the nation more completely than any one who has ever held the same position since the son of Chatham breathed his last. He is in a much better position for realising this ideal than Lord Beaconsfield was in twenty years ago. He has a larger party at his back, founded on a broader basis, and perhaps a stronger Cabinet to work with than has fallen to the lot of any Minister in the nineteenth century. The country is thoroughly weary of that succession of flashes in the

pan, which is all it gets from Radical Governments, and will grow more and more attached to any Administration which proves itself willing to desert showy impossibilities and heroic humbug, standing obstacles to real progress, for the quiet path of social improvement, which the late Government apparently thought beneath its dignity.

One great principle, at all events, we may expect the present Government to recognise—a principle to the popularity of which the late election has borne abundant testimony: we mean the principle of personal freedom in all the relations of life. Free labour, free contract, free choice of education, local independence *versus* centralised bureaucracy, and the freedom of each individual to regulate his own life and morals, are what the people clearly want, and what the late Government made a fatal mistake in underrating. It has, we think, been comparatively little noticed by how wide a gulf modern Radicalism is in these respects divided from true Liberalism. The Liberal policy was formerly a policy of liberation, as distinct from a policy of restriction. All Liberal legislation from 1820 downwards was in the direction of removing restrictions. All Radical legislation at the present day is in the direction of imposing them. Local Veto, Eight Hours' Bills, Employers' Liability Bills, the tyranny of the Education Department,—what are all these but the imposition of new social fetters, much more galling than any which existed sixty years ago, in the days of the first reformers? Liberals and Conservatives united in removing these; and now we are suddenly required by those who call themselves the only true Lib-

erals of the day to reverse this process, and to revert to the old system of State dictation. How this reactionary policy can be called Liberalism passes all comprehension. And such seems also to be the opinion of the English people.

Centralisation, however, is a vice to which Liberalism was always prone; and though its professors have latterly taken a leaf out of the Conservative book, they have not been very willing pupils. They completed the work which they would not allow the Conservatives to finish when they were last in office, and added Parish and District Councils to the system of county self-government. But they took much more kindly to a proposal which exhibits all the worst features of centralisation without any of its redeeming points: we mean the unification of London, a policy which cost them a great many metropolitan votes. We cannot say, then, that they have been untrue to Liberal principles in being the friends of centralisation. But they have at various times tried to persuade their dupes that they were its enemies. The Education Department was a standing refutation of these pretensions: and, finally, the cloven hoof appeared without disguise in the unification of London.

Lord Salisbury's policy is the reverse. He is prepared to establish in London a number of district municipalities charged with the administration of local affairs—a system much more in accordance with English ideas than the bloated bureaucracy into whose hands the Radicals would deliver the four millions who inhabit London. After their experience of the pedantic tyranny and stupid fanaticism of the London County Council

as it is, Londoners did not much relish the proposal to place them absolutely at its mercy.

We say, then, to the people of Great Britain, Look on this picture, and on that. On the one side, social tyranny, civic slavery, godless education, agricultural ruin; on the other, personal freedom, civic independence, religious teaching, agricultural revival. Look into the future and see what Radicalism is preparing for us: see the blackened ruins of our national institutions; the wreck of our glorious empire; the loss of our colonies; the practical destruction of the most splendid, most kindly, and most highly cultivated social system which the world has ever seen; the expulsion of capital; the flight of credit; the downfall of our whole prosperity.

Such is the final catastrophe to which Radical ideas, if carried to their logical consequences, indisputably point. Half-a-dozen Radicals, riding their own hobbies through thick and thin, may be the masters of the Treasury Bench, and compel submission to their will. We see very well what they are aiming at—the destruction of the House of Lords, of the landed aristocracy, of the Church, and in the end the abandonment of our empire; the emasculation of industry by the discouragement of individual energy, and the enervation of character by transferring to a sumptuary law what ought to be the work of self-discipline. Thus would perish all that is dignified and graceful, all that is vigorous and manly, in the national life; all that appeals to the imagination, and lifts man for a time above the sordid surroundings which fall to the lot of so many of us; all that develops

self-respect, self-reliance, and independence. Will any man pretend to say that this is not a perfectly faithful picture of the *tendency* of modern Radicalism? and it is only by keeping it constantly before our minds that we can appreciate the obligation which rests upon every lover of his country of constantly holding it in check. Radicalism will have

its way at times: it is a force which will occasionally prevail; but we may prevent it from proceeding so far as to deprive us of all control over it. The people of Great Britain are, we think, happily alive to this necessity; and such, in addition to its constructive duties, will be the defensive function of the new National party.

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THE JAPANESE IMBROGLIO.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

6th July 1895.

THOUGH no political weather-prophet could have foretold from what quarter of the heavens the storm would burst, there has been for a good many years past a growing conviction among those who reflect on such matters that the balance of power in Asia was destined before long to become a source of world-wide disturbance. Two years ago we indicated some of the static elements of this international problem, and what we have now to say on the subject forms but the natural sequel to what we wrote then.¹

Last year the dynamic element was signalled in a manner for which we, with the rest of the

world, must own to have been unprepared; and the war has brought suddenly to the surface three principal factors in the question,—the dead force of China; the latent force of Russia; and the active force of Japan. The interaction of the three has dragged into the arena, under novel conditions, the Great Powers of Europe.

Russia proved her interest in the dispute between China and Japan from the moment when relations became strained between the two countries. A month before the outbreak of the war the Russian Minister in Tokyo was instructed to make representations to Japan of such a nature that no doubt could have been left in the mind of the Mikado's Ministers as to the

¹ See 'Maga,' "The Russian Acquisition of Manchuria," May (p. 631); "Russian Progress in Manchuria," August (p. 199); "Balance of Power in Eastern Asia," September (p. 397), 1893.

part which Russia must eventually play in any readjustment of the balance of power in the Far East. There was at that time only the question of Korea. The invasion of Chinese territory had not yet been thought of by any one not in the Japanese secret.¹

The subsequent progress of the war and the military enthusiasm of the Japanese rendered the prospect extremely embarrassing for Russia, who, seeing her diplomatic warnings put aside, was obliged to consider the contingency of having eventually to defend her position by force of arms.

Russia's position on the Pacific is, for the present at least, only tenable on the condition that she has peaceable neighbours—for her Amur frontier is long and weak, her communications with Vladivostok slow and subject to serious interruptions. Without, therefore, attributing to Russia any aggressive designs either against Korea or Manchuria, her interest in maintaining these territories in the possession of non-warlike races needs no argument to prove. A restless military nation, and a populous, like the Japanese, established on the Russian flank and controlling the whole seaboard south of the frozen harbour of Vladivostok, would have been more intolerable for Russia than a Russian occupation of Afghanistan would be for India. Indeed it may be said to be a simple matter of life and

death for Russia in the Pacific to keep Japan off her frontier at any cost. Her policy is thus imposed on her by the inexorable conditions of her existence.

But Russia had to carry out her policy with circumspection. She had to strengthen herself for possible action which, at such a vast distance, required time. She had besides to guard against complications with other Powers. In particular there was jealousy of England to be reckoned with. A chronic but practically impotent antagonism had shaped the recent policy of Great Britain, so far as it was shaped at all. This was most apparent in Korea, because in that peninsula there were no commercial or other material interests to adumbrate the political significance of diplomatic intercourse; neither was there knowledge or experience of the country to aid the British representatives in maintaining an attitude of interested observation unbiassed by local polemic. Indeed the temptation for the subordinate agents who were sent there to have a "policy" of their own was at times a source of embarrassment to their chief.

Broadly speaking, Great Britain, though naturally jealous of the increase of Russian power in the Far East, was not prepared to take any overt measures to check its advance. With the ulterior purpose of using her as a buffer, as well as in the interest of exist-

¹ A St Petersburg correspondent of the 'New York Herald' put the case clearly on October 10, and the same tone was continued in the Russian press throughout the war: "Russia, as long as the war runs a normal course, will wait until matters come to such a point that one or other of the adversaries sues for peace. She will then, and then only, interfere in order that the negotiations may not take a turn prejudicial to her interests. That is to say, she will insist on the independence of Korea being respected, and will expect the victor to seek compensation in other directions from the vanquished party. The Russian press, in considering the possibility of such eventualities, already writes in a tone that is a warning to Japan not to push matters too far, and thereby force Russia to interfere."

ing commerce, she indeed cultivated good relations with China, but in such an inconsiderate manner that she failed to obtain even the proportionate influence in Peking which was due to the preponderance of her commerce alone. She, in fact, betrayed her anxiety to purchase China's friendship at any price, apparently forgetting the teaching of history and the lessons of worldly experience, that it is strength and not weakness that commands influence all the world over. That illusion is dispelled, perhaps for ever, as regards China; but there may be danger of its reappearing in the case of Japan, to which country the universal law applies no less than to China.

As regards Korea, however, so obvious a source of future trouble to the States which surrounded her, there was no real necessity for collision between Russian and English policy. However much opposed their ultimate views might be, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" is a maxim of wisdom which fitted the circumstances exactly. From that point of view the dependent condition of Korea might have rendered her a bond of harmony, instead of a bone of contention, between England and Russia. And in this connection it is important to note that the views of Russian strategists respecting the occupation of Korea had undergone considerable modification in recent years. They had, in fact, arrived at the conclusion that, having regard to its numerous harbours, the peninsula could not be defended against a strong naval Power; and that it would be impolitic for Russia to compromise herself by attempting to hold the country. This view of the Russian Government was highly favourable to an amicable understanding with Great Britain.

Time was, indeed, when this ideal relation actually existed. The shuffling of diplomatic cards had brought together in Peking representatives of the two Powers whose personal idiosyncrasies enabled them to live together on terms of confidence. Sir John Walsham and Mr Coumany maintained for their term of office such a good understanding respecting Korean and Chinese matters as had not been seen before and may never be seen again. And these good relations were continued with Mr Coumany's successor, Count Cassini, until Sir John Walsham's departure from China in 1892. Nor is this so paradoxical as it may seem when we consider that, without prejudice to ulterior ambitions, both Powers were interested in at least the provisional maintenance of the *status quo*, and as long as they followed the same road there was no reason for disagreement even if eventually their paths were destined to diverge.

When, therefore, the Japanese invasion threatened to disturb the existing status, the two Western Powers might perfectly well have joined in neutralising Korea, or they might have agreed that the one should do it with the assent of the other, or they might have joined Japan in establishing some new *modus vivendi* for the peninsula. By such timely intervention in June 1894, whatever special form it might have taken, the war would either have been prevented, or Japan would have been forced to seek another pretext. The Chinese, on their part, would have been pleased to rid themselves of their Korean responsibilities on such safe terms, for they were sick of their profitless and dangerous relations with the peninsular kingdom. There is some reason to think, moreover, that Japan her-

self as well as China would have welcomed a mild form of coercion before the war began. Japanese statesmen have said, both at the beginning of the war and since the peace, that if this Minister had been here or that other there the war could have been prevented. An Anglo-Russian understanding at that time would have been decisive for peace. More than that, a working understanding respecting Korean affairs might have opened the way for similar pacific action elsewhere.

In justice to the British agents then occupying these Eastern posts, it must be said that they honestly laboured for some such solution of the difficulty; but their exertions bore no fruit, because they neither derived hearty support from Downing Street nor were fertilised by any sincere understanding with the Russian colleagues.

Had some such arrangement, which was intrinsically practicable, been made, Great Britain would have retained a voice potential in the disposal of the political fortunes of the Korean peninsula, while Japan and Russia would have got all they professed to desire, and China would have been satisfied. It would have been for Great Britain a cheap, safe, and conservative stroke of imperial policy. What was it that hindered, since so many influences favoured it? Her Majesty's Government may have held other views, or, what is more likely, no views at all, just at that moment, for their navigating formulæ were all upset by the apparition of a new planet in a quarter of the heavens where it was least expected; and as political geniuses are not born every day, it is not perhaps to be ascribed as a fault to her Majesty's Government that they failed to extemporise a man capable of seizing the new situation

as a general seizes a new combination on the field of battle. With the best will in the world the most well-intentioned efforts in the direction indicated would have failed simply for want of a common understanding. Her Majesty's Government did not understand their agents, nor they each other, and no one of them had had a chance of comprehending the circumstances in which he was expected to act. If the telegrams exchanged between Downing Street and Peking, Seoul, and Tokyo during the months of June and July 1894—and costly messages they were—are ever made public, they will probably reveal nothing but bewilderment all round. None the less is it true that in the midst of that fog Great Britain lost her chance of retaining a voice in the destiny of Korea. With greater deliberation—whether with greater wisdom, time will soon show—she also let the last chance slip of maintaining a say in that and other territorial questions when she separated herself, or allowed herself to be separated, from the Powers on the question of revising the Treaty of Shimonoseki.

With Russia there has never been the least room for ambiguity. She had one thing to do, with or without allies, by word or by deed. The conditions of her existence compelled her to keep the Japanese off her continent. She did not bluster or palaver, but she diligently prepared, and from the beginning to the end of the war she left no doubt for a single moment of where her interests lay, or of her resolution to defend them. In deference to Russian warnings, Japan refrained from the formal annexation of Korea, while contriving matters so that she should possess the territory in fact, while in form it was made independent. How she came to forget, in her

eagerness of conquest of Liao-tung, the decided views of Russia, has not been explained; but Russia has been no less clear in her attitude respecting Liao-tung than she was with regard to Korea. It would appear that, with all her cleverness, organising genius, and really grand ideas, the statesmanship of Japan is still somewhat callow. From the outset she has cherished the delusion that she could of her own will isolate the questions between her and China. Japanese spokesmen have reiterated this opinion constantly, and up to the last, at Shimonoseki, Count Ito refused to consider the views which non-belligerents might entertain of the settlement. Her civilising enterprise in Korea, too, in so far as it has been sincere, has been marked by a pedantry which is inconsistent with good statecraft. Possibly, however, it was not the statesmanship that was blind, but political necessity which compelled.

What was of the greatest importance for Russia was the goodwill of Europe, for she cherished none of these egoistic illusions. Under favourable, though exceptional conditions, as we have seen, she might have had the support of England in a policy of common defence against fundamental changes, but the friendly relations of the two Courts which would have favoured such a combination were neutralised, as so often happens, by official antagonisms. And so it fell out that during the march of events the one European Power that had a policy from which there was no escape was for the moment isolated, on the one hand from the Powers which had neither interests nor policy in the case, and on the other from the Power which had interests of great magnitude but no policy save one that had already been plucked up by

the roots and lay withering in the sun.

The whole situation was accurately apprehended by one perspicacious observer who saw advantage to himself and his own country to be drawn out of the imbroglia. This was Herr von Brandt, late Minister for Germany at the Courts of Tokyo and Peking, then living in retirement. His mastery of the questions at issue was indeed unrivalled: in the Foreign Offices of all Europe there was not to be found the amount of experimental information on Eastern affairs that was concentrated in the brain of this one man, who, moreover, was exceptionally capable in turning his knowledge to practical account. Mr von Brandt emerged from his retirement, and was soon found playing a leading part in the political drama that was being enacted.

From the beginning of the war, indeed in anticipation of it, the Japanese had laid themselves out to capture the European press, in which they succeeded, as they did in their military campaign, by admirable foresight and organisation. They first disarmed criticism by representing that they were engaged in a crusade against darkness and barbarism, and were spreading the light with which they had themselves been illuminated by Christendom. Before this first impression was effaced a fresh one was made by their military successes. These were naturally represented in the brightest colours by ubiquitous Japanese agents ready to supply interesting news as well as enlightened views to newspapers in need of copy. In Japan the Government annexed an important news agency, which transmitted official bulletins on an extensive scale which were received as news coming from independent sources. With some unimportant

exceptions, indeed, the reports of the campaign were derived exclusively from the Japanese Government,—the “war correspondent,” notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the leading journal, having neither part nor lot in the matter. The Japanese diplomatic service was also efficiently manned, and, ploughing the virgin soil of European ignorance, Viscount Aoki and his colleagues were able to convince the world of the innocence of Japanese designs and their purely defensive character. No fault is to be found with this excellent propaganda except that it was too successful, even for the deepest interests of the country itself.

China, on the other hand, defeated in the arena of public opinion as well as on the field of battle, cast about for a champion, and her choice fell on Herr von Brandt, would he but accept the office. To him, therefore, the Emperor of China offered the appointment of Ambassador Extraordinary charged to represent China at the various Courts of Europe. The imperial choice was in this instance governed by considerations of the most practical character. In the first place, Mr von Brandt was well known, having filled the office of Minister for Germany at the Court of Peking for eighteen years. He had always been a strong Minister, who pressed the claims of his countrymen in China to the utmost limit, and had thereby got more out of the Government than any other of the foreign representatives. Firm and unyielding, Herr von Brandt was the very man to gain the respect of the Chinese. Like most men who have lived long in China, he carried away with him a kindly feeling towards the people, notwithstanding all their stupidity and obstructiveness. During his long term of

office Mr von Brandt had also had much intercourse with Li Hung-chang, and though they had had many hard nuts to crack they parted with mutual respect. At a farewell banquet complimentary speeches were exchanged between them; the retiring Minister thanked the Viceroy for the consideration and courtesy he had always received from His Excellency, and begged a continuation of the like kindness towards his successor and his countrymen. Finally, Mr von Brandt assured Li Hung-chang of his lasting regard, and of his readiness to stand his friend should he ever require one. This parting took place in April 1893, and exactly eighteen months later the Viceroy claimed the redemption of the pledge.

Although Mr von Brandt did not accept the honour offered to him, he perhaps rendered China a greater service as confidential correspondent and adviser, to keep her informed of the state of opinion and of political currents in Europe, mayhap to give these currents a slight bias in China's favour. Never having made a secret of his personal view of the war being an unprovoked aggression on a peaceable State, Mr von Brandt ventilated his opinions more and more freely in the German press, showing how the upheaval in the Far East was likely to imperil the interests of European commerce and upset the political equilibrium. The appreciations of an expert in Eastern matters were so marked out from the flippancies of the average pressman that his articles were translated into English, Russian, and French journals, and were studied by the serious. All which was perhaps unwittingly paving the way to the eventual understanding between the three Powers.

If the invitation to serve China

was communicated to the Berlin Foreign Office, there is no direct evidence to show that the cause of China evoked great enthusiasm among the regular officials there, at least not until a later stage in the proceedings. But Mr von Brandt's clear sight did not long escape the notice of German statesmen, eventually reaching the Kaiser himself, for the hand of the ex-Minister became distinctly visible in the direction of German policy in all its later developments. In the earlier stages of the war the Emperor had been enthusiastically Japanese, and it was only new light that caused his Majesty to veer round.

In September 1894 it had been made plain to the whole world and to China herself that she could not make a stand against Japan. The Imperial Government appealed to the neutral Powers to bring about mediation between the belligerents. In the first instance, Great Britain had assumed the initiative, her overtures being received with favour by the Powers, excepting the United States and Germany, the latter Power taking the opportunity to administer a rather tart snub. She asked point-blank what ulterior action England was prepared to take in case of the advice of the Powers not being followed by the belligerents, to which Lord Rosebery answered never a word, but dropped the subject of media-

tion. Germany applied the same test to Russia when the next intervention was discussed, and obtained a very definite answer.

Japan was now beginning to show that the objects set forth at the outset of the war were not the true objects of her aggression. Her ambition was, as might have been expected, widening with her success; she had no desire to end the war. The Russian Government was coming reluctantly to the conclusion which its representative in China had long before arrived at, and began to regard the prospect very seriously. Having tested the temper of the Japanese, in response to China's supplicatory appeal of November 3, and found that mediation would be unwelcome, the Powers recommended China to make overtures direct to her enemy. The desire of Japan, meanwhile, was to keep all negotiations whatsoever at a distance; and while allowing the utmost licence to the press in garnering the imaginative fruits of victory, the Government maintained a resolute silence as to the nature of their intended demands on China.¹ But this studied reticence only stimulated curiosity the more to know what was behind, Russia being the most anxious lest the conditions of peace should prove incompatible with her interests.

Yielding to the advice of the friendly Powers, China resolved

¹ They had been, however, shrewdly guessed at. The Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' wrote on October 15: "There is evidence to hand showing that the present campaign has been contemplated by Japan for at least fifteen or twenty years, and it is, therefore, not unreasonable to conclude that the Japanese have long since decided what conditions of peace they would make in case of victory. Of course these conditions may be modified by the military results obtained, but it is believed that, roughly speaking, they would be as follows: (1) a large indemnity of war; (2) the annexation of the island of Formosa; (3) the independence of Korea and the introduction of far-reaching political reforms, one consequence of which would be the entire exclusion of Chinese influence; and (4) the opening up to foreign Powers of certain important commercial centres in China from which they are at present excluded."

on sending a mission to Japan. It was already late in the season. Sea-communication was near its close. The affair would have to be hurried. The envoy chosen was Mr Detring, an old and tried servant of the State, who had done good work for China on various critical occasions during the past twenty years. As this mission proved to be the turning-point in the relations between Europe and China, it merits some detailed description, notwithstanding that it appeared to fail in its direct and ostensible purpose.

No consultation respecting the constitution of this mission appears to have been had with the foreign representatives in Peking, possibly because there might have been jealousies to be overcome or particularist views to be conciliated which would have consumed the open season before the mission could have been got ready to start. The time actually occupied in equipping the two subsequent missions seems conclusive on this point.

The Detring Mission had three objective points:—

1. To prove the Japanese whether they were open to treat for peace, and thus to give the cue to China and her friends.

2. To open the way to peace negotiations should the Japanese prove accessible.

3. To enable Li Hung-chang to weather the storm which was expected to burst on him when Port Arthur should fall, an event then daily expected. Having been named in the Imperial Decree constituting the mission as the medium of communication between the Envoy and the Throne, the Viceroy was secured in his posi-

tion as long as the mission was *in esse*.

The importance of this last object is now obvious enough, for there has not been found in China a single official competent to transact business with foreign countries excepting Li Hung-chang. Count Ito himself had testified to this effect long before. Nevertheless, the shock of the loss of Port Arthur would probably have precipitated his ruin and deprived the country of his services, a calamity which the Detring Mission was calculated to avert.

The reception of the mission by Japan was characteristic and interesting. The Cabinet was divided on the question, one party being in favour of seizing the opportunity to bring the war to an end, the other party being intent on further conquests. The peace party was in the beginning so much in the ascendant that a high official had been actually designated to treat with Mr Detring. But after an all-night sitting at Hiroshima and communication to and fro with Tokyo, the Cabinet decided not to receive the mission. In publicly assigning reasons for this action, stress was laid on the insufficiency of the Envoy's credentials, which, however, the Japanese Ministers had not even seen. Before this official utterance was made public full licence was assumed by the native papers to vilify the Envoy; for which the Japanese authorities were responsible, for newspapers are instantly suppressed when they publish anything displeasing to Government.¹ The word was passed that the mission was an "insult" to Japan. The Government sent a special telegram to

¹ The Japanese papers are now receiving hints that they must refrain from inciting to breaches of the peace by abusing foreigners.

this effect through its subsidised news agency. The word "insult" was caught up and echoed by the English press. China was at her old tricks and so forth. The object of this move was of course to excuse Japan for refusing Chinese overtures without incurring the odium of being an implacable foe.

The Detring Mission was likewise attacked from behind. No sooner had the Envoy started from China than Colonel Denby, American Minister in Peking, represented to the Chinese Government that the United States were now in a position to mediate between China and Japan, which they had been requested by China to do a month previously, and he consequently induced Prince Kung to recall Mr Detring. The telegram was delayed in delivery in Kobe. Had it reached Mr Detring on his arrival there, as it ought, he could not have reported himself at all to the Japanese authorities, and the "mission" would have been *non est inventus*. The British Minister in Peking also is said to have intimated his objection to the mission, on what ground is not known. The message of recall gave as sole reason the mediation undertaken by the United States.

Among the uncalculated effects of the mission was the growth of German sympathy for China. The attacks on the Envoy in the French and English press, on the *mot d'ordre* from Japan, set up a certain reaction in the German papers in favour of their countryman thus unfairly attacked. The Envoy had travelled to Japan in a German steamer, which was treated during his stay in Kobe harbour in a way by no means complimentary to the flag. All this, together with the daily vituperation in the Japanese press, the offensive espionage of the police, and other annoyances,

could not but make a certain impression on the German representatives in Japan, whose reports to Berlin may very well have helped to swell the slowly rising tide of German sympathy for China.

But the really important point established by the mission was the disclosure of the large aims and inexorable temper of the Japanese. What the consequences might have been of Japan's relenting at that juncture is perhaps but an idle conjecture. Yet one thing seems obvious: she would have made a better bargain for herself then, alone with China, than she is ever like to do now with China *plus* a powerful European coalition—a coalition which is the direct outcome of the pitiless attitude then exhibited by Japan. Korea and the whole southern coast of Liaotung, including the naval stations of Port Arthur and Talien-wan, were in her possession. There was nothing to prevent Japan having these occupied territories at least ceded to her. There might have been a difficulty about Formosa, but not too serious to be overcome had its cession been demanded *sine quâ non*. The indemnity then obtainable would have been as large as that ultimately secured by the Treaty of Shimonoseki. And all that, nobody contradicting, for there was as yet no common understanding among the Powers which could have been readily translated into action, and Russia herself might have hesitated to disturb accomplished facts without the support which she eventually obtained.

What actually resulted from the rejection of the mission was that the interested Powers were apprised that the reticence of Japan concealed inordinate pretensions and unfathomed schemes of aggrandisement, with recklessness of

the consequences of the overthrow of order in the Chinese empire. The vista of illimitable dangers to the future peace of the world which was thus opened up proved sufficient to eventually overcome all obstacles to common action among the European Powers. The experiences of the first Peace Mission were of course not concealed from Mr von Brandt, who was playing his part with patience and energy, and advancing steadily towards the consummation of that European intervention which was to put a limit for the time being to the ambition of Japan.

The recall of the Detring Mission allowed full scope for the promised mediation of the United States, which had been in operation since 22d November. This was acclaimed by the press as the right thing in the right place. By putting her affairs in orthodox hands, China had at last given proof of her sincerity in desiring peace, and no doubt the business would now be conducted to a successful issue. The press, however, was reckoning without its host. The Japanese Government had affected to believe, and had given the word to its news agencies, that China was "not sincere" in desiring the war to end, which was part of the newspaper case which was constantly made up against China to be used as a cover for the most arbitrary proceedings of Japan.

The mediation of the United States, however, does not appear to have gone further than communicating to Japan the appointment of two Envoys, Chang-yin-huan, formerly Minister to Washington, and Shao-yu-lin, ex-Governor of Formosa, arranging their credentials and the place of meeting. The Envoy first named embarked at Taku on 11th January,

remained two weeks in Shanghai in company with his colleague, waiting for a suitable conveyance, the Japanese Government having interdicted their travelling in a steamer of their own. They landed in Kobe on 30th January 1895.

The second Peace Mission had the cordial support of the diplomatic body in Peking as well as of the European Cabinets. Germany was thought to have evinced special interest in the mission, private sentiment coming in aid, perhaps, for Mr von Brandt seems to have had an old personal friendship with the Envoy Chang. A special advocate, also an old friend of Chang's, was brought from Washington to assist in the negotiations. It happened also that Chang and Viscount Mutsu, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, were old acquaintances. Everything, so far as the *personnel* was concerned, seemed propitious for the mission.

Yet neither the special supervision of the two American Ministers, notwithstanding copious telegraphing between Tokyo and Peking, nor the good wishes of the representatives of the other Powers, had been able to secure for the new mission such credentials as satisfied the Japanese. The second mission was in fact treated more roughly than the first, and for the self-same reason, immaturity.

The Envoys were denied the privileges of ambassadors, and were kept as prisoners under arrest during their stay in Japan, communication with the outer world being either denied them, or they were foiled in the attempt to enjoy it. The Japanese Ministers pronounced their powers insufficient, and forthwith closed the conference. Although the Chinese at once offered to put themselves

in order, and to satisfy every exigency with regard to their credentials, the Japanese Ministers declared that as the mission had been closed there was no one in Japan now authorised to receive any communication from the Envoys.

Be the technical merits of the Japanese attitude what they may, there is no room for doubt that the mission was really wrecked because it did not suit Japan then to engage in negotiations for peace. The siege of Wei-hai-wei was in progress, but the stronghold was still intact, and the Chinese "fleet in being." Had the Mikado's Government desired a settlement, a word would have removed all the verbal obstacles behind which they were hiding their unreadiness to treat.

The rejection of the second Peace Mission, by confirming the apprehension of Japanese aggressiveness, helped forward by rapid degrees the consolidation of the European concert, so far as "sovereigns and statesmen" were concerned. But the public opinion which is fed by the daily press continued to be vague and formless. Especially was this noticeable in the English papers, which, though incomparably better supplied with facts than their Continental *confrères*, seemed even more barren of ideas. The ordinary journalist was content to echo the stale old sarcasms about the Heathen Chinese, his trickery and his corruption, and seemed rather to enjoy the reflection that John had at last met his match. The particular "trick" which John was playing was not of course specified; but the general tone of the press was that China, not being represented in court, was throughout the wrong-doer, deserving of unlimited punishment,

while Japan, represented by a *posse* of able counsel, was the patient hero of the higher civilisation. Some of our English publicists, ignoring the real issues at stake, chuckled at the chastisement which they hoped China would receive—on the top of her overwhelming military and naval disasters: some urged Japan not to be mealy-mouthed, but to exact at least eighty millions sterling of war indemnity. These chivalrous dispensers of other people's goods never stopped to inquire whence these vast sums were to be obtained; none of them, perhaps, reflected that the milch-cow was our British trade, and that the contributors to the indemnity fund will prove to be British artisans and mill-hands. Least of all, perhaps, did they consider, what even our statesmen appear not to have seen very clearly, that the newspaper-made opinion of the country was undoing at a stroke the national policy of a generation, and putting China into the hands of Russia, while Great Britain surrendered her Asiatic leadership.

Neither during the war nor during the agitation which followed the conclusion of peace, as a clap of thunder does the lightning, did the English press or people make any serious effort to do justice to Russia's position as affected by the new Japanese pretensions. "Pulling chestnuts out of the fire" was a phrase without which no leading article was thought complete; but when the few catch-words about "Muscovite designs," and so forth, had been bandied about, we were left with a certain feeling of inadequacy in the whole discussion. Assuredly the Russian case was not exhausted by a few stereotyped phrases. Those who give their thoughts to such matters

know very well where the crux of the problem lies—namely, in the essential unavoidable weakness of Russia along her Chinese frontier, with her one naval station in the Pacific separated by thousands of miles from any effective military base. Such a position is only rendered tolerable by the non-military character of her neighbours—though, even with the Chinese occupying that position, there have been times when genuine alarm was felt of attack from the side of Manchuria, which would have cut the Russian communications with Vladivostock. The recession of Kuldja was made under this very apprehension, and for no other reason. Where, then, would Russia be in the event of a military race becoming dominant in these territories, and converting the natives also into a military force organised and equipped like the army of Japan? To avert such a danger Russia has, we repeat, no choice but to resist to the last man and the last rouble, with or without allies, even with a certainty of defeat. It is no longer a question of greater or less earth-hunger, or of open seaports, or adventurous colonels, but what the 'Times' recently said of British supremacy in the Mediterranean, it is *articulus stantis aut cadentis imperii*.

There was at least one man outside of Russia who saw and comprehended all this. Herr von Brandt had not spent thirty active years in the Far East for nothing. He knew both belligerent nations more thoroughly than any man living, having seen twelve years' service in the one country and eighteen in the other. Nor was there a Russian who had a clearer perception of the nature of the menace to the Russian position which was implied in Japan's

launching out on a career of military adventure. During his long residence in Peking, Von Brandt had had occasion to study these questions. He was at critical times the confidant of the Russian Minister, and was his chief adviser in the discussions which led to the recession of Kuldja to China. He knew the strong places and the weak places, and had an insight into the hidden springs of Russian policy, so far as that could be called hidden which was prescribed by the fundamental law of nature, self-preservation. In short, Herr von Brandt saw his chance to extract much advantage for his country by helping Russia in time of stress, which is as much as need be said in elucidation of his motives.

But the public opinion of Germany had been strongly pronounced in favour of Japan, influenced in part at least by Japan's successful adoption of the German military system. The Kaiser also was pleased by the Mikado's gushing acknowledgments of Japan's indebtedness to German instruction, for Viscount Aoki had a true sense of the value of Germany as a friend. This pro-Japanese current had to be diverted before the combination with Russia could be effected, and it is impossible to avoid attributing this achievement largely to the personal exertions of Herr von Brandt. His first impression made on the Kaiser was clearly the result of his being the only man able to speak with authentic knowledge of Eastern affairs, an impression which must have been deepened by his far-reaching views of the imperial and commercial interests of Germany. Nor is it likely that so astute a statesman would omit to recall to his Majesty's recollection the dynastic

traditions of the Hohenzollerns, the *dieta* of his venerable grandfather, the value of the friendship of Russia. Then, pointing out the Russian necessities in Farther Asia, it would be easy to make the Emperor understand the essential service he had the opportunity of rendering to the ancient ally of his Imperial House.

From the German side here was a really providential opportunity of purchasing the lasting friendship of Russia by rendering a service which would cost next to nothing. By a single stroke the greatest results for the German empire might be attained; the sentimental alliance between Russia and France emasculated; possibly the door opened for eventual reconciliation even with France herself; and, as a consequence, Germany relieved of the crushing weight of the defence of both her frontiers. These were objects not unworthy of the efforts of a statesman, and whether they were attainable in their entirety or not, there was enough in them to show that imperial crowned heads might occupy themselves with more serious matters than the exchange of Chrysanthemums and Black Eagles.

The bureaucracy of Berlin might have been expected to betray jealousy of an interloping ex-Minister who knew too much; but it so happened that the Berlin Foreign Office was predisposed towards the new imperial policy from quite another cause from that which moved the Kaiser—namely, the smouldering ill-feeling of the department towards England which had been engendered by the friction connected with Samoan and African affairs. It was undoubtedly this official irritation which lent its sting to the surly answer which was returned

to the British proposal for mediation in October last. At that time Great Britain, being exercised about the future of her interests in China, assumed the position of provisional guardian of the Yangtze valley against Japanese invasion. Thanks chiefly to Germany, she was isolated, whether in her policy of defending the integrity of China or of seeking through the friendly offices of neutrals to put an end to the war.

Great Britain thereafter became, or affected to be, indifferent to Eastern affairs. The Premier was sick, the Foreign Secretary somnolent, Parliament hunting owls while the eagles were in the air. England had been dazed by the moving panorama, then she dosed and dreamed that the world was Japanese. Government was becalmed between two gales. The newspapers, in the absence of other guidance taking their cue from official or officious Japanese advocates, worked up a feeling of awe of the new Power, and persuaded simple-minded John Bull, who has never yet succeeded in conciliating anybody, that his salvation lay in pleasing Japan. The Japanese press, with at least the tacit approval of the Government, had been abusing England—the only foreign country so favoured—throughout the war. And not vilifying only, but threatening, not for any offence that could be specified, but for alleged coldness of sympathy. British subjects in Japan were singled out for offensive treatment by the populace, and *soshi* assaulted her Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* in the open street in open day. That has since changed, the Japanese press having suddenly begun to pat repentant England on the head. But that belongs to the next chapter.

The illusions in England about

Japan were of a hypnotic character, as was shown in a variety of ways. Clever writers would venture to persuade the British public to seize the golden opportunity of swearing friendship with Japan, because Japan was a second England, bent on the same industrial conquests, the same commercial and colonising pursuits, and that sympathy between the two was therefore as natural as the day. And this to a people so conversant with competition as the English! We must in general exempt the provincial journals, the organs of our manufacturing interests, from being captivated by such transparent fallacies; but these are not the class of papers most read abroad. If one thing more were wanted to convince foreigners that on this question the English had not taken the trouble to use their judgment, it would be their drawing conclusions on the morals of the nation from the platitudes of an imperial proclamation, as if the moral character of Englishmen were to be deduced from a Queen's Speech! Such indications might easily suggest to any one viewing the matter from across the North Sea that in this Far Eastern question England might be safely left out; which brings us at last to the point of our argument, that the Berlin Foreign Office saw no great difficulty in a second time compassing the isolation of England. Nay, more, she might be reviled in the Continental press for her egotistical abstention from the coercive coalition which was suddenly sprung upon her, with as much reason as she had been denounced by the Japanese press for lack of fervour in the Japanese cause.

The position had not yet been wholly won, however. The Kaiser and his Government might be con-

sidered to have been weaned from their Japanese *amour*; but Governments require a pressure of public opinion behind them, and the current in commercial Germany was still setting the other way, or at the best there was "slack-water." The conversion of Germany belongs to a somewhat later stage of the proceedings, but it is convenient to notice it here in connection with that of the imperial and bureaucratic elements in the body politic. Indeed it is impossible to follow strict chronological order in our narrative, for simultaneous movements were acting on each other from opposite quarters of the world.

The manner in which industrial, commercial, middle-class Germany was brought round to the Chinese side is so illustrative of the worldwide question of German competition, that it forms one of the not least interesting features in the whole movement. The German merchants in China were well aware that their interests lay in the cultivation of the China field, and that the most formidable opposition to their industries was threatened from the competition of Japan. To preserve their China markets became thus a definite object of German commercial policy. Machinery was set in motion to bring these views home to the commercial community in Germany. The Hanse towns, led by Hamburg, opened their eyes and took up the cause warmly. Their Chambers of Commerce made the strongest possible representations to the Government, urging the special advantages which would accrue to German commerce from the peaceful development of China. The great Krupp was enlisted in the propaganda, and he took up the matter energetically. The Essen Factory had profited much by

the Chinese demand for guns, and as of all the material supplied little remained save the portrait of the late Friederich Krupp in oil presented by him to Li Hung-chang, there was a capacious gap to be filled by "repeat orders." Herr Krupp moved actively in financial and Government circles in Berlin, where his influence is great. Various other agencies were set to work, all directed to the one object of protecting the integrity of China. The effect of this converging fire was to reduce the fortress already disposed to capitulate; to bring, in short, the German Government and people into line, and to enable Germany to pronounce the decisive word. Here was indeed a triumph of concentrated energy intelligently guided. No matter for the merits of the agitation, its wisdom or unwisdom, what is instructive to note is that there was the machinery capable of efficient action, and there was the result. An object-lesson in the way German interests are supported in every part of the world!

The interests of Great Britain in the settlement of the Chino-Japanese question were vastly greater than those of Germany. The English merchants in China outnumber the Germans in the proportion of five to one; their trade, ten to one. The English were vaguely aware that the acquisition of Formosa by Japan was detrimental to their interests, owing to the vicinity of Hong-Kong. They must have known also that Great Britain's joining the three Powers would have saved Formosa to China, had that been deemed a justifiable object. Let the action of British merchants, British Chambers of Commerce, British Krupps, British Richthofens, in the circumstances, be contrasted

with that of our cousins-german, and a partial answer may be obtained to the ever-recurrent question, "Why is it that Germany is everywhere pushing England so hard?" Events may yet prove that our masterly inactivity was right. Let it even be wrong, so that it be "masterly," and conscious of its own meaning, not merely the dream of the somnambulist.

The weakest link in any European combination dealing with a crisis in China was the necessary co-operation with the Chinese Government, which has the fatal habit of non-comprehension, and of slipping back from its engagements. Correspondence by telegraph with such a body would have proved a fiasco conducted through the high diplomatic channels. A pivot was required to keep the gyrations of the Chinese in rhythm with the movement in Europe,—a confidential middleman, in short, to interpret, expound, and persuade; without whom the European combination must infallibly have broken down, so far at least as Chinese co-operation was concerned. The grand Franco-Russian Finance Scheme is, at the moment of writing, threatening to break down precisely for want of the expository pivot. This essential function was fulfilled by the same Mr Detring whom we have seen sent as first Peace Envoy to Japan, whose relations to Chinese statesmen on the one side, and to their European correspondents on the other, fitted him exactly for the singular part he was called upon to play. He, in fact, fulfilled all the conditions. Mr Detring and Mr von Brandt had been long and intimately acquainted; they had had serious differences, and had proved each other's grit; they had parted in

1893 after an exhaustive interchange of ideas on the political horoscope of the Far East. There being thus a perfect understanding between the two men, their briefest allusions were intelligible; and under no other conditions could such a correspondence have been carried on. The one object of the two men was to bring about European intervention in defence of the weaker party in the war; and the one working heart and soul for Germany, the other for China, found a common platform on which they could unite their forces without reserve.

Before the appointment of Li Hung-chang's mission to Japan, Mr Detring seems to have taken soundings in Peking as to the probable intentions of the foreign Powers. Indeed it would appear that he was to some extent at least doing in the Chinese capital what Mr von Brandt was doing in Berlin and St Petersburg; and as the Legations were mostly occupied by men of comparatively short acquaintance with China, they were no doubt glad enough to draw upon the ripe experience of thirty years as a fair exchange for what they had to impart.

The two foreign Ministers in Peking who have been the most active in promoting intervention were the Russian and the French. Though moved by different considerations, they nevertheless played cordially into each other's hands, each applauding the other's successes, which was done with great *empressement* when the French Minister had signed a convention with the Government authorising France to extend her Tongking railways without limit into Chinese territory.

Neither were the other members of the diplomatic body quite idle. Indeed the Minister of Germany

contributed materially to the ultimate result, and in a most discreet and businesslike manner. No scheming has ever been ascribed to Baron Schenck zu Schweinisberg, nor did he combine with any of his colleagues. But weighing in his own mind the prospective interests of Germany in the preservation of Chinese integrity and autonomy, and even in the maintenance of the Viceroy Li Hung-chang himself, Baron Schenck made out such a case for German action as materially strengthened the hands of the Berlin Government. Of all the Ministers whom Li Hung-chang consulted while in Peking preparing for his mission, he declared himself to have been most encouraged by the straightforward assurances he received from the German Minister.

The American representative, Colonel Denby, was likewise busy, but the part he had to play was not free from ambiguity, being in fact to a great extent personal. For he represented no great national policy, no national interest except the general interest of peace, and no pronounced national sentiment; for "Americans to a man," it was always said, were partisans of Japan. Though acting under instructions from Washington, the precise nature of the mediation which he was conducting was never clearly understood by the public, if indeed it was absolutely clear to the principal parties concerned. Consequently it would be difficult to appraise the value of his contribution to the general result.

Count Cassini had some time before dropped the pretence of working in concert with the British Minister; M. Gérard had probably never tried to do so. Thus it came about that the isolation of England, as an inevitable condition

of any European coalition in favour of China, was felt in Peking itself scarcely less than in Europe. Nor will it be denied that circumstances added zest to the zeal of the diplomatists there in fostering the combination which was forming in Europe. For there seems to be no passion so constant in its action throughout the world as jealousy of England, which is indulged in even by her *quasi*-friends, who might nevertheless be sorry to see it attain too practical gratification. Every little thorn-bush of disagreement in the field of local diplomacy was converted into fuel to feed the perennial slow fire. Thus the frustration of British policy in Korea, never very wisely conceived, gave a certain grim satisfaction to the general diplomatic body. Sundry petty discomfitures, of which details need not be specified, afforded more pleasure than pain to the unsympathetic rivals of Great Britain. And if it should hereafter turn out that after being disappointed in the Chinese, she should be now making the greater mistake of relying on the Japanese, to keep Korea, she will neither receive nor be deserving of sympathy for a second time building on the sands a house which it is too late to think of building at all.

Having been assured that the European alliance was in due process of crystallisation, Li Hung-chang concluded that he would be safe in accepting the mission to Japan. He accordingly proceeded to Peking to receive instructions and make the necessary arrangements. The foreign Ministers there unanimously recommended him to accept the office and bring the negotiations to an issue as soon as possible. The time occupied in preparation was not, however, wasted, because there still wanted some weeks to the break-up of the

ice, and the Ambassador was ready to leave on the reopening of navigation in the Peiho.

The interval was also turned to account in Europe in maturing the coalition and defining its objects, which, considering the elements of which it was composed, was got into practical shape with remarkable celerity. No specific promises could of course be given to China until the Japanese demands had been formulated, for it was on them that the action of the Powers must necessarily be contingent. But the Ambassador was undoubtedly given in a general way to understand that anything like dismemberment or other outrageous demand would be opposed by force. The last advice given to Li Hung-chang before embarking for Japan was—

1. Make peace.
2. Resist extravagant demands ; but
3. Remember that the more extravagant the terms the more certain were they to be disallowed.

The course of the negotiations at Shimonoseki followed closely the lines here indicated. The Chinese Ambassador warned the Japanese that the European Powers were watching the proceedings, and if they exceeded moderation they would find themselves in conflict with foreign interests. The Japanese, however, waived all such considerations with signs of contempt, and proceeded to display the only moderation that was to be expected of them, by demanding Shan-hai-Kwan, Taku, and Tientsin to be given over to them, China defraying the expense of occupation, as the condition of an armistice. The actual granting of an armistice was credited to the attempt which was made on the life of Li Hung-chang. It was given to the world by the Japanese

as "unconditional," and granted out of compassion to the Viceroy; but it reserved full liberty to the Japanese to carry on the war in Formosa, the only place where the season was favourable for operations. No doubt, however, the attempted assassination may have had some influence on the negotiations, as it certainly had on the public sentiment of Europe, more especially in Germany, which was already veering round towards sympathy for the misfortunes of China.

Two things were noticeable in the conduct of the negotiations with the Japanese Plenipotentiaries. The Japanese delayed delivering to Li Hung-chang the particulars of their demands, notwithstanding his repeated applications to be furnished with them; and as soon as they had communicated their terms they began to hurry him for his final answer, a full week before the expiry of the armistice. The Government press also, both vernacular and English, joined in these "hustling" tactics, warning the Chinese that they must not resort to their dilatory tricks or the "magnanimous patience" of Japan would be exhausted. The meaning of all which was that the Japanese were well aware the European Powers were watching for the issue of the negotiations, and the Japanese wished to allow them as little time as possible to concert a line of ac-

tion based on the stipulations of the treaty.

The Japanese, however, had been obliged to accord to Li Hung-chang the privilege they had denied to the previous envoys, of telegraphing in cipher, of which privilege the Chinese Ambassador took full advantage. The newspapers reported daily the large sums he expended in telegrams,—indeed he must have telegraphed everything to his Government, and they, it is to be presumed, to Berlin. The disclosure of the demands of Japan furnished the Powers with the data for which they had been waiting on which to frame a definite programme for themselves. The cession of Liao-tung was agreed upon as the article to be upset by conjoint action.

During the negotiations the anxiety in Peking was intense, for, following the advice given him, Li Hung-chang was delaying his final submission to the Japanese terms until he should hear positively what had been determined in Berlin. The foreign Ministers in Peking were slow to believe in a coalition at all, although the efforts of at least three of them had contributed materially towards it; and they were candidly sceptical as to the possible influence of a retired official on public affairs.¹ The Chinese Ministers, it would seem, in their flurry, had let out what had been till then a secret,

¹ A local journal had taken a juster measure of Mr von Brandt's potentialities of service on the occasion of his leaving China in 1893:—

"The retirement of so accomplished a public man in the prime of his intellectual vigour, and with a mind stored with such rich experience, would indeed be a loss not only to his own country, but to all who are interested in this far Eastern world; and it is therefore to be hoped that some way may be opened for the employment of even his well-earned leisure in matters of public concern. The world is not too well informed on the current affairs of the Orient, and the least we may look for is that Mr von Brandt may serve in Europe to some extent at least the useful purpose he did in Peking, and become a referee in matters Oriental as he had there been in matters Occidental."—'Hong-Kong Daily Press,' April 13, 1893.

that Herr von Brandt was behind the scenes and virtually managing the play. The Tsungli Yamên was, on the one hand, warned against indulging in false hopes of assistance, and, on the other, it was supported by the confident assurances conveyed through Mr Detring. The negotiations were going on daily at Shimonoseki, the days of grace were running out, and nothing tangible yet forthcoming. It was no wonder that the nervous ministers at last yielded to pressure and forbade Mr Detring to occupy himself further in the affair. Whether the message conveying this instruction was "delayed in transmission," or whether the receiver put his blind eye to the telescope, makes no matter, for it fell out that the official announcement that the three Powers had decided to save Liao-tung was made to the Yamên very soon after. The deed was done. The word was given to Li Hung-chang at Shimonoseki to sign, and he signed the treaty, well knowing that so far as the territory on the mainland was concerned it was but a Platonic exercise.

Germany, having first satisfied herself that Russia was fully prepared to support their words by force of arms, assumed the leadership of the triple alliance, and tendered the friendly advice to Japan, that in the interests of peace she should relinquish an acquisition which was certain to breed discord.

But the Emperor of China had in the meanwhile to ratify the treaty, and within a very limited period, for ratifications were to be exchanged at Chefoo on the 8th of May, just twenty-one days after signature. Many obstacles were thrown in the way of the Emperor's ratification, but they were overcome by the consideration that,

if necessary, the interval which had to elapse between the affixing of the Imperial Seal in Peking and the exchange to be made at Chefoo would still be available in the event of any change coming over the Imperial counsels. The intervening Powers, it was said, wished to delay the exchange till the last. There were also certain Chinese *post facto* patriots who had taken up the idea that since Liao-tung had been saved by a word, another word might save Formosa. Flirtations with some of the Powers were actually set on foot with regard to that island, and it was not till the afternoon of the last day allowed for the exchange of treaties that the final instruction was telegraphed to the Chinese Envoy at Chefoo to complete the humiliating transaction.

We stand too near this grand convulsion to measure its dimensions or comprehend its significance. But there is enough in the immediate visible effects of the Eastern eruption to furnish food for grave reflection to Englishmen.

China has been laid open, and two features of her national character revealed — her deadness to stimuli and her impotence in war. But the explosion has also shaken the foundations of British policy in the Far East. The policy which is clear has, now as always, prevailed over that which is nebulous. Whereas it has been our aim to save China from coming under Russian influence, the net outcome of our action and inaction has been to place China under a Russian protectorate. This can in nowise be reckoned success. The press which worries the Government on account of its domestic peccadilloes has had nothing but applause for the great renunciation of the leading rôle in Asia, the verity of the business being hidden from elec-

toral eyes by the convexity of the globe.

A certain community of interest between India and China has been dimly recognised for many years. To strengthen China has been an undisguised though unavowed object of British policy ever since the conclusion of the war of 1860, —nay, paradoxical as it may seem, during its continuance. And although the word "alliance" has generally set the more superficial journalists off in a fit of raillery, yet to win China to a common purpose with ourselves has been, or ought to have been, a constant aim of our political strategy.

The object has not been attained, because it has been pursued in the perfunctory manner of those who would, and yet would not; without study of the problem; without the slightest appreciation of its complexity; and without any selection of agents competent to discern the points of profitable union between two such heterogeneous bodies as an Oriental and a Western Power. It is as if copper and steel had to be welded, and the job was turned over to the first travelling tinker, while we passed on to the business of the day. The wheels of routine have ground out "officials" to pattern. And even if natural selection had brought forward men of the right quality, their chances of rendering more than routine service would have been frustrated by the absence of direction or appreciation at home. Whether, therefore, the desired understanding with China was a sound idea on its merits or not, it has never had a chance of realisation.

Unhappily we have learned more from the Chinese than they from us, for we have learned the evil art of persuading ourselves that what is is not. And we have become so infected with the strat-

egy of the ostrich that when the bush into which our head has been thrust has been torn up, instead of using the lucid interval in looking round the horizon, our first thought seems to be to make for another bush.

Our policy in Eastern Asia, in short, is scarcely more than a rather incoherent aspiration which we have neither had the courage to avow nor the perspicacity to make practical. Our empire we are too much inclined to treat as an illegitimate child which it is almost a virtue to neglect. Our trust in an overruling Providence has been, if anything, too absolute. The inevitable consequence is that responsibilities shirked pursue us like Furies to our undoing. What has this policy of ours in the Far East really been? The only term that will describe it is anti-Russian. But "anti" is no policy for a great empire. It is the policy of negation, disintegration, defeat, decadence; the policy of the faint-hearted suitor, of the disappointed trader; a policy in which failure is shame and success a doubtful honour. Our substantive interests are surely grand enough to engross our capacities. "Live and let live," as a rule of conduct, befits us better than it does any people in the world. Strength wasted in thwarting others is doubly wasted in our case; first, in that it is drawn off from the forces needed for the advancement of our proper concerns; and secondly, because in every game of intrigue we must be worsted, having no aptitude that way. When we deviate from the direct line we are lost.

But the development of the war has also thrown an unexpected light on our position in Europe; and there also illusions have been dispelled. The abandonment of China to her fate may have been as prudent as it was popular. It

may even have been, under the circumstances, necessary; and yet it may have been a misfortune to ourselves that such a conjuncture of circumstances should have arisen. China is corrupt, and undeserving of consideration. But countries nearer home which are also corrupt are not on that account outlawed. It is not the corruption of China, but her military weakness, that caused us to turn our back on her. Our change of policy was dictated by considerations of our own interests, than which no statesman need ever allege any higher motive. Let us, however, mark well whether we have been serving the interests of the day, of the Government, and officials of the day; in other words, whether we have been influenced by present convenience; or whether we have duly considered the day after to-morrow, the permanent interests of the country and the empire. Time will show whether it has been a profitable investment to purchase the goodwill of the newly-risen Japan, and to encourage her to become the barrier against Russia, at the price of alienation from the Christian Powers. For goodwill so acquired is not freehold property, but rather resembles a contract of life assurance whose validity must be kept up by continuous payments, the exigency of each successive demand being cumulatively enhanced by the aggregate amount of previous sacrifices. Nor has the device of vicarious barriers much to recommend it beyond necessity, for of permanent schemes which depend either on autocratic caprice or national fortune over which we have no control, the best that can be said is that they are better than nothing. Japan may likely enough become a barrier to Russia: she cannot help being so. But it will be in her own interest, or what she conceives to be such, exclusive-

ly; nor will she ever be influenced a hair's-breadth by good- or ill-will of ours unless it takes the concrete form to which we have so justifiable an aversion. If her Majesty's Government, therefore, has been induced by interested parties to think that Japan is gained by our courting, or by the surrender of rights, or by the sacrifice of the interests of British subjects, then that is the second bush into which the British ostrich is thrusting its head.

There are persons and parties so constituted as to see no misfortune at all in national isolation. There are doctrinaire politicians who even glory in the recoil from "intermeddling," "entangling alliances," &c. Thus the pendulum swings to and fro, and doctrines come and go like the tide. It is true there is no combination without inconveniences and abuses. But it is the part of the judicious to balance the evil against the good and make the best of the composite total, not to rush from an immediate inconvenience headlong into the unknown and the untried. Matrimonial accidents constitute no valid argument against marriage in general. Isolation is so obviously opposed to the whole order of nature that the burden of proof must always rest on those who advocate it. As well might a stalk of corn try to stand alone in the field as a man, or a family, or a nation think to prosper out of communion with their kind. For nations are also a family, with their rivalries, bickerings, and quarrels inseparable from human life. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," is the terse expression of a natural law which cannot be violated with impunity by individual or corporation. The solitary schoolboy, the family which holds aloof, the

nation which gathers in its skirts in the society of its peers, make themselves first the common butt, and then the common enemy. "Who is not for us is against us," the world says, and on the whole not untruly. However valuable Neutrality may be as an expedient, elevated into a principle it becomes an impracticable ideal, opposed to the nature and constitution of man.

Political questions, however, are safest treated in the concrete, for general principles require too much qualification for daily use. Freedom of contract, representation by taxation, the law of supply and demand, and other formulæ have to give way before the exigencies of life. Though, therefore, empires have risen and nations prospered—Great Britain not the least among them—through judicious alliances founded on consanguinity or harmony of aim, yet each new combination must be judged on its special merits and in full view of the objects sought. All we contend for is that, while alliances may be sometimes ill conceived, the principle of segregation stands condemned *primâ facie* by the science of biology and the whole teaching of history.

When the Powers divided in April last, leaving Great Britain in a minority of one, the question at issue was one in which unanimity was feasible, and, as events have shown, would have been advantageous to all the parties concerned. For the object of the combination was a protest against the authority of naked force. The claim of Japan to her neighbour's territory rested on the power of the sword exclusively. There was neither ethnic sentiment nor mythical tradition to warrant Japan in seizing either Liao-tung or Formosa. She had gained these territories by a war of her own

seeking, for which no provocation has ever been alleged that was not transparently fictitious. For even let it be granted that the state of things in Korea afforded such a pretext for interfering as the condition of Ireland might be supposed to afford to some strong military Power, the pretext would only cover the area of the peninsula itself. Except that it was conducted on scientific methods, therefore, the Japanese invasion of China was in no way distinguishable from a predatory raid on a large scale, such as the Japanese had been in the habit of undertaking, and the Vikings before them. There was no dispute between the two countries, nor the most distant allegation of a grievance. The causes of the war have indeed been copiously explained, but in progressively confused language, until at last, driven from one untenable theory to another, the warmest special pleader for Japan now declares that "the real reason of the war has never yet been divulged, and perhaps never will be."

We hear much in our day of the progress of the principle of arbitration among civilised nations, about the obligation which the Peace party would impose on all nations to submit their quarrels to the judgment of neutrals before appealing to the arbitrament of war. But if any such international police ever had a chance of justifying its existence, if ever a peace-breaker could be justly brought to account by the civilised world, this surely was such a case. The difficulty lay in the fact that there was nothing for an arbitrator to work upon; there was no quarrel nor difference to be adjusted except what has grown out of the war itself. To condone the Japanese aggression was to reaffirm the supremacy of brute force. To applaud it is to reject the whole

teaching of Christianity. The indiscriminate flatterers—not the true friends—of Japan are fond of representing her as playing at civilisation. They say she made an enormous stride between Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei! But while Japan is trying to “outdo Western nations in civilisation,” let these latter take care that they do not emulate Japan in an opposite sense. There is a real danger of this. The approbation of the proceedings of Japan in England may be sincere or not,—in America it is almost passionate,—but it cannot but affect the moral sense of our people. It puts back the index of national morality a century or two.

Nobody, of course, imagines that the three intervening Powers were actuated by any purer motive than to serve their own interest. But it is true statesmanship to perceive when interest coincides with the vindication of the sentiment which makes for peace. In abstaining from the concert Great Britain also, of course, consulted her own interest. The question really is—for we are not arguing from an ethical or humanitarian platform—whether she did so intelligently, and whether, in the spasmodic friendship of Japan, she has found adequate compensation for the antagonism of Europe. We by no means wish to undervalue the goodwill of Japan, or of any other nation under the sun, but it is an absolutely unknown quantity, resting neither on racial affinity nor any visible community of interests—unless the rickety policy of opposing Russia be so considered—and is therefore a garment for ceremonial and holiday wear rather than for workaday purposes. Should it ever take more substantial form, it will not be the heavy but the agile member of

the partnership who will be found riding on the shoulders of the other, directing his movements like the mahout on the elephant. We might even go further and suggest a more probable alliance in the East in which Great Britain will not be the most favoured nation.

The advocates of alliance with Japan show how little thought they have given to the subject by their exuberance of light verbiage. “As useful, faithful, and attached as any in the world,” says one fluent writer, as if recommending a horse or answering an advertisement for a wife! Would such an alliance survive the first collision at sea between a Japanese and an English ship? Everything is easy to the poet and the theorist. Marriage with a mermaid may be made to look lovely by a musical rhythm of words, but the practical details of such a combination are scarcely more beyond our ken than would be the working out of such an alliance as that proposed. For of esoteric Japan we know absolutely nothing, and those who should be our teachers only add to our substratum of ignorance a layer of fiction. The same writer who commits himself so confidently to the “faithful, useful, and attached,” admits, and in the same sentence even, that the causes of the late war, which he had been expounding for twelve months, remain unknown!

If, after a thousand years’ experience with peoples of our own kin and our own faith, we are unable to hit it off with our nearest neighbours, let us at least not delude ourselves by the dream that we shall succeed better at a distance simply by shutting out of our cognisance the essential conditions of the compact.

But were the approval of Japan worth ever so much to Great Britain, it is not likely that in

their sober moments, and in the long period of reflection which may be expected to follow the intoxication of a night, Japanese statesmen will recognise any service whatsoever rendered to them by Great Britain. They may begin to realise that the loss of Liao-tung is to them a blessing in disguise; and they cannot help seeing that Great Britain had no influence whatever in preventing their expulsion either from the Liao-tung or the Korean peninsulas. *Cui bono*, then, the friendship of England? Since she was fated in any case to give way, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the self-love of a proud nation would have been salved by yielding to the unanimous verdict of Europe rather than to a section only.

But the most serious injury which the hesitating attitude of Great Britain has helped Japan to do for herself has been to force the situation in Korea, so that Russia has been compelled to interfere actively in the peninsular affairs. As a member of the coercive league even, how much more as a member of a peace

league before the outbreak of war,—Great Britain would have had at least a moderating vote in the disposal of the evacuated territories, either in restoring them to the *status quo ante* or in maintaining them inviolate from other aggression. Whereas now the effect of the Anglo-Japanese *liaison* is to deliver over Korea and Liao-tung to the mercy of Russia alone. For what, then, has Japan to thank England or England Japan? For what mess of pottage has Great Britain alienated her birthright? The natural steady element in all the turmoil present and future in the East to become the shifting ballast! Nor after all our tumbling about does it appear that we have been able to maintain strict neutrality, for our Government has been giving advice to Japan precisely as Germany has done, only without any loaded cartridges. Is this statesmanship? Is it ethics? Is it business? Is there not, in fact, “something rotten” in our State management which leaves us with such a balance-sheet as this?—

Dr.

1. British influence in China gone, and Russia installed as protector. German commerce given an incalculable advantage.
2. Japan weakened *vis-à-vis* Russia.
3. Russian antagonism deeply accentuated.
4. France excited, and Egypt thrown into the melting-pot.

Cr.

1. The assertion of the glorious privilege of being independent.
2. The saving of her Majesty's Ministers from taking any responsible decision.
3. The instantaneous change from cursing to blessing in the more light-headed of the Japanese papers,—as ready, however, as an Irish mendicant, to resume the former tune on the slightest provocation.
4. The comfortable assurance that England means peace, her naval dispositions proving to the world that active service was outside of all her calculations.

We leave it to the practical sense of our countrymen to strike the balance.

A MASTER OF DECEIT.

WHEN Jamie Soutar dropped in to the smithy one spring evening with an impracticable padlock, and mentioned casually that he was going to London next day, the assembled neighbours lost power of speech.

"Did ye say London, Jamie?" Hillocks was understood to have shown great presence of mind in unparalleled circumstances; "an' are ye in yir senses?"

"As sune as ye recover yir strength, smith," said Jamie, taking no notice of fatuous questions, "a'll be obleeged gin ye wud turn the key in this lock. It's a wee dour tae manage; a' hevna used ma bag sin a' gaed tae the saut water saxteen year past."

"Did ye ever hear the like?" and the smith looked round the circle for support, refusing to treat Jamie's demand as an ordinary matter of business.

"What are ye glowerin' at me for as if a' wes a fairlie?" and Jamie affected anger; "hes a Drumtochty man no as muckle richt tae see the metropolis o' the country as ither fouk, gin he can pay his fare up an' doon?"

"A've been wantin' tae see the Toor o' London, whar mony a lord hes pairted wi' his heid, an' Westminster Abbey, whar the mighty dead are lyin', an' the Hooses o' Parliament, whar they haver a hale nicht through, an' the streets, whar the soond o' feet never ceases.

"The fact is," and Jamie tasted the situation to the full, "a'm anxious tae improve ma mind, an' gin ye speak me fair a'll maybe gie the Glen a lecture in the schule-hoose in the winter-time, wi' a magic-lantern, ye ken."

The neighbours regarded him with horror, and, after he had departed, united their wisdom to solve the mystery.

"Jamie's by himsel in the Glen," summed up Hillocks, "an' hes a wy o' his ain. Ma thocht is that he juist took a notion o' seein' London, an' noo that we've contered [opposed] him, Jamie 'ill go, gin it cost him ten notes."

On his way home Jamie gave Janet Grant a cry, who was sitting very lonesome and sad-like before her door.

"Hoo are ye, Janet? the smell o' spring's in the air, an' the buds are burstin' bonnie. Ye'll no hae heard that a'm aff tae London the morrow, juist for a ploy, ye ken, tae see the wonders."

As Janet only stared at him, Jamie offered explanations in atonement for his foolishness.

"Ye see a've aye hed an ambection tae see the big warld that lies ootside oor bit Glen, for its far-awa' soon' hes been often in ma ear. A've savit a note or twa, an' a'll get a glimpse afore a' dee."

"It's a Providence, an' naethin' less than an answer tae prayer," broke in Janet, in great agitation; "here hev I been murnin' that a' cudna get tae London masel, an' that a' kent naebody there, till ma heart was weary in ma briest.

"Naethin' is sairer, Jamie, than tae ken that ane ye luve is lyin' ill amang strangers, wi' naebody o' her bluid tae speak a couthy word tae her, puir lassie, or gie her a drink. A' wes juist seein' her lyin' alane at the top of the big hoose, an wushin' she wes wi's a' in the Glen."

"Posty said something aboot

Lily bein' a wee sober," Jamie remarked, with much composure, as if the matter had just come to his memory; "an' noo a' mind ye expectit her hame for a holiday laist August. She wudna be wantin' tae traivel sae far north, a'm jalousin'."

"Traivel!" cried Janet; "naebody cares for a lang road gin it brings us hame; an' Lily wes coontin' she would come up wi' the Drumtochty fouk on the first Friday o' laist August. A' wes cleanin' up the place for a month tae hae't snod, but she didna come, an' a'm fearin' she'll no be here again; a' hed a feelin' frae the beginnin' a' wud never see Lily again."

"Her letter cam on a Thursday afternoon when I was beginnin' tae air the sheets for her bed, an' when Posty gave it, I got a turn. 'Lily's no comin'; sit doon,' a' said."

"Scarlet fever hes broken oot amang the bairns in the family, an' she thocht it her duty tae stay and help, for the hoose wes fu' o' nurses, an' the cairryin' wes by ordinar'."

"It wes a sacrifice," said Jamie. "Lily never eneuch cared for hersel; the wark wud tell on her, a'll warrant."

"Ma opeenion is that she's never got the better o' that month, an', Jamie, a' hevna likit her letters a' winter. It's little she says aboot hersel, but she's hed a hoast [cough] for sax months, an' a' gither her breath's failin'."

"Jamie, a' hevna said it tae a livin' soul, but a've hed a warnin' no langer back than laist nicht. Lily's deein', an' it wes London 'at hes killed her."

"Ye'll gae tae see her, Jamie; ye aye were a gude friend tae Lily, an' she likit ye weel. Write hoo she is, an' bring her back wi' you

gin she can traivel, that a' may see her again, if it be the Lord's wull."

"Dinna be feared o' that, Janet; a'll no come back without Lily," and Jamie's air of resolution was some consolation.

Before he left, Jamie visited a sheltered nook in Tochty woods, and when he inquired for Lily Grant next day at the door of a London West-End house, there was a bunch of fresh primroses in his hand.

"Disna live here noo, did ye say? then what hae ye dune wi' Lily? a' maun get tae the boddom o' this," and Jamie passed into the hall, the majestic personage at the door having no strength left to resist.

"Tell yir mistress this meenut that a freend hes come frae Drumtochty tae ask news o' Lily Grant, an' wull wait till he gets them," and Jamie's personality was so irresistible that the personage counselled an immediate audience.

"Grant's father, I suppose?" began Lily's mistress, with suspicious fluency. "No? Ah, then, some relative, no doubt? how good of you to call, and so convenient, too, for I wanted to see some of her family. She was an excellent servant, and so nice in the house; the others were quite devoted to her. But I never thought her strong. Don't you think London is trying to country-girls?"

Jamie did not offer any opinion.

"One of the children caught that horrid scarlet fever, and in the beginning of August, of all times, when we were going down to Scotland. Some of the servants had left, and the child had to be nursed here; there was lots of work, and it fell on Grant."

"She was going at that very time to her home—Drum something or other; or was it Ben?"

it's always the one or the other when it isn't Mac."

"Drumtochty is the name o' Lily's hame, an' her auld grandmither wes lookin' for her aifter three years' service."

"Quite so; and that's just what I said to her. 'Take your holiday, Grant, and we'll worry on somehow,' but she wouldn't go. We thought it so pretty of her, for servants are generally so selfish; and she really did wonderfully, as much as three women, do you know?"

"If it wudna hurry ye, wud ye tell me her address in London?"

"Of course; I'm coming to that, but I felt you would like to hear all about her, for we had a great idea of Grant. It was a cold it began with, and one day I heard her coughing, and told her she must positively see a doctor; but Grant was very obstinate at times, and she never went."

"It's possible that she didna ken ane. An' what cam o' her cough?"

"It was too dreadful, and they ought not to have taken me to the room. I could not sleep all night. Grant had broken a blood-vessel, and they thought she was dying."

"Is Lily deid?" demanded Jamie.

"Oh no; how could you fancy such a thing? But our doctor said it was a very bad case, and that she could not live above a week. We were desolated to part with her, but of course she could not remain, . . . I mean, we knew she would receive more attention in a hospital. So you understand——"

"A' dae," broke in Jamie, "fine; Lily worrit for you an' yir bairns in a time o' need till a' the strength she brocht wi' her wes gane, an' then, when she wes

like tae dee, ye turned her oot as ye wudna hae dune wi' ane o' yir horses. Ye've a graund hoose an' cairry a high heid, but ye're a puir meeserable cratur, no worthy tae be compared wi' the lass ye hev dune tae deith."

"You have no right——" but Jamie's eyes went through her and she fell away; "she can . . . have her wages for . . . two months."

"No one penny o' yir siller wull she touch beyond her lawful due; gie me the name o' the hospital, an' a'll tak care o' oor puir lass masel."

When Jamie was told at the hospital that Lily had been taken away again in the ambulance next day to the house of the visiting physician, his wrath had no restraint.

"Is there nae place in this ceety whar a freendless lassie can rest till she gaes tae her laist hame?" and Jamie set off for the physician, refusing to hear any explanation.

"Hev a' an appointment wi' Sir Andra? Yes, a' hev, an' for this verra meenut." So again he got access, for the virile strength that was in him.

"We have done all we could for her, but she has only a day to live," said Sir Andrew, a little man, with the manner of a great heart; "she will be glad to see you, for the lassie has been wearying for a sight of some kent face."

"Ye're Scotch," said Jamie, as they went up-stairs, softening and beginning to suspect that he might be mistaken about things for once in his life; "hoo did ye bring Lily tae yir ain hoose?"

"Never mind that just now," said Sir Andrew. "Wait till I prepare Lily for your coming," and Jamie owned the sudden tone of authority.

"One of your old friends has come to see you, Lily"—Jamie noted how gentle and caressing was the voice—"but you must not speak above a whisper nor excite yourself. Just step into the next room, nurse."

"Jamie," and a flush of joy came over the pale, thin face, that he would hardly have recognised, "this is gude . . . o' ye . . . tae come sae far, . . . a' wes wantin' . . . tae see a Drumtochty face afore a'——" Then the tears choked her words.

"Ou aye," began Jamie, with deliberation. "You see a' wes up lookin' aifter some o' Drum-sheugh's fat cattle that he sent aff tae the London market, so of course a' cudna be here withoot gein' ye a cry."

"It wes a ploy tae find ye, juist like hide-an'-seek, but, ma certes, ye hev got a fine hame at laist," and Jamie appraised the dainty bed, the soft carpet, the little table with ice and fruit and flowers, at their untold value of kindness.

"Div ye no ken, Jamie, that a'm——" But Lily still found the words hard to say at three-and-twenty.

"Ye mean that ye hevna been takin' care o' yirsel, an' a' can see that masel," but he was looking everywhere except at Lily, who was waiting to catch his eye. "Ye'll need to gither yir strength again an' come back wi' me tae Drumtochty."

"Ye ken whar thae floors grew, Lily," and Jamie hastily produced his primroses; "a' thocht ye micht like a sicht o' them."

"Doon ablow the Lodge in the Tochty woods . . . whar the river taks a turn . . . an' the sun is shinin' bonnie noo . . . an' a birk stands abune the bank an' dips intae the water."

"The verra place, a couthy cor-

ner whar the first primroses come oot. Ye hevna forgot the auld Glen, Lily. Dinna greet, lassie, or Sir Andra 'ill be angry. Ye may be sure he'll dae a' he can for ye."

"He hes, Jamie, an' mair than a' can tell; a' wud like Grannie an' . . . a' the fouk tae ken hoo a've been treated . . . as if a' wes a leddy, an' his ain blude."

"When they laid me in the bed at the hospital, an' a githered that . . . it wudna be lang, an awfu' longin' cam intae ma hert . . . for a quiet place tae . . . dee in."

"It was a graund airy room, an' everybody wes kind, an' a' hed a' thing ye cud wish for, but . . . it gied against ma nature tae . . . wi' a' thae strangers in the room; oor hooses are wee, but they're oor ain."

Jamie nodded; he appreciated the horror of dying in a public place.

"Sir Andra cam roond an' heard the accoont, an' he saw me greetin'—a' cudna help it, Jamie—an' he read ma name at the tap o' the bed."

"'You're from my country,' he said, but he didna need tae tell me, for a' caught the soond in his voice, an' ma hert warmed; 'don't be cast down, Lily; 'a' coontit it kind tae use ma name; 'we'll do all we can for you.'

"'A' ken a'm deen', a' said, 'an' a'm no feared, but a' canna thole the thoct o' slippin' awa in a hospital; it wud hae been different at hame.'

"'Ye'll no want a hame here, Lily; 'it wes braid Scotch noo, an' it never soonded sae sweet; an', Jamie"—here the whisper was so low, Jamie had to bend his head—"a' saw the tears in his een."

"Rest a wee, Lily; a'm followin'; sae he took ye tae his ain hoose an' pit ye in the best room, an' they've waitit on ye as

if ye were his ain dochter; . . . ye dinna need tae speak; a' wudna say but Sir Andra might be a Christian o' the auld kind, a' mean, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

"Jamie," whispered Lily, before he left, "there's juist ae thing hurtin' me a wee; it's the wy ma mistress . . . hes treated me. A' tried tae be faithfu', though maybe a' didna answer the bells sae quick the laist sax months, . . . an' a' thocht she might . . . hae peetied a lone cratur mair.

"It's no that a' hev ony cause o' complaint aboot wages or keep—a' wes twice raised, Jamie, an' hed a' thing a' needed, an' a'm no hurt aboot bein' cairried tae the hospital, for there were five stairs tae ma room, an' . . . it wudna hae been handy tae wait on me.

"Na, na, Jamie, a'm no onreasonable, but . . . a' houplit she wud hae come tae see me or . . . sent a bit word; gin a body's sober [weak] like me, ye like tae be remembered; it . . . minds you o' the luve o' God, Jamie," and Lily turned her face away. "A' wes prayin' tae see a Drumtochty face aince mair, an' a've gotten that, an' gin ma mistress hed juist said, . . . 'Ye've dune as weel as ye cud,' . . . a' wudna ask mair."

"Ye hae't then, Lily," said Jamie, taking an instant resolution, "for a've been tae see yir mistress, an' a' wes fair . . . ashamed the wy she spoke aboot ye, being Drumtochty masel, an' no' wantin' tae show pride.

"As sure's a'm here, she cudna find words for her thochts o' ye; it wes naethin' but yir faithfulness an' yir gude wark, hoo a'body liket ye an' hoo gratefu' she wes to you. A' wes that affeckit that a' hed tae leave.

"What wud ye say, wumman, gin yon graund lady hes been

twice a-day at the hospital speirin' for you, kerridge an' a', mind ye; but ye ken they're terrible busy in thae places, an' canna aye get time tae cairry the messages.

"But that's no a'," for the glow on Lily's face was kindling Jamie's inspiration, and he saw no use for economy in a good work. "What think ye o' this for a luck-penny? twenty pund exact, an' a' in goud; it looks bonnie glintin' in the licht," and Jamie emptied on the table the store of sovereigns he had brought from Muirtown bank without shame.

"The mistress surely never sent that . . . tae me?" Lily whispered.

"Maybe a' pickit it up on the street; they think awa in the country the very streets are goud here. 'Give her this from us all,' were her verra words," said Jamie, whose conscience had abandoned the unequal struggle with his heart. "Tell her that she's to get whatever she likes with it, and to go down to her home for a long holiday."

"Did ye thank her, Jamie? Nae man hes a better tongue."

"Ma tongue never servit me better; sall, ye wud hae been astonished gin ye hed herd me," with the emphasis of one who stood at last on the rock of truth.

"A'm rael content noo," Lily said, "but a' canna speak mair, an' a've something tae say that'll no keep till the morn," and Jamie promised to return that evening.

Jamie waited in the hall till the last of the famous physician's patients had gone; then he went in and said—

"When a' entered this hoose ma hert wes sair, for a' thocht a defenceless lassie hed been ill-used in her straits, an' noo a' wud like to apologize for ma hot words. Ye've dune a gude work the day that's no for the like o' me to speak

aboot, but it'll hae it's reward frae the Father o' the fatherless."

"Toots, man, what nonsense is this you're talking?" said Sir Andrew; "you don't understand the situation. The fact is, I wanted to study Lily's case, and it was handier to have her in my house. Just medical selfishness, you know."

"A' micht hae thoct o' that," and the intelligence in Jamie's eye was so sympathetic that Sir Andrew quailed before it. "We hev a doctor in oor pairish that's juist yir marra [equal], aye practeesin' on the sick fook, an' for lookin' aifter himsel he passes belief."

"Juist Weelum MacLure ower again," Jamie meditated, as he went along the street. "London or Drumtochty, great physeeician or puir country doctor, there's no ane o' them tae mend anither for doonricht gudeness. There's naebody 'ill hae a chance wi' them at the latter end; an' for leein' tae, a' believe Sir Andra wud beat Weelum himsel."

When Jamie returned, Lily had arranged her store of gold in little heaps, and began at once to give directions.

"Ye maun pay ma debts first, ye ken, Jamie; a' cudna . . . leave, thinkin' that a' wes awin' a penny tae onybody. Grannie aye brocht us up tae live sae that we cud look a'budy in the face, and exceptin' Chairlie . . .

"Twa' shilling tae the shoemaker, an honest, well-daein' man; mony a time he's telt me aboot John Wesley: and a poond tae the dressmaker; it's no a' for masel; there was anither Scotch lassie, . . . but that disna maitter. Cud ye pay thae accoonts the nicht, for the dressmaker 'ill be needin' her money? . . . It wes ma tribble hindered me; . . . a' started ae

day, an' the catch in ma side, . . . a hed tae come back.

"Noo there's ma kirk, an' we maunna forget it, for a've been rael happy there; ma sittin' wes due the beginnin' o' the month, and a' aye gied ten shillings tae the missions; an', Jamie, they were speakin' o' presentin' the minister wi' some bit token o' respect aifter bein' twenty-five years here. Pit me doon for a poond—no ma name, ye ken; that wud be forward; juist . . . 'A gratefu' servant-lass.'

"Ye'll get some bonnie hankerchief or siclike for the nurse; it wudna dae tae offer her siller; an' dinna forget the hoosemaid, for she's hed a sair trachle wi' me. As for Sir Andra, . . . naething can py him.

"Here's five pund, and ye'll gie't tae Grannie; she kens wha it's for; it'll juist feenish the debt. . . .

"Ye can haud yir tongue, Jamie. Wull ye write a line tae Chairlie, an' say . . . that a' wes thinkin' o' him at the end, an' expectin' him tae be a credit tae his fook . . . some day; an', Jamie, gin he ever come back in his richt mind tae the Glen, ye'll . . . no be hard on him like ye wes laist time."

"Chairlie 'ill no want a freend gin a' be leevin', Lily; is that a' for ye're tirin' yersel."

"There's ae thing mair, but a'm dootin' it's no richt o' me tae waste Grannie's siller on't, for a' wantit tae leave her somethin' wiselike; . . . but oh, Jamie, a've taken a longin' . . . tae lie in Drumtochty kirkyaird wi' ma mither an' Grannie.

"A' ken it's a notion, but a' dinna like thae cemeteries wi' their gravel roadies, an' their big monuments, an' the croods o' careless fook, an' the hooses pressin' on them frae every side."

"A' promised, Janet," broke in Jamie, "that a' wud bring ye hame, an' a'll keep ma word, Lily; gin it be God's wull tae tak yir soul tae Himsel, yir body 'ill be laid wi' yir ain fouk," and Jamie left hurriedly.

Next morning Sir Andrew and the minister were standing by Lily's bedside, and only looked at him when he joined them.

"Jamie, . . . thank ye a', . . . ower gude tae . . . a servant-lass, . . . tell them . . . at hame."

Each man bade her good-bye, and the minister said certain words which shall not be written.

"Thae . . . weary stairs," and she breathed heavily for a time; then, with a sigh of relief, "A'm comin'."

"Lily has reached the . . . landing," said Sir Andrew, and as they went down-stairs no man would have looked at his neighbour's face for a ransom.

"A' wrote that verra nicht tae Drumsheugh," Jamie explained to our guard between the Junction and Kildrummie; "an' a'm no sure but he'll be doon himsel wi' a neebur or twa juist tae gie Lily a respectable funeral, for she hes nae man o' her blude tae come.

"Div ye see onything, Robert?" Jamie was in a fever of anxiety; "the Kildrummie hearse stands heich, an' it sud be there, besides the mourners."

"Kildrummie platform's black," cried Robert from the footboard; "the'll be twal gin there be a man; ye stick by ane anither weel up the wy; it's no often a servant is brocht hame for beerial; a' dinna mind a case sin the line opened."

While they went through Kildrummie, Jamie walked alone behind the hearse as chief mourner, with a jealously regulated space of three feet between him and the

neighbours; but as soon as the pine woods had swallowed up the procession, he dropped behind, and was once more approachable.

"Ye've hed a time o't," said Hillocks, treating Jamie as an ordinary man again; "wha wud hae thocht this wes tae be the end o' yir London jaunt? Sall," and Hillocks felt himself unable to grapple with the situation.

"This is juist naethin'," with vague allusion to the arrival by railway and the Kildrummie hearse; "no worth mentionin' wi' the beginnin' o' the beerial at the ither end," and Jamie chose Whinnie's box, out of three offered, to brace him for descriptive narrative.

"Ye maun understand," began Jamie, knowing that he had at least four miles before it would be necessary for him to resume his position of solitary dignity, "that as sune as Lily turned ill she wes taken tae the hoose o' a great London doctor, an' Sir Andra waited on her himsel; there's maybe no' anither o' his patients withoot a title; a' herd him speak o' a Duchess ae day.

"When it wes a' ower, puir lassie, if they didna fecht tae py for the beerial. The minister threipit wi' me that he hed a fund at his kirk for sic objects, a sonsy man wi' a face that pit ye in mind o' hame to look at it, but a' saw through his fund; it's fearsome hoo Scotch folk 'ill lee tae cover gude deeds."

"Div ye think he wud hae py'd it oot o' his ain pocket?" interrupted Hillocks.

"Na, na,' a' said tae the minister," for Hillocks was beneath notice, "ye maun lat her mistress bear the beerial'—twenty pund, as a'm on this road, she gied; 'a faithfu' servant, she's tae want for nothing'; it wes handsome, an' 'ill be maist comfortin' tae Janet.

"Ye saw the coffin for yersels," and Jamie now gave himself to details; "the London hearse hed gless sides and twa horses, then a mourning-coach wi' the minister an' me; but that's the least o't. What think ye cam next?"

"Some o' the neeburs walkin' maybe," suggested Whinnie.

"Walkin'," repeated Jamie, with much bitterness, as of one who despaired of Drumtochty, and saw no use in wasting his breath; just so: ye've hed mair rain here than in England."

"Never mind Whinnie, Jamie," intervened Drumsheugh; "we maun hae the rest o' the funeral; wes there another coach?"

"What wud ye say," and Jamie spoke with much solemnity, "tae a private kerridge, an' mair than ane? Ay, ye may look," allowing himself some freedom of recollection. "Sir Andra's wes next tae the coach, wi' the blinds drawn doon, and aifter it an elder's frae her kirk. He heard o' Lily through the minister, an' naethin' wud sateesfy him but tae dae her sic honour as he cud.

"Gaein' roond the corners o'

the streets—a' culdna help it, neeburs—a' juist took a glisk oot at the window, an' when a' saw the banker's horses wi' the silver harness, a' wushed ye hed been there; sic respect tae a Drumtochty lass.

"Ye saw the lilies on the coffin," wound up Jamie, doing his best to maintain a chastened tone. "Did ye catch the writin'—

*'In remembrance of Lily Grant,
Who did her duty.'*

Sir Andra's ain hand; an' Lily got nae mair than her due."

When Jamie parted with Drumsheugh on the way home, and turned down the road to Janet's cottage, to give her the lilies and a full account of her lassie, Drumsheugh watched him till he disappeared.

"Thirty pund wes what he drew frae the Muirtown bank oot o' his savings, for the clerk telt me himsel, an' naebody jalouses the trick. It's the cleverest thing Jamie ever did, an' ane o' the best a've seen in Drumtochty."

IAN MACLAREN.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

WE believe there can be no more fascinating reading than the frank autobiography of some commonplace mortal, and we find that personal revelations lend charm to very ordinary books. But Benjamin Constant presents one of the most curious and complicated of psychological and intellectual studies, and if his journals do not solve the problem to our satisfaction, assuredly we cannot complain of any lack of candour. Apparently he had neither idea nor intention of their ever being given to the public, and he took his precautions against indiscreet inquisitiveness in his lifetime. Pepys, to whom, in point of frankness, he may be compared, confided his diaries to a cryptogram: Constant went to the trouble of writing his journals in Greek characters. Naturally we compare Constant with Pepys, but they only resemble each other in their absolute unreserve. Pepys reveals his foibles and petty vanities, either unconsciously or with childlike simplicity. Constant does not condescend to trifle with such minute details as the cut of a coat or the items of a tavern-bill. But, on the other hand, in his sensitive self-searching, he ruthlessly submits himself to an unsparing course of the probe and the scalpel. Anxious to understand the secrets of his own moral mechanism, to the last he can never come to definite conclusions; but in trying all possible methods of getting at the truth, he takes us entirely into his confidence. In his extreme unreserve as to his senti-

mental relations with the softer sex, he resembles Rousseau. But whereas—to put it bluntly—we never know whether Rousseau is lying or no, we always have the conviction borne in upon us that Constant is strictly honest and veracious. At the same time, in fairness we are bound to add that such honesty was one of the very few sterling qualities to which he could lay claim; and, moreover, the honesty was chiefly displayed when he was confessing himself in private for his personal satisfaction. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that in two of the most sensational French memoirs which have been recently exhumed from family repositories, the literary experts who stand sponsors to the works begin by abusing their subjects. M. Duruy, who edited the memoirs of Barras, in a scathing introduction pronounced the old member of the Revolutionary Directorate one of the most shameless and scurrilous of liars. M. Melegari does not go so far as that, and he takes a somewhat different line. He assures us that we may rely on the veracity of those journals, but he avers, and he sufficiently proves the assertion, that Constant was absolutely destitute of a moral sense. He was a brilliant failure, and he might have been a more brilliant success had he persuaded himself that honesty was the wisest policy. Most politicians who have no fixed principles go astray through perverted ambition or self-seeking. Constant perversely shifted his ground, and changed his opinions, at the times when a change was

sure to be prejudicial: in other words, he always ratted at the wrong moment. The explanation was, that he was a waif of the world, drifting upon the tide of his passions and caprices. He was always indulging in the intoxicating luxury of at least one *grande passion*, and was the victim or plaything of some woman who could twist him round her finger. He had three great loves in the course of his life, and each of them brought him successively and successfully to shipwreck. The love was superficial after all, and although undoubtedly he was vain enough, his follies cannot altogether be set down to vanity. Like the opium-eater who will revert to the drug he fears, Constant knowingly simulated a profundity of feeling which found habitual vent in hysterical emotions. It was Madame de Staël who cast the most lasting spell over him; but he was most helpless in the hands of Madame Récamier, who, flattering his weakness, befooled and threw him over. Much of the piquancy of these journals is to be sought in the fact that this exceptionally shrewd man of the world was keenly alive to the snares that beset him, and nevertheless habitually walked into them. He learned no practical lessons in the course of a checkered life, and never profited by his bitter experiences. He is ever longing for the repose that always eludes him; yet he knows he could attain it by an effort of the will. A confirmed sceptic, if not an actual atheist, he would have willingly rested on the rock of Christianity, but he could not reason himself into the beliefs that he envied. There is a melancholy wail in a touching passage in one of his confidential letters to his aunt, the Countess of

Nassau, written at the age of twenty-seven: "As to what you say of belief, I know better than anybody how painful it is not to believe, and gladly should I cut off nose and ears if only I could be thoroughly persuaded; but I fear that all the amputations would do no good, and that, noseless and earless, I should be incredulous as now and in spite of myself. I must endure my doom."

These last significant words explain much, if not all. He was an Epicurean fatalist, who strove to fancy himself a predestinarian, because it spared him the worries of continued conflict. If he were frittering away precious time and squandering splendid talents, if he were dangling after some *Dame de par le monde*, as Brantôme has it, devoting his nights to the gaming-table and his mornings to sentimental "maunderings," his Destiny must bear the blame, and there, as Johnson says, was an end of it.

As he had no conscience, so he had no special country. Born at Lausanne, he was descended on both sides from French Huguenot refugees: his father had taken service with the Dutch: Benjamin had well-born German connections, and he married three German wives. Even in the days *par excellence* of adventurers of Fortune—of the Buonapartes and the Pozzo di Borgos, when French *émigrés* were in favour at St Petersburg and the German Courts—no man was more cosmopolitan. When holding a Court appointment at Brunswick, he identifies himself with the Germans, writing of "our constitution" and "our arming." Yet on the whole his sympathies inclined to the French, and he approved the Revolution, although he denounced its excesses, and was

unsparing in his scathing satire of the wretches who abused passing popularity for their personal ends. He naturalised himself a Frenchman when it suited his objects, and for a moment it seemed as if he had happened upon a career which would have gratified to the full his fervid ambition. He longed for responsibilities, with their corresponding influence, which would give him a voice in the counsels of the new world that had come up, and enable him to assist in shaping its future according to his utopian dreams. The all-powerful First Consul, a connoisseur in men, was willing and even eager to engage the services of Constant. He appreciated the subtle and scheming brain; and would gladly have engaged with ample pay and honours the support of the fluent and biting pen that was inspired by an instinctive genius for politics. The Consul appointed Constant a member of the *Tribunat*, set up as a solemn farce and a convenient screen. But Constant accepted his rôle seriously, and, ranging himself on the side of menaced liberty, took up his parable against despotism in the abstract. In ordinary cases, Buonaparte's methods with such a recalcitrant would have been short and summary: he showed his estimate of the value of Constant by endeavouring to bring him to a more reasonable mind. "Come and talk to me in my cabinet," he said; "these are discussions which should only be raised *en famille*." It was highly characteristic of Constant that he was assured and confirmed in his unseasonable rectitude by those flattering cajoleries of the man of the future. He turned a deaf ear to the charmer, and was dismissed from a lucrative position. Later, the friend of

liberty was to come to the assistance of the despot, when liberty had been still more ruthlessly crushed: when the star of the Emperor's fortunes had been waning, and when the influence on his own fortune could only be disastrous.

Like John Stuart Mill, he was a remarkable example of the possible endurance of an overtaxed brain against prolonged and excessive strain. Extraordinarily precocious in his studies as in his reflections, it was truly said of him that he had no childhood. His letters at the early age of ten were those of a phenomenal and objectionable little prig. Like Byron and Rousseau, the slave of the fair sex had premature experiences of the tender passion. At the age of ten, making an eccentric, but, in the circumstances, no unnatural choice of a confidante, he unbosoms himself freely to his grandmother: "I sometimes see here a young English girl whom I prefer to Cicero, Seneca, &c.: she teaches me Ovid, whom she has never read and of whom she has never heard; but I find the whole of him in her eyes." Seldom or never, surely, has there been such an extraordinary case as that ten-years'-old admirer of the philosophical Seneca finding a crib to the free translation of Ovid's 'Art of Love' in the eyes of a pretty little playmate; and truly with Constant the child was the father of the man. Such a boy, always asking embarrassing questions, was born to be the plague of tutors and preceptors; but besides, as in after-life, with the perversity of the pig, he was always set upon going his own way. His masters could only induce him to study by exciting his imagination; but when they succeeded in stimulating and interesting that teeming brain, it was a case of the

boyish son of the Virgin sitting among the doctors in the Temple. It may be questioned whether the most firm and sagacious of fathers could have controlled and directed that unquiet spirit. But the Dutch colonel had few sympathies with his son, and slight sense of parental responsibilities. He was sarcastic, somewhat cynical and self-restrained, and moreover, he was an elderly *enfant terrible*, perpetually getting into scrapes, and always struggling with pecuniary troubles. The natural relations of son and father were soon reversed; the son with all his follies seems to have been always by far the richer of the two, and it was quite in keeping with his character that, where money was concerned, he behaved to his prodigal parent with careless generosity. Meantime his father had speedily washed his hands of him. When only fourteen, the youth was sent to study at Oxford: thence he crossed the seas to the German University of Erlangen; and from Erlangen he went to the College of Edinburgh, where, when going through a course of the classes, he formed close and enduring connections with some of the future lights and leaders of the Whigs. At the age of twenty, having completed his education, he repaired to Paris. There his Whiggish friendships and predilections proved a natural introduction to intimacies with the free-thinking *doctrinaires* and encyclopædists who were paving the way for the terrors of the Revolution. He submitted himself to the ascendancy of the genius of Voltaire, and with that the cosmopolitan *par excellence* had completed his course of preliminary training. Attached to no country and burdened by no fixed principles, his career became eccentrically brilliant, like that of a wandering comet or a shooting-star. Béranger might have had

him in mind when he wrote the melancholy couplet—

“Encore une étoile qui file, qui file,
Qui file et disparaît.”

For as he rose in storm, he sunk in gloom.

Some commentary by way of prelude was indispensable, but it is high time we came to the journals. Besides the strangely fascinating self-revelations, they abound in references to the most prominent men in Germany, and France, and Europe in general, from Goethe to the Emperor Alexander, from Schiller to the Conqueror of Europe, and to women—to one woman in especial, who was scarcely less renowned than Napoleon. The ties he formed with Madame de Staël account for many of his sojourns in Germany, for she made it a point that he should accompany or follow her into her exiles. The beginning of the journals in 1804 finds him at Weimar, the place of all others where we might have expected to meet with both. The opening sentence expresses the vain aspiration, the tantalising Will-o'-the-wisp, which was ever to elude him: “I intend to remain a certain time, for I shall find rich libraries, serious conversations according to my tastes, and, *above all, tranquillity for my labours.*” Soon after comes the avowal: “I work little and ill; but, on the other hand, I have seen Goethe. Subtlety, self-love, physical inability to the point of suffering, a remarkable intellect, a noble look, a face somewhat worn.” Three weeks later he had re-read ‘Faust’: “It is a mockery of the human race, and of all the men of science. The Germans find it unfathomably deep: as for me, I find that it falls short of ‘Candide’: it is quite as immoral and dry, as there is less of playfulness, fewer ingenious witticisms, and much more

bad taste." The strange criticism is characteristic, and we see that Constant was still under the strong spell of the mocking hermit of Ferney, otherwise it would have scarcely occurred to him to compare the two dissimilar masterpieces. For it is a far cry from the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken to the scandalous and *scabreuses* adventures of the heroines of 'Candide.' "Extremely interesting supper with Goethe. He is a man full of wit, of sallies, of depth, of new ideas. But he is the least good-natured fellow (*le moins bon-homme*) whom I know." Speaking of 'Werther,' Goethe said: "What makes the work a dangerous one is, having depicted weakness as if it were strength. But when I do a thing which suits me, I take no thought for the consequences. If there are fools who are harmed by the reading of it, my faith, it is so much the worse for them." Visiting Leipsic, he came across Goldsmith, then making the grand tour by miracles of economy, and paying his way by the exercise of his talents. "As to Goldsmith, whose acquaintance I made, it is as impossible not to like him as it is difficult to esteem him." Then there is an entry noting that he had dined with Goldsmith. We know not whether the Englishman suggested the apothegm with the hidden sneer, which is in immediate juxtaposition: "The generality of men attribute the results of their imprudences to the firmness of their principles."

In this miscellany of matter, all suggested by the meditations or incidents of the moment, we come sometimes on pieces of criticism which are equally acute and original. So that, whether we are disposed to agree or dissent, the journals are invariably suggesting subjects for reflection. As for example—

"While travelling by post, I have been reading Euripides. He is a completely modern poet, having nothing of the simplicity, the good faith, the sincerity of the ancients. Altogether given over to the idea of making effects, and of passing, with that purpose, from one opinion to another; now a fanatical devotee, again ostentatiously impious; rich in descriptions, but which are sometimes misplaced, and abounding in allusions against the orators, the nations, the Governments, as a man whose ambitions have been unsatisfied, and who, deceived in his desires under a democracy, has made the democracy his detestation. I find a close relation between him and Voltaire."

So again we have Voltaire as the gauge and model of the genius of all ages, and of every manner. But there is piquancy in Constant criticising the great Greek tragedian as if he had been a literary Rabagus writing melodrama for the Porte St Martin; and the passage about the democracy sounds prophetic in the mouth of the man who was to make frequent changes in his political creed, after standing forth as the fanatical apostle of liberty.

The allusions to Madame de Staël are constant though inconsecutive. Passion or affection apart, his attraction to her was so far selfish or self-interested that he is said never to have sparkled so brilliantly as when she was present to inspire him. He seems to have been the life and soul of the brilliant circle at Coppet. It is a standing mystery why they did not marry, after the death of M. de Staël in 1802. Perhaps the most plausible theory is, that the *spirituelle* author of 'Corinne,' who had an excessive share of feminine vanity, was loath to part with the name under which she had become famous, or to merge her individuality in that of a gifted husband. Barras was notoriously a *mauvaise*

langue; but if Barras in the *Memoirs* recently published may be believed, the lady was ready to go any lengths for the political advancement of her friend and *protégé*. Be that as it may, she had bewitched Constant, as indirectly she wrecked the life of one of the unfortunate women he married. Much misdoubting, and by way of trying a desperate remedy, he married Charlotte of Hardenberg, on the chance that her devotion and domestic virtues might detach him from the enchantress. As he had foreseen, the experiment was doomed to failure, and the unhappy Charlotte was the victim of her admiring credulity.

When Necker had followed his son-in-law to the grave, Constant hurried to Coppet to console the bereaved daughter. Thus he moralises on his personal feelings, and it is another proof of how carefully he studied himself, with fair success :—

“I know no one but myself who is always led on to feel for others more than for myself, because pity pursues me, and the pain which would be weakened as to anything personal to myself, ceaselessly renews itself, on the contrary, with the idea that it is not myself who has need of consolation. As to my personal griefs, it is not only strength which assists me to bear them, but elasticity. I have excellent qualities—pride, devotion, generosity—but I am not altogether a real being. There are two persons in me, and one of them is watching the other, knowing well that those convulsive movements of grief ought to pass. Thus, at this moment, I am sad, but if I wished, I should not only be consoled, but so entirely distracted from my grief that I should not feel it : however, I do not desire that, because I feel that Madame de Staël has need not only of my consolation but of my grief.”

Unmarried or divorced,—and he had two experiences of the latter condition,—this sentimentally sym-

pathetic friend was nevertheless always thinking of wedlock as a means of rupture and a refuge. Yet all the time he knew very well that in a match with any ordinary mortal, matrimonial bliss was denied him. Here we have his reflections on the subject at Geneva, which, be it remembered, was within a short boat-voyage of Coppet :—

“Saw Amélie Fabri again : she is just as black, just as lively, just as excitable. How I should have hated her, had they succeeded in getting me to marry her ! Yet she really is extremely amiable. I have always the ill-luck to discover impossibilities with the women I think of marrying. Charlotte de Hardenberg wearisome and romantic” (it would have been well for poor Charlotte had he held to that way of thinking) : “Madame Lindsay was forty and had two natural children [!]; Madame de Staël, who understands me better than anybody, will not consent to confine herself to friendship, when I have no more love to give : this poor Amélie, who desires me, is thirty-two, no fortune, and absurdities which age has confirmed : Antoinette, who is twenty, with money and with no absurdities, is common in face, and has nothing of the French about her.”

Madame de Staël would not, and yet she would. She would not, as it appears, become Constant's wife, but she would keep him as her humble slave to share her romantic transports. Here is a specimen of the tempestuous scenes which were perpetually recurring, in which the hysterical pair tore passions into tatters :—

“A gay supper with the Prince de Belmonte. Remained alone with Madame de Staël ; the storm blows up, little by little. Frightful scene till three in the morning, because I have no sensibility, because I am undeserving of confidence, because my sentiments do not correspond with my conduct. Alas ! I would escape these monotonous lamenta-

tions, not upon real misfortunes, but on the general laws of nature, on old age. I would, I who am a man, that I should not have to endure the murmurings of a woman whose youth is abandoning her. I would she did not ask me for love after ten years of a *liaison*, now that we both are nearly forty, and I have declared two hundred times, and for long, that I have no more love to give. A declaration I have never retracted, except to soothe those convulsions of grief and rage which terrified me. . . . However, I must sever my life from hers, in remaining her friend or in disappearing from the earth."

Nevertheless, he had never the resolution to break away, nor indeed did he really desire it. Had Corinne chosen to take him at his word, it would have been the surest way of reviving his devotion. They might stretch the couples and fret their necks, but the fateful bond was not to be snapped. Simultaneously he was in regular correspondence with Madame Dutertre, the twice-divorced Charlotte de Hardenberg, who was to be his second choice. Writing in Geneva, he says:—

"I have a letter from Madame Dutertre. Here is another, who with a strong love of independence, having succeeded in regaining it at the age of twenty-five, and in possession at the same time of a sufficient fortune, hastens to mar her life for the second time by a tie which oppresses her now as much and even more than the former one."

Sympathetically alive to the lady's mistake, he was then meditating making her his accomplice in a third indiscretion. Geneva, being on the frontiers of revolutionary France, was then more than ever the resort of the learned, and the refuge of independent freethinkers:—

"I take a walk with Sismondi, who reproaches me with never speaking seriously. That is true. I take too little interest in persons and in things,

in the moods in which I find myself, to seek to convince. I confine myself to silence or to jesting. It amuses me and acts as an anodyne. The best gift that heaven has bestowed on me is that of making merry with myself."

Very different was the character of the unfortunate Frederick of Prussia, as to whom he quotes approvingly an epigrammatic judgment of the Prince de Belmonte:—"Tis a king who does a duty as a clerk does his, without permitting himself the least advantage for his personal enjoyment." Then there is one of those cases of unconscious self-betrayal which the cynical observer of Humanity so keenly enjoyed, and especially when the subject was a European celebrity:—

"Here is a pleasant trait of *amour-propre* supplied me by Schlegel. One day he read me a letter he had addressed to one of his friends. Shortly afterwards I happened to see that the friend had died. I spoke of it to Schlegel, who replied, 'Yes, he is dead; but, however, he had time to receive my letter before dying.' As if, comments Constant, the destination of the friend had been above all to read Schlegel's letter, and that, having read the letter, he might depart in peace."

His thirty-seventh birthday suggests a valuable fragment of autobiography:—

"The better part of my life is gone by. Assuming nature to be propitious, I can only expect to pass without infirmities the half of the time I have lived already. My life only leaves me confused recollections. I take little more interest in myself than in others. I know that, up to fourteen object of my father's warm affection, treated on the one hand harshly enough, but excited on the other to the most extravagant vanity, I have lived on, filling all who were about me with admiration for my precious gifts, and with distrust for my violent, quarrelsome, and *malin* disposition. I had no longer a mother. They fancied me malevolent: I was

only full of *amour-propre*. From fourteen to sixteen I was at a German University, far too much left to myself, having great triumphs which turned my head, and then committing enormous follies. From sixteen to eighteen I studied at Edinburgh, and there for the first time I found the real taste for study, which hitherto they had vainly tried to inspire in me. But after a year of a regular and tolerably happy life, I abandoned myself to the passion of play, and lived miserably in a fever of excitement. Then I went to spend some months at Paris, abandoned to my own wisdom, which turned out badly enough. . . . At twenty-seven I was divorced from a first marriage contracted in Germany."

So at the mature age of thirty-seven he had not only learned, but laid to heart, the lessons of experience; yet although they were ever whispering warnings and awakening reproaches, he could never summon the resolution to turn them to account. There has seldom been an example of so shrewd a man, who walked through sorrows and worries to perdition with eyes so widely open. Nor does this unpractical philosopher ever miss the occasion of seeking some personal moral in each casual incident which presents itself to his strikingly original mind. Posting northwards from Dôle, he comes upon a burning village. The peasants are searching among the smouldering ashes of their homes for any valuables the conflagration might have spared:—

"And their joy in receiving each scrap they saved was more lively, and gave them a feeling of more real and satisfying calm, than the wealthy can possibly experience, who, not having the interest in their lives of providing for their necessities, have no knowledge of how to supply these, *et s'agitant dans le vide sans suivre aucune route tracée*. UNE ROUTE TRACÉE est aussi ce qui manque à ma vie."

For though Constant may pro-

fess to be indifferent to himself as to other people, that is only a trick of speech or thought; in reality the cynical sage was the most self-conscious of mankind, and never out of his own thoughts for an instant.

Even when constrained to confide admiration of others to his journal, there is generally some slighting touch of depreciation. His eye was keener for faults than for merits. He passes an evening with Humboldt, then approaching the height of celebrity:—

"He is an enlightened man, full of activity and of zeal for the sciences, not having sought, like many of the *savants*, a means of making himself indifferent to the instincts of humanity and of divesting himself of all opinion and of all courage. I do not believe him strong enough to arrive at the universality to which he aspires, though all his ideas in this respect are true and just, but his loins are not strong enough. In short, he is a man who has undertaken a superb enterprise, who has carried it on with admirable perseverance, who will give an extremely interesting account of it, and who will have advanced several branches of science and thrown many new lights upon speculative philosophy."

There is an epigrammatic comment on "a good letter" from his Egeria: "She [Madame de Staël] is always too eager to put herself forward—agitation and ambition. She leaves the wings of fortune no time to grow, she pulls out feather after feather to make herself a plume." Next year (1807) the expressions of impatience become more vehement. He hesitates over the doubtful or desperate expedient of marrying Madame Duterre by way of distraction, and is continually contrasting the one lady with the other. Coruscations of intellectual rockets and sentimental Greek fire on the one side; quiet evenings, down beds,

and dull domestic felicity on the other :—

“The contrast between her impetuosity, her selfishness, her constant concern about herself, and the gentleness, the calm, the humble and modest manner of Charlotte, makes the letters a thousand times more dear to me. I am weary of the *homme-femme* whose hand of iron has enchained me these ten years, when I have a woman who is really a woman, who intoxicates and enchants me.”

Madame de Staël, who had been so willing to give him his dismissal, reconsiders the position when he seems ready to accept :—

“Madame de Staël comes back on her resolution : she will hear no more of a rupture. The simple plan would be not to see her again, and to await at Lausanne the orders of Charlotte, of this angel whom I bless as she will save me. Schlegel writes that Madame de Staël declares she will kill herself if I abandon her. I don't believe a word of it. But I feel I should pass for a monster were I to leave her : I shall die if I do not. I regret and I detest her.”

It is hard to sympathise with these humiliating shrieks of a feeble nature, seeing clearly the better way and always following the worse. Yet in the full knowledge of his own weakness, his presentiments never deceived him, nor was he ever guilty of more cruel or selfish conduct than when he abused the confiding affection of Madame Dutertre. The torments of the poor woman began during the prolonged period of the betrothal :—

“*Coppet*.—She [Madame de Staël] is come ; she has thrown herself at my feet, she has uttered frightful cries of grief and desolation. A heart of iron could not have resisted. I have come back to Coppet with her. I have consented to stay for six weeks, and there is Charlotte expecting me at the end of September. Great God ! what am I to do ! I am trampling under foot my future and my happiness.”

It was a pitiable exhibition of weakness in a marvellously able and accomplished man of the world. It is a strange moral phenomenon to see one of the most egotistical and selfish of mortals deliberately sacrificing himself to the spell of the capricious enchantress whom he had ceased to love and was inclined to loathe. Is the explanation to be sought in the predominating and superabundant vanity, unwilling finally to sever the connection with a woman who had stung Napoleon to fury in a war of pin-pricks ? Or did he really find such intellectual excitement in her society that the pleasures almost compensated for the pains ? No wonder that, in one of his letters to his aunt, the Countess of Nassau, we find him defending himself from the charge of indecision which that lady frequently made against her favourite nephew. The defence is more specious than satisfactory, and its logical conclusion would go to prove that the world should be governed by fools or dullards :—

“Why, I beg, do you accuse me of having a weak character ? It is an accusation to which all enlightened people are exposed, because they see the two, or rather the thousand, sides of things, and it is impossible to come to a resolution, so that they seem to be tottering, sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. But it is reason, and not weakness. . . . I have no longer any weakness of character : I have examined my own, and I know it ; and instead of making a horse take different action from what is natural to him, I confine myself to making the best of Nature as I find it.”

So he “wobbled” into his second marriage—for the word exactly expresses the vacillating frame of mind which promised miserably for the future happiness of the spouses. And although the chapters of his loves and *liaisons* are

far from concluded—for, if possible, he was more befooled than ever when he succumbed to the witcheries of the beautiful Madame Récamier—we may conclude with a passage from the journals of the newly married man:—

“Again, new scenes with Charlotte, but I feel that I am the cause. Instead of being weak and hard, I ought to be firm and gentle. I feel that I am carrying the *ennui* of my wife as well as my own, and it weighs heavily. I have lost Madame de Staël, and shall never recover the blow.”

We have said our say on the psychological phenomena which give the journals their very exceptional interest, and shall only touch on the notes of a couple of remarkable interviews. For they show what a position the man had attained, what a conspicuous part he might have played in the politics of Europe, had he been governed by anything like fixity of purpose, and had his susceptibilities and emotions been less easily excited. When the Allied monarchs were in Paris in 1814, the Tsar was anxious to make the acquaintance of the renowned *littérateur* and pamphleteer:—

“To-day I was presented to the Emperor Alexander. The interview went over well. He has the air of the best of men. Without the care his courtiers take to keep him at a distance from the rest of the world, one could talk to him with full freedom and confidence. He has repeated to me the promise of an order.”

Still more flattering was his meeting with Napoleon during the Hundred Days, when the Emperor, sanguinely expecting a triumph in the impending campaign, had some thought of re-establishing the imperial throne on broader, more liberal, and more catholic foundations:—

“The Emperor has fixed an interview. What will it be?”

“I have seen him. He has received me admirably, and charged me, after a long conversation, with drawing up the scheme of a constitution. I must confess that he is an astonishing man. All will be completed to-morrow, but will that make me ‘arrive’ at last, and ought I to desire it? The future is very dark. The will of God be done.”

He never was destined to arrive, though for many years—until he died after another revolution in 1830—he went wandering around the coveted goal. Always taking important steps *mal-apropos*, it need hardly be said that his ill-timed relations with the proscrip of Elba and St Helena were no recommendation to the Monarch of the Restoration. By accepting a sum of money from Louis Philippe for the payment of his debts, he even contrived—to have his character for independence gravely impeached. Perhaps what we have quoted from his journals may tend to show that he laid himself open to the worst that his enemies could say of him. Yet he was rather weak or womanly than wicked; and he had many attractive and amiable qualities. Unfortunately, with a heart and a brain always beating at fever-heat, he was lacking alike in conscience and in backbone. After a troubled life of ceaseless activity, he died discredited, if not actually disgraced; and as for the philosophical and political treatises on which he chiefly valued himself, they were soon ignored, and are now forgotten. If his literary fame survives, save in vague impressions, it is in his once popular romance of ‘Adolphe,’ and we doubt whether even the name of that novel is known to a score of the literary men on this side of the Channel.

DEER-STALKING.

SEARCH FOR A "ROYAL."

DEER-STALKING has attractions for the real sportsman which are not to be found in the prosecution of any other sport in this country. This, at least, is my own experience. Having for many years engaged in grouse-shooting on several of our finest Highland moors, and taken part in some of the best partridge and cover shooting in the southern counties, I am free to confess that deer-stalking has provided me with such pleasure as, from a sportsman's and naturalist's point of view, I never otherwise enjoyed.

Now that the season for "following the deer" has again come round, I shall, for the sake of those interested in our mountain sports, put on record the results of a week's deer-stalking. I accepted an invitation from a gentleman who rented a forest on the West Coast, and in due course arrived at Fort William, whence, after crossing to Corpach, I drove up the shores of Loch Eil to my destination. The drive is one of the most beautiful in the country, and more especially when Loch Eil is left behind and the watershed is reached. The fjords of Norway have in recent years acquired great reputation for magnificence of scenery; but despite higher mountains and larger waterfalls, in no part of Norway can the wild and picturesque scene between Loch Eil and Arisaig be surpassed. Here may be seen moorland and marsh, rock and wood, towering mountain and lowly valley, tiny rivulet and brawling stream, all forming a prospect which, once seen, is not likely to be soon forgotten.

At my destination I met with a true Highland welcome. I had immediately to inspect two stags which had been killed that day, as well as the head of a wild goat shot the day previous, and which was lying addressed to a well-known taxidermist. After dinner the stags were all stalked and shot over again. The hinds, roes, wild goats, otters, foxes, eagles, ravens, and all other *feræ nature* noticed in the district, were discussed with intense interest. A "royal" was reported to have been seen in a distant corrie that day, and it was arranged that I should start early next morning with John, the stalker, and try to secure him. Accordingly I retired early to my room; but the prospect of glorious achievement on the coming morrow so exercised my fevered brain, that I was little inclined to sleep. I drew up the blind, and, raising the window, looked out into the darkness. The silence was impressive. Not a sound was to be heard but the distant murmur of the streamlets flowing down the mountain-sides, and the occasional roar of a stag issuing his challenge to any rival that might venture near his harem. I closed the window and went to bed, but tossed for an hour or two before falling asleep. At daybreak I awoke, and sprang at once out of bed. Within a few feet of my window was a covey of blackgame — the old hen and seven chicks all full grown, and the cocks quite black on the backs. How busily they ran to and fro, picking the seeds of the ribwort and other plants that grew in pro-

fusion around the lodge! It was indeed marvellous to see these birds in such close proximity to the house; but I afterwards learnt that they had been in the habit of coming daily, and that food was put out for them by the young ladies, who successfully pled for their protection from the murderous guns.

So eager was I in observing the black-game, that I scarcely noticed that the entire scene was enveloped in such a thick mist as would render stalking next to impossible. After breakfast, however, the confinement in the lodge became unbearable, and I arranged with John that we should proceed to a distant corrie, in the hope that the mist would lift in the afternoon. Off we started, and after much climbing reached our destination about mid-day. Here the mist was more dense, and looking for a stag seemed as hopeless a task as searching for the proverbial needle in a hay-stack. On two occasions we discovered by the "bark" of a hind that we were in close proximity to deer; but to see anything in the dense fog was simply impossible. Sheltering in a burn, we waited patiently in the hope that the mist would rise. While engaged with lunch, our attention was attracted by a rattling among the stones to the right. On looking up, we were not a little surprised to see five stags, including a "royal" with a splendid wide head, gallop past within a few yards of us. In sport, as in life, great opportunities sometimes take us unawares and unprepared. My rifle was still in its cover, and before it could be got out and cartridges inserted, the fleet-footed herd had disappeared in the mist. There was no likelihood of the day clearing, and John suggested going

home, so, feeling rather glum, we started back accordingly.

On looking out the following morning, I was disgusted to see a downpour of rain. It fell most of the day, not in showers but in sheets. Stalking was accordingly again out of the question. As a diversion, I devoted a few hours in the evening to fishing on the lake, and was rewarded by securing some very fine sea-trout. The wind afterwards changed, and it became intensely cold, with heavy showers of snow. I was awakened next morning by my host knocking at my door, and requesting me to come out quickly. I was not long in dressing, and, hurrying out, found him watching about a dozen hinds and a stag grazing within three hundred yards of the lodge. The weather had cleared, and there were several degrees of frost. Never can I forget the scene. The higher parts of the mountains were white with the newly fallen snow, and the sun, not yet far above the horizon, was shining with a brilliancy that almost dazzled the eyes. In the woods lower down the foliage had assumed its autumn tints. The yellow hues of the graceful birch, the almost crimson colour of the mountain-ash, and the still green leaves of the oak, blended with other colours against the white background, appeared in the clear atmosphere most striking and picturesque. The stag with his hinds fed slowly away from the lodge towards the river. The herd gradually ascended the mountain-side. As he had only eight points, I scorned to follow him, determined that my first shot should be at the "royal" with the wide-spreading antlers.

After eating a hurried breakfast, I waited impatiently for the

stalker to appear. The sun was shining brilliantly as at mid-summer, and I knew the snow would speedily disappear off the hills. Punctually at eight o'clock John made his appearance, and off we started, full of hopeful anticipation. After three-quarters of an hour's climbing, we spied the eight-pointer with his seraglio of hinds lying on the lee side of a small ridge. Keeping low down to avoid disturbing them, we circled round and continued our ascent towards the summit. Carefully examining every bit of fresh ground as it came in sight, we discovered some hinds in a small corrie about half a mile distant. Expecting to find a stag with them, we advanced cautiously in their direction. The nature of the ground being favourable, we had no difficulty in crawling within a hundred and fifty yards of the herd. John was carrying the rifle, in which he had put a couple of cartridges, and left part of the stock sticking out of the cover in order to be ready for any emergency. As we peered over a rocky boulder, there confronted us a scene worthy the brush of a Landseer. A large red stag was standing, with broadside exposed, a little over a hundred yards distant. At a glance I observed it was a twelve-pointer. Between forty and fifty hinds were feeding around. These, however, I scarcely noticed, my eyes being riveted on the fat haunches and symmetrical antlers of the "royal" stag. Without moving my body, I mechanically reached forth my hand and seized the rifle. Feeling that John held it firm, I looked round to discover the reason. Still keeping hold of the rifle, he whispered, "It is the reserved stag."

It now dawned upon me that

some months before I had heard that a certain stag "known to the stalker" was reserved, and a condition to that effect embodied in the lease. I could not help admiring the noble animal wistfully for some minutes. I whispered, "Are you sure it is the reserved one, John?" "Oh yes, sir," he replied. Another look at the splendid head, and then I asked regretfully, "Could you swear to him?" "Oh yes, sir," he repeated in the same assured tone as before, which made me feel not a little ashamed at having doubted him for a moment. Knowing that to startle them would result in half the forest being disturbed by their galloping off, we retraced our steps, and tried to get round above them. As we proceeded, I ruminated about the reservation of this stag, and, despite my disappointment, felt convinced that in this matter the proprietor was acting wisely. If Darwin's theory as to the process of natural selection is accepted, the propriety of the reservation of symmetrical stags in a forest must become apparent. We know to what perfection the breeding of horses, sheep, cattle, dogs, and other animals has been carried, and why, I ask, should not the same principle, as far as possible, be extended to deer?

We pushed on, and were unfortunate in coming unexpectedly on a herd of wild goats, which scampered away in the direction of the deer. A minute later we saw the hinds galloping off, with the large stag in the rear, having taken the hint from the disturbance among the goats. This incident altered our plans, as we knew it would be useless to go after the fifty or sixty deer. We therefore made for the top of the highest mountain included in the

shooting-ground, from which I had heard the view was magnificent. We observed some broods of ptarmigan cowering among the stones, and, what was more remarkable, a number of black-game, which are not usually seen at such a high altitude. The thought occurred to me, Was it by a provision of nature that these birds were induced to ascend nearly to the summit of this mountain, to afford prey for a pair of eagles which had been seen daily flying in aerial circles in that wild and mountainous region? This seemed a natural deduction, but speculation was set at rest by our coming suddenly on fourteen birds which quickly took their flight. I went to the spot where they had been sitting, and discovered crowberries growing in profusion, which was doubtless the object of attraction. But the same Providence which sent the king of birds to the mountain-tops planted the crowberries which attracted the eagles' quarry.

At the summit of the mountain we sat down, took out our telescopes, and surveyed our surroundings. What a splendid panorama! While I examined it in wonder deer-stalking had no place in my mind. Mountains and lakes were spread out before me. In an easterly direction Loch Eil stretched away towards Fort William, overshadowed by Ben Nevis with its snow-clad summit. While I was trying to make out the observatory, I noticed a dark cloud suddenly make its appearance over the mighty Ben. It eventually lowered, and then obscured one half of the mountain-top, while the other half could be distinctly seen with the naked eye. In the dark cloud a brilliant rainbow appeared. Part of the halo was outside the

cloud, on the clear sky, and the colours appeared to be different, giving a most remarkable effect. Looking in a more northerly direction, the peaks and ridges of Achnacarry forest, which sportsmen must long regard with a melancholy interest, from its connection with the sad fate of that noble scion of the house of Buccleuch, stood out against the horizon. To the west was the Atlantic Ocean, upon the bosom of which Rum, Eig, and other islands could be easily distinguished, with the Outer Hebrides looming in the distance. Almost immediately beneath us was the long narrow Loch Shiel, lying peacefully between two steep and rocky mountain ranges. A small steam-launch was plying up the loch towards the monument of the ill-fated Prince Charlie, whose figure appeared as if anxiously looking up Glenfinnan for the arrival of the nine hundred Cameron men who, under the leadership of Lochiel, rallied round his banner, unfurled there for the first time. The outer wall of the monument is now in ruins, having been wrecked by the combined action of a storm and the rising of the waters of the lake to an abnormal height. The monument has altogether an appearance of regrettable dilapidation, and it is to be hoped that some person of sufficient public spirit may make the necessary arrangements for securing its restoration by public subscription, otherwise this interesting memorial of the Jacobite rebellion will soon become a shadowy relic of the past.

"I'm thinking we should be going, sir," said John, after we had eaten our lunch; and quickly we were on our way eastward to spy a corrie in which we expected to find the "royal" with the wide-

spreading antlers. Nor were we disappointed; for on John reconnoitring with the telescope, he remarked, "There is a good beast, whatever." It was necessary to get nearer before we could determine whether or not it was the stag we were in search of. He was rolling himself in a peat bath, and at the distance it was some time ere John could pronounce what it was. Unfortunately at this juncture the "bark" of a hind in close proximity caused us to turn our heads, when we observed her with her calf galloping across the corrie. They had been lying in a small hollow completely out of sight. The head of every deer was up, intently watching them, as if aware that they had been startled by some hidden foe. We naturally concluded that our chance was lost. Gradually they gathered into groups, concentrating into one mass, and moved slowly away. For some time we were not certain if the herd would leave the corrie; but they eventually did so very slowly, evidently not much scared. John remarked that they would just go round the shoulder of the hill and remain in the next corrie. We would, however, have to wait a little in order to allow them to settle. Going back, we circled round the summit, and, reaching the corrie, found them as John had anticipated. The "royal" was not to be seen, but we were satisfied it was the same herd. We were right above them, and had to crawl down among the granite boulders with extreme caution. John pointed out a big stone, and whispered that if we could but reach it we would be within shooting distance. Slowly but surely we crawled and wriggled

along like serpents, and eventually reached the boulder. It stood up about four feet, and afforded a fairly good hiding-place. The hinds were feeding all about. For a time we could not discover the whereabouts of the stag. At last we got our eyes on him, lying about 150 yards off, his body entirely out of sight, and his head most difficult to see against a large dark-coloured rock. Cautiously drawing out my telescope and examining the dimensions of his antlers, I at once realised he was the same animal that passed so near us in the mist. I should have liked to get nearer; but if he only rose and commenced to feed, so that I could aim at him broadside, the prospect of a kill was satisfactory. His royal highness, however, lay still, provokingly chewing the cud, conscious that his faithful sentinels would apprise him of any danger. Lying among the rocks, and afraid to make the slightest motion, became tiresome, stiffening, and tantalising.

The monotony was broken at last, however, by a face appearing between two small boulders within twenty yards of us. For a second or two I felt something akin to a sensation of awe. The face was black as darkness itself, and a fierce light scintillated from its eyes. The top of the head and the horns were hidden by the rock, but the long beard revealed it to be a patriarchal wild goat. It was a terrible moment, as we well knew that if the animal discovered we were human beings, he would give that whistle through his nose peculiar to wild goats, and our stalk would be ruined. Without moving a muscle, we lay till the goat convinced himself that he was the victim of some optical

delusion, and then walked away, to our intense relief. I whispered to John, "Did the face remind you of any one when it first appeared between the stones?" He replied, "Yes, sir, the worst one," which I supposed was either the translation from the Gaelic for the word "devil," or that he would not defile his lips by uttering the awful name.

The afternoon was now wearing away, and I was becoming anxious for the stag to rise in order that I might get good light to secure him, as looking through the fine sights of a rifle in an imperfect light renders it a very difficult shot. The loud roar of another stag on the opposite side of the corrie made me clutch at the rifle and look over at the "royal." I expected he would have risen to issue a roar of defiance, but no—he only stopped chewing the cud and listened. Directing our attention to the new-comer, we discovered a stag with about twenty hinds on the opposite side of the glen. Another stag was coming slowly up the corrie, and to this one the challenge was directed. Several angry roars reverberated among the mountains as the two rivals approached each other. Mr Selous in his recent work graphically describes the roaring of African lions; but were it not that deer are in no way associated with danger, I question if the lion's roar could be more appalling. Our "royal" never rose to his feet, but lay still and growled like an angry dog. I was interested in their meeting, as I expected to witness an exhibition of that picturesque scene, immortalised by our great animal painter, the combat of the two stags. The one with the hinds had ten points on his antlers, and the new-comer only nine;

but they were both large animals, and about equally matched in size. As they got near to each other they evidently both "funked," as they never approached closer than six or eight yards. Side by side they walked up-hill, down-hill, and round in a circle, still keeping the same discreet distance apart. Suddenly I felt a gentle breeze on my left cheek, and as it had been against my right while we were waiting, I turned to John. He also had noticed it, and in the shadow of the stone was engaged lighting a silent match to observe which way the smoke would blow. In an instant we discovered the wind had changed, and, looking hurriedly over, John ejaculated, "The rifle—quick, quick!" I seized it, cocking it noiselessly, and looking over, put it to my shoulder. The hinds were running hither and thither as if mad, with their heads in the air, evidently having sniffed danger, but were unable to discover from whence it proceeded. The stag stood near where he had been lying, but his haunches were towards me, and as he was under the shadow of the dark-coloured rock already referred to, I could not make out his personality. "Wait till he turns broadside," whispered John; but by this time the hinds were making down-hill, and with a couple of bounds the stag was behind the rock and out of sight. We ran round the shoulder of the hill to intercept him, but when he appeared in sight he was scampering off at an ugly angle between three and four hundred yards off, and with the future before me, I did not care to risk a shot.

The hinds on the opposite side of the corrie had also made off; but so interested were the two

stags in their quarrel that they were oblivious of the common enemy, and kept walking round each other as already described. The shadows of the mountains were beginning to creep over the landscape, and we feared that by the time we got down into the burn and up the long steep climb on the other side it would be too dark to get a shot. John suggested that, as they were on the way home, we might try them. The direction of the wind necessitated our making a considerable *détour*, and it was almost dark before we got near them. The combatants were evidently becoming fiercer, as now and again they dashed at each other, but they were not yet under the power of the frenzied heat of battle; and though within a couple of hundred yards, I could not hear the clash of their horns. They kept dancing about to the tune of vanishing daylight, and as the shades of night came over the scene we reluctantly gave up all hope of a shot. Though fruitless, the day's sport was not without its compensating pleasures. Silently I trudged home beside John, scarcely ever exchanging a word till we crossed the river and got on to the public road. Walking up, we heard the splash of an otter, which had been out on the land, and plunged into the water on our approach. I learnt upon inquiry that the place was a favourite haunt of these animals, and that a good many were killed annually.

On reaching the lodge, I had to relate the adventures of the day, after which my host informed me that pressing business matters demanded his attention in town, and that he was to start at an early hour the following morning. He however added that the period of

his tenancy lasted for three days more, and that I was on no account to leave without the head of the royal stag. I started soon after daybreak next morning, and after seeing many deer which I might have shot, we eventually discovered the object of our search, but, alas! lying among his hinds about fifty yards across the march. For long weary hours we waited; but he got up, fed, and lay down again, evidently having made up his mind not to cross the burn which constituted the boundary of the shooting. It was almost dark before we left.

We were back early the following day, when we soon spied our stag, now farther from the march, though many others, including the reserved "royal," were to be seen on the same hillside. So long as they were undisturbed we feared our stag would remain where he was, and our only chance lay in the shooting-party from the adjoining forest coming that way and moving them, which John thought was highly probable. We waited patiently on this chance, but unfortunately they did not come, and again we had to go home without firing a shot.

Five days' stalking without drawing blood, and only one day left, was hardly so satisfactory as it might have been: we therefore arranged to start early next day, and to take the first chances that presented themselves. By nine o'clock I secured a good "beast," though with only eight points on his antlers; and by one o'clock we were stalking a nine-pointer, which we recognised as one of the two whose interesting quarrel we had witnessed while stalking the "royal." Having possession of the hinds, he had evidently gained the mastery, as his ten-

pointed rival was nowhere to be seen. He was still lying when we got within a hundred yards, but was most accommodating, as he soon rose to his feet, exposing his broadside, and in a couple of seconds the messenger of death had done its work.

Thus ended a week's stalking; and though the results might have been more satisfactory, the sport was thoroughly enjoyable. By many it is considered a drawback of deer-stalking that one has to act pretty much the part of a machine. The sportsman, for the time being, must submissively bow to the dictates of the stalker, who entirely thinks out and manages the plan of campaign. His orders are imperative, no matter though you have to plunge through the ice-cold waters of a mountain torrent, or to wriggle on your stomach through a wet moss-hag, and lie for hours afterwards ex-

posed to a biting east wind. The owners of glens and corries can stalk and shoot without assistance if they feel so inclined, but the invited guest has no alternative but to act as described; and if success is to be attained, especially on strange ground, this is the best policy to pursue. Personally, it afforded me much pleasure to observe the zeal with which the stalker pitted his intelligence and skill against the watchful instincts of the objects of our pursuit; yet keen and praiseworthy as were his efforts, it has been seen how frequently they were defeated. It will therefore appear manifest that the sportsman, when stalking, must pretty much act the part which the modern Radical was doomed to play in the palmy days of Mr Gladstone—simply subordinate his judgment, and cease to think for himself.

TOM SPEEDY.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XLVII.—MRS BLUSHWOOD OF BLUSHWOOD.

CHRISSEY greeted her sister with noisy delight when, two days later, Phemie arrived at Blushwood Hall.

"So sorry that I was not able to come to the station to fetch you," she said, in a voice that had grown louder and, as Phemie fancied, rather coarser than it used to be; "but, you see, George was anxious for me to try a young horse he is breaking-in to carry me in the field, since my favourite mount came to grief over a five-barred gate last season. He kept me out longer than I had bargained for, and when I returned, the carriage had already started for the station."

Chrissy had come out to meet her sister attired in a very short riding-habit, holding a dog-whip in her hand, and with two fox-terrier puppies following closely at her heels. She had grown considerably since Phemie had seen her, and although her features lacked the refined charm of the elder sister, and her complexion was considerably tanned and freckled from constant exposure to wind and weather, yet she was decidedly to be classified as a fine young woman, possessing an air of fashion, or what our French neighbours are used to call *chic*, which went far to make up for her lack of actual beauty.

"How big you have grown, Chrissy!" exclaimed Phemie, as she drew back a little from her sister's embrace, in order to examine her more closely. "Why, we used to be exactly the same height, and now you are fully half a head taller than I am!"

"And what a real beauty you have become, to be sure!" now said Chrissy, in genuine admira-

tion. "I declare you are twice as pretty as you used to be! Who knows whether you mightn't have caught a Duke if you had been wise enough to bide your time, instead of going off with a foreigner in that preposterous fashion. Don't be angry, Phemie," she added, hastily, for something like a frown had appeared on her sister's face. "You know it's only my way to say whatever comes into my head, and I have always set my face against the foreign exportation of British wares. Pretty things as well as good ones should be kept at home for the benefit of the natives. That's my opinion. But I don't like the way your dress is made a bit, and your hair would look ever so much better if it were dressed high like mine, instead of being stuffed away in that dowdy German fashion. I shall send my maid to do it for you this evening."

Mr Blushwood now advanced to greet his sister-in-law. Phemie had not seen him since, in the chill grey dawn of that March morning in the cloaking-room of the Bachelors' ball, she had given such an agitated and incoherent answer to his proposal of marriage, and she had naturally felt some slight sense of embarrassment at the prospect of meeting him again for the first time in the novel character of a brother-in-law. But he seemed to have forgotten all these things as he welcomed her heartily in his loud gruff voice.

"Very glad to see you, I am sure, Baroness—or I suppose I may call you Phemie now? Hope you intend to pay us as long a visit as possible. We expect to have our first trial at cub-hunting next week,

and it shall not be my fault if we do not contrive to procure you a few tidy runs. I suppose you have not had much chance of fox-hunting over there?" he concluded, vaguely indicating with a backward jerk of his thumb those foreign parts of which he entertained such a lowly opinion.

"No . . ." said Phemie, flushing up scarlet at the mere recollection of her one solitary experience in fox-hunting since she had left her native land; "the country is too hilly over there, and they have not got the right sort of dogs either, I think," she returned, confusedly; and then, as though feeling that she had become the unwilling accomplice of a crime which must, nevertheless, be concealed at any price, she hastened to change the subject by asking Chrissy to show her over the house and grounds. She was not at all tired, she said, and would enjoy a little walk before dinner-time.

Chrissy was very ready to do the honours of her little kingdom, and so, as soon as afternoon-tea had been partaken of (a meal at which the two fox-terrier puppies assisted, imperiously claiming their share of the good things agoing), the sisters sallied forth to visit in succession the stables, kennels, garden, and farm-buildings, winding up with a short tour of inspection over the house.

To Phemie it was a strange suggestive feeling to realise that had she but chosen, Blushwood Hall would now have been her home; and as she now perhaps for the first time fully realised the vast difference existing between her sister's life and her own, a passing feeling of wonder at her own self shot through her brain. Had she indeed of her own free-will refused all these things without which, according to British ideas, life must necessarily be unbearable? To live in a

well-appointed house, waited on by trained domestics who perform their office swiftly and silently like ingeniously constructed machines, and without obtruding on our notice any of the prosaic details by means of which this result is achieved; to have skilful gardeners engaged for the express purpose of rearing flowers and fruit for our tables all the year round, and game-keepers whose sole mission it is to look after the welfare of our hares and pheasants, until it be our pleasure to shoot them,—what a contrast was all this to the barren prose of a small German household, in which the mistress is daily and hourly brought into personal contact with all the wearisome details which must be attended to in order to ensure the comfort of the family! Phemie gave an involuntary sigh as she remembered how often the cook had burst into the drawing-room when she was engaged in letter-writing or practising, in order to express her indignation at the price of the eggs, or to inquire whether half a kilo of veal cutlets would be sufficient for the evening meal? "How happy Chrissy must be to be spared all such petty annoyances!" she thought; "but even for the sake of all the glories of Blushwood Hall, and were they ten thousand times greater, I never—never could have made up my mind to marry Mr Blushwood;" and then all at once, without knowing how the transition of thought had come about, she fell to wondering what her answer would have been if, instead of her actual brother-in-law, it had been Mr Hamilton who was the proprietor of a place like Blushwood Hall?

"There, now I think you have seen pretty well everything," said Chrissy, after the last thoroughbred colt had received its proper amount of attention, and every single fox-

hound had been duly presented by name to Phemie, and when on return to the house the larger and the smaller drawing-room, the library, dining-room, and Chrissy's own private morning room had successively been visited.

"But you have not yet shown me your children, Chrissy!" exclaimed her elder sister, in boundless surprise at this all-important omission. "That is, of course, what I care most of all to see."

"Oh, the children, to be sure," said Chrissy, composedly. "I had almost forgotten them," and she got up in order to ring the bell, but was checked in the act by her sister.

"Cannot we go ourselves to the nursery?" suggested Phemie.

Chrissy hesitated.

"Very well," she said, half reluctantly. "Mrs Andrews, the nurse, is not very fond of admitting visitors into her own private domain, but perhaps it may be risked for once in a way; so come along."

Following Chrissy, Phemie was presently introduced to two fat red-faced little boys, aged respectively three years and sixteen months, and who even at this tender age presented a remarkable resemblance to their progenitor. Mrs Andrews, the head nurse, a sour-faced matron of sixty, who had likewise had the honour of rearing the present master of Blushwood, did not, in truth, look over delighted at the intrusion.

"If you had been pleased to let me know, ma'am, as you was expecting visitors," she said to Chrissy with a world of dignified reproof in her tone, "I would have taken care as the children was fit to be seen."

"Oh, never mind their clothes, nurse," said Chrissy, hurriedly, and, as it seemed to Phemie, somewhat deprecatingly; "they are quite

nicely dressed, and this is not a real visit either, but only my sister, Baroness Wolfsberg, who wanted to see her nephews. Come, baby," she continued, bending down to pick up the youngest child from the floor, "show what a big boy you are, and say, 'how do do' to aunt Phemie."

But the child thus apostrophised set up a dismal howl at sight of his mother, and had to be relinquished to the nurse.

"Master Robert is rather fractious with his teeth to-day, ma'am," she said, sententiously; "and it makes him scared like to see faces as he is disaccustomed to."

"What a strange person your nurse is!" remarked Phemie, when a few minutes later the two sisters had left the nursery.

"Strange?" said Chrissy, interrogatively.

"Well, yes—she almost looked as if she would have liked to turn me out of the nursery."

"Oh, as to that," returned Chrissy, with a rather hard little laugh, "that is just her manner. She does not like to be interfered with, or to show the children without her permission having previously been asked. I assure you that it is almost only on sufferance that I myself am permitted to penetrate into those sacred regions twice a-day."

"Then why do you not get rid of her if she is such a tyrant?"

"Get rid of her! My dear Phemie, you simply don't know what you are saying. Why, George would quite as soon think of getting rid of me as of parting from Andrews."

"But do you not find it very hard, very cruel, not to be able to see your children as much as you choose? When I had my little girl she was hardly ever out of my sight, but I had her for such a short

time—scarcely four months,” and Phemie’s eyes suddenly filled with tears.

Chrissy passed her arm round her sister’s waist.

“Poor Phemie, I am so sorry for you! and—and you must not think that I do not care for mine. I felt it too, just at first when I saw that they were taken so utterly out of my hands, but George would have it so: he said that I understood nothing about babies, and that everything must be left to Andrews. And that is true. She has a great deal of experience, and of course must know best; whereas if I myself had to devote myself to the children, it would in many ways interfere with our riding and hunting arrangements, and that would never do. And now I have got accustomed to letting things be as they are, and hardly feel it at all, except at passing moments.”

“Poor Chrissy!” now said Phemie in her turn.

“Why poor?” retorted Chrissy, throwing back her head with an energetic gesture, while she dashed her hand over her eyes as though to conceal something which might possibly be there. “I have nothing to complain of, and I don’t mean to either. You see,” she went on, with a touch of that quaint philosophy which had always characterised her since childhood, “one cannot have everything in the world all at once, you know. Now I have got a great many things which most people would give their ears to have, and so, of course, it is only fair that there should be some tiny thing awanting. Now you, for instance, who have made what, from a worldly point of view, is generally called such a much worse marriage than mine, have probably got instead some things which I must do without.”

“Yes,” thought Phemie to herself, “Chrissy is right—one cannot have everything at once.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.—MR HAMILTON’S MUSEUM.

Mr Hamilton, on taking leave of Phemie after their expedition to Cockleburgh, had been firmly resolved that this meeting should not be the last one—although he had not made up his mind as to how and where he was to see her again.

Ronald Hamilton did not belong to the common order of lady-killers. He had reduced the pursuit of woman to a fine art, and having long since outlived all taste for facile victories, he only valued a conquest in proportion to the difficulties encountered. He had been loved by, and after his fashion had loved, many more beautiful women than Phemie, but there were many circumstances which tended to give to this adventure a peculiar zest. All

the conditions of their acquaintance had from the very first been interesting and out of the common run, dating from the Cinderella episode, when, as a plain insignificant child of nine, she had taken such prompt and energetic revenge for his insolent joke. Then he had met her eight years later, and had found the insignificant child transformed into a singularly pretty girl, whose attitude of childish defiance had at once piqued and attracted him. Having originally contemplated nothing further than a harmless flirtation—for it was not his habit to devote much attention to unmarried women, whose pursuit he had mostly found to afford but tame and profitless sport—the interest had been deep-

ened and enhanced by various little casualties. First there had been the measles, which seemed to have come but in order to defraud him of the three round dances he had hoped to claim at the Yeomanry ball; and when about a year later they had met again, he had been surprised and mortified to find that Miss Dalrymple had meanwhile disposed of her hand and heart. It galled him more than he would have liked to acknowledge even to himself, to think that this mere schoolgirl, whom, contrary to his wont, he had condescended to distinguish by his notice, should so easily have forgotten him. Of course he had never intended to marry her, for matrimony does not enter into the calculations of such men as Mr Hamilton; but an ignorant, innocent girl is not supposed to know that flirtation can have any other object but a legitimate one, and it would only have been natural and fitting, he thought, in his admirable masculine self-conceit, if she had gone on sighing and hoping for him a little longer. If she had even chosen to forget him for an Englishman, for some professedly good match like Mr Blushwood for instance, the wound to his vanity would have been less mortifying; but to find that she had thus easily discarded his image for the sake of a mere foreigner, a fellow moreover possessed of next to no fortune, increased the sense of mortification tenfold.

Of course this mortification had been more or less of a transitory nature, for it is not to be supposed that he had gone on thinking uninterruptedly of Phemie during the past four years: other women had come into his life, other faces and intrigues had meanwhile occupied his time and his thoughts, and but

for the chance *rencontre* in the railway carriage, it is probable that all recollection of Phemie Dalrymple's face would soon have faded from his memory.

But now he had met her again, and straightway all was altered; and finding her developed from a merely pretty girl to a singularly lovely and fascinating woman, to whom her four years' residence abroad had moreover imparted a peculiar foreign charm, all his former admiration had instantaneously been rekindled with tenfold violence; and with it also revived the old galling sense of discomfiture and defeat. Almost as soon as he had again set eyes on Baroness Wolfsberg, Mr Hamilton had made up his mind that he would leave no stone unturned until he had scored a victory. It should go hard indeed if, after a few more such *tête-à-tête* walks as the one at Cockleburgh, he had not succeeded in touching her heart and turning her head. Chance too seemed disposed to constitute itself his ally in this matter, for what more providential arrangement could have been devised than her journey home alone and unescorted? Is not a woman removed from her husband like a citadel whose garrison is half gained over and ready to surrender at the first energetic assault?

It was now over a week since Phemie had left Edinburgh for Blushwood Hall, and Mr Hamilton was sitting at home engrossed in deep reflection. Home in this case was represented by a couple of furnished rooms in Castle Street, which, though seldom occupied by their tenant, and often remaining closed for eight or nine months at a time, yet afforded a convenient retreat whenever a gap occurred in the long line of invitations among

which he had only to pick and choose; for, despite his somewhat loose antecedents, Ronald Hamilton was a favourite in many circles, and few indeed were the country-houses which did not consider it a privilege to number him amongst its guests.

On the present occasion, at all events, taste and not necessity had caused him to linger on in Edinburgh at a season when absolutely nothing was going on, and apparently regardless of the fact that various shooting invitations, including one from the Duke of B——, were lying unanswered on his writing-table. Twice indeed Mr Hamilton had packed his portmanteau, announcing his intention of going up to the Highlands in quest of red-deer, only to unpack it again in the next hour, and to countermand the cab that had been ordered to convey him to the railway station. Mrs Ross, the old landlady, though accustomed to many vagaries on the part of her tenant, did not at all know what to make of his present mood, the more especially as her keen-eyed vigilance had been unable to detect any sign of female influence to offer a solution to the seeming riddle. Mr Hamilton generally dined at his club and spent his evenings alone, consuming an unlimited number of cigars, while those few stray visitors who had put in an appearance at his quarters had all belonged to the less interesting sex.

He was alone again just now, as in the early dusk of the dull October afternoon he is thoughtfully smoking his cigar while ruminating on the situation, much as a practised general may forecast his plan of campaign. His intercourse with Phemie had shown him that she must be very carefully approached, would he avoid the risk of spoiling

everything by a premature disclosure of tactics. Almost fastidiously delicate-minded as she was, and with a dash of what Mr Hamilton was pleased to designate as fantastic sentimentality, which, while imparting to her personality a peculiar piquant charm, rendered her infinitely more difficult of treatment, he had seen at a glance that none of the usual modes of allurements would here have a chance. This particular prize could only be carried off by an exceptionally insidious and Machiavellian course of strategy.

"The reminiscences of her childhood—yes, that is the right card to play here," he said to himself, as he threw away another half-finished cigar to join the remains of several more cigars and cigarettes which, scarcely tasted, had been cast aside as unpalatable—a sure sign that he was worried or preoccupied to-day. "She must be made to feel that I alone am able to share her thoughts and can understand what she is suffering at finding so many things changed or swept away. Cinderella, Cockleburgh, and Laird's Hill, all these must turn about be pressed into service as means towards the end. Out of such materials, if skilfully handled, endless capital may be made;—and stay! that Yeomanry ball for which she had promised me three round dances, and which fell through on account of the measles—and was there not something else as well? a ribbon or a flower she had given me in token of her promise? How dull-headed of me not to have remembered this before! I am positive there was something of the sort, although for the life of me I cannot recollect whether it was an old glove or else a bunch of violets she had worn at her waistband."

Mr Hamilton rose to his feet, and, taking a small Bramah key from his watch-chain, proceeded to

unlock an old inlaid secretaire which stood at the farther end of the room. It was now getting dark, and he had to light a couple of tapers in order to pass in review the miscellaneous array of objects here stowed away. The inside of the writing-table was divided off into pigeon-holes and little drawers, and almost every one of these several compartments was well stocked with objects that were as gregarious as they were suggestive. There were bunches and sprigs of withered flowers, sufficient to have rejoiced the eyes of any botanical student; locks of hair so numerous as to have furnished material for a singularly luxuriant wig, but for the fact of their being so hopelessly disparate in hue and length, as unlike one another as were the many photographs of pretty women neatly ranged in another compartment of the secretaire. Five or six pigeon-holes were entirely filled with bundles of letters whose handwriting displayed yet greater dissimilarity, ranging as they did from the delicately pointed caligraphy of an Italian duchess to the uneducated scrawl of an Irish peasant lass. Two or three fans, half-a-dozen single gloves, a silver-topped scent-bottle, a broken coral earring, and the pink satin slipper which had once adorned the little foot of a celebrated *ballerina*, along with some other articles or fragments less easy to define, completed the inventory of this curious collection, whose most unusual feature consisted in the admirable methodical precision with which all these different items were arranged. Every packet of letters, neatly held together by an elastic band, was endorsed in Mr Hamilton's bold firm handwriting, with the writer's name and the date of the correspondence; every lock of hair, and even each spray of withered flowers, had a

ticket attached to it containing information as to its origin.

It is not often that Don Juans are so careful and methodical in the arrangement of their victorious trophies, but Mr Hamilton did not belong to either of the usual classes of lady-killers, and was as far removed from the order of vulgar braggarts who love to display such tokens of fairfrail woman's favour, as from those timid and discreet Lovelaces who, as much from prudential motives as from delicacy, make a point of annihilating all compromising objects which might possibly lead to inconvenient consequences in the future. Mr Hamilton, it is true, never made boast of his conquests otherwise than by a discreet smile or an eloquent silence which said more than words, but it went against his principles to destroy any prize he had won at this illegitimate game of skill; and his collection of trophies having long since become too voluminous to be easily controlled, he had seen the necessity of introducing some order into the contents of his museum, and not trusting solely to his own overburdened memory for the identification of single items, especially since he had once made the fatal mistake of rapturously alluding in a letter to the raven black curls of a high-born Spanish dame who had entertained for him something more than a passing fancy. The lady in question happening to be one of those fair Andalusian women who make special boast of their untarnished blue blood, never forgave this lapse of memory; and Ronald Hamilton, to whom unattainable things always presented the greatest charm, to this day regrets having lost the favour of a beautiful woman through his own ridiculous blunder.

Such errors never occurred nowadays; and thanks to the admirable precision, worthy of a better cause,

with which each single object was ranged and labelled, the collector was enabled to distinguish and identify the most insignificant object after any lapse of time. And so on the present occasion a very few minutes' search in what Mr Hamilton was pleased to term the botanical compartment of his museum enabled him to put his fingers on a much flattened and discoloured spray of artificial flowers, barely recognisable as being intended to represent a head of red horse-chestnut blossom, and which certainly would have failed to convey any distinct impression to his mind without the accompanying ticket containing the following endorsement:—

Miss Dalrymple,

Laird's Hill, June 18, 1888.

Mr Hamilton's face brightened visibly as he held up this trophy to the light, by his action dislodging a little more of the remaining colour, which soared aloft in a faint reddish cloud, leaving the flowers yet more faded and wan looking than before.

"Blessed be the spirit of order and method!" he exclaimed, with the pleased recognition of conscious virtue meeting with its own reward. "This is the very thing required here, and with this ace of trumps in my hand the game is clearly mine."

CHAPTER XLIX.—A PARCEL.

Leo's answer to Phemie's last letter, in which, half seriously, half playfully, she had announced her intention of not returning home until expressly begged to do so, had come in the shape of a bulky parcel sewed up in waxcloth, and plastered over with manifold labels and postmarks.

It was during the breakfast hour at Blushwood Hall that the parcel was brought into the dining-room along with the usual daily quota of newspapers and letters, and so Phemie had necessarily been obliged to open it in public.

"It is from Leo!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the handwriting on the address.

"But what on earth can he be sending you?" asked Chrissy, who, having meanwhile taken a large carving-knife from the sideboard, was proceeding in rapid and business-like fashion to cut asunder the twine, whose substantial knots Phemie's rather uncertain fingers had vainly been endeavouring to

untie. "It is too soon for a Christmas present, and your birthday does not fall at this time of the year."

The riddle was presently solved, as from out the paper wrappings Phemie drew a heavy shapeless garment composed of black cashmere, and lined throughout with substantial grey fur—a garment which, though no doubt extremely serviceable in a climate like Norway or Russia, is yet decidedly calculated to act as extinguisher to those female charms which rashly confide themselves to its keeping.

"My old sleighing cloak!" said Phemie, rather blankly, on realising that the parcel contained nothing further, and having vainly searched the papers for any accompanying note or letter.

"Mercy on us all, Phemie! Do you mean to say that you wear that monstrous creation?" inquired her sister, holding up the cloak for inspection, with an expression of almost incredulous horror on her

face. "Why, it is large enough to accommodate a couple of Phemies with ease!"

Phemie now wondered how it was that the exceeding ugliness of the garment in question had never struck her before as vividly as it now did? The cloak had been a Christmas present from Leo when they had first come to Transylvania, and she had then been so touched and delighted at this token of his affection that she had bestowed but little thought on its outward appearance. Anything that her husband had given just then would have appeared lovely in her eyes. And what delicious drives they had had together in the open sleigh when, securely wrapped in this comfortable garment and seated by Leo's side, they had explored the by-ways of the Transylvanian forests, transformed by the hoarfrost into glittering diamond and crystal alleys! How often had she been forced on those occasions to cling on to Leo's arm in order to keep her seat at the giddy pace at which the sleigh was driven, and how hearty had been their merriment when occasionally the low overhanging branch of some ancient oak-tree had discharged its contents of snow upon their heads. As some such recollections had time to flit through Phemie's mind, she felt it incumbent upon her to put in a word of defence for the poor old cloak which cut such a sorry figure thus transplanted into alien surroundings, and looked upon by callous and indifferent eyes. Certainly it was very ugly, as she was forced to acknowledge to herself, but neither could she forego a sort of sneaking fondness for an article whose sight brought back the vision of so many of her happiest hours.

"If you had to drive three hours in an open sleigh by a temperature

of 20 degrees Réaumur, you would be thankful enough for a warm cloak like this," she remarked, rather tartly.

"Not even two hundred degrees Réaumur could ever induce me to make such an utter sacrifice of my appearance," said the younger sister, with great decision; "but the fur seems good enough," she added, with an air of concession, as she felt it between her fingers. "What sort of animal is it supposed to be? Squirrel? but no, it looks thicker than squirrel."

"It is grey fox," said Phemie; but no sooner were the words out of her lips than she coloured up without exactly knowing why.

Here Mr Blushwood, his ear caught by the sound of the magic word, looked up quickly from the perusal of his 'Field,' with which he had hitherto been engrossed, and laying aside the paper, prepared to give his undivided attention to the subject.

"Fox? Grey fox? You really don't mean to say so. I have never yet come across a fox of that colour."

"They are Siberian foxes, I believe," explained Phemie. "Leo ordered the skins expressly from Poland, because the fur is so much closer and thicker than ordinary fox or squirrel."

"Then I suppose these foxes have been shot, or they would not be here to tell the tale?" further pursued Mr Blushwood, who had been passing his fingers doubtfully and suspiciously over the fur, and addressing Phemie in a grave judicial fashion.

"More probably trapped—I believe that is the way that professional fur-traders obtain their wares."

"Trapped or shot, that is all one," he returned, dropping the end of the cloak he had been holding

as though it had been some infected substance. "Both are equally illegitimate fashions of destroying a fox, and there is not a pin's head to choose between them."

"But how else would you hunt foxes in a country which is covered with snow during nearly two-thirds of the year?" retorted Phemie. "You surely do not expect to find packs of correct English fox-hounds kept up all over Siberia."

"I never expect anything of barbarians."

"And," pursued Phemie, who was feeling more and more irritated by the discussion which the arrival of her cloak had unwittingly provoked, "since it would be clearly impossible to hunt foxes across country in Siberia, what particular harm can there be in the natives trapping the foxes and selling their furs? If we wear sealskin and otters in order to keep ourselves warm, why should we not wear foxes as well?"

"My dear Phemie," returned Mr Blushwood, dogmatically, as he resumed his 'Field' with a pleased consciousness of the utter infallibility of his masculine conclusions, which were not to be shaken or upset by feminine argument or sophistry however ingenious, "a seal is a seal, and a fox is a fox. I have no wish to analyse the motives which may lead unthinking barbarians to commit such a gross breach of propriety. Perhaps they are not to blame for knowing no better. All I can say is, that nothing could induce me to permit my wife to wear a fox-lined mantle."

"There is certainly no danger of my nourishing any surreptitious longing to array myself in these illicit skins, so long as they keep their present unattractive shape, and I would cheerfully freeze to

death sooner than make such a guy of myself," remarked Chrissy; "but, fox or no fox, the fur is really good, as I said before, and if put in the hands of a decent furrier, something might be made of it. If you take my advice, you will send it to Williams in Regent Street, and give him *carte-blanche* to remodel it according to one of the fashionable shapes. I should recommend you to have it made up with dark-blue or ruby coloured cloth, and with collar and cuffs of skunk fur."

"No, thank you," said Phemie, rising from the breakfast-table and taking up the shabby despised cloak in her arms with an almost tender gesture, like a true mother who can see only beauty in the homeliest of her offspring, and is loyally determined to uphold it in face of the world's opinion. "I like my old cloak just as it is, and it suits me perfectly—over there—at home. It would not feel at all like the same garment if it had been pulled to pieces and refashioned by a West-end tailor."

"Please yourself," returned Chrissy, lightly. "Perhaps, as you say, its ugliness does not really so much matter, if you only wear it in your savage Transylvanian forests, where there are no critics to condemn its shape. But," she added, abruptly, changing the subject, as Mr Blushwood, having finished the perusal of his 'Field,' prepared to leave the dining-room, "talking of dress, you have not yet told me what you intend wearing next week for the — Hunt Ball. I am just going to write up to London to Madame Celestine about altering the lace trimming on my amethyst satin, and if you want something done for yourself at the same time, I could send the order. It is high time that you made up your mind about your dress."

"There is nothing to make up my mind about," returned Phemie, quietly, "since I have not the faintest intention of going to the ball."

"Not going to the — Hunt Ball!" returned the younger sister, in accents of profoundest astonishment.

"Neither to that nor to any other ball whatever. I don't care for balls."

"Neither do I in the abstract, yet one has to go to them occasionally."

"I don't see the necessity—not in my case at all events. I should only be bored to death probably, and most undoubtedly should have a headache next morning."

"I always have a racking headache," returned Chrissy, placidly; "and my ankle that was sprained when I fell from horseback last week is not nearly cured yet. Were I only to consult my private feelings, I should infinitely prefer spending my evening on the chaise-longue to going to this ball."

"Then why do you go? Let's stay at home and have a quiet evening together. It will be ever so much nicer."

"My dear Phemie, you simply don't know what you are talking about. If it were any other ball it might be thought of, but to miss the — Hunt Ball would be simply impossible."

"What is there so particularly sacred about the — Hunt Ball?"

"Everything relating to fox-hunting is sacred in this house, don't you know, and George would be far less scandalised if I proposed giving up going to church in future than were I to announce my intention of shirking the — Hunt Ball."

"But surely George cannot be so foolish as to want you to go to this ball when your ankle is still so

painful? That would be positively childish."

"All men are childish wherever their particular hobbies are concerned. Have you not yet found out that the only way to ensure happiness in married life is to bear continually in mind that men are but great babies after all, and must be humoured accordingly?"

"I never could regard my husband as a baby," burst out Phemie, rather hotly.

"Then you are quite wrong, my dear, and will find out your mistake sooner or later," returned the younger sister, composedly. "Every man, even the wisest, is a baby upon some point, the only difference between a child and a man being that you can cure the one of its follies, but not the other. That is just the mistake made by most women when they attempt to overthrow their husbands' hobbies, whereas by a little wise concession they might make for themselves a tower of strength out of these very weaknesses."

"A woman's only influence over her husband should be through his heart," interpolated Phemie.

"Through his stomach is usually a far more direct road, as I have often remarked."

"Chrissy! It is positively wicked to talk like that!"

"That is common-sense, not wickedness. You cannot deny that the nourishment of their mortal coil plays far more part in their lives than it does in ours? and that what would be called greediness in a woman is but natural in a man? A woman who is fond of eating is a monster, whereas a man with the same propensities is not a monster but simply a man. They cannot help it, poor things, it is just their nature, if they are so terribly dependent upon what they eat and drink."

"Perhaps," assented Phemie, doubtfully; "but, after all, it is not every man who thinks exclusively of his food. Now Leo is very easy to please on the whole: if only his *Rindfleisch* is soft enough, then he is quite satisfied."

"But then, whenever the Reenflesh, or whatever you call it, does happen to be hard, then of course he is in a devil of a temper."

"Oh no, of course not that. Leo is never really in a temper—but only——"

"But only he is more amiably disposed whenever the flesh has been prepared exactly to his liking," completed Chrissy, sardonically. "Yes, I quite understand; they are all alike on that point, and even the noblest and best of them feels a considerable accession of nobility and high-mindedness after a good dinner. Why, my dear, I know men who under the influence of a skilfully constructed *vol-au-vent* can talk like a St Francis of Sales and a Bayard rolled into one, but whom an indifferent hash made of the remains of yesterday's roast mutton can momentarily reduce to the level of a Diocletian or Robespierre. Now a woman who has got that sort of a husband must of course make of the cuisine an elaborate study, and instead of vainly trying to turn her unfortunate spouse into an anchorite, and teaching him to live upon roots and herbs, she must concentrate her mental faculties on the concoction of soups and sauces. Almost every conjugal virtue can be cooked in the saucepan or baked in the oven, by a woman who understands her business. Not that George is precisely that sort of man either. He is not particularly troublesome about his food, although he certainly has nothing of the anchorite in him; but he has simply got fox on the

brain, and everything in the world is important or the reverse in his eyes in exact proportion to the relation in which it stands to fox-hunting; and so, as it would be useless to attempt to cure him of his particular monomania, the only sensible course was to share it, as I know that by giving him his head on this one subject I can have my way on almost every other point. That is why I am firmly resolved to go to the Hunt Ball to-morrow week, and even if my ankle gives me excruciating pain, I mean to dance every valse and every reel with all the scarlet coats that choose to ask me."

Phemie looked at her sister with a sort of puzzled admiration, and was silent for some moments, as though she were trying to reason out some mental problem which was disturbing her.

"Tell me, Chrissy," she said at last, almost diffidently: "now, suppose you had not married a fox-hunter at all, but quite a different sort of man, what would you then have done?"

"Done? Why, of course I should have tried to find out in which direction his particular madness lay, and should have identified myself with it to the best of my ability."

"Now, if it had been a man who did not even care about hunting?"

"Why, then I should probably not have looked at a hound or a horse in my life."

"And supposing, Chrissy,"—here Phemie dropped her voice and stooped down to pick up from the carpet a scrap of twine that had fallen there,— "just supposing, for argument's sake, that you had married a foreigner, and lived in a country where foxes were shot, could you ever have got accustomed to that?"

"Accustomed to shooting foxes?"

Why, of course I should. Not only would I give my husband *carte-blanche* to shoot as many as he liked if his constitution seemed to demand it, but I should have shot them myself without the slightest compunction."

"Oh, Chrissy!" said Phemie, with a little gasp.

"To be sure, and why not? Only, it is extremely improbable that I should ever have taken a foreigner as you have done: now that is a

sort of courage I scarcely should have had—but only, if I had once made the tremendous plunge of marrying a man of different nationality, after that everything else would have seemed a trifle in comparison. In for a penny in for a pound, you know, and I should have been equally ready to shoot foxes with a German, or to scalp enemies with a Red Indian husband, if my lines had been cast that way."

CHAPTER L.—THE LITTLE FIR-CONE.

Chrissy's quaint philosophy still rang in Phemie's ears, as after breakfast she went up to her bedroom with the intention of putting away the fur cloak in the press; but instead of at once consigning the garment to the dark seclusion of the wardrobe, she sat down with it on the nearest armchair and fell into one of her frequent reveries. She felt loth to part immediately from this silent messenger which had come to her thus unexpectedly from her foreign home. Leo had touched the cloak but a few days ago, he had packed it up with his own hands; and as she laid her cheek against a fold of the warm soft fur, it seemed to her as though it must contain some latent element of her husband's personality, some lingering caress which he had breathed into its folds for his wife.

Mechanically she plunged her hand into one of the large side-pockets. How warm they were, and how deep! but here at the bottom her fingers encountered something hard and prickly. What could it be? It was only a little fir-cone which her hand drew out, but its sight was sufficient to conjure up a whole picture before her mental vision. Yes, that was the day when the sleigh had been upset,

—she remembered it all quite well. How cold it had been then! The thermometer marked nearly twenty degrees below zero. Leo, who was driving himself, as he usually did, without any servant in attendance, had suddenly felt his ears in danger of being congealed by the cold, and being unable to relax his grip on the reins for a single moment, the horse being unusually skittish, he had called upon Phemie to rescue these valuable organs from impending destruction.

"My ears, Liebchen! my ears! you must rub them warm for me, else they will drop off with the cold!" he had playfully said to her. But Phemie, much alarmed at the prospect of having an earless husband, had taken up the matter very seriously, and applied friction so vigorously to the affected parts, that presently they were glowing like a couple of red-hot furnaces.

"Will that do now, Leo, do you think? Are they quite, quite warm again?" she had asked, pausing for a moment in the occupation, her own face all aglow with the exertion of her action. But Leo, who apparently found the process of having his ears rubbed by his wife a very agreeable one, had only laughed, and told her to go on

rubbing. The left ear was beginning to feel rather better, he grudgingly admitted, but the right one was not nearly warm enough yet, and so Phemie had been obliged to stand up on the sleigh and stretch out her arm to reach the other side of his face.

Then it had been that the horse, seeing the inmates of the sleigh so comfortably engrossed with each other, had taken a mean and surreptitious advantage of the situation by choosing that precise moment for bolting, so unexpectedly that Phemie, not having had time to regain her seat, was abruptly thrown out of the vehicle. She fell upon a deep snowdrift, and was none the worse for the little mishap. Rosy and laughing, she had extricated herself from her cold ermine wrappings, scarcely even alarmed by the incident, and while waiting for her husband to rejoin her, she had spent the time in picking up dry fir-cones for her tame squirrel at home. But what Phemie never could forget was Leo's face, when, having at length subdued the runaway horse, he had returned in search of her. How pale he looked! and how great had been his expression of relief when he had at last convinced himself that he really held his little wife safe and sound in his arms! And then how, all the way home, he had kept asking her over and over again whether she had caught no chill from the involuntary snow-bath—refusing to be satisfied by her reiterated assurances that she felt as warm as a toast, and that her feet were as dry as bones.

Phemie now put her hand into the second pocket, hoping to find in it another such precious talisman as the little fir-cone. Nor was she wholly disappointed, for here, affixed to the lining by a safety-pin, was a folded-up piece of paper, which had previously escaped

her notice. A note from Leo! How stupid of her not to have thought of this before! Of course, he never would have sent off the parcel without enclosing a letter, and what place so well adapted for the purpose as one of the deep, roomy pockets? She opened the note and read as follows:—

“MY DEAR PHEMIE” (why does he not call me *Liebchen* as usual? she mentally interpolated, with a slight heart-sinking),—“As your return to Transylvania seems so very uncertain, and, as you tell me, is likely to be prolonged into the winter, I have thought it prudent to send your winter mantle for the journey home, which in December or January would be bitterly cold.”

“I had never dreamt of staying as long as January, or even December,” muttered Phemie to herself.

“Having contemplated such a prolonged stay in England, it was extremely imprudent on your part to have neglected taking warm wraps with you. By a little forethought, you would thus have avoided the expense of sending this parcel, which, if I mistake not, will amount to five or six florins. I would have enclosed your fur boots as well, but on examining them closely, I find that the soles are rather thin, and would require to be renewed; so, as I do not wish to delay the parcel on that account, it will be better that you should purchase new fur boots—I suppose such things are not utterly unknown in England?—for the journey.

“I have nothing particular to tell you of our life here: one day is much like the other. Most people are very busy with the arrangements for the Carrousel which is intended to be ridden in December, but as I take no part in the entertainment, this does not affect me.

Gold Riki—the Frau Oberstin, I mean—was gracious enough to single me out for the honour of being her partner in the Louis XV. quadrille, which is to be performed by eight ladies and eight gentlemen, all in rococo costumes, and with powdered wigs; but I managed to excuse myself on the plea of overwork with the recruits, and now I hear that Immhausen has been taken in my place, although he too would gladly have shirked the matter—for he has been growing tremendously stout of late, and would doubtless prefer to spend his leisure hours at home in his comfortable arm-chair, opposite his equally plump little wife, than to be jolted about the riding-school in company of a set of harum-scarum young fellows, to whom it is all one whether they are standing on their heels or their heads.

“My real motive in declining to join the Carrousel was that I do not care to be thrown in daily contact with the Colonel, who of late has been more than usually obnoxious on the subject of his old hobby, the fat and thin horses. This well-worn theme seems in fact to be lately developing to a positive mania, and at times I find my position towards him so unbearable that I am seriously thinking of applying for a change of regiment, as I feel convinced that something disagreeable would probably occur if I remained much longer under his command.

“By the by, Poldi has lately written to say that this winter may possibly bring an unwelcome alteration in his situation, for as his term of service with the Archduke will soon have expired, unless by special favour he can obtain a renewal of the appointment, he will be forced to return to the troop. He does not seem at all enchanted at the prospect, and I am sure that

he would feel the change very keenly, for after the gay life he has been leading in Vienna the last two years, removal to a dull country station would probably seem little short of exile. Tastes differ, of course, and to be an idle hanger-on at an archducal court is the very last thing I should ever have desired for myself. Perhaps it may seem ridiculous to say so, but whenever I see the Immhausens I feel inclined to envy them in spite of their many absurdities. They are such a thoroughly comfortable, contented looking couple, without any particularly lofty aspirations it is true, but so loyally satisfied with each other and with the surroundings in which they live, that one cannot help admiring them.”

Here the letter ended rather abruptly, being merely signed—

“Your affectionate husband,

“LEO WOLFSBERG.”

In no lightly strung musical instrument are the chords so easily disturbed and unsettled as are those subtle fibres by which the souls of husband and wife are connected. Though strong as iron links to resist death and danger, they are yet so delicately fashioned as to be sensitively influenced by the merest breath of air, and it often requires but the accidental touch of some outward circumstance abruptly to transform the exquisite harmony of two united hearts beating in unison into a harsh and discordant jangle. Few indeed are aware how much hangs in the balance at these moments when even the most loyal hearts have got out of tune with themselves and each other, and whether in the next hour the transient cloud which has come between them will have passed away or else will have darkened and deepened sufficiently to overshadow a whole lifetime, will mostly depend upon

circumstances lying out of our own control. If robbers only knew, there is a day when the door of the best guarded safe is left ajar unawares; if soldiers only knew, there is an hour when one spot on the enemy's ramparts remains unwatched; if men only knew, there comes a moment in the life of the most virtuous woman when her heart is assailable; and if at that precise moment the tempter happens to be near and recognises his opportunity, the result is an almost foregone conclusion.

There was a decided frown on Phemie's delicate brow as she folded up her husband's letter. All the yearning tenderness of a little while ago had fled as by magic, leaving in its place a feeling of mortified disappointment, caused fully as much by what the letter omitted to say as by what actually stood there written. Why need Leo have gone out of his way to praise up that tiresome fat Immhausen couple? and how easily he seemed to have resigned himself to the prolonged separation without even attempting to persuade her to curtail her Scotch visits! The irritation of the moment made her incapable of guessing that Leo's calm indiffer-

ence was merely assumed, nor did she perceive the obvious discrepancy which lay between this assumption of indifference and the hot haste with which he had deemed it necessary to despatch the fur cloak without even waiting to have the sleighing-boots resoled.

The frown was still on Phemie's brow as she hung away the fur cloak in the darkest corner of the mahogany wardrobe without bestowing on it another glance; and it was with a hard, almost a violent, gesture that she flung the little fir-cone into the open fireplace. The low burning coals indolently smouldering beneath their layer of pearl-grey ashes now regained a transient animation, and eagerly put forth myriads of little fork-tongued flames to take possession of their victim. It was in vain that the little fir-cone twisted and turned in the fire like some living thing seeking to escape from its persecutors. Dry and brittle with age, it could offer but a feeble resistance to the greedy flames. There was a succession of short sharp cracks like pistol reports, and then, as the fire sank back into its former torpor, there remained no more trace of what had been there a minute ago.

CHAPTER LI.—GOING TO THE MEET.

Next morning Chrissy came down to breakfast in her riding-habit. The —shire hounds were going to meet some five miles off for the first time that season, and, as a matter of course, the Blushwood couple were to be of the number of those who shed the light of their countenance on the scene. Chrissy never missed a meet on any account: no weather was too raw, no wind too bleak, to keep her from the hunting-field if George had expressed his intention of

going, and there was something almost heroic in the manner in which she cheerfully made all her own tastes and conveniences subservient to this one leading idea.

Phemie had in vain been urged to appear in the field; she had brought no riding-habit with her, she said, but her real reason, which she did not care to proclaim aloud, was that she knew that Leo would have strongly objected to the notion of his wife exposing herself to the dangers of the hunting-field, unless

he were there to watch over her. Despite the shrinking reserve of her nature, Phemie was no physical coward, and by her husband's side would have been ready to take the stiffest fence with impunity, but the anxious, almost ridiculous, solicitude with which he always surrounded her had made her just a trifle helpless, as those who have always had an arm to lean upon invariably are when they find it suddenly removed. Without being, therefore, directly afraid of trusting herself on the back of an unknown hunter, she would have felt it to be a strange and uncongenial sensation to be left entirely to her own guidance, and she certainly felt no match for the intrepid Chrissy, who, always well to the front in every run, was perfectly well able to take care of herself.

Mr Blushwood, as he noted Phemie's reluctance to accept a mount from his stables, imputed her hesitation to a perfectly wrong motive, and as with only half-veiled scorn he gave orders for the pony-chaise to be kept in readiness to convey Baroness Wolfsberg to the meet, he felt more than ever convinced that fate had been very kind in giving him the younger instead of the elder sister as wife. Beauty was but skin-deep after all, he sagely reflected, and what could the most beautiful woman in the world avail him if she were timid or uncertain in the saddle?

"And to think that I actually missed eleven runs for her sake!" he wound up his reflections, with a sort of gentle wonder at his own bygone infatuation. Eleven runs lost for ever for the sake of a woman who not only preferred the seat of a pony-chaise to the back of a hunter, but had, moreover, displayed the unaccountably bad taste of choosing a foreigner in preference to himself!

"So sorry to leave you alone," said Chrissy, giving her sister a more than usually affectionate kiss as the horses were being brought round to the door. "I should so much have enjoyed driving you myself and letting you see something of the sport. The pony-carriage is so light that it can be taken up any of the narrow lanes, and as I know every inch of the country by heart, the most likely coverts, and the precise line across country which the fox may be expected to take, I could have piloted you to perfection. However, it can't be helped, and so you must just trust to Donald for finding the right short cuts as well as he can: unfortunately he has not yet been here long enough to know all the by-ways."

"Well, Chrissy, are you never coming along?" now called out Mr Blushwood's impatient voice.

"Directly, George. I must just tell Donald that if the run takes an eastern direction, as it probably will, he is to be sure and drive Phemie up the old road towards Laverock Knowe quarry: it is the best place for obtaining a good bird's-eye view of the situation."

And then, in the twinkling of an eye, Chrissy was up in the saddle, and almost without giving herself time to settle her skirt, or to take up the reins properly, was briskly trotting down the avenue along with her pink-coated spouse.

The morning was radiantly beautiful, and a slight, almost imperceptible, tinge of hoar-frost, presently to be put to flight by the sun's triumphant rays, hung over everything like a delicate veil. As Phemie, following presently in the wake of the riders, drove along in the pony-carriage, her road led her through narrow lanes between straggling hawthorn hedges, where in summer-time the wild flowers

grew luxuriantly rank, but which now at this season of decay were almost more lovely than they had been in their mid-summer glory; for Death is no less beautiful than life, and autumn, like an old coquette who feels the necessity of donning more brilliant raiment to set off her decaying charms, loves to replace the pale uncertain hues of spring and early summer by deeper and more vigorous tints. Decked out in the red-and-gold splendour of their autumn garb, the dying hedgerows glowed with an almost regal magnificence, to which the frosty dewdrops, strewn about like a shower of broadcast diamonds, imparted additional lustre. What mattered it that the sap of life had long since fled from the clinging garlands of wild hop which wreathed the bushes in graceful tangles? Approaching winter had but turned their green into gold; and as they hung there, dry and brittle to the touch, they looked like the rare production of some ancient Venetian goldsmith. Did not the bronze and russet hues of strawberry and dead fern more than atone for the loss of dim harebells and sallow primrose? And who could regret the wild eglantine roses, whose pale fleeting beauty had now been replaced by a rich harvest of coral hips?

Suddenly the coral hips seemed to be flowing together in connected patches; and as with a last sharp turn the pony-carriage emerged from the lane, they came abruptly upon the scene of the meet. Some twenty riders, chiefly attired in the hunting colours, were here assembled, all in that state of joyous bustle characteristic of such occasions, exchanging noisy greetings or shouting out emphatic assurances as to the self-evident magnificence of the weather. Some

of the riders had drawn near the carriages in order to pay their respects to the ladies who, like Phemie, were here to-day in the passive character of spectators, while others had dismounted for the object of tightening a girth or readjusting the curbs of their impatient hunters, which, snorting, stamping, and pawing the ground, were fretting at the prolonged delay of the start. At the entrance of a field close by the hounds were waiting in a paroxysm of no less ill-suppressed impatience for the moment of throwing off, some of the younger and more impetuous among them giving occasional vent to their feelings by a low whine of agonised suspense, or a yelp of pain when occasionally called to order by a sharp flick from the thong of one of the whips.

While Chrissy was repeating to her sister the injunctions regarding the road to be followed, Phemie suddenly perceived Mr Hamilton not ten paces off talking to two rather flashily dressed women who had come on a drag. Although his head was half averted, and he had made no sign of recognition, yet the impression was somehow conveyed to Phemie that her arrival had not been unnoticed by him. Nor was she mistaken, for a few minutes later, as half involuntarily she glanced again in his direction, he detached himself from the party on the drag and came towards her, with a few commonplace words of greeting which included both sisters. Then before half-a-dozen phrases had been exchanged there was a stir among the group of riders which put an end to all further talk. The huntsman was already leading his pack across a field-path in the direction of a fir-copse which lay at the junction of two gently undulating hills. In the twinkling of an eye, each

horse's head had been turned in the same direction, conversation and flirtation were abruptly broken off, each rider, as he pressed after the huntsman, having no other thought but to secure a favourable place in the run that might be expected to follow: it was almost as though each single rider, horse and hound, were but parts of some gigantic piece of machinery which had been put in motion by a single touch, so visible, almost palpable, was the inspiration by which all alike were animated.

Mr Hamilton, after a hasty salute, had trotted off to join the others, and Phemie, as she watched the fast receding band of bright figures wending their way over the stub-

ble, was conscious of a strange feeling of disappointment which she did not attempt to analyse! It was hard to remain here tied down to the slower paces of the pony-carriage, while those others were soaring onwards as though borne by invisible wings. She too had caught the infection of the general inspiration, and the combination of the pink coats, and the confused murmur of eager voices, seen and heard through the medium of the crisp morning air, had gone to her head like a draught of champagne. Her uppermost thought at the moment was regret for her own pusillanimity which had caused her to decline her brother-in-law's offer of a mount.

CHAPTER LII.—A GOLDEN PATH.

For some little time the pony-chaise had followed the highroad in the wake of the other carriages, without, however, being able to obtain any but very passing glimpses of what was going on, for the two first coverts having been drawn blank, the hounds had betaken themselves over the shoulder of the hill to search the common which lay beyond. In order to approach this new scene of action, they were obliged to make a wide circuit through a network of country roads, and presently Phemie was aroused to the consciousness that they had dropped away from the other vehicles, and were alone on a deserted track which seemed to stretch away indefinitely between walls of deep emerald gorse, flecked here and there by a tardy cluster of golden blossom. Apparently they must have taken a wrong turn a little while back, she disconsolately reflected, and was just wondering whether it would not be wiser to retrace their paces, when an unex-

pected wave of sound struck upon her ear. It was the distant music of the pack, far off and feeble as yet, but sufficiently marked to indicate that something was taking place somewhere or other.

"If only we could get out of this furze," said Phemie, standing up in the pony-carriage in an agony of suspense, and vainly endeavouring, by craning her neck in the direction of the sound, to discern some figure or landmark which would serve as clue. "Where is that road to the quarry, Donald, that Mrs Blushwood told us to follow?"

But Donald only shook his head, as he was forced to confess his utter inability to solve the question of their actual bearings. He was new in these parts, he said in excuse, and the local names were as yet unfamiliar to him. Maybe if they went on a bit they would meet some of the country folk farther on, who would be able to guide them aright, was the only lucid suggestion he was capable of offering.

"Very well, drive on," agreed Phemie, impatiently, "and for heaven's sake let us try to get out of this wilderness of furze! It feels like being in prison to be surrounded on all sides by these odious bushes."

But scarcely had the words left her lips than she became aware of a sort of rustling sound in the dry furze close at hand, and almost simultaneously a small dark object ran across the road at no great distance, some thirty or forty yards ahead maybe from the spot where the ponies had been drawn up. Phemie, peering shortsightedly through her eyeglass, had only been able to distinguish that it was a quadruped of some sort which had darted across the deserted road, to disappear at once in the furze beyond—something like a dog in appearance, but running closer to the ground than a dog usually does, and with smoother more stealthy motion.

"The fox! tally ho! tally ho!" cried Donald, standing up in the carriage and giving vent to his feelings in a series of deafening, ear-rending shouts, which had not yet had time to die away when from the rear there came a panting frenzied gang of half-grown boys, all running at the top of their speed, and hoarsely shouting out something unintelligibly vague.

"Can you tell us the road to Laverock Knowe quarry?" called out Phemie, with agonised entreaty, as, sweating and breathless, they shot past the carriage.

"The tod's gone up the glen! The tod's gone up the glen!" is all she can make out in reply, and then they too are gone, for they have plunged into a narrow side-path, and are presently lost in the gorse.

But now the still autumn air begins to vibrate with other sounds, which seem to break out around her

all at once. The distant murmur of a few minutes past grows and swells until its character can no longer be mistaken. It is the full-voiced chorus of the hounds giving tongue nearer, ever nearer; and presently, before she has time to realise what is happening, the road in front of the carriage is crossed at the self-same spot where the fox had traversed it by another quadruped, white this time, running even more swiftly with nose well to the ground. It is the oldest and wariest of the foxhounds leading on its comrades to glory. Scarcely half-a-dozen yards behind they follow, all running like the wind, and "speaking" as they run, their voices so harmoniously blended as seemingly to proceed from but one pair of lungs. The huntsman is close at their heels, and then, riding fast and jealously of each other, come half-a-dozen other pink coats with one dark coat amongst them. Phemie has just had time to recognise Mr Hamilton as he shoots past her with the rest.

How handsome he looks! and how well he manages his obstreperous hunter! The very *beau idéal* of an Englishman, seen thus to fullest advantage; and after him come other figures, and soon the desolate common has grown alive with horses and men. Pink is the predominant colour, and as the riders crop up either singly or in groups of twos and threes amid the gorse, they look like great red butterflies flitting over an emerald sea. Fast and furious is the pace, all eyes are strained in one direction, all spirits animated by one common thought, all hopes and wishes centred in one identical object. Let poets maunder senselessly of the sweet unanimity of two loving hearts beating in unison. What but sentimental exaggeration is this in comparison to the absolute trans-

fusion of souls which temporarily takes place between a score of men of diametrically opposed political, religious, and moral opinions, when linked together by the common bond formed by one little red-coated animal?

With breathless excitement Phemie had watched the brilliant pageant as it flashed past her, a gorgeous picture all painted in red and green and gold; but then, when the last figure of a laggard huntsman had been swallowed up in the sea of furze, and the music of the pack died away to a faint echo in the distance, she leant back in the carriage with a heavy sigh which seemed to come from the very depths of her heart. How lonely she felt and how desolate, without any one by her side to whom she could confide her thoughts and impressions, and how selfishly callous to her feelings were all those other people who were so utterly engrossed by the sport they were following as to have ears and eyes for nothing else. Why, even Chrissy, as she had caught a passing glimpse of her sitting well back in the saddle, and with teeth firmly set in anticipation of a fence which she knew to be coming, had not even vouchsafed her a glance as she passed; and Mr Hamilton, too, had he seen her or not? She could not feel sure on this point, for though he made no sign of recognition, it had seemed to her that his eyes had rested for just one moment on the pony-carriage and its occupants. But of course it was foolish of her to imagine that he could have checked himself in the run for her sake, she admitted, with a little tardy wonder at her own folly for having ever entertained the shadow of such a thought! How could even the Venus di Milone herself hope to rival the fascination exercised by the fox in the heart of

all true votaries of the sport? Only Leo would have thought differently, and would not have minded giving up any pleasure for her sake—that she felt sure. But then Leo is not a real fox-hunter, which makes all the difference—she wound up her reflections with a mixture of tenderness and disdain, she hardly knew which.

After a little more aimless driving about, the pony-carriage at last succeeded in shaking itself free of the golden labyrinth, and emerged on to the high-road, where Phemie gladly accepted Donald's suggestion that they should drive to the nearest toll-bar, where some more reliable information on the subject of their bearings and of the direction which the run had subsequently taken might presumably be obtained. Long before, however, the toll-bar had been reached, they caught sight of a solitary horseman coming down the road towards them at a brisk trot.

"That must be one of the huntsmen," exclaimed Phemie, hopefully. "Now at last we shall be able to find out where we are," and a moment later she told herself that the figure of the approaching horseman bore a remarkable resemblance to Mr Hamilton.

Mr Hamilton in truth it turned out to be, and the reason of his appearance was presently explained. The run which had promised so brilliantly had received an unexpected check, for in crossing a stream the scent had been lost, and the hounds, after several abortive attempts to recover it, and repeated false starts in various directions, had been forced to confess themselves worsted for the nonce.

"They are now going to draw the coverts round Rig-End farm"—he wound up his explanation—"and so if you will let me show you the way to Laverock Knowe

quarry, I can promise you a good bird's-eye view of whatever is going to happen?"

"Then was it Chrissy who sent you for me after all?" exclaimed Phemie, gratefully, while she mentally retracted all the hard things she had been thinking of her sister just now. "It was real kind of her, to be sure. But how on earth did you manage to find me, I wonder?"

Mr Hamilton did not think it necessary to reply to the first part of the phrase, which perhaps he may have regarded more as an assertion than a question, but he bent a little nearer to the pony-carriage as he answered in a low voice intended to reach her ear alone—

"I always know how to find a thing when it is worth the search."

The road to Laverock Knowe was a rough cart-track, seldom now made use of for anything more ambitious than a wheelbarrow, which gave some semblance of reason to Mr Hamilton's suggestion that the pony-carriage, along with his own hunter, intrusted to a passing labourer, should be left below, while together they proceeded on foot up the steep pathway which was a decided short cut to the old disused quarry.

Phemie was somewhat taken aback on realising that she had again let herself in for a lengthened *tête-à-tête* with Mr Hamilton; but how was it possible to decline the arrangement without a ridiculous and wholly unnecessary assumption of prudery? And of course it was all right since it was Chrissy herself who had delegated Mr Hamilton to go in quest of her: this quite divested their meeting of any

clandestine appearance, and made it seem quite natural and proper.

Her latent scruples lulled to sleep by such convenient reflections, Phemie gave herself up entirely to the pleasure of the moment: the slight exertion entailed by walking uphill was delightfully exhilarating after the enforced inaction of the last two or three hours, and she felt her spirits rise with every step that disclosed a wider vista of the landscape below. She had lost the desolate sense of loneliness by which she had been oppressed a little while ago, and once more it had chanced to be Mr Hamilton whose presence had power to dispel her depression and rekindle the golden sunshine.

Golden indeed was the path they were now treading together, for here also gaudy furze, alternating with the glowing amber of decaying beech leaves, and the yet brighter hues of maple and bilberry, had scaled the heights, planting flaming brands wherever a footing could be obtained. As far as the eye could reach all up the hillside, their gold had been flung in wanton profusion. Even the jagged face of the old disused stone quarry had received a shower of golden pieces which had lodged themselves in every available fissure and cranny, while the overhanging crest of the sandstone cliffs glowed in an unbroken line of molten gold.

Seeing the upward path unrolled so bright and smilingly before her, how should Phemie have suspected that its golden twistings and turnings were in reality leading her perilously near to a yawning black abyss synonymous with ruin and desolation?

THE MYSTERY OF "THE QUEEN'S MARIE."

MR COURTHOPE'S new 'History of English Poetry' (Macmillan) revives a theory that the touching ballad of "Mary Hamilton," or "The Queen's Marie," is not older than the year 1719. This hypothesis, supported by the unrivalled authority of Professor Child of Harvard, has now for at least eighty-five years been before the world, yet it comes as a startling novelty to some reviewers. To Mr Courthope the opinion is not unwelcome, as it harmonises with his general doctrine of the popular ballad and its debt to literary poetry and romance. On this theme one would fain break a lance with Mr Courthope, but it may be less tedious to examine the facts about "The Queen's Marie," and to show cause for the belief that it is not of 1719, but a popular poem of Queen Mary's time. Historically correct it is not; at most it is a popular perversion of facts which occurred at the Court of Queen Mary.

The subject of this ballad, which we still occasionally hear sung to a crooning old melody, is familiar to every one. In a crowd of various versions, where names, details, and phrases all differ wildly, we discern that a maid-of-honour (often, but not always, styled "Mary Hamilton") was hanged for the murder of her illegitimate child at the Court of Mary Stuart. No maid-of-honour, in point of fact, suffered thus in Mary's reign. What, then, is the origin of the ballad? what is its history? The first known literary reference to the poem is made by Burns in a

letter to Mrs Dunlop (January 25, 1790). Burns is speaking of the wanderings of the Scots: "I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

"Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die."

This is the exclamation of Mary Hamilton, in the ballad, as she waits for death. In 1802 Scott published three stanzas of the ballad in his 'Border Minstrelsy' (ii. 154). He remarked that the whole piece might probably be recovered. In his fourth impression (of 1810, vol. iii. p. 87) he made up "a complete edition by copies from various quarters," especially using a text furnished by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Sharpe put forth his own copy in a 'Ballad-Book' of 1823, reprinted, with additions, in 1880. Several oral versions were also collected by Motherwell, Buchan, Skene of Rubislaw, Kinloch, Finlay, and others. We may add (what is apparently unknown to Mr Child) that an obscene and unquotable form, of part at least, of the ballad exists in English tradition.

"The subject of the ballad," Scott says, "seems to be" (Scott does not commit himself) "a scandal"—piously conserved by John Knox.¹

At the time of the General Assembly which met on Christmas Day 1563, a French waiting-maid

¹ Knox in Laing, ii. 415.

of Mary Stuart's, "ane Frenche woman that servit in the Queenis chalmers," fell into sin "with the Queenis awin hipoticyary." The father and mother slew the child, and were "dampned to be hangit upoun the publict streit of Edinburgh." No official report exists: "the records of the Court of Justiciary at this time are defective," says Maidment, and he conjectures that the accused may have been hanged without trial, "red-hand." Now the Queen's apothecary must have left traces in the Royal account-books. No writer on the subject has mentioned them. I myself have had the Records of Privy Council and the MS. Treasurer's Accounts examined, with their statement of the expenses of the Royal household. The Rev. John Anderson was kind enough to undertake this task, though with less leisure than he could have desired. There is, unluckily, a gap of some months in 1563. In June 1560, Mr Anderson finds mention of a "medicinar," "la poticarre," "apotigar," but no name is given, and the Queen was then in France. One Nicholas Wardlaw of the Royal household was engaged, in 1562, to a Miss Seton of Parbroath, but it needed a special Royal messenger to bring the swain to the altar. "Ane appotigar" of 1562 is mentioned, but not named, and we hear of Robert Henderson, chirurgion, "who supplied" powders and odours to embalm Huntley. There is no trace of the hanging of any "appotigar," or of any one of the Queen's women, "the maidans," spoken of collectively. So far, the search for the apothecary has been a failure. More can be learned from Randolph's letter to Cecil (Dec. 31, 1563) here copied from the MS. in the Public Record

Office. The austerity of Mary's Court, under Mr Knox, is amusingly revealed:—

"For newes yt maye please your honour to knowe that the Lord Treasurer of Scotlande for gettinge of a woman with chylde muste vpon Sondaye nexte do open penance before the whole congregation and m^r Knox mayke the sermonde. Thys my Lord of murraye wyllde me to wryte vnto you for a note of our greate severitie in punyshynge of offenders. *The frenche potticarie and the woman he gotte with chylde were bothe hanged thys present Fridage.* Thys hathe made myche sorrowe in our Courte. Maynie evle fortunes we have had by our Frenche fowlkes, and yet I feare we love them over well."

After recording the condemnation of the waiting-woman and her lover, Knox tells a false story about "shame hastening the marriage" of Mary Livingstone. Dr Robertson, in his 'Inventories of Queen Mary,' refutes this slander, which he deems as baseless as the fables against Knox's own continence. Knox adds, "What bruit the Maries and the rest of the danseris of the Courte had, the ballads of that age did witness, quhilk we for modesteis sake omit." Unlucky omission, unfortunate "modestei"! From Randolph's Letters it is known that Knox, at this date, was thundering against "danseris." Here, then, is a tale of the Queen's French waiting-woman hanged for murder, and here is proof that there actually were ballads about the Queen's Maries. These ladies, as we know from Keith, were, at first, in the Queen's childhood, Mary Livingstone, Mary Seatoun, Mary Beatoun, and Mary Fleming. The ballad usually names "Mary Beatoun, Mary Seatoun, and Mary Carmichael, and me,"—the heroine, who is usually called Mary Hamilton, but who bears many other

names in variants, as we shall show. Mr Courthope rightly says there was no Mary Hamilton, "any more than Mary Carmichael." Maidment does, indeed, give us the genealogy of a Mary Carmichael, then about the Court, and records her marriage to Sir Robert Preston. Her brother was Warden of the West Marches, and was killed at a football-match on a Sunday. But Maidment does not prove Mary Carmichael to have been a "Queen's Marie." Her name does not occur among the persons to whom the Queen made bequests in June 1566. They were the original Maries—Beatoun, Seatoun, Livingstone, and Fleming—three of whom are correctly named in one variant of the ballad. No Mary Hamilton is mentioned in the Queen's will, and, so far, the ballad seems to be as incorrect, historically, as ballads invariably are.

We have, then, a child-murder, by a woman of the Queen's, we have ballads about her Maries, and, as Scott says, "the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition, the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley," who, as Mr Child shows, was not even in Scotland in 1563. But gross perversion of contemporary facts does not prove a ballad to be late or apocryphal. Mr Child even says that accuracy in a ballad would be very "suspicious." Thus, for example, we know, from contemporary evidence, that the murder of the Bonny Earl Murray, in 1592 by Huntley, was at once made the topic of ballads. Of these, Aytoun and Mr Child print two widely different in details: in the first, Huntley has married Murray's sister; in the second, Murray is the lover of the Queen of James

VI. Both statements are picturesque; but the former is certainly, and the latter is probably, untrue. Again, "King James and Brown," in the Percy MS., is accepted as a genuine contemporary ballad of the youth of gentle King Jamie. James is herein made to say to his nobles,—

*"My grandfather you have slaine,
And my own mother you hanged on
a tree."*

Even if we read "father" (against the manuscript) this is absurd. James V. was not "slaine," neither Darnley nor Mary was "hanged on a tree." Ballads are always inaccurate; they do not report events, so much as throw into verse the popular impression of events, the magnified, distorted, dramatic rumours. That a ballad-writer should promote a Queen's tire-woman into a Queen's Marie, and substitute Darnley (where *he* is the lover, which is not always) for the Queen's apothecary, is a licence quite in keeping with precedent. Mr Child, obviously, would admit this. In producing a Marie who never existed, the "maker" shows the same delicacy as Voltaire, when he brings into 'Candide' a Pope who never was born.

Thus our ballad might have passed unchallenged as old, but (in 1810) Scott added to his fourth edition, from C. K. Sharpe, a note of "a very odd coincidence in name, crime, and catastrophe which occurred at the Court of Czar Peter the Great." A Miss Hambleton, maid of honour to the Czarina, was tried, tortured, and, of course, found guilty of child-murder. Peter, at her decapitation, picked up her head by the ear and kissed it! Mr Sharpe

himself possessed a print, from a German almanac, illustrating this incident. He says, in a manuscript note, "*the Russian tragedy must be the original.*" "This opinion is the only tenable one," says Mr Child. Mr Courthope follows him, and the 'Spectator' (July 20, 1895) is under serious conviction. Mr Child allows that the published accounts of the Russian "Mary [?] Hamilton" "differ to much the same degree as some versions of the Scottish ballad"—that is, they differ *toto caelo*! From a Russian work of 1885, based "on original and authentic documents," Mr Child shows that the Hamiltons had been settled for an unknown period in Russia, that one of them married a minister of Peter the Great, and that the condemned woman was (probably) niece of that minister's son. "Mary" was twice tortured, was condemned on November 27, 1718, and was executed in presence of the Czar, on March 14, 1719. We may add that, as Wogan and Ormonde were on King James's business in Russia in 1718, the facts might reach Scotland through Jacobite channels.

Mr Courthope justly remarks that these facts were "excellently adapted for the ballad-maker's use." One "maker," he thinks, "conceived the happy idea of throwing back the incidents of the actual Russian" tragedy into the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and turning the real Mary Hamilton into one of the Queen's Maries. "A later maker" produced "a greatly improved version, copied" (from what source?) "by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouselee" (1840). Mr Child thinks that "the popular genius" did the trick, "helped by nothing but a name,"—that of Hamilton. He

admits that "it is very remarkable that one of the very latest of the Scottish popular ballads should be one of the very best."

It is very remarkable indeed! What, we may ask, does Mr Courthope mean by a "maker"? He cannot mean a man of letters. In 1719 no known man of letters had either the skill or the desire to forge a ballad on the ancient model, not yet brought back into fashion by Percy, though dear to Addison and Mr Pepys. When Shenstone, Meikle, or Mallett, wrote ballads, when Allan Ramsay laid his profane hands on an old ballad, they produced things glaringly artificial. Mr Courthope must probably mean a *popular* poet. Now what were popular poets demonstrably doing under the first two Georges? They were very busy, indeed, but not with archaic ballads. They had ceased, as far as we know, to write even such decadent ballads, in the old style, as those on Philiphaugh and Bothwell Bridge and Loudon Hill (Drumclog). By 1689 Killiecrankie is sung in a very different manner. So is Sheriffmuir in 1715; and, even if "Derwent's Lament" be genuine (it comes through the roguish Surtees), it is not mistakable in style for a genuine old ballad. In 1719-1745 the popular poets were sarcastic (as in the "Sheriffmuir" and "Gledsmuir" ballads), or loyally lyric, as in the genuine Jacobite songs, or they dealt in pure doggerel (like the Glasgow Bellman in his rhymed history of "The Forty-Five"), or they were utterly of the gutter.

These, at least, were the varieties of truly popular poetry, as far as my own acquaintance with it goes. Chambers published a ballad of "Rob Roy"—that is, of Robin

Oig and James More, son of Rob Roy, and about their abduction of an heiress in 1752. This is a genuine popular poem, but in style and tone and versification it is wholly unlike "The Queen's Marie." The burden of proof that ballads in that old manner were still written as late as 1719 lies on Mr Child, and if he cannot provide examples, the rest of us balladists may despair. I scarcely hope that even Mr Child, the master of all who "love a ballad but even too well," can produce, after 1680, a single popular piece which could be mistaken for a ballad of Queen Mary's time.

The known person least unlike Mr Courthope's "maker" was "Mussel-mou'd Charlie Leslie," "an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last, probably, of the race," says Scott. Charlie died in 1782. He sang, and sold *printed* ballads. "Why cannot you sing other songs than those rebellious ones?" asked a Hanoverian Provost of Aberdeen. "Oh ay, but — *they winna buy them!*" said Charlie. "Where do you buy them?" "Why, faur I get them cheapest." He carried his ballads in "a large harden bag, hung over his shoulder." Charlie had tholed prison for Prince Charles, and had seen Provost Morison drink the Prince's health in wine and proclaim him Regent at the Cross of Aberdeen. If Charlie (who lived to be a hundred and two) composed the song "Mussel-mou'd Charlie" ("this sang Charlie made hissel"), then this maker could never have produced "The Queen's Marie," nor could any maker like him. His ballads were printed, as any successful ballad of 1719

would probably have been, in broadsides.¹ Against Mr Child and Mr Courthope, then, we argue that, after 1600, a marked decadence of the old ballad style set in,—that the old style (as far as is known) died soon after Bothwell Brig (1679), in the execrable ballads of both sides, and that it was not only dead as a form in practical use, but was entirely superseded by new kinds of popular poetry, of which many examples survive, and are familiar to every student. How, or why, then, should a poet, aiming at popularity, compose "The Queen's Marie" in an obsolete manner? The old ballads were still sung, indeed, but we ask for proof that new ballads were still composed in the ancient fashion.

Secondly, *why*, and how tempted, would a popular poet of 1719 transfer a modern tragedy of Russia to the year 1563, or thereabouts? His public would naturally desire a ballad gazette of the mournful new tale, concerning a lass of Scottish extraction betrayed, tortured, beheaded, at the far-off court of a Muscovite tyrant. The facts "palpitated with actuality," and, since Homer's day, "men desire" (as Homer says) "the new songs" on the new events. What was gained by going back to Queen Mary? Would a popular "Mussel-mou'd Charlie" even know the names of the Queen's Maries, *now* familiar to all, and immortal in the ballad? Mr Courthope admits that "he may have been helped by some ballad," one of those spoken of by Knox. If that ballad told the existing Marian story, what did the "maker" add? If it did *not*, what did he borrow? No more

¹ See, for example, Mr Macquoid's 'Jacobite Songs and Ballads,' pp. 424, 510, with a picture of Charlie.

than the names could he borrow, and no more than the name "Mary Hamilton" from the Russian tragedy, could he add. One other thing he might be said to add, the verses in which Mary asks "the jolly sailors" not to

"Let on to my father and mother
But that I'm coming hame."

This passage, according to Mr Courthope, "was suggested partly by the fact of a Scotswoman being executed in Russia." C. K. Sharpe also says, "If Marie Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely" (why not?) "that her relations resided beyond seas." They *may* have been in France, like many another Hamilton! Mr Child says, "The appeal to the sailors shows that Mary Hamilton dies in a foreign land—not that of her ancestors." Yet the ballad makes her die in or near the Canongate! Moreover, the family of the Mary Hamilton of 1719 had been settled in Russia for generations, and were reckoned of the Russian *noblesse*. Sailors no more carry news across Russia than across Scotland; the verses, therefore, on either theory, are out of place, and are probably an interpolation suggested to some reciter (they only occur in some of the many versions) by a passage in "The Twa Brithers."

Thirdly, we reach the most important argument for the antiquity of "The Queen's Marie." Mr Courthope has introduced as existing in, or after, 1719, two "makers" who could imitate to deception the old ballad style. Now Maidment remarks that "this ballad was popular in Galloway, Selkirkshire, Lanarkshire, and Aberdeen, and the very striking discrepancies go far to remove every suspicion of fabrication." Cham-

bers uses (1829) against Sharpe the same argument of "universal diffusion in Scotland." Neither Mr Child nor Mr Courthope draws the obvious inferences from the extraordinary discrepancies in the eighteen variants. Such essential discrepancies surely speak of a long period of oral recitation by men or women accustomed to interpolate, alter, and add, in the true old ballad manner. Did such rhapsodists exist after 1719? and if the ballad (as it probably would be in 1719) was *printed*, or even if it was not, could the variations have been evolved between 1719 and 1802?

These variations are numerous, striking, and fundamental. In many variants even the name of the heroine does not tally with that of the Russian maid of honour. That most important and telling coincidence wholly disappears. In a version of Motherwell's, from Dumbartonshire, the heroine is *Mary Myle*. In a version known to Scott (Minstrelsy, 1810, iii. 89, note), the name is *Mary Miles*. Mr Child also finds *Mary Mild*, *Mary Moil*, and *Lady Maisry*. This Maisry is daughter of the Duke of York! Now the Duke of York whom alone the Scottish people knew was James Stuart, later James II. Once more the heroine is daughter of the Duke of Argyll, therefore a Campbell. Or she is without patronymic, and is daughter of a lord or knight of the North, or South, or East, and one of her sisters is a barber's wife, and her father lives in England!—(Motherwell.) She, at least, might invoke "Ye mariners, mariners!" (as in Scott's first fragment) not to carry her story. Now we ask Mr Courthope and Mr Child whether they believe that, after the ringing tragedy of Miss

Hamilton in Russia, in the year of grace 1719, contemporaries who heard the woful tale could, between 1719 and 1802, call the heroine—(1) Hamilton; (2) Mild, Moil, Myle, Miles; (3) make her a daughter of the Duke of York, or of the Duke of Argyll, or of lords and of knights from all quarters of the compass, and sister-in-law to an English barber, also one of the Queen's "serving-maids," like the Knoxian "Frenche woman that servit in the Queenis chalmers"? We at least cannot accept those numerous and glittering contradictions as corruptions which could be made soon after the Russian events, when the true old ballad style was dead.

We now produce more startling variations. The lover is not only "the King," "the Prince," Darnley, "the highest Stuart o' a'," but he is also that old offender, "Sweet Willie," or he is Warrenston (Warriston?). Mary is certainly not hanged (the Russian woman was beheaded) away from her home; she dies in Edinburgh, near the Tolbooth, the Netherbow, the Canongate, and—

"O what will my three brothers say
When they come hame frae sea,
When they see three locks o' my yellow
hair
Hinging under a gallows tree?"

It is impossible here to give all the variations. Mary pulls, or does not pull, or her lover pulls, the leaf of the Abbey, or "savin," or other tree; the Queen is "auld," or not "auld"; she kicks in Mary's door and bursts the bolts, or does nothing so athletic, and inconsistent with her advanced age. The heroine does, or does not, appeal vainly to her father. Her dress is of all varieties. She does, or does not,

go to the Tolbooth and other places. She is, or is not, allured to Edinburgh, "a wedding for to see." Her infanticide is variously described, or its details are omitted, and the dead body of the child is found in various places, or not found at all. Though drowned in the sea, it is between the bolster and the wall, or under the blankets! She expects, or does not expect, to be avenged by her kin. The king is now angry, now clement—inviting Mary to dinner! Mary is hanged, or (Buchan's MS.) is not hanged, but is ransomed by Warrenston, probably Johnston of Warriston! These are a few specimens of variations in point of fact: in language the variations are practically countless.

We now condescend to appeal to statistics. We have examined the number of variants published by Mr Child in his first six volumes, on ballads which have, or may have, an historical basis. Of course, the older and more popular the ballads, the more variants do we expect to discover—time and taste producing frequent changes. Well, of "Otterburn" Mr Child has five versions; of the "Hunting of the Cheviot" he has two, with minor modifications indicated by letters from the "lower case." Of "Gude Wallace" he has eight. Of "Johnnie Armstrong" he has three. Of "Kinmont Willie" he has one. Of "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray" he has two. Of "Johnnie Cock" he has thirteen. Of "Sir Patrick Spens" he has eighteen. And of "The Queen's Marie" (counting Burns's solitary verse and other brief fragments) Mr Child has eighteen versions or variants!

Thus a ballad made, *ex hypothesi Sharpiana*, in or after 1719, has been as much altered in oral tradition as the most popular and

perhaps the most antique ballad of all, "Sir Patrick Spens," and much more than any other of the confessedly ancient semi-historical popular poems. The historical event which may have suggested "Sir Patrick Spens" is "plausibly," says Mr Child, fixed in 1281: it is the marriage of Margaret of Scotland to Eric, King of Norway. No wonder, then, that in so long a time an orally preserved ballad is rich in variants. But that a ballad of 1719 should, in eighty modern non-balladising years, become as rich in extant variants, and far more discrepant in their details, than "Sir Patrick Spens" in five centuries, is a circumstance for which we invite Mr Child and Mr Courthope to account. Will they say, "The later the ballad, the more it is altered in oral tradition"? If so, let them, by all means, produce examples! We should, on this theory, have about a dozen "Battles of Philpahaugh," and at least fifteen "Bothwell Brigs," a poem, by the way, much in the old manner, prosaically applied, and so recent that, in part at least, it was produced after the death of the Duke of Monmouth, slain, it avers, by the machinations of Claverhouse! Of course we are not asking for exact proportions, since many variants of ballads may be lost, but merely for proof that, the later a ballad is, the more variants of it occur. But this contention is probably impossible, and the numerous variations in "The Queen's Marie," as in "Sir Patrick Spens," are really a proof of long existence in oral tradition, and contradict the theory espoused by Mr Child.

This argument, though statistical, is, we think, conclusive, and the other considerations which we have produced in favour of the

antiquity of "The Queen's Marie" add their cumulative weight.

We have been, in brief, invited to suppose that, about 1719, a Scot wrote a ballad on an event in contemporary Russian Court life; that (contrary to use and wont) he threw the story back a century and a half; that he was a master of an old style, in the practice of his age utterly obsolete and unimitated; that his poem became universally popular, and underwent, in seventy years, even more vicissitudes than most other ballads encounter in three or perhaps even five centuries. Meanwhile it is certain that there had been real ancient ballads, contemporary with the Marian events, —ballads on the very Maries who appear in the so-called poem of 1719; while exactly the same sort of scandal as the ballad records had actually occurred at Queen Mary's Court in a lower social rank. The theory of Mr Child is opposed to our whole knowledge of ballad literature, of its age, decadence (about 1620-1700), and decease (in the old kind) as a popular art. To agree with Mr Child, we must not only accept one great ballad-poet, born at least seventy years too late; we must not only admit that such a poet would throw back his facts for a century and a half; but we must also conceive that the balladising humour, with its ancient methods, was even more vivacious in Scotland for many years after 1719 than, as far as we know, it had ever been before. Yet there is no other trace known to us of the existence of the old balladising humour and of the old art in all that period. We have no such ballad about the English captain shot by the writer's pretty wife, none about the bewitched son of

Lord Torphichen, none about the Old Chevalier, or Lochiel, or Prince Charlie: we have merely Shenstone's "Jemmy Dawson"! and the Glasgow bellman's rhymed history of Prince Charles. In fact, "Jemmy Dawson" is a fair *instantia contradictoria* as far as a ballad by a man of letters is to the point. Such a ballad that age could indeed produce: it is not very like "The Queen's Marie"! Mr Child cannot take refuge in "Townley's Ghost" and his address to the Butcher Cumberland:—

"Imbrued in bliss, imbathed in ease,
Though now thou seem'st to lie,
My injured form shall gall thy peace,
And make thee wish to die!"

That is a ballad of the eighteenth century, and it is not much in the manner of "The Queen's Marie." These considerations, now so obvious to a student of the art of old popular poetry, if he thinks of the matter, could not occur to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He was a great collector of ballads, but not versed in, or interested in, their "æsthetic"—in the history and evolution of ballad-making. Mr Child, on the other hand, is the Grimm or Köhler of popular English and Scottish poetry. Our objections to his theory could scarcely have been collected in such numbers, without the aid of his own assortment of eighteen versions or fragments, with more *lectiones variae*. But he has not allowed for the possible, the constantly occurring, chance of coincidence between fancy and fact; nor, perhaps, has he reflected on

the changed condition of ballad poetry in the eighteenth century, on the popular love of a new song about a new event, and on the entire lack of evidence (as far as I am aware) for the existence of ballad-poets in the old manner during the reign of George I. The ballad-reading public of 1719 would have revelled in a fresh ballad of a Scottish lass, recently betrayed, tortured, and slain far away by a Russian tyrant. A fresh ballad on Queen Mary's Court, done in the early obsolete manner, would, on the other hand, have had comparatively little charm for the ballad-buying lieges in 1719. The ballad-poet had thus in 1719 no temptation to be "archaistic," like Mr Rossetti, and to sing of old times. He had, on the contrary, every inducement to indite "a rare new ballad" on the last tragic scandal, with its poignant details, as of Peter kissing the dead girl's head.

The hypothesis of Mr Child could only be *demonstrated* incorrect by proving that there was no Russian scandal at all, or by producing a printed or manuscript copy of "The Queen's Marie" older than 1719. We can do neither of these things; we can only give the reader his choice of two improbabilities—(a) that an historical event, in 1718-19, chanced to coincide with the topic of an old ballad; (b) that, contrary to all we know of the evolution of ballads and the state of taste, a new popular poem on a fresh theme was composed in a style long disused,¹ was offered most successfully to the public of

¹ A learned Scots antiquary writes to us: "The real ballad manner hardly came down to 1600. It was killed by the Francis Roos version of the Psalms, after which the Scottish folk of the Lowlands cast everything into that mould." We think, however, that "Bothwell Brig" is a true survival of the ancient style.

1719, and in not much more than half a century was more subjected to alterations and interpolations than ballads which for two or three hundred years had run the gantlet of oral tradition.

As for our own explanation of the resemblance between the affair of Miss Hamilton, in 1719, and the ballad story of Mary Hamilton (*alias* Mild, Myle, Moil, Campbell, Miles, or Stuart, or anonymous, or Lady Maisry), we simply, with Scott, regard it as "a very curious coincidence." On the other theory, on Mr Child's, it is also a curious coincidence that a waiting-woman of Mary Stuart's *was* hanged (not beheaded) for child-murder, and that there *were* written, simultaneously, ballads on the Queen's Maries. Much odder coincidences than either have often, and indisputably, occurred, and it

is not for want of instances, but for lack of space, that we do not give examples.

This contention is not to be regarded as other than audacious. To differ from Sharpe and Mr Child about a question of balladlore savours of impiety. But Chambers and Motherwell are of our party, and Scott did not pronounce for either side. The Sharpeian hypothesis is useful, but not essential, to Mr Courthope's general theory of ballads, which runs counter to that adopted, as regards *Märchen*, popular poetry, myths, riddles, and proverbs, by the majority of volklorists. That there is an element of truth in Mr Courthope's belief, one readily admits; but did space permit, it could be shown not to be the whole truth of the matter.

A. LANG.

JOHN PETER MACNAB,

COMMISSION AGENT AND PRACTICAL GOLFER.

ON a fine July morning in 189—the train timed to arrive at that rising watering-place B—— at 10.45 A.M., lounged into the station at 11.30. It deposited a very angry and justly indignant young golfer—young at least in years, but old, nay, hoary in golf. Charlie Pearson had been looking forward to playing in a select foursome; but as the train slowed into the station he could see his three faithless friends well on in the second hole in company with an unknown fourth.

Charlie Pearson was an athletic, good-looking, and good-natured young fellow. He took a proper pride in his own game. At the age of twenty-two he had attained a position which he thought justified him in declining to take odds from almost any except those in the foremost rank of amateur golfers; and when he did condescend to do so, the odds were usually given and accepted in betting or in holes up, which sounds, at least, not so humiliating as strokes. It will thus be seen that he was not only a promising but a self-respecting golfer.

He looked into the club, but saw no foeman worthy of his irons; and having nothing to do he went to the shed of one Rogers, a clubmaker, and listlessly handled some of the latest patent mashies and cleeks.

Rogers, knowing well that no business would be done, at last said, "If you would like a round, Mr Pearson, perhaps Mr Macnab would play with you."

"Mr Macnab! Who's Mr Macnab? Never heard of the man."

"There he is," said Rogers, pointing to a middle-aged man who was standing near the teeing-ground. He was dressed unobtrusively in a dark-grey suit, which well accorded with his sedate and rather melancholy features. He had a play-club in his hand; and stood gazing sadly on the sea, as if in mute despair because his adversary came not and he had lost his turn. A bright-eyed boy of ten or eleven years of age (supposed to be his son) carried a few extra clubs for him—brassy, cleek, niblick, and a lofting-iron of mediæval make. Such were his tools.

"Can he play?" asked Charlie.

"Oh! he can play a bit," said Rogers, drily.

"Well, here goes," said Charlie; and advancing towards the stranger, he asked him to play a round.

"I'll be glad of a match, Mr Pearson, but I fear it will be a poor one."

"Not at all," said Charlie, condescendingly; "very happy, I'm sure."

Just before they struck off, a stoutish man who was standing near said to Macnab—

"Will five suit, Peter?"

"I'm with you," replied Macnab; "but, remember, no dessert."

"What an hour to dine at," thought Charlie.

Charlie then proceeded to strike off. Now there was a bunker about 150 yards from the tee. There was nothing to be gained by carrying it, as the hole was not very far beyond it; but partly from contempt of his adversary

Charlie essayed to do so, and landed his ball snugly under the far bank. Macnab then addressed his ball. He handled his club like a flail, with a slow involved movement both in raising it and in bringing it down; and at the moment of striking he made a funny little curtsey to the ball, as if to request it to move on. He seemed to half miss it; but on the players reaching the edge of the bunker the ball was found to be lying beautifully, just a yard short. From that position with another curtsey Macnab induced it to travel to the edge of the putting-green; and as Charlie lost a stroke in the bunker, Macnab won the hole without apparent effort in four. He bore his honours meekly, and consoled with Charlie on his bad luck. In the next hole, with two tearing shots, Charlie was on the green in two to Macnab's three. Playing his third, he overran the hole by a yard or two. Macnab laid himself stone-dead; and Charlie missed his putt by an inch. Hole halved; a good half for Macnab. It is not necessary to describe the round in detail. Charlie, thoroughly nettled, pressed furiously, out-driving Macnab every time by 30 or 50 yards. But Macnab did not seem to mind this in the least, and retaliated on reaching the putting-green by invariably lying dead when he did not go in. His favourite number was four; he had twelve fours in the course of the round. At the third hole from home the match was over—Macnab to the end condoling with Charlie, and modestly expressing surprise at his own success. The bye was halved.

Charlie's first feeling on regaining the club was that he had played badly and allowed himself to be defeated by a duffer. But on counting up his strokes he

found that he had done the round in eighty; therefore Macnab must have taken only seventy-five or so—a very fine score. Charlie Pearson was no fool. He saw that Mr Macnab, though a dark horse, was a formidable player; and he at once resolved to turn Macnab's talents to account and extract amusement, if not profit, from them, by punishing his three friends who had left him so shamelessly in the lurch. The means were at hand.

If Charlie Pearson thought a good deal of his game, he did not in general speak much about it. On the other hand, his friend, Regy Barker, who was one of the three and about Charlie's age and form, did both; about his own game he spoke incessantly and thought volumes. He was at once caught in the toils of the schemer. The very next day Charlie found Regy (who had kept out of his way the day before) at the starting-point. He was as usual talking at large about his game, apparently to no one in particular. Mr Macnab was standing near; but his back was turned, and he was gazing sadly on the sea.

"I must admit," said Regy, "that it is an enormous advantage to know the green as I do,—every inch; every turn of the ground; every blade of grass. I tell you, only yesterday.—"

"Don't brag about your local knowledge, Regy," said Charlie Pearson, coming up at this moment. "I'll back any playing resider at B—, any one of the worthy burgesses, to beat you even—take the first man you see, say that fellow with his back to us. Do you take me?"

Regy was insulted and indignant. With deep irony he replied, "If you will back your opinion with £10."

"Done," said Charlie; and without giving Regy time to draw back he asked Mr Macnab whether he would oblige his friend, Mr Barker, by playing a round with him. There was a faint suspicion of a twinkle in Macnab's eye as, while accepting, he again expressed a fear that it "would make a poor match."

The round began badly for Macnab. He lost the first three holes.

"This is skittles," said Regy. "Hand over that tenner, Charlie."

At the next tee, feeling that he had the match in his pocket, he thought he would try a shot with a new aluminium-headed driver which Rogers had induced him to buy. He heeled his ball and sent it into the sea; Macnab, as usual, played for and obtained safety, and won the hole. This little incident, trifling as it was, upset Regy; and although he was still ahead, he played recklessly and nervously and lost his lead, and ultimately lost the match by one hole. Apart from a few audible sneers at his opponent's game, and hearty abuse of the aluminium club and its vendor, and a futile attempt to break it, Regy bore his defeat with a terrible calmness; not the calmness of resignation or philosophy, but calmness born of the certainty of speedy retribution.

"I shall expect you to give me my revenge in the afternoon, Mr Macnab," he said at once, with ferocious politeness.

"What an unspeakable advantage it is to have a perfect knowledge of the green," said Charlie, sententiously.

"Stop that, Charlie," said Regy; "you know as well as I do that that old Johnny's no match for me."

"He can play a bit," said Charlie, quoting certain words which still rankled.

"Nonsense; I never played

worse in my life. But that beastly club was enough to put any man out. Double or quits of course."

The second round began almost exactly as did the first. Macnab apparently allowed his opponent to win the first two holes without an effort. This caused his backer no anxiety; but when the tenth hole was reached, and Regy's lead remained the same notwithstanding excellent play on Macnab's part, Charlie began to feel anxious. Luncheon had steadied Regy's nerves and temper, and he could play a strong winning game.

At this crisis there suddenly emerged from the gorse and long grass which fringe the links a portly gentleman. He was not dressed like, and did not look, a golfer. He more resembled another species of sportsman which is seen to greatest advantage at Newmarket or Epsom. He seemed, however, to know enough about golf not to interrupt the players by moving or speaking at the wrong time. On the way to the eleventh hole he sidled up to Charlie, whose attention he had more than once tried to attract, and, to his astonishment, addressed him thus out of the corner of his mouth—

"Our man's rather long in coming away, isn't he?" Charlie looked haughtily at him and did not reply. The stranger was no ways abashed, and returned to the charge when the players had holed out another halved hole.

"He's such an unequal player, you see," he observed, with a wink.

"Unequal!" said Charlie, heatedly; "he's confoundedly equal! he'll lose the match with his equality."

"You're on him too? I thought as much. Now excuse me, sir, let me give you an 'int. If you

don't watch him so much p'raps he'll let out."

"He's got nothing to let out, I can tell you; I've played with him."

"P'raps he'd no call to then," said the stranger, placidly; "but he has now or we're both in the hole. I see you take me. Now don't you watch'im and he'll finish all right. I'll try and get more on if I can; mornin', sir." With those words he made a bee-line for the last hole at a much faster pace than might have been expected from a man of his girth.

Though at first indignant at the stranger's familiarity, Charlie was somewhat impressed. He thought that, contrary to all appearances, Macnab might possibly be nervous; so he ceased to watch him as closely as before. At first nothing came of it; hole after hole was halved, and in very few strokes. Indeed, there was no opportunity for "letting out"; but on striking off from the third hole from home something happened.

Being two up and three to play, Regy, after striking off, according to his usual custom proceeded to light a pipe. This he was in the habit of doing, not because he wished to smoke, but as an intimation to his opponent that the game was up. The hole is a short one; but few play straight for it, because a large bunker yawns immediately in front of it, and if the ball escapes that, it usually runs over the narrow putting-green into grief as bad beyond. Most players play to the right, and by so doing get safety and the certainty of doing the hole in four, and the chance, with luck, of doing it in three. Regy played to the right, and then turned his back to the wind and the teeing-ground while lighting his pipe, observing genially to Charlie,

"I've got you and old Stiff-joints in a pretty tight place this journey." Charlie was facing in the same direction, but happening to look round, saw a sight to be forever remembered. "Old Stiff-joints" was fearlessly aiming straight for the hole, the club quivering in his powerful grasp. Up came the club, not on "the block system," as his usual swing was irreverently described, but with a rush and a swish almost as rapid as the down-stroke, which positively hissed through the air. The ball, struck clean and fair, soared into the wind, which was adverse, and fell dead on the putting-green. Charlie began to understand a little. The first intimation which the ill-fated Regy received of what had happened was when he was proceeding to play his third stroke.

"I play odds," he said.

"Two more, I think," said Macnab. Regy would not and never did believe it; but he had to yield to the united testimony of the rest of the company. He failed to hole; Macnab holed easily in three; and the game now was, Regy one up and two to play.

The second last hole is the longest on the green, played as it is usually. As the crow flies, taking a line to the left, it may be driven in two by a very long driver with a good lie for the second shot; but in order to do so an elbow of the sea must be faced, and this involves not merely a very long carry, but the risk of certain destruction if a mistake is made, the cliff being very abrupt. None but reckless or desperate players go that way. Macnab led off (old style) with ostentatious stiffness. He pulled his ball to the left; it was for him a long drive, but it was off the usual course; and from where his ball lay he could not

hope to get home under three shots, if he returned to the usual course. Charlie looked upon the match as lost, and accompanied Regy on the orthodox line; but just after Regy had played his second, the latter exclaimed excitedly—

“Do you see that?”

The master was not visible, being concealed by a hillock; but the result of his labours was to be seen in the shape of a ball speeding across the bay and landing safely on the green. Now, a second-class player may, if his conscience permits him to do so, tee his ball when out of sight, and in ordinary circumstances profit somewhat by his fraud; but no teeing (and here it was assumed by Regy) could alone account for a drive like that. Tee or no tee, it was the stroke of a master. The matter was beyond the ken of Regy’s philosophy, and the combined mystery and iniquity of such a drive, when made by another man, and such a man, unhinged him. Completely distraught, he landed his approach shot tightly in a sandy road and lost the hole. All even and one to play.

A number of spectators could be seen assembled at the last hole; but Regy was fated never to reach them as a going combatant. Still maddened by a sense of Macnab’s shameful luck, he pressed for a long drive, pulled his ball, and landed it on the brink of the beach in such a position that he could not stand properly to it unless he desired to drive it back to the tee. Instead of playing it quietly on to the grass he tried to force it, lost his balance, and fell on to the beach, which Mr Macnab loved to contemplate, the ball tipsily following him and hitting his foot. The match was lost. Let us drop the

curtain on him. His lamentations and his remarks of and concerning Mr Macnab were painful to listen to and impossible to repeat.

On his way to the club Charlie was confronted by the unknown, who rushed at him flushed with success and objectionably grateful.

“Obliged to you, sir, as good as ten quid in my pocket. I knew our friend there could finish if you’d let him. Now, sir, if ever you’re at Newmarket, you ask for Sam Quant. I’ll be proud——”

Charlie at last shook him off and fled.

When Charlie returned to the club he found Regy, cheque-book in hand, preparing for immediate departure.

“There’s your money. I’m off to Prestwick.” Never had Regy been so curt before. The iron had entered into his soul.

“*One*,” murmured Charlie mysteriously, as he pocketed the £20 cheque.

Charlie had studied his Regy well. He knew that by wounding his vanity and offering or accepting a substantial bet he could incite him to play Macnab; and he also knew that if Regy were beaten in the first round he would not for one moment believe that he had been beaten on his merits.

The next of the guilty three to be approached, however, was not so easy to tackle. Major Sydney Salmon was at least ten years older than Charlie, and required to be treated with apparent deference. Although certainly not more than thirty-five years of age, he adopted a fatherly tone with younger men. He was indulgently tolerant of Charlie’s youthful *side*, but Regy he could not endure. His infirmity—a noble one—was to believe that his game was vastly better than it was; and he

deeply resented the suggestion that players like Charlie and Regy could play him even. It was to this side of his nature that Charlie directed his attack. It cannot be said that in handling the Major delicately, Charlie was influenced by any feeling of reverence for his senior, any more than that an angler shows regard for the feelings of a trout when deciding whether he shall use fly or worm for the purpose of its capture and destruction. He only knew that the Major could not be rushed like Regy, and accordingly adopted a more cautious method. He found the Major in the club writing letters, and began operations at once.

"We shall have to look to our laurels, Major. I suppose you've heard that Barker has lost two rounds to an unknown crack."

"So I heard; but Barker must have been off his game, such as it is. I've seen your unknown play. I could give him a half and you perhaps might give him a third."

"I doubt, Major, whether players of our stamp could give him any odds."

The Major was now thoroughly roused. What enraged him was not so much the suggestion that Macnab could beat him, as the insinuation that because Macnab had beaten Barker he could necessarily beat him, the Major.

"Speak for yourself. My dear boy, when you are my age you'll be a little less hasty in forming your opinions. In the first place, allow me to observe that you forget that you and I do not play even; but that is neither here nor there. In the next place, I know a man's form at a glance. I could give that fellow half one."

"Pardon me, Major; not a stroke, not one little stroke. I'll put a tenner on him even."

"If I did not dislike winning

your money, you foolish boy, I'd take you and serve you right."

"Don't trouble yourself about my pocket; Barker has filled it for me; and if he can't beat our demure friend why should you?"

This settled the matter. The Major deliberately put stamps on his letters and rose.

"I can't play to-morrow—say Friday—two rounds £5, not a farthing more."

He booked the bet and left the club in a huff, if the word can properly be applied to such a decorous and self-restrained man.

When Charlie reached the links on Friday morning he found his worst fears realised. A dense crowd surrounded the teeing-ground—a crowd such as only collects on the occasion of a great match or a medal day; and as the contents of the 10.45 train poured on to the links, he recognised the weather-beaten countenances of more than one well-known bookmaker, or *bookie*, as that class of public man is affectionately called by their clients.

The great man who had attracted this following seemed quite unconscious of the interest which he excited. He gazed steadily on the sea.

When the Major appeared there was a hum of anticipation. He hit off and lay safe short of the bunker. Macnab, although outwardly unconcerned, departed entirely from his usual tactics and style. He dropped a ball on the turf without apparently selecting a tee, and to the astonishment of every one carried the bunker with ease. The crowd then advanced, pressing close upon the players; and any one could hear that brisk betting was going on—slight odds on Macnab. The Major reached the green in two; so did Macnab. They each lay within a yard of the

hole in three. The Major played first and holed out. Then came a bolt from the blue. Macnab, instead of holing out, with one hand knocked his ball away from the hole. A yell of astonishment and dismay arose from the gallery; and one or two *bookies* approached Macnab with menacing gestures.

"That's your match, Major Salmon," said Macnab, who seemed not in the least put out by this hostile demonstration. "I'm sorry that I cannot play it out; but I'm a business man, and really I cannot afford to be seen playing with this following," pointing contemptuously to the crowd.

This speech was greeted with another groan from the *bookies*; and one of them, who evidently regarded Macnab as a detected welsher, and thought that the time for lynching had come, broadly suggested that the sea was handy, and led a rush for the victim. But Charlie Pearson, who was a plucky and chivalrous fellow, came to the rescue; and after threatening to break the head of the first man who came nearer, took Macnab's arm and led him away amidst much groaning and hooting.

"Now that you've lost my money for me, Mr Macnab, I propose to console myself, if you will permit me, by interviewing you and asking a few questions. You said you were in business. What is it?"

Macnab, without a word, handed him a card, on which was printed

"JOHN PETER MACNAB,
COMMISSION AGENT,"

and two addresses which we need not supply.

"Should you not in fairness add 'and Practical Golfer'? Now, why should playing out that match injure your business?"

"Some of my clients might not approve of betting. Man, I'd have lost half my business connection!"

"The nonconformist conscience? I see. Do you object to betting on principle?"

"Oh dear, no! I do it myself a little."

"I must apologise for not offering to bet on our match." (The truth was he thought it would be robbery.)

"No harm done. I won £5 on it, and £10 on my match with your friend."

"Won £5 on our match! When did you make your bet?"

"Before we started, with Dicky Robson."

"I thought he was inviting you to dinner. What did you mean by 'no dessert'?"

"Only that we were to have nothing on the bye."

"I observe, Mr Macnab, that for a strong player you very seldom play here; how is that?"

"I suppose my neighbours have had enough of me; they've no more to lose."

"Now, candidly, what odds could you give me?"

"Do you really wish to know? Well, half one might do."

"Oh! come now, Mr Macnab—and Barker?"

A malicious smile lighted up Mr Macnab's saturnine features for one moment as he replied, "I don't think that anything could bring Mr Barker and me together—again."

When Charlie subsequently repeated this speech to Regy, he carefully omitted the last word—no doubt from an honourable feeling that he was not intended to hear it.

"But you beat Barker by fewer holes than me."

"I did not like the lad at any rate, and I thought it would do

him good to lose a little more. I'm sure *you* need not complain. Faith! he nearly got away from me though," he added with a smile. Charlie with great self-restraint remained silent. "Won't you come in and smoke a cigar? No? Well, good-bye, Mr Pearson. You've a fine eye for a good thing for so young a man. But you must avoid publicity" (he pronounced it *publeecity*), "Mr Pearson; avoid publicity and you have the making of a grand bettor!"

That is the episode of John Peter Macnab. Some, who have never encountered him, think him a braggart; others, who have lost money to or through him, think him a knave. But the views of such do not affect the opinion of the pure golfer. Among experts the better opinion is that Macnab has not yet been extended. Perhaps, if the conscience of his *clientelle* permits, time will show. In the meantime, though the eyes of those who know are still upon him, he has not been classed.

The scheme having fallen through

owing to the refusal of Mr Macnab—the "vessel of wrath," as Charlie called him—to play any more, it is unnecessary to consider by what arts the third offender, Berty Gould, was to be entrapped. Charlie said that he saw his way; but it may be doubted whether Gould would have been as easy a victim as the other two. He was a stolid young man, who, although he did not undervalue his powers, was under no misapprehension as to their limits where money was concerned.

Charlie promptly tendered his £5 to Major Salmon, but the latter waved it away.

"No, no, my boy, keep your money. I should not have taken it if I had won on the merits, though now I much doubt if I should have won after all. He's a sly dog is old Macnab. But, I say, Charlie, give that fellow Barker back his money or you'll never hear the end of it. I know his sort well."

And Charlie acted on the veteran's advice.

A [SUMMER SCENE.

I.

LADEN come the maidens home,
With poppies and wild roses;
Singing ditties as they come,
And blushing like their posies.

II.

Crownèd is one merry maid
With coronal of poppy;
Nature has with beauty played,
To make a faultless copy.

III.

Laughter gathers in her eye,
Her every movement blushes;
Hark! she mocks a lover's sigh
With songs in birdlike gushes.

IV.

Cupid, should he pass her way,
For lack of strength must tarry;
She will steal his bow away,
And bid the rogue go marry.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

THE WISH.

I.

So you would kiss the poet's lip,
And catch the music his heart feels;
Would in his honied garden sip
The sweetness that each flower conceals.

II.

Oh, you have asked a foolish thing,
The poet's lip is not divine;
It cannot through its passion fling
The secret of the jealous Nine.

III.

But if you truly love, and he—
A poet lover—loves you too,
His lip will drop a melody
More golden than the Sirens knew.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

THE WILD ROSE.

I.

AWHILE I left my glorious books,
And tramped about the shining hills—
There, listened to the mountain rills
That babbled to the lowland brooks,
From out their quiet leafy nooks,
In quips and trills.

II.

The west wind kissed a sweet wild rose
That trembled in the summer sun;
“But one,” it gaily mocked, “but one.”
I braved the tangled bush with blows,
I fought a host of thorny foes,
The mocker won.

III.

But plucked, I grieved the rose was mine,
For it would die within an hour;
A nested thrush would miss the flower;
Maybe, its little heart would pine
Its beauty did no longer shine
Above her bower.

IV.

I hastened to my Love, my Sweet,
And placed the wild rose in her breast;
My lips by other lips were prest,
My soul another soul did meet,
My sadness perished in its heat:
Love's thanks were best.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

WHY WE WENT TO CHITRAL.

FROM AN INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.

July 8, 1895.

It is a characteristic of a great colonial empire that small bands of its servants may toil for years on its distant confines, steadily advancing its interests or increasing its possessions; and the scenes in which these men labour may be unknown even by name to the mass of their countrymen, until some aggression from without, or some serious movement of revolt among the subject-races within, brings their remote corner into prominent notice with a suddenness which suggests that then only for the first time was it added to the empire, or the surrounding countries brought within reach of its influence. So it has been with Chitral. A year ago few even among the educated classes of Great Britain could have fixed its locality—few indeed had ever heard its name; and now in the short space of three months it has become the subject of a lengthened newspaper controversy, while its name, with those of all the tribes which surround it, have been rendered familiar to every ear by military operations, the course of which has been marked by deeds of gallantry and triumphs of endurance seldom equalled even in the golden roll of British valour.

And yet nearly twenty years have passed since the khanate of Chitral was first brought into direct contact with British influence; while for thirty years before that time it had been a factor of some importance in the frontier politics of our great dependency, Kashmir.

In March 1846, at the conclu-

sion of the first Sikh war, the services of Rajah Gulab Singh, chief of Jammu, were rewarded by the transfer to him of the territories of Jammu and Kashmir, with the rank of an independent prince. Amongst the territories so transferred was the State of Gilgit, which, after a protracted struggle, had been finally conquered by the Sikhs in 1842. This State was bordered on the north-west by Upper Chitral or Yasin, while westward again was Lower Chitral, or Chitral proper.

Between Gilgit and Yasin a struggle for supremacy had for generations been continuous, nor did the conquest of the former by the Sikhs, nor the establishment of Gulab Singh as Maharajah of Kashmir, bring this struggle to a conclusion. On the contrary, in 1852 Gilgit was once more overrun and reconquered by the Chitralis of Yasin, under their ruler Gauhar Aman, who continued in possession until 1860, when the Maharajah of Kashmir again established his authority there: moreover, encroaching into Yasin itself, he finally conquered that State and confirmed himself as its suzerain in 1863.

The ruler of Yasin at that time was Mulk Aman, son of Gauhar Aman. The more remote khanate of Chitral proper was ruled by the Mir or Mehtar Aman-ul-Mulk. Both of these princes belonged to one stock, tracing their descent from a common ancestor named Kathor. Mulk Aman belonged to the elder or Khushwaktia branch, and Aman-ul-Mulk to the Shah Kathoria family.

During the twelve years which succeeded the establishment of Kashmir influence in Yasin, Aman-ul-Mulk of Chitral maintained his independence, although he constantly coquetted both with the Maharajah of Kashmir on the east and with his still more powerful neighbour on the west, Sher Ali Khan, Amir of Afghanistan. The Amir about this period was successful in strengthening his authority over Badakshan and other territories bordering closely on Chitral, and he did not fail to claim suzerainty over the latter State itself. Aman-ul-Mulk, though he showed anxiety to maintain friendly relations with Kabul, never recognised these claims, and indeed inclined so decidedly towards Kashmir as to accept subsidies and promises of aid in case of need from the Maharajah. The latter viewed with much jealousy the encroachments of the Amir, and was all the more pleased to countenance with favour the overtures which were made to him by Aman-ul-Mulk in 1864 and again in 1875.

Throughout this period, and especially during the Viceroyalties of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, the consistent policy of the Indian Government was to dissuade Kashmir from interfering with the States on her borders. Without making the matter one of first importance, no opportunity was lost of tendering advice to this effect, which advice was practically followed by the Maharajah.

The year 1876, however, showed as marked a departure from the policy of non-intervention on this frontier as was displayed in our dealings with Afghanistan. The activity of Russia in Central Asia, the alarming aspect of European politics, and the constantly increasing estrangement between the

Indian Government and the Amir seemed to render it advisable to establish our influence securely in those countries which border at once on Afghanistan and on the Hindu Kush. With this object in view the Maharajah of Kashmir was advised to reassert his control over Yasin, which had become little more than nominal during the last thirteen years, and he was encouraged to endeavour to establish some real suzerainty over Chitral proper. Negotiations to this purpose were opened between the Maharajah and the Mehtar of Chitral, and were protracted throughout 1877 and 1878, when a treaty was drawn up, and Aman-ul-Mulk definitely recognised the Maharajah as his suzerain, in return for which he was to receive a yearly subsidy from Kashmir. Notwithstanding this agreement, however, the Mehtar continued his intrigues with the Amir, whose anger he feared to arouse by too open signs of friendliness towards a dependency of the British; and throughout all this period it was plain that the Chitral ruler regarded his Afghan neighbour as little, if at all, inferior in power to the Government of India, and quite as much to be feared.

In order further to advance the new policy of acquiring influence, through Kashmir, over the small States of the north-western frontier, the Indian Government proposed in 1876 to appoint a British officer on special duty as its Agent at Gilgit. This proposal was agreed to by the Maharajah, and accordingly in September 1877, Major John Biddulph, who the previous year had made a journey of exploration through Yasin to the Iskaman Pass, was appointed to this post, with the special object of collecting information on trans-frontier matters, and arrived at

Gilgit in November of the same year.

Of all the States surrounding the outlying position of Gilgit the most important at this juncture, owing to its proximity to Afghanistan, was Chitral; and only two months had elapsed since his arrival at Gilgit, when the new British Agent proposed to make an official visit to that place and to Yasin. The proposal was not received with enthusiasm either by Aman-ul-Mulk or by the ruler of Yasin, Pahlwan Khan; nor did the Kashmir Government regard the project with favour: the two former doubtless feared some designs on their independence on the part of the British Government; the latter was anxious lest any mishap to the English officer should be the cause of embarrassing complications. Major Biddulph was at first inclined to abandon, or at any rate to postpone, his tour; but after a good deal of correspondence and indecision the Kashmir Government withdrew its opposition, and the British Agent started for Yasin and Chitral in October 1878. He was received by Pahlwan Khan of Yasin with great hospitality and with every appearance of friendship, but it was evident that that chief was far from regarding the Maharajah of Kashmir with goodwill: he entirely denied that he owed any allegiance to the Maharajah, and was loud in the statement of his grievances on various scores. Proceeding by Ghizr and Mastuj to Chitral, Major Biddulph met with a far less warm welcome than had been extended to him at Yasin. Aman-ul-Mulk showed to him only a niggardly hospitality, and although he treated the Agent with all due civility, he did not attempt to conceal from him that he was apprehensive lest the visit should

injure him in the eyes of the Amir of Kabul, whose goodwill he expressed himself desirous of retaining. Without committing himself to any but vague promises of service to the British in case of Russian aggression, he pressed for an increase of the subsidy paid him by Kashmir, and for other favours, including the grant of territory and arms. The lateness of the season necessitated Major Biddulph's speedy return to Gilgit, and after a stay of only a week at Chitral, he retraced his steps, arriving at Gilgit early in December. He was able to furnish much useful and interesting information regarding the country, people, &c., of those hitherto unknown regions, but from a political point of view it could not be said that his visit was a success: it took place at an unfortunate moment; the ruler of Yasin was chafing at real or fancied grievances against the Maharajah, while in Chitral the outbreak of war between the British and the Amir Sher Ali, and the exaggerated estimate of the latter's power which was held by Aman-ul-Mulk, caused him to be but ill-disposed to enter into very friendly relations with the representatives of the Amir's enemies.

Major Biddulph remained at Gilgit throughout the two following years without gaining much towards establishing British or even Kashmir influence over Yasin and Chitral. No open hostility was displayed, however, until October 1880, when a long course of intrigue, the intricacies of which it is impossible to follow with certainty, suddenly culminated in an attack by Pahlwan Khan of Yasin on the fort of Sher, in Gilgit territory. In this attack Pahlwan Khan was aided by the men of Hunza, and there

is little doubt but that he was incited to the outrage by Aman-ul-Mulk. The fort of Sher was invested, but a relieving force, consisting of a large proportion of the Gilgit garrison, and accompanied by Major Biddulph, hastened from Gilgit to its assistance. When, however, this force arrived within a short distance of Sher, a detachment, which was sent forward to secure a dangerous pass on the road, deserted to the enemy. Rumours reached the force at the same time of a contemplated attack on Gilgit itself, and the danger appeared so imminent that an immediate retirement to Gilgit was resolved on. Arrived there, Major Biddulph assumed chief command of the garrison. The aspect of affairs was most threatening. It appeared that a combined attack of the tribesmen of Yasin, Chilas, Darel, and Hunza might be expected at Gilgit, while the assault of Sher was only a matter of a few days. On the first news of the disturbances reaching Srinagar, efforts were made by the Kashmir Government to despatch reinforcements as speedily as possible; but the badness of the roads and the difficulties of transport combined to render a considerable delay inevitable before these reinforcements could reach Gilgit. At this crisis an unlooked-for diversion averted the danger both from Gilgit and Sher, and brought about a most unexpected *dénouement*. In the absence of Pahlwan Khan and all his fighting men, Aman-ul-Mulk suddenly directed an attack, under his eldest son Nizam-ul-Mulk, against the unprotected fort of Yasin. Pahlwan Khan hastily raised the siege of Sher and returned to the support of his capital; but on his way thither, about the 16th November,

he found himself surrounded by Nizam-ul-Mulk's forces, in a difficult piece of country, with dangerous passes in front and rear. Finding resistance hopeless, he surrendered to his kinsman, and was taken to Chitral, whence he was afterwards dismissed to the outlying State of Darel. Deposed from his government, and deprived of his possessions, he was never able to retrieve his fallen fortunes, nor has the Khushwaktia family since recovered from the poverty consequent on this reverse.

The details of this affair afford a good example of the characteristics of frontier politics. During his tour of 1878 Major Biddulph was favourably impressed by Pahlwan Khan, and was disposed to look on him as an assured ally, while he regarded Aman-ul-Mulk with suspicion. Yet but two years later, and for no apparent cause, he found Pahlwan in arms against him, and only drawn off by the timely intervention of Aman-ul-Mulk. At the same time, there can be little doubt but that the Mehtar of Chitral incited Pahlwan to commence hostilities, and having caused him to commit himself, he then seized the opportunity of possessing himself of Yasin, which he had always coveted, and at the same time of establishing a very well-grounded claim to the gratitude of his powerful neighbours, the Governments of India and Kashmir. The conclusion to be arrived at is that, while Pahlwan Khan and Aman-ul-Mulk were equally ready to throw to the winds their promises and engagements of friendship, the Mehtar of Chitral was the more astute traitor of the two.

As the result of his success, Aman-ul-Mulk retained possession of Mastuj and the surrounding

district, the westernmost part of Yasin, while the districts of Yasin proper and of Ghizr were for the present partitioned between the nephew and uncle of Pahlwan Khan. This division of Upper Chitral, under the orders of the Mehtar, is noticeable as proving how clearly recognised at this time had become the suzerainty of Kashmir over all Chitral, Upper and Lower. The Maharajah's authority over the former had been established by force of arms in 1863, and had never since been openly disputed, and he would not have suffered Aman-ul-Mulk to partition that territory as he did, according to his own pleasure, had it not been an understood fact that the ruler of Lower Chitral was equally a dependent of Kashmir, and that no interference with the Maharajah's authority was implied by his action. Moreover, the open approval of the Kashmir Government was expressed to Aman-ul-Mulk, and he was rewarded for his assistance by a present of money, while his annual subsidy was thenceforth doubled.

Meanwhile the dangers which had been incurred by the Gilgit Agency in the late disturbances were made the occasion of a considerable change in the policy of the Indian Government on that frontier. Lord Ripon had assumed the office of Governor-General, and the old policy of non-intervention, which had been held in abeyance for four years, was reverted to throughout the north-west frontier, from Kandahar to Gilgit. In pursuance of this course, it was resolved to withdraw the Gilgit Agency. It had been sufficiently proved that a British Agent at Gilgit could acquire little personal influence even over the neighbouring States of Chilas, Hunza, or Yasin; still less could he influence

or control the more remote territory of Chitral, unless the ruler of that State imagined that it was to his interest to be so influenced. It was evident, therefore, that the Agency, aided by a few hundreds of ill-disciplined Kashmir troops, could have but small command of the passes which lead from Wakhan over the Hindu Kush into Chitral. As it is only from these passes that Chitral gains its importance, and as it could not be doubted that their control was the ultimate, though unexpressed, object of the establishment of the Gilgit Agency, it was considered that with the failure to gain such control the *raison d'être* of the Agency had disappeared. At the same time, the danger of being involved in hostilities with the frontier tribesmen, should any mishap befall the British Agent, appeared to more than counterbalance such advantage as was to be gained from the information supplied by him to the Indian Foreign Office. Major Biddulph had been recalled to India at the close of 1880, and had been succeeded at Gilgit by Colonel Tanner: this officer was now also withdrawn, and the Agency was closed in July 1881. It was not, however, stated by the British Government to the Maharajah of Kashmir that its withdrawal was permanent, so that the former retained the right to repeat the experiment should the course of events at any time render such action desirable.

During the four years which succeeded the withdrawal of the Gilgit Agency, there was little or no intercourse between the British Government and Aman-ul-Mulk of Chitral, nor did any events of importance occur in that country. In 1883 Pahlwan Khan, after wandering about Tangir and Darel for two and a half years,

made a descent on Yasin and endeavoured to recover his lost power. Though at first successful, he was eventually defeated and driven from the country by Afzal-ul-Mulk, the Mehtar's second son, who was thereafter established as governor of Yasin. The following year Afzal was given the governorship of Ghizr, while his elder brother, Nizam-ul-Mulk, became governor of Yasin.

These years were remarkable for increased activity on the part of the Russians in Central Asia, and it was mainly due to this fact, coupled with the very unsettled state of Anglo-Russian relations in 1884-85, that Lord Dufferin's Government determined in the latter year to despatch another mission to the Hindu Kush range and the countries immediately adjacent to it. The objects of this mission were to establish, wherever possible, direct friendly relations with the countries visited, and to obtain further and more accurate information regarding their peoples, resources, and physical features. The conduct of the mission was intrusted to Colonel Lockhart (now General Sir William Lockhart), and his companions were Colonel Woodthorpe, R.E., Captain E. G. Barrow, and Dr Giles. The mission reached Gilgit on the 29th July 1885, and marching thence on the 8th August *viâ* the Shandur Pass, Mastuj, and Reshun, arrived at Chitral on the 11th September. Here the British officers were received with cordiality by the old Mehtar, and a similar friendly feeling had been displayed on the journey by Nizam-ul-Mulk and Afzal-ul-Mulk, through whose provinces the mission passed. The relative positions of the British Government and the Amir of Kabul had altered much since Major Biddulph's visit in

1876, and the result was seen in the changed demeanour of Aman-ul-Mulk. From Chitral Colonel Lockhart visited the Dorah Pass, and thence, turning southwards, endeavoured to penetrate into the entirely unexplored region of Kafirstan. The hostility of the Kafirs towards his Chitrali companions, however, frustrated his intentions, and he was obliged to return direct to Chitral over the Shawal Pass. After a march down the Chitral river as far as Kala Drosh, Colonel Lockhart retraced his steps, and the mission returned to Gilgit *viâ* Drasan, arriving at the former place on the 9th December.

The work of exploration was continued in 1886, when the mission made an adventurous journey through Hunza and Nagar, over the Kilik and Wakhujrui Passes, and *viâ* Kala Panja to Zebak in Badakshan, examining by the way the celebrated Baroghil Pass. Colonel Lockhart had intended to make another attempt to enter Kafirstan by way of Badakshan, but his plans were again frustrated, this time by the opposition of the Amir, and the mission marched over the Dorah Pass and once more arrived at Chitral on the 25th June 1886. After a stay of only four days the party set out by way of Mastuj for Gilgit, and finally returned to India in August. The results of this mission were eminently satisfactory. A great amount of information, both interesting and valuable, was collected about the countries of the Hindu Kush, and more intimate and friendly relations were established with Chitral than had ever before existed. On the final departure of the mission a native agent was left at Chitral. Meanwhile a further proof of confidence and friendship had been given by

the visit to India of the Mehtar's eldest son, Nizam-ul-Mulk. This Sardar left Chitral towards the end of 1885, and after a short tour through northern India arrived in Calcutta on the 16th March 1886. His stay there was a brief one, as the hot weather was approaching, and he returned direct to Chitral by way of Kashmir. At the end of 1887 the Mehtar's second son, Afzal-ul-Mulk, a youth of considerable promise and the favourite of his father, also paid a short visit to India. In both cases the receptions accorded to these young men in India did much towards strengthening the friendly feelings of the reigning family of Chitral for the British Government, a fact which was apparent in the after conduct of Aman-ul-Mulk as well as during the short rule of Nizam-ul-Mulk.

The immediate result of Colonel Lockhart's visit to Chitral and the surrounding States, and of the reports furnished by him, was a revival of the project of establishing a British Agency at Gilgit, which might exercise some control over the khanates bordering on the Hindu Kush. The subject was naturally approached with some misgivings, for the experiment had not been attended with much success in 1876-80; but only a superficial examination of the case was sufficient to show that the attendant circumstances were far different in 1887 from those of 1876. Chitral was now consolidated under an astute and vigorous ruler; already a firm friendship had been established between him and the British, greater intimacy with our power having convinced him as to the advantages of alliance with us; moreover, the change which had occurred by the death of the late Maharajah of Kashmir had rendered the effectual working of the

Agency more probable. Whilst the measure was still under discussion, the loyal offer made by the Nizam of Hyderabad of aid for purposes of Imperial defence, and the scheme consequently initiated of organising the irregular troops of native States for Imperial service, opportunely afforded a means of garrisoning Gilgit with efficient troops, supplied by the State of Kashmir. Another difficulty in the way of the establishment of an Agency was thus removed.

Pending a final decision as to a permanent Agency, a British officer (Captain Algernon Durand) was deputed to report on the aspect of affairs on the Gilgit frontier, and proceeded to Gilgit with this object in June 1888, accompanied by Surgeon G. S. Robertson. Their visit took place at a moment when the troublesome States of Hunza and Nagar, on the northern frontier of Gilgit, had just broken into open revolt under circumstances which strengthened the impression that a firm control was much needed to restrain these lawless tribes. The revolt drew forth an offer of assistance from the Mehtar of Chitral, and a visit by Captain Durand to the latter place in the early autumn of 1888 was made the occasion of fresh expressions of goodwill towards the British Government on the part of Aman-ul-Mulk.

With the arrival of Captain Durand's report on the frontier politics round Gilgit, the consideration of the scheme for establishing a permanent Agency was renewed, and after some further discussion it was finally sanctioned by the Secretary of State in July 1889. Meanwhile, in anticipation of this sanction, Captain Durand and Mr Robertson, together with Lieutenant J. Manners Smith, had been

again deputed to Gilgit, and had thence made a second tour through the frontier khanates, concluding with Chitral. Arriving there in the middle of October, Captain Durand had the satisfaction of telling the Mehtar that the new arrangements on the frontier included a direct acknowledgment of his loyal friendship by the British Government, who proposed to present him with 500 Snider rifles and some ammunition, to grant him an annual subsidy of Rs. 6000, and to move the Kashmir Government to raise the subsidy hitherto paid by that State from Rs. 16,500 to Rs. 18,000. Under these circumstances it was only to be expected that the visit would be a satisfactory one. It was further rendered noticeable by the establishment of a dispensary at Chitral by Mr Robertson, who also paid a visit to the outskirts of Kafiristan before returning to Gilgit.

The Gilgit Agency was now definitely established, and was to consist of four British officers, 1200 infantry, 100 artillery, a battery of screw-guns, and 500 irregulars. These troops were eventually to be supplied from among the Kashmir Imperial service regiments, and a large share of the cost of the Agency was voluntarily undertaken by the Kashmir Government.

The most pressing need in connection with the Agency was the improvement of the road from Kashmir to Gilgit, and the organisation of the transport service. Captain Durand had found on his first arrival that not only was the road terribly bad, but the available transport (nothing but Balti coolies) was hopelessly unequal to supplying the Gilgit garrison satisfactorily, and that, consequently, the troops were ill-fed and in a

wretched condition. The improvement of the road was immediately undertaken. It was surveyed throughout its whole extent in 1890, and in 1891 it was placed in the competent hands of Messrs Spedding & Co. How valuable was the work thus effected was amply proved at the end of 1891, when the outbreak of hostilities with Hunza and Nagar taxed the resources of the Gilgit Agency to the utmost; and the improvements which had thus early been completed are graphically described in Mr Knight's delightful book, 'Where Three Empires Meet.' Much, however, remained to be done, nor was it till 1893 that the new Kashmir-Gilgit road was finished.

We now come to the event whence have sprung all the recent troubles in Chitral. During 1890-92 but little intercourse had passed between that State and the British Agent, whose attention had been a good deal occupied by the hostilities in Hunza-Nagar. But now the anxious interest of the Government of India and of all its officers on this frontier was attracted to Chitral by the news of the sudden death there of the aged Mehtar, Aman-ul-Mulk, on the 30th August 1892.

For over thirty years Aman-ul-Mulk had reigned in Chitral: he had raised his position from that of a small chieftain, holding by a precarious sway the petty territory of Lower Chitral, to that of the most powerful ruler amongst the States which lie between Kashmir and Afghanistan, the master of a united Chitral, dreaded, feared, and implicitly obeyed by his subjects, trusted as a faithful ally by the great British Government. But his authority was purely personal, and for years it had been foreseen that his death would be

the signal for wild disorder, a scramble for power on the part of his sons, such as commonly takes place in every Eastern State at the close of a long and vigorous reign. Nor did the event belie this forecast. Of the old Mehtar's many sons, the two eldest amongst those who were legitimate were, as has been seen, Nizam-ul-Mulk and Afzal-ul-Mulk, who were at this time aged respectively about thirty-one and twenty-five years. Both of these young men had been brought into intimate contact with the English, both had been to India, and either of them was therefore likely to prove a more enlightened ruler, so far as regarded his policy towards the British Government, than had ever before reigned in Chitral. But though opinions differ considerably as to the character of each, one point was certain, that neither of them equalled their father either in diplomatic astuteness or in force of character. Judging from the various estimates of him by British officers, as well as by after-events, it would appear that Nizam-ul-Mulk was decidedly the weaker character of the two: an easy-going, plausible boon companion of any one who would treat him with *bonhomie*, indulge his love of pleasure, and not be too ready to interfere with his pet vices; certainly not a strong ruler, but clever enough to see that with the prestige of the British to back him he was strong enough to hold in check his ignorant fellow-countrymen. Afzal-ul-Mulk, on the contrary, who was an eager intelligent boy when Colonel Lockhart visited Chitral in 1886, had developed into a man, relentless and daring as his father, but wanting in his father's astuteness; somewhat spoiled perhaps by the English officers, who had made much of

the hardy manly youth; too self-sufficient to call in the aid of those who would have assured his position, and who might have secured for him a long and prosperous reign; too ready also to treat his enemies with contempt, and to class them all with his pleasure-loving brother Nizam-ul-Mulk.

Of the two young legitimate sons of Aman-ul-Mulk little need be said here: Amir-ul-Mulk was in 1892 a dull-witted boy of fifteen, Shuja-ul-Mulk was a child of twelve. The former was destined to play a prominent part in after-events in Chitral, but at the moment of their father's death neither was of any importance.

At the moment of that occurrence Afzal-ul-Mulk happened to be at Chitral, while Nizam-ul-Mulk was two hundred miles away at Yasin, the capital of the province which he ruled. As had been foreseen, the claimant who was on the spot had immediately the best of the position. Nizam did not even attempt to assert his rights, but fled to Gilgit, where he was granted an asylum, leaving Afzal undisputed master of Chitral. The new Mehtar was certainly not wanting in vigour. Finding that his most formidable rival had escaped him, he turned his attention to any possible opponents who were within his reach, and sought to strengthen his position by the wholesale slaughter of such of his half-brothers and other relatives as seemed likely to prove formidable. He had just been formally recognised as Mehtar by the British Government, and was beginning to feel secure in his position, when the sudden appearance of a rival on whom he had failed to reckon brought destruction on himself and his Government, and renewed the confusion from which Chitral was but newly recovered.

For years past a younger brother of the old Mehtar Aman-ul-Mulk, Sher Afzal by name, had been living at the Court of Kabul, a refugee from his brother's ill-will, but watching for an opportunity of returning to his native land. A sanguine energetic man, and a soldier of fortune, he was not slow to take advantage of the confusion consequent on his brother's death. Leaving Kabul hurriedly, and collecting such exiled and refugee Chitralis as he could find in the territories of the Amir, he passed into Badakshan, and thence suddenly crossing the frontier into Chitral, he rode with a small following straight to the capital, where he arrived at dead of night and noisily sought to force admittance into the fort. Afzal-ul-Mulk fell a victim to his own courage: hastening out to repel the intruders, whoever they might be, he was recognised in the glare of the torches and was shot down from without. As is usual in such cases, with the death of the leader all resistance vanished, and the dawn of day found Sher Afzal master of the fort and Mehtar of Chitral. But his triumph was short-lived. Nizam-ul-Mulk, who had hardly disputed his younger brother's succession, was roused to action by the renewed disorder and by the prospect of the throne of Chitral being wrested from the issue of Aman-ul-Mulk. He hastily left Gilgit, and collecting followers as he passed through his old province of Yasin, he marched against his uncle. At the same time the British Agent at Gilgit, determining to preserve order at least in the frontier province of Yasin, whatever might be the chaos at Chitral proper, sent a detachment of troops to hold the former place. This action, coupled with the fact that Nizam-ul-Mulk had

been the guest of the British at Gilgit, induced the belief amongst the Chitralis that his bid for the sovereignty was backed by the force of British arms. The rumour reached Sher Afzal at Chitral, and with a panic as sudden as his former actions had been bold, he left the capital and fled back to Kabul, leaving his son, who had been despatched with a force to Drasan, to make what stand he could against Nizam-ul-Mulk's advance. No serious opposition was offered to the latter, and by the end of November 1892 he was installed at Chitral, the third Mehtar since the death of Aman-ul-Mulk in August.

The struggle was now temporarily over. With the astuteness which was his strong point, Nizam-ul-Mulk's first act was to send a request to Gilgit that a British mission might visit him without delay. This request was complied with, and in January 1893 a party of four officers, headed by Surgeon-Major G. S. Robertson and Captain F. Younghusband, and escorted by fifty rifles of the 15th Sikhs, arrived at Chitral. The question then remained to be settled, What was to be our future policy as regarded that State? Were we to establish an Agency in Chitral itself, which would mean virtually taking over the administration of the country; or were we to revert to the former policy of endeavouring to exercise control over the doings of its ruler from the distant Agency of Gilgit? Whatever we might have been able to do in this manner during the reign of the vigorous Aman-ul-Mulk, who was latterly convinced of the advantages of our friendship, it was evident that the aspect of affairs was much changed when the Mehtarship was held by a weak young man supported only by the prestige of

British influence and the presence of our officers. On the other hand, independent of the undoubted importance of Chitral, situated as it is on the highway between the khanates of Central Asia and Afghanistan or India, we were too much committed to a line of intervention in the affairs of the State to allow us to draw back without a loss of prestige peculiarly dangerous at a point where other and powerful neighbours were ever ready to take our place.

The establishment, however, of direct control over Chitral by means of an Agency at the capital was an undertaking the cost of which was hardly balanced by the advantages to be gained. A glance at the map will show how long is the line connecting Chitral with Gilgit (225 miles). The supply of the latter place, even over the new road, is a matter of difficulty and great expense; and the difficulties and expense would increase in geometrical progression if reliefs and supplies had annually to be pushed forward over the bad roads and lofty passes of the intermediate country to the fort of Chitral. Moreover, the existence of an outpost at such a distance from its base, and cut off from relief through many weeks of the year by the snows of the Shandur Pass, would be an anomaly at variance with all military rules, and even opposed to all common-sense. The question was as hard of solution in 1893 as it is to-day. Finally, the Government of India had recourse to a compromise: an Agency was established at Mastuj, sixty miles from Chitral, whence it was hoped that the Mehtar and country of Chitral might be effectually brought within our protecting control, while the dangerous length of line between the outpost and its base at Gilgit would be

somewhat shortened. At the same time permission was given to the assistant British Agent at Mastuj to pay occasional visits to the Mehtar at Chitral, accompanied by a small guard.

It was not, however, until September 1893 that this course was finally sanctioned. Meanwhile Chitral had been quieting down under the colourless rule of Nizam-ul-Mulk; Surgeon-Major Robertson had remained at the capital for some months, and then proceeded to take charge of the Agency at Gilgit on the departure of Lieutenant-Colonel Durand, while Captain Younghusband assumed the duties of assistant British Agent at Mastuj.

The latter frequently visited Chitral during his tenure of this appointment, being escorted on each occasion by a small party of Sikh infantry. These visits were obviously pleasing to the Mehtar, who became very friendly with Captain Younghusband, and who seemed to thoroughly appreciate the society of British officers. There can be little doubt, however, that such intimacy was the reverse of acceptable to the Mehtar's subjects, especially to the Chitrali nobles, who, notwithstanding Captain Younghusband's personal popularity, which was great, looked with much jealousy on the growing influence of the British in the State. In consequence of this fact it was recognised by all concerned that, should Nizam-ul-Mulk die or be killed by misadventure at the moment of one of these visits from the assistant Agent, the position of the latter would be a very precarious one. Time passed by, however, and it was hoped that the Mehtar's safety was becoming more secured. So tranquil seemed the horizon, that Captain Younghusband left Chitral,

on leave, for England, his place at Mastuj being taken by Lieutenant Gurdon. Thus closed the year 1894.

At this time, when an Agency had, as it appeared, been satisfactorily established in Chitral, a British official was engaged about Asmar, not far south of Chitral territory, in delimitating, in concert with a deputy of the Amir of Kabul, the frontier line between the possessions of the latter and the independent tribes which intervene between Chitral and British India. Amongst these tribes there was a certain petty chief, Umra Khan by name, who had shown himself of stronger character than the average of his fellows, and who, though ruler only of an insignificant State named Jandol, one of the component parts of the country termed generally Bajaur, had nevertheless established a predominant influence over the neighbouring State of Dir, and was regarded as a leading man by the surrounding tribes. Situated as are those tribes in a triangle between Chitral and Gilgit on the north, British India and Kashmir on the south, and Afghanistan on the west, it was but natural that the establishment of British influence in the first-named State, followed by the appearance of a British-Afghan Delimitation Commission on their western borders, should suggest the idea that the next step of this ever-advancing British Power would be the annexation of their own possessions, which they found already hemmed in on every side. It is almost certain that some such belief as this caused Umra Khan of Jandol to lend an ear to the complaints of the nobles of Chitral against Nizam-ul-Mulk, who was represented by them to be completely in the hands of the British. Umra Khan was connected with

the ruling family of Chitral by marriage, and it was no such wild ambition on his part to hope that the overthrow of Nizam-ul-Mulk would eventually result in the establishment of himself as Mehtar. Meanwhile he had a convenient cat's-paw at hand in the person of a younger son of old Aman-ul-Mulk, Amir-ul-Mulk by name, who had fled from Chitral at the beginning of the struggle for the throne, and had since then been residing with Umra Khan, who was his brother-in-law. This Amir-ul-Mulk was a heavy dull-witted boy of eighteen, with whom Umra Khan doubtless expected to have but little trouble when Nizam-ul-Mulk should be removed. So the conspiracy was hatched at Jandol, and towards the end of 1894 Amir-ul-Mulk appeared at his half-brother's capital, pretending to have fled thither from the power of Umra Khan.

As has been seen, Lieutenant Gurdon took up the appointment of Assistant Political Agent at Mastuj on the 3d December 1894. His first act was to proceed, with a guard of eight Sikhs, to Chitral to visit the Mehtar, and he was there at the close of the year.

On the 1st January 1895, Nizam-ul-Mulk went out hawking, accompanied by his half-brother Amir-ul-mulk and a party of attendants. The day was drawing to a close when, at a signal from Amir-ul-Mulk, the Mehtar was shot in the back by an attendant as he was in the act of flying a hawk. The wound was mortal, and the unfortunate man only lived a few minutes. Not a hand was raised to protect or avenge him. With the fickle adherence to the winning side and the disregard for life so characteristic of the Chitralis, the attendants present, almost without exception, were eager to acclaim

the instigator of the outrage, and within an hour Amir-ul-Mulk was installed as Mehtar in Chitral fort.

Lieutenant Gurdon now found himself in that perilous position, the chance of which had been foreseen to be the weak point of the Chitral Agency. But he met the crisis with admirable coolness and judgment. Recognising that any sign of weakness or any attempt to leave the capital would certainly be the signal for the Chitralis to attack him, he held his ground with his little party of Sikhs, while he hastily sent a summons to Mastuj for assistance, and despatched reports of what had occurred to Gilgit *via* Mastuj, and to the British Frontier Commission at Asmar. His bold front had the desired effect, and within a few days he received reinforcements from Mastuj, making his escort up to 50 men of the 14th Sikh Infantry, one of the *corps d'élite* of the Bengal Army. At the same time, immediately on receipt of the news from Chitral, Surgeon-Major Robertson pushed up reinforcements from Gilgit to the intermediate posts of Gupis, Ghizr, and Mastuj, and starting from Gilgit himself on the 15th January, arrived at Chitral at the end of the month with an escort of 200 men.

Meanwhile no sign of hostility had been made by the new Mehtar or his advisers. It seems that, once established in Chitral, Amir-ul-Mulk and his party determined to keep the fruits of their success to themselves and to throw Umra Khan overboard. But the chief of Jandol was too determined a man to be treated so cavalierly with impunity. Openly declaring that the Mehtar had called him to his assistance, he collected what force he could from his own State and from his dependency of Dir,

and crossing the Lowarai Pass into Chitral he marched towards the capital. Whatever secret arrangement, however, might have existed between Umra Khan and Amir-ul-Mulk, the Chitralis were not disposed to admit the former to any control of their affairs or footing in the State. His advance was opposed, and though he was at first successful and was joined by some of the adherents of the Khushwaktia family, who formerly ruled in Yasin, yet it is doubtful if he would eventually have been able to hold his ground against the Mehtar, supported as he was by the British Agent, had not the appearance of another actor on the scene suddenly altered the aspect of affairs.

Sher Afzal, who had made an unsuccessful bid for the Mehtarship in 1892, had since that time been living in exile at Kabul. Attracted by the renewal of disorder in his native land, he now hastened from Afghanistan and joined Umra Khan, whose army he found ready to his hand. The result of his appearance was remarkable. Whatever may be the reason, there is no doubt but that the Chitralis universally regard Sher Afzal with singular favour. The very rumour of his arrival was sufficient to bring over the Chitrali soldiery to Umra Khan's side; in a few days the whole country was up, and Mr Robertson found himself with his escort hemmed in at Chitral, with Umra Khan's successful army in front of him, and the road behind him held by hostile tribesmen. The British Agent, who had gone down the Chitral valley to endeavour to treat with Sher Afzal, now determined to retire into the fort, and on the 1st March the whole party was safely established within the walls. On the 3d March news

was received of the approach of Sher Afzal, and a reconnaissance in force was sent out from the fort to oppose him. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Captain Baird and 24 native officers and men were killed, and Captain Colin Campbell and 29 of the native ranks were wounded. The same evening the siege of Chitral began, the garrison being composed of 6 British officers, 99 native officers and men of the 14th Sikhs, and 301 of the 4th Kashmir Rifles; in addition to these there were in the fort 85 servants and followers and 52 Chitralis.

Meanwhile on the 1st March a detachment of 29 men of the 4th Kashmir Rifles, under a Subadar, had been despatched from Mastuj escorting a quantity of reserve ammunition for the Chitral force, and this party was overtaken a few marches out by two British officers (Lieutenants Edwardes and Fowler) with 20 Bengal Sappers and Miners. The united parties pushed on towards Chitral; but by this time the whole country was in the hands of Sher Afzal's men. On the 7th March the little force was surrounded at Reshun, and after a gallant defence of a quite untenable position for eight days the British officers and 12 men with them were taken prisoners by treachery, and nearly all the rest of the detachment were killed.

News of the straits into which this party had fallen reached Mastuj on the 6th March. Captain Ross (14th Sikhs), Lieutenant Jones, and 100 men immediately marched towards Reshun to attempt to avert a disaster, but themselves were surrounded in a difficult pass on the 8th March, and it was only after desperate fighting, in which Captain Ross and 55 men and followers were

killed, that Lieutenant Jones, who was himself wounded, succeeded in getting the remnants of the detachment back to Buni, whence they were relieved and escorted back to Mastuj on the 18th by Lieutenant Moberley.

Rumours of the disaster to Captain Ross's party reached Calcutta on the 14th March. Ever since Nizam-ul-Mulk's assassination the course of events in Chitral had been watched with no little anxiety by the Government of India. It was evident that the British Agent and his party could not be safely withdrawn without laying themselves open to attack in the difficult passes on the road to Mastuj, and certainly not without giving up the whole country to anarchy. On the other hand, their position might at any moment become so perilous as to necessitate a considerable force being sent to their relief. As the situation developed itself the latter eventuality became more and more probable; but it was not until the 7th March that the Government of India had any reason to suppose that Mr Robertson and his party were in any danger. On that same day the Government decided to take preliminary action with a view to the organisation of a relief expedition, and orders were issued the same night for the collection of transport in the neighbourhood of Peshawar. It was evident that the best chance of relieving the garrison, if such a step should seem necessary, would be to despatch an expedition by the direct road from Peshawar, through the independent tribes of Swat and Bajaur, for it was probable that, as soon as Umra Khan found that his own country was being directly threatened, he would return with his troops to defend it. The march of a force by this route would necessitate a line of

communications 180 miles long, through a country the inhabitants of which might prove actively hostile. It was therefore necessary that the expedition should be organised on a very large scale.

The rumours of the disaster to Captain Ross, which, as has been said, reached Calcutta on the 14th March, fully justified the prompt action of the Government. It was now certain that Chitral must be relieved within a few weeks, or a still more terrible disaster would ensue. Orders were forthwith issued for the assembly of a division at Peshawar under Major-General Sir Robert Low, K.C.B.; and a proclamation was published to the tribes through which the force must pass, announcing the object of the expedition, and disclaiming any intention to interfere with them permanently. At the same time an ultimatum was despatched to Umra Khan calling on him to withdraw his troops from Chitral territory before the 1st April. Moreover, it was determined that an attempt should be made to push forward a small relieving force from Gilgit, notwithstanding the difficulties to be surmounted in crossing the Shandur Pass, which at that season of the year is still covered with deep snow. This task was intrusted to Colonel Kelly, commanding the 32d Sikh Pioneers, who left Gilgit on the 23d of March, and arriving at Ghizr on the 30th, started the following day for the march across the Pass, his force consisting of 400 of the 32d Pioneers, 2 guns of No. 1 Kashmir Mountain Battery, 40 Kashmir Sappers and Miners, and 75 Hunza levies.

Meanwhile the work of mobilising the force under Sir Robert

Low was pushed on with all possible vigour. As is ever the case in an uncivilised country, with no means of communication but bad roads, the question of transport was the main difficulty. In addition to the available Government transport, pack animals of all kinds—camels, mules, bullocks, donkeys, and ponies—were bought and hired all over the Punjab. Moreover, part of the transport trains kept up by the States of Gwalior and Jaipur for purposes of Imperial defence were called into use, so that at the beginning of April the transport in use reached the enormous total of about 20,000 animals.¹

By the 31st March the whole of General Low's force, nearly 15,000 strong, was mobilised and concentrated on the frontier, and on the following day, as had been notified to Umra Khan, the active operations of the expedition commenced.

It is not possible here to do more than sketch the outline of the campaign which ensued. Immediately after crossing the frontier Sir Robert Low found that the tribesmen of Swat were prepared to dispute the passage of each of the three passes which lead over the dividing range of hills between British territory and the valley of the Swat river. In order to take advantage of this division of the tribesmen's force, he advanced in two columns, as if to attack both the Shahkot and Malakand Passes, and then by a sudden flank march of his right column on the night of the 2d April, he brought the whole of his force against the Malakand Pass on the following morning. The tribesmen were completely out-manœuvred; but

¹ During the course of the campaign this number was increased, by further purchase and hiring, to over 40,000 animals.

their resistance was nevertheless vigorous, and it was not without some sharp fighting, in which we lost 11 men killed and 8 officers and 39 men wounded, that the pass was forced. The loss of the tribesmen was great, so much so that there was no further serious resistance to the British advance, and all future delays were the result of physical difficulties rather than of hostilities on the part of the people of the country. A skirmish took place near Khar on the 4th April, and on the 7th a gathering of tribesmen which attempted to dispute the passage of the Swat river was attacked and scattered by the 11th Bengal Lancers. From the Swat valley the 2d and 3d Brigades, with Sir Robert Low's headquarters, pushed rapidly on to the south bank of the Panjkora river, near Sado, while the 1st Brigade remained to hold the line of communications as far as the Swat river. The 2d Brigade reached Sado on the 10th April, and here the advance was delayed considerably by the Panjkora river, which was rising daily as the commencing hot weather melted the snow on the surrounding mountains. If the force could have reached this point but three or four days earlier the river could have been forded, but now it was necessary to have recourse to bridging. A temporary raft-bridge was made, but was swept away within a day of its completion, and it was not until the 17th April that the river was crossed by means of a suspension bridge, formed of telegraph-wire and brushwood. Whilst the bridging was in progress, the troops were several times threatened and fired at by hostile gatherings on the opposite bank. The Corps of Guides was crossed over on rafts to protect the camp and working

parties from this annoyance, and a skirmish took place on the 13th April, in which Colonel Battye, commanding the Guides, was killed.

On the 17th the rapid advance of the force recommenced. Mundaht fort was reached on the 18th, and on the following day Brigadier-General Gatacre, with part of the 3d Brigade (the Buffs, 2d battalion 4th Gurkhas, Derajat Mountain Battery, and half a company of Bengal Sappers), was pushed forward as a flying column. Hastening on over the Janbatai Pass on the 19th April, Brigadier-General Gatacre reached the important fort of Dir on the 21st April, and here news was received which rendered further forced marching unnecessary. A report had been brought in on the previous day that the garrison of Chitral was very hard pressed, and that the enemy had run mines up to within a few feet of the walls of the fort; but on the 21st reliable information arrived that the fort had been relieved and the siege raised.

The task of actually relieving Chitral had been effected by Colonel Kelly's column from Gilgit, to whom it is necessary here to return. It has been related that the Gilgit column reached Ghizr on the 30th March. The difficulties of the road at this season are very great, for the snow lies thickly on the Shandur Pass, which is 12,250 feet high, until well into April.

The first attempt to reach the pass was frustrated by a heavy fall of snow, but a part of the column was left at the village of Teru, at the foot of the pass, under Captain Borradaile, while the headquarters returned to Ghizr. On the following day, April 2, the continued snowfall still prevented any further advance, but on the

3d April Captain Borradaile managed to get his party across, and succeeded in getting the two mountain-guns half-way over the pass. The depth of the snow and difficulty of the road rendered the passage of laden animals impossible, and the guns had to be carried by hand. On Friday, 5th April, the headquarters of the column reached the eastern foot of the pass, and the guns were carried to Laspur on the western side; and there on the following day the column was again concentrated. Thenceforward the physical difficulties of the march were comparatively small, but on both sides of Mastuj the enemy made determined attempts to oppose the advance of the relieving column, and sharp actions were fought at Chaklewat Dreband on the 9th April and at Nisa Gol on the 13th. The casualties on our side were 4 men wounded on the first occasion, and on the second 6 men killed and 16 wounded. Mastuj was reached on the 9th April, and after two days' halt to arrange for supplies Colonel Kelly again pushed on, the column being augmented by part of the garrison of Mastuj. Overcoming all resistance and obstacles, the column at length arrived within twelve miles of Chitral on the 19th, and had the satisfaction of communicating with Surgeon-Major Robertson, and of learning that the enemy had raised the siege on the previous night.

Colonel Kelly and his gallant force marched into Chitral the next day.

Meanwhile, in addition to the two British forces which had been hastening to the relief of Chitral, a very important diversion on behalf of the garrison had been made by a native chief, Muhammad Sherif Khan. This man had formerly been Khan of Dir, but

had been expelled thence by Umra Khan, who had established his own brother in his place. At the commencement of the operations Muhammad Sherif volunteered his assistance, he preceded General Low's advance into Bajaur, was favourably received by his former subjects, and having collected an armed force succeeded in taking the fort of Dir and in capturing Umra Khan's brother: he then crossed the Lowarai Pass into the Chitral valley and threatened the rear of the besieging force there.

It appears that Umra Khan and Sher Afzal had never reckoned on a relieving army being sent through the tribes of Swat and Bajaur, and the former, as had been expected, had hastened back at the first news of its advance, to endeavour to raise the country in opposition. With him he withdrew most of his picked troops. As the time went on and the garrison of Chitral still held out, Sher Afzal found himself in danger of being cut off between the advancing forces, whom all the efforts of Umra Khan in the south, and of his own men on the Gilgit road, could not succeed in delaying. At length, when the hostile armies were within a few miles of him, his hopes of capturing the fort were finally overthrown by a vigorous sortie of the garrison; and finding his followers disheartened and himself in imminent danger, he sought safety in flight. But ill-luck followed him even in retreat. He was pursued by the Khan of Dir, and captured, with 300 of his principal followers, on the 27th April. At the same time Umra Khan, finding that his cause was irretrievably lost, fled into Afghan territory, and was taken a prisoner to Kabul.

Of the events of the six weeks' siege of Chitral it is hardly necessary to write here. The story is

still fresh, and its details have been read with too much interest to be easily forgotten. Seldom has history furnished parallels to the fortitude and endurance, the resource and foresight, which withstood all trials and met every danger, from the deadly fight on the 3d March, remarkable for the heroism of Surgeon Whitechurch in carrying Captain Baird, mortally wounded, through the midst of the enemy, into the fort; up to the 17th April, when Lieutenant Harley led the gallant sortie, which destroyed the enemy's mine and finally dispelled the hopes that Sher Afzal may have had of capturing Chitral. Never have praise and rewards been better earned than by all ranks of this "illustrious garrison."

After the relief of Chitral, it was determined that Brigadier-General Gatacre's flying column should cross the Lowarai Pass into Chitral territory, and that the divisional headquarters, with the battalion of the Buffs, should pay a short visit to Chitral itself. The pass (10,450 feet high) was still covered with snow, when the column, consisting of the Buffs, 2d battalion 4th Gurkhas, two Maxim guns, and half a company of Sappers, crossed on the 26th and 27th April. Much of the road had to be cut and cleared of fallen trees and rocks, or trampled down in the soft snow to give the baggage animals a footing. On the north side the slope was so steep that to lead the animals down was impossible, and the descent of the baggage was accomplished by turning them loose, when they slid or rolled to the bottom, being saved from serious accident by the soft drifted snow on either side of the track.

On arriving in the Chitral valley

the brigade was employed in improving the road northwards, and the advance was slowly continued until the 17th May, when Sir Robert Low with the divisional headquarters and the Buffs marched into Chitral. On arrival there a parade was held by the General, and after a stay of two days the headquarters again started southwards, and, in order not to put too severe a strain on the resources of the country, as many of the troops as could be withdrawn were retired over the Lowarai Pass.

The objects of the expedition were now thoroughly accomplished. The problem of our future policy with regard to Chitral remained to be solved. This problem has been discussed at great length in the daily press; but notwithstanding the exceptional opportunities which some of the writers have enjoyed of attaining a thorough knowledge of the merits of the case, the opinions at which they have arrived are so widely divergent as to be hopelessly irreconcilable. It is not proposed here to enter into this vexed question. One conclusion alone may be deduced from the foregoing sketch of our relations with this distant State: whatever our future policy there may be, it is to be hoped that we may never again endeavour to keep so weak and isolated an outpost, without direct and assured means of communication with a more efficient base than can be supplied by the frontier station at Gilgit. Either let us withdraw from the country entirely, or else hold it in sufficient strength, and with a sufficiently assured line of communication, to prevent the recurrence of such a state of affairs as has lately cost the empire so much in money and in valuable lives.

OXFORD THEN AND NOW.

"*RERUM novus nascitur ordo*," wrote the old-world poet; "Change and decay in all around I see," echoes in sadder tones our modern hymnal. On no place, perhaps, is the evidence of time more firmly impressed than on the University town of Oxford. But if of Oxford it is true that the old order is changing and giving place to new, it is happily a change rather accompanied by growth than decay,—an active regeneration going on from year to year rather than a diminution of vitality. The old educational coach is still pursuing its course as gaily as ever, and though from time to time it has been found expedient to change the leaders, the wheelers remain the same, and a wise Conservatism occasionally puts the drag on the impatient wheel of Progress. True it is that by-roads and short cuts to the University degree have been opened out, and that there is no necessity for every one to travel for the whole journey along the same old beaten track; but to this day as in times past a graduate of Oxford must needs be a fairly well-educated individual, and must have imbibed a modicum at all events as well of the Classics, of Mathematics, of Divinity, as of a little else besides, and will have found, if he has been anxious to look for them, pretty well the same old pitfalls and stumbling-blocks which beset his forebears' footsteps.

What is true of the system of education is doubly true of the outward appearance of the University town, and it is here that the blending of the modern and the antique will naturally arrest the attention of the graduate of

five-and-twenty years' standing, who is only privileged on rare occasions to revisit his Alma Mater. The High Street—to take the most prominent feature of Oxford—has been embellished, or, as we old croakers may feel, disfigured by numerous buildings. But the old time-honoured and historical landmarks still survive, and Carfax, St Mary's, and Magdalen Tower lose nothing by comparison with their modern surroundings. A transition period there must have been in the ever Conservative undergraduate world, when men felt that the fine block of buildings constituting the new Schools was an unauthorised intruder, and that they would rather have been bullied by the Examiners and ultimately plucked in the Old Schools than be petted and presented with Testamurs under unfamiliar circumstances. But as the present generation of undergraduates were then in their cradles, the prejudice must long since have died out. So, too, there must have been a time when the men of Magdalen, New College, and B. N. C. preferred, for old associations' sake, the gloom and discomfort of the rooms their fathers had occupied before them, to the freshness and comparative luxury of the new buildings. But in the matter of those things, again, the day is approaching when to the undergraduates of any college the terms "new" and "old" will have lost their significance. Is it, we wonder, an innate and healthy spirit of Conservatism, or is it purely morbid sentimentality which leads us, as we stroll down the High, to look sadly round in search of the well-known and

once haply too familiar names of our old-time enemies, the Oxford tradesmen,—of even those who dunned us so freely in our undergraduate days? Whatever may be the origin of the sentiment, it is one that we cannot banish at pleasure; and we instinctively find ourselves wondering why Hitchcock & Garrett have parted, to what regions Standen has been driven by the encroachments of B.N.C., whither Beachy & Eyles have migrated. We even deprecate the modern magnificence of King Edward's Street as an uncalled-for reflection on the slumlike aspect of our quondam acquaintances, Grove Street and Oriel Lane. Whatever our temporary differences with individuals in the past, we miss the old familiar names in the present; and though willing, like the hero of 'Sixty Years After,' to bury the hatchet and love what we loathed, it is impossible for us to say of Oxford as he did of Locksley Hall, that "the place and all around it are as of old." It is true that over the way the Mitre—and what beyond the fact that it was forbidden ground ever could have attracted us to the Mitre?—looks as dingy and dusty as of yore; but as the waiter eyes us strangely and positively refuses to answer to the name of William, we decline to order dinner there. Leaving the High in despair, we turn into the Corn Market, and are at once struck by seeing strange names over the shops which we always knew as Hookhams': in our childhood it was Hookham & Minty, later on it was Hookham & Pottage. We feel a little aggrieved, and consider that Hookham has treated us badly in deserting the shop altogether, and robbing us of any personal interest in it. Nor do we reap much consolation from

the fact that the Civet Cat still remains *in statu quo*: there is such an entire absence of personality about a Civet Cat, that sentiment is out of the question. Finally, we pass the Martyrs' Memorial and St Giles, and shortly find ourselves hopelessly at sea in a labyrinth of new streets and fancifully built villas—a kind of Samaria, peopled by an adventitious race and connected—heaven save the mark!—by a line of tramway with Judæa. There is abundant evidence of vitality in the new suburb, a squalling vitality wheeled about in perambulators, interesting, doubtless, to the inhabitants, but so absolutely unassociated with anything that we remember in the past, that we soon discontinue our researches in this direction and make the best of our way back to collegiate Oxford.

Here it at once strikes us that the undergraduates are outwardly much as we remember them in our own days—a little more youthful perhaps in appearance, and a little more elderly in manner, but living, we fancy, the same sort of cheery lives, keenly interested in the present, and apparently careless of the future. But a visit to the Senior Common-room soon dispels from our mind any lingering idea that the Oxford College of to-day is, apart from merely structural alterations, exactly the same place that we left a quarter of a century ago. The powers that be there now are in some ways as far removed from the powers that were there in our days as the late Premier differed in respect of years to his immediate predecessor. College traditions may remain the same, but they are expounded by a new race of interpreters. A younger and more vigorous set of Dons—

men with wider sympathies and broader views—has supplanted a generation of crusty old gentlemen, who, apart from occasional fits of grumbling over our youthful indiscretions, held it their creed to affect to ignore where they could not actively resent the very existence of an undergraduate world. We do not for a minute wish to imply that all Dons in our days belonged to this class, but specimens of it there were in every college, and the only matter of wonder is that under the circumstances they were not more numerous than they were. For to a great extent it was the whole system of Donhood which was to blame, rather than the individuals who suffered under it. The hard-and-fast conditions under which a man in those days held a Fellowship was essentially calculated to discourage him from occupying his proper place in creation as a social being, or even from living in charity with himself or any of his fellow-men. As it was only so long as he was contented to remain celibate that he was allowed to retain his Fellowship, the resident Fellow found it expedient to taboo such humanising pastimes as mild flirtations or even Platonic friendships with the gentler sex as being liable to endanger his position. Another alternative was to plunge boldly into a matrimonial engagement to be fulfilled by no means in the immediate future, but at whatever remote period of his existence the suitor might have saved a competency out of his meagre income, or might chance to step into some dead man's shoes. For, looming dimly in the distance to those who took orders, was opened out the prospect of succession to a College living. But whereas the

incumbent of a country parish is a notoriously long-lived individual, and only in rare cases an active candidate for promotion, it would have required no great stretch of imagination to picture a Common-room inhabited by a body of anxious expectants prematurely ageing in body and mind as they ate out their hearts in ill-concealed impatience of a position for which they had little liking and less qualification, regarding their seniors with an evil eye as so many obstacles in the way of their promotion, and sufficiently conscious that the junior Fellows had similar views about themselves. In any College where livings were scarce and incumbents more than usually tenacious of life, or where, owing to the system of close Fellowships and absence of competition, men of limited ability and yet more limited ambition had succeeded to Fellowships in due rotation, the more lucrative in-college offices might have been practically monopolised by a train of elderly tide-waiters, and the younger and more able Fellows, in despair of immediate employment, driven away to carve out a new career elsewhere, and, excepting so far as the mere drawing a small annual income can be held to constitute a bond of union, severing their connection with the College. And thus the reins of office would have remained year after year in the hands of men practically out of touch with the undergraduate world, and with ideas of maintaining College discipline based upon similar principles to those which guided the officials in that Circumlocution Office so ably portrayed by Dickens.

We have tried to picture things not as in our recollection they actually were, but rather as cir-

cumstances tended to make them. That no College was actually thus governed, but that all contained some young blood among the tutors, was a fortunate accident, or shall we call it an accident of the unselfishness of the older Fellows, who, in the interests of the College, would voluntarily vacate offices and sacrifice the accompanying emoluments, things they would have been well within their rights in retaining, in order to make way for their juniors? It was well that individuals were more pliable than the system. "A man," once remarked an old Cornish farmer, "aint not half a man till he's married,"—and he meant, we suppose, that the softer side of human nature will, except in rare cases, be only fully developed by matrimony, and that the temptation of the celibate is to grow narrow-minded and unsympathetic. We cannot exactly gauge the frame of mind of a man forced by a hard-and-fast rule to remain unmarried until a death vacancy frees him from his obligation, but—*cæteris paribus*—he is hardly the individual to whom we should of choice commit the management of young men. Possibly some of those old Dons felt this themselves, or possibly they were less groovy than we fancied. In either case it still remains a cause of wonder in our mind how many men labouring under an unnatural restriction could have shaken off the sense of personal isolation and thrown themselves heartily into the work before them: how not a few of those elderly monks—for monks they virtually were, if not of a Dominican or Carmelite order—took so lively an interest in the athletic as well as the scholastic pursuits of the undergraduate world. Even with the crusty old gentle-

men we ourselves had in our undergraduate days no strictly personal quarrel, nor did we ever view them in a spirit of animosity; on the contrary, we then regarded them much as we regarded the College plate—relics of a bygone age, or institutions, if not exactly indispensable, at any rate rendered precious by antiquity. If at times we more than shrewdly suspected that on their part they were slightly intolerant of our presence in the College, we too in our turn were prone to amuse ourselves on the rare occasions when we encountered them in the quadrangle, or caught glimpses of them in the chapel, by indulging in irreverent speculations as to their past and future history. Only now, as in maturer years we look back upon things as they then were, and recall the pettiness of sundry regulations which irritated without controlling, and the senseless acts of rowdyism emanating from the undergraduates, which a little tact on the part of the authorities might so easily have averted, do we feel that it is good for Oxford that the epoch of these men is over, and that the institution of married Fellowships and other concurrent influences have thrown the reins of power into the hands of younger men. If the retention in the University Statute-book of the prohibition against undergraduates playing marbles on the steps of the schools is a ludicrous anachronism, the enforced attendance at morning chapel in all colleges, and almost compulsory communion at a few, was something worse. How the undergraduate behaved at any sacred function was a matter of minor importance: absence was construed into a crime; regular attendance—no matter the behaviour—covered a multitude of

sins. An undergraduate who attended a lecture wearing a rough pea-coat and a woollen comforter was sharply pulled up by the lecturer.

"I do not consider, Mr —, that your present costume is either suitable to a lecture-room or respectful to myself."

"It is the same as I wear in chapel," was the response, and with some reluctance the lecturer, who was not particularly notable for regularity of attendance at chapel, admitted the excuse. It is as easy, after all, to prick off names on a roll-call as on a chapel-list, and the costume worn at the porter's lodge is a matter of little importance. In admitting our preference for the roll-call, we wish to offer no tribute to the modern spirit of scepticism; but scepticism is at any rate less openly aggressive than a partially encouraged, or at least tacitly licensed, irreverence.

There is, too, a marked change in the personality of the Heads of Colleges. People with old-fashioned ideas professed to be scandalised a few years ago when the Headmaster of Harrow took part in a football-match in the playing-fields at Eton. But what some held to be a breach of etiquette or a sacrifice of dignity was after all a sign of the active vitality of the times. So, too, is it a sign of the active vitality of the times when in the lists of the members of Vincents', which may be said to be at once the White's and the Isthmian Club at Oxford, we read the name of one head of a House, while another is an energetic and useful member of the O.U. Golf Club. In our own days the Heads of Houses were a body of respected and respectable old gentlemen—fine scholars all, no

doubt, and notable philologists—but many of them unknown by sight except to men of their own College. Cotton, Hawkins, Bulley, Simmonds, and others had been born too early in the century to interest us much or to be active powers outside the College walls. Liddell had a commanding presence, as well as a family of pretty daughters, and shared with Scott the honours of the authorship of a successful Lexicon; and Marsham enjoyed the distinction of being the father of several well-known cricketers. But we felt that these men moved in circles with which we were absolutely unfamiliar, and that the circle we moved in ourselves was equally unfamiliar to them. Their tastes and pursuits were as far removed from ours as those of the two-hundred-year-old Struldbrug differed from those of the young and mortal inhabitant of Luggnagg, and they regarded our athletic exercises from the same platform of intellectual superiority as that from which the Houyhnhnms viewed the gambols of the Yahoo.

There was a story rife about one of these elderly magnates, who suddenly awoke to the fact that most of the undergraduates in the College were hardly known to him by sight or name. Such a state of things struck him as unsatisfactory, and with a view to amend the matter he took into his counsels an old out-college crony.

"It seems to me," said the Master, "that I know very little of my young men. I think that perhaps I ought to see more of them, but I am not quite clear in my own mind how to set about it."

We ought to have prefaced that we know only the outlines of the story. For it occurs to us that an American friend who has rather

exaggerated ideas as to the phraseology suitable to Oxford Dons and Professors, and would have them converse only in six-foot words, would be shocked at so colloquial an expression as "set about it" being put into the mouth of a Head of a House. So we will trust for his sake that the Master employed some more dignified phrase, such as "compass my object" or "effect my purpose." But we, after the manner of Thucydides, find it more convenient to give the gist of our characters' remarks.

The Master's friend, who held the theory that the direct road to the undergraduate's heart lay through the stomach, suggested that he should invite the young men to dinner by sections.

"Well," said the Master, reflectively, "I could do that, of course, but I really do not know how I should amuse them after dinner."

"Amuse them! Oh, that is easy enough. Show them things, you know,—books, pictures, and so forth."

The Master pleaded that he possessed neither books nor pictures especially calculated to amuse young men.

"Oh, that is easily managed," was the answer. "Go to ——," naming a well-known picture-dealer of the day, "and ask him to send you in something for the evening. Tell him what you want them for, and he will understand it all right."

The Master thanked his friend for the advice, issued his invitations, which coming from him were regarded as royal commands, and in order that there might be no possible misunderstanding on the subject of the pictures, went in person to the shop.

"Mr ——," he said, addressing

the proprietor, "I have a few young gentlemen, undergraduates that is, coming to dine with me to-night, and I am going to ask you to be kind enough to send me in any loose prints that you may have lying about: you will understand the sort of things they care to look at."

The shopman's face beamed with intelligence, and he smiled the smile of which the Oxford tradesman is so lavish to the freshman and the paying customer.

"Oh yes, Master; certainly, with pleasure; anything to oblige you. They shall be there."

The dinner-party went off fairly well, but it was with some feeling of relief that the Master, who had done his best to adapt his conversation to the company, and was rather fatigued by the process, conducted his guests to the drawing-room and remarked with an urbane smile: "I think perhaps that you gentlemen might be interested in some of those pictures. I hope that you will find them to your taste." And with a gentle wave of the hand he indicated a large portfolio, which on being opened proved that the picture-dealer had executed his patron's order for a few loose prints in the most literal and at the same time liberal spirit. For to the astonished gaze of the undergraduates was revealed a collection of very loose prints indeed—Nereids, Dryads, Psyche, Aphrodite, Andromeda, and other ladies of the period in extremely classical attire. The Master, having done his duty, dosed placidly in an arm-chair, and his guests passed the time very pleasantly over the pictures.

Best known, and in the undergraduate world most popular, were two of the married Heads—Cradock of B.N.C. and Evans of Pembroke.

For if time had sprinkled their hair with grey and lined their features, we felt that their hearts were young and that their sympathies were with the young. There was little of the dry bone about either man. Both took a vivid interest in the success of the College, on the river or in the cricket-field as well as in the schools. Neither at B.N.C. or at Pembroke was there needed any tutor posing as the undergraduates' friend to stand between the wrath of Jove and the peccant mortal. Straight to Cæsar's judgment-seat the defendant was ready to go, in certain hope that if impartial justice was administered, all due allowance would be made for young blood and young heads on young shoulders. We do not pretend to understand the secrets of the Senate-house, nor were we ever curious to inquire whether, in the circle of Dons, Cradock and Evans were regarded as model Heads; but we make bold to assert that no two men ever exercised a healthier influence or were more revered in the undergraduate world, and that the feeling that the "dear old chief" would not like it was in their respective colleges an effectual stopper on many an incipient or contemplated act of insubordination. They are gone from among us now, dying, like David, at a good old age, if not full of riches, full at any rate of years and of honour, and their like we may hardly hope to see again.

Of the two, Evans was perhaps the more generally known, and his popularity extended far beyond the walls of Pembroke. His was a familiar figure in later years in the Parks, as he watched with critical interest cricket or football matches. He always had a friendly word for any young man who happened to

be standing near him, and if it would be too much to say that he numbered many undergraduates among his intimate friends, he had countless well-wishers and warm partisans in many generations of Oxford men. In the days when Evans was Vice-Chancellor there was lodging in the High an undergraduate, who shall be nameless. This man was the proud possessor of the ugliest dog that it ever was our fortune to behold. It was a poodle-dog, and rejoiced in the name of Smith. Nature had intended Smith to be black, and there is, we know, a distinct polish on the skin of the glossy-black and well-shaven poodle, but his was the sort of dingy black that may be seen on a pair of well-worn and badly-cleaned boots. But maugre his evil looks, Smith was a dog of much character and fixity of purpose, good-tempered to the world at large, but of a vengeful turn of mind. It happened that on one Sunday afternoon he had been pelted by some small boys, tradesmen's sons, and he disliked being pelted more than most dogs. On the Sunday morning Smith's master had a breakfast-party, to which Smith himself was apparently not invited. At any rate, he was sitting on the doorstep basking in the sun, and possibly brooding over the present neglect and late contumely. The Vice-Chancellor was on his way to St Mary's, escorted by the "pokers," and exactly as he passed the lodgings, walking on the other side of the street, one of Smith's persecutors of the previous day ran past Smith, who immediately gave chase. The boy, with Smith at his heels, ran across the street, and either in blind terror or under the idea that the presence of the Vice-Chancellor would awe his

pursuer, charged straight into the middle of the "pokers," and was collared by the seat of his trousers and rolled over by Smith almost between Dr Evans's legs, and in full view of the breakfast-party, who were watching the scene with very mingled feelings. The Vice-Chancellor picked up the boy and the "pokers" routed Smith, who retired to the doorstep of the house to which he so evidently belonged that the number was taken down. On the following day the dog's owner received a summons to wait upon the Vice-Chancellor, and the end of the matter was that Smith was rusticated. But, as his owner admitted, Evans took such a rational view of the case that even Smith could hardly have felt aggrieved.

"He did not exactly say," explained the owner, "that Smith was the best-looking dog in Oxford, but he distinctly implied that he was a long way the cleverest, and he assured me that he was very sorry to have to deprive me for a time of such a charming companion. In fact, he meant that the times wanted educating up to Smith's level, and was so very nice about it all that I very nearly offered to make him a present of Smith."

To be able to part a man from his dog—and such a dog as Smith—and yet retain the owner's goodwill, spoke volumes for Evans's manner of dealing with young men.

To another Head of a College, notwithstanding that his method of dealing with young men was more peculiar than successful, we should be loath to attribute any but the best motives. But it was pity indeed that he persistently hid under a bushel his real geniality and kindness of heart. Charles

Williams of Jesus was one of the ablest men of his day. Those who knew him best liked him best, but it was only his most intimate friends who guessed that the society of the young had really a very strong attraction for him. To young ladies he was a most assiduous and *débonnaire* cavalier. Young men, on the other hand, he snubbed persistently and unsparingly, and this though to no living man could a lad have gone with a tale of real trouble and met with more sympathy and practical advice. The old gentleman possibly had the feeling that young men were for the most part pushing and required to be kept in their proper place, and, possibly again, he was right. Yet Sunday after Sunday he had undergraduate dinner-parties, and gave his guest freely of his best both in the way of provender and of snubbing. At one of these parties the Principal, who was a bit of a gourmand, and, although very short-sighted, a most excellent and scientific carver, was preparing to attack a mighty goose which had been put before him.

"Will you allow me to do that for you, Mr Principal?" exclaimed a young Welshman, with more politeness than discretion.

"Put that bird in front of Mr M——," said the Principal, addressing the butler, but eyeing M—— all the time with considerable disfavour, which eventually culminated in a most expressive sniff. M—— was rather startled at being thus suddenly taken at his word, but he set to work manfully enough on the goose with the sort of happy-go-lucky feeling that where there is a will there is a way. But of few things does that insidious proverb hold less good than of carving a goose. And of

this fact M—— was soon painfully conscious when it came to dissecting a wing. Fortunately the Principal, after another prolonged sniff, came to his rescue.

"Take that bird away from Mr M—— and bring it back to me;" and then addressing M—— he added, "I have often had occasion to notice, Mr M——, that young men are very fond of undertaking tasks which they have no idea of performing, as well in the matter of carving their personal acquaintances as in anything else."

On the occasion of the celebrated bread-riot at Oxford, when there was an intolerable din going on in Turl Street, the same M—— noticed the Principal pacing the quadrangle in ill-disguised anxiety.

"The poor old gentleman looks quite wretched," exclaimed M——, who was always brimming over with good nature; "I'll go and try to comfort him."

"You had much better stay where you are," suggested a candid friend; "he is sure to score off you."

However, M—— was not to be dissuaded: so he approached the Principal, and taking off his cap, remarked—

"I am afraid, Mr Principal, that there is a great disturbance in the town."

"That is a self-evident fact, Mr M——," snapped the Principal, "as also that there is a great deal of unnecessary idleness and loafing in the College. In my day young men who professed to be candidates for Honours found themselves better employed in the evening than in attending to other peoples' business."

The Principal kept a good cellar, and it was currently believed in the undergraduate world that, though he diluted his own liquor

freely, he enjoyed watching his guests punish his wine, and respected a man who could carry off his bottle of port like a gentleman. But the good wine was to be drunk decently and in order, and the old gentleman especially disliked young men who fidgeted or talked in a loud voice or tossed off the generous liquor without a proper sense of decorum. One youth, who from family reasons was a frequent guest, fondly imagined that he had established his position as a *persona grata* at the weekly symposium by entertaining his host with long stories, and he had furthermore unhappily imbibed the idea that inspiration flowed more freely from a chair when tilted rather than in its natural position. Never was a man more wide of the mark. Instead of listening to the story, the Principal used to watch that tilted chair with a growing anxiety which was mistaken by the *raconteur* for deep interest in the legend. The final catastrophe came at last: in the middle of an especially piquant tale the chair was tilted too far, and from that day the young man was excommunicated, and never again sufficiently restored to favour to have the opportunity of either tilting a chair or spinning a yarn at the Principal's dinner-table. He had violated the first canon of good breeding, and betrayed—so at least we believed that the Principal thought—an incapacity for carrying off his bottle of port like a gentleman.

It would be easy to multiply tales told not only of Charles Williams, but of many of his contemporaries—tales which may amuse us in the present, but of which hardly one pointed to any of these old gentlemen having any insight into the character or any sympathy

with the pursuits of the generation they were called upon to govern. Better men than their predecessors, or finer scholars, we do not suppose that the men who rule the Oxford of to-day are; but as we watch the greater freedom of intercourse between the Don and the undergraduate, we feel that the young Oxonians of the present have advantages which we did not ourselves enjoy. For we may say with Froude, that "no dean or tutor ever volunteered to help our inexperience"; and believing with him that "the first condition under which we can know a man at all is that he be in essentials something like ourselves; that our own experience be an interpreter which shall open the secrets of his experience; and it often happens, *even among our contemporaries*, that we are altogether baffled,"—we can understand how it was that we really knew so little of,

and were so little known by, men far removed from us by age.

If we do not entirely appreciate the value of the establishment of Somerville Hall and the invasion of our old University by a tribe of "revolted daughters," we at all events hail with pleasure the presence of intellectual womanhood as represented by the wives of the married Fellows. We know not whether there is existent any recognised table of precedence among these University ladies,—whether the Dean's wife goes down to dinner before the Bursar's, or Mrs Proctor enjoys any special privilege during her husband's year of office. But of one thing we may be sure, that *ingenuæ Artes* and *literæ Humaniores* will be more truly learnt and practised under the new than under the old régime, and that many of the more objectionable features of undergraduate life will of necessity be eradicated.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

THERE is no class of professional men who travel so much as engineers. Their experiences are often full of interest, and at times not devoid of excitement. Yet how seldom it is that any account of these travels is found in print. This is partly due to the fact that it all seems to the principal actor to be all in the day's work, and hardly worth committing to paper. But there is also a certain pleasure in having a store of experiences to relate to one's more intimate friends, which the vulgar crowd cannot read in a book.

At the present moment I am tempted to curb this natural reticence with the object of narrating my experiences of the last few years, which I believe are unique in our profession. Our engineers are often called upon to travel in difficult countries, and to accomplish what look like impossibilities. But it is by no means an everyday occurrence for the financial men in a great country like the United States, who are not in the habit of minimising the capabilities of their fellow-countrymen, to invite a foreigner to carry out one of the greatest works of modern times in that country. Some people say that the Americans are perhaps too much inclined to look upon their countrymen as the inventors of Electricity. It is, then, all the more surprising that the work about which the English engineer was asked to advise them was the electrical utilisation of Niagara Falls. It must, however, be remembered that this work involved entirely new problems and designs, while the American electrician has less capability of evolving entirely new plans, or designing entirely

new machinery, than of adapting his past experience, exactly as it stands, to new conditions. It was for this reason that one of the ablest of American engineers said in public three years ago that it was impossible to transmit the power of the Falls to Buffalo, some twenty miles, so as to make it pay; whereas we have now established the fact that the limit of distance is to be counted by hundreds of miles.

There are two great mistakes commonly made as to Americans. One is, that they are original inventors; the other is, that they are humorous. Neither of these propositions is true. It is true that if asked to create a knitting-machine, or a type-writer, or a reaper, they will put together well-known mechanical devices to accomplish the result. But this is designing, not inventing; and the cause of so much work of this kind being done in America is the high price of labour, which must be replaced by steam and machinery. So with humour, with of course some brilliant exceptions, their periodical literature is filled with so-called wit, but it smells strongly of the midnight oil. I remember an incident related to me by an editor of a weekly journal. He said, "Yesterday a poor miserable man came into my office and laid before me some manuscript and said, 'O Mr —, I wish you would look through these jokes and pick out any you can use. I was working at them all last night, and I need money badly to bury my poor wife.'"

Invention and humour require a gift of imagination, the same gift that shows itself in poetry

and letters, in music, painting, and sculpture; and in no one of these directions has this gift of imagination been found to predominate amongst Americans.

I have given these reasons why it was perhaps natural to have recourse to a European to take hold of this great and entirely novel problem. Another reason is that all their electricians who may have had a wide practical experience are tied to manufacturing companies, and cannot be looked upon as independent either in thought or action; and since it was pretty certain that any plans that might be adopted would have much of novelty in them, and would be opposed in the first place both by scientific men and by the manufacturers, it required that the man selected should have nothing to gain or lose by the friendship or hostility of these two classes of men.

When I had finished my work at Niagara Falls the chairman (or president, as he is there called) of the company wrote me a letter, in the course of which he incidentally mentioned some of the reasons why I had been invited to carry out this work. These are given later on in this article.

Passing now from these digressions, let us come to the Falls themselves. I have no talent for pictorial description, and they are well known to a large number of my readers. I will only say that the river Niagara leaves Lake Erie at the City of Buffalo and meanders, innocently enough, through level plains for sixteen or eighteen miles, passing on the two sides of the Grand Island and then opening out into a wide lake-like expanse a mile wide, where, a mile above the Falls, the current becomes more swift. It then is parted in two by Goat Island,

the narrow part dashing down by furious rapids to the American Fall, which is a straight curtain of water shooting down a perpendicular height of 160 feet. The wider branch makes a turn round Goat Island and is very wide, and the breakers dance merrily in the sunshine, until the waters concentrate themselves at the Horse-shoe, or Canadian, Fall—the greatest volume of water being at the V-shaped apex in the centre, where the depth of water at the lip is sufficient to impart a brilliant emerald colour to the water. From the Falls downwards for many miles the river runs through a precipitous gorge. For the first mile it is sluggish, but with gurgling upheavals of the water from below. Then come the terrible whirlpool rapids where Captain Webb was drowned. After that a sulky repentant river creeps to Lake Ontario.

There are three things at the Falls themselves which rivet the attention. 1. The water takes four or five seconds to fall, and in doing so it assumes the most fantastic forms of drapery. 2. The mist and spray rising from the base of either Fall is drifted by the wind, or in a calm rises in a cloud 1000 feet in height. 3. The third feature is the noise. You have not only the rushing noise of the Rapids, but also a booming, at times resembling a thunderclap, when the somewhat intermittent flow tumbles upon the water beneath, and shakes the foundations of houses half a mile away. The village or town of Niagara Falls on the American side of the river is built of wood. It is dirty, and the streets are bad. Its industry is the catering to excursionists. Cheap restaurants, merry-go-rounds, itinerant photographers, and museums of Indian and other

curiosities are the chief features. The last are mostly impostures, always excepting the world-famed "Katie & Libby's Stores," where genuine curios are to be found, and many pleasing souvenirs. This village is remarkably conducive to the concoction of lies, and the Falls lend themselves to the art. The prophets of this cult are the hackmen (cab-drivers), who earn the gratitude of the excursionist by the thrill of their narratives. I believe, however, I have reliable evidence for some remarkable statements. 1. On the 1st of April 1848 the Falls ran nearly dry owing to a stoppage by ice and a strong east wind on the lakes. 2. A drifting ship, drawing sixteen feet of water, went over the deepest part of the lip of the Horse-shoe Fall. 3. A steamer called the Maid of the Mist, built at the Falls, traversed the Whirlpool Rapids in order to escape creditors, and reached Lake Ontario in safety. I cannot, however, vouch for the generally-accepted statement that in doing so she turned a complete somersault. 4. At the Whirlpool there is a path descending to the water to a spot where they catch the bodies that float there. There is an average of one suicide a month, and they are invariably trapped by the Whirlpool. 5. There is another true story which is rather startling. A hundred yards above the brink of the American Fall a rock ten feet square projects for a foot above the water in mid-stream. One morning the inhabitants awoke and saw a man sitting on it. The noise of the Rapids prevented verbal communication. They did not, do not, and never will know how he got there. He stayed there thirty-six hours. The people telegraphed to Buffalo, and the

railway company sent one excursion train after another for thirty-six hours to see the man on the rock. They painted signs and stuck them up for the man to read, saying, "We will save you." Two hundred yards above there is a bridge. From this, by ropes, they floated rafts with provisions to him. At the end of his stay a big one came for him to get on. What they were going to do with him if they got him in this seething rapid I know not. He tried and failed, and went over the Fall, and that is all!

People are differently affected by their first sight of the Falls. Some say, "How disappointing!" others, "How magnificent!" Some (Colonel Bob Ingersol was the first to say this to me, but I have heard the same from others), "How horrible!" and others say, "How seductive! I want to go over with the water."

The Falls in winter are totally different from what they are in summer. Every bush and tree is a work in silver filigree. The precipices are concealed behind icicles 60 feet long. Every rock in the river is the nucleus for a dome of frozen spray rising 150 feet it may be.

When you know the river you will love it; but to know it you must see it at every season and at every hour—at sunrise, noon, and by moonlight; in sunshine and storm; with the mist rising as a tower, or drifting away to unveil new points of beauty. You must know every corner, peaceful or violent; you must see it from above and from below, and from every point of view, and always you will hear that thundering boom that shakes the ground. It is best to live on the Canadian side at the Clifton House, open only in summer. The most im-

pressive points of view are those that make you feel the smallest. Mr Bayard, the United States Ambassador in London, tells me that the only true way to appreciate the grandeur is in the early morning to swim across from the Canadian to the American side, just below the Falls. He has often done it, so he ought to know.

To me the great charm of the Falls is their immutability and change. The drifting spray and varying light give the changes of a kaleidoscope, but the volume of water pouring over never varies. They remind me of the face of a dear friend, always the same but never two moments alike. I suppose there is nothing to compare with them in size or grandeur except the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi; and Livingstone, who never exaggerated, said that these were the finer.

The "utilisation of Niagara" is a hateful phrase to the lover of nature. But it must be stated at the outset that what is being done does not in the least degree affect its beauty. Only a small fraction of the water is to be used, and all the works are more than a mile above the Falls.

It is time now to leave the digressions about the beauties of Niagara to explain how it is possible to make use of this power without affecting the scenery. Now, "gentle reader," do not for a moment imagine that I am going to burden you with engineering details in any part of this article. I hope to allude to them only in such a manner as to excite your interest rather than to bore you. Any one who has visited the Falls of late years knows that the land on the two sides has been appropriated by the United States and Canada respectively for national parks. The old mills which used

to be in the stream above the American Fall have been removed for æsthetic purposes, and the land laid out with some attempt at good taste. On the Canadian side the same thing was done, but I regret to say that the rapacity of the Legislature of Ontario has not proved equal to withstanding the blandishments of the greedy capitalist. Two lines of rails traverse the whole of the National Park at the edge of the gorge. After the land had been confiscated by the Government, and the owners had been paid only a fraction of its true value, it is now turned into a source of revenue by the Government, and a gold mine to the capitalists, at the expense of the visitors, who can no longer enjoy the peaceful quiet which Lord Dufferin tried so hard to give them.

In spite of all that the Americans have done for preserving the beauty of the Falls, there is one terrible eyesore—a large number of mills have been erected at the edge of the precipice over the gorge. To these the water of the upper river has been led by a canal passing through the town. This water drives water-wheels or turbines in the mills, and is then shot over as waste water down the precipice. Not only is this hideous in itself, but it is repulsive to the engineer, because of the great waste. They use only a few feet of the fall, and waste over 100 feet.

Thirty years ago an American engineer of the name of Evershed proposed a plan by which the mills should not be in view of the Falls, and by which the power might be utilised without detracting from their appearance, and the fundamental idea of this plan has now been actually executed. Mr Evershed's idea was to take in the

water from the river by a long canal a mile or two above the Falls. Along the banks of the canal mills were to be placed requiring power. At each mill a hole or shaft was to be dug in the ground to a depth of about 150 feet. The bottoms of these shafts were to be all connected by a long tunnel passing from them under the town at a gradual slope, and emerging at a tunnel mouth below the Falls, on a level with the lower river. At each mill-site a water-wheel or turbine was to be placed at the bottom of the pit, which would rotate a vertical steel shaft coming to the surface. At the top this shaft would, by means of cog-wheels or belts, turn the machinery of the mill. In this way the canal was to bring water to the pit, and, having given up its power to the water-wheels, was to flow away by the tunnel into the lower river. Such a tunnel has been built, though the details of Mr Evershed's plan have been altered. The result is that the factories and mills are far distant from the Falls, and do not interfere with the views. The tunnel has been built so as to be capable of using 100,000 horse-power or more. There are not many manufacturing towns in the world whose steam-engines all combined would give so enormous an amount of power as this. As Dominie Sampson would say, "It is prodigious!" The tunnel-mouth can be seen from the Canadian side of the river, and looks like a mere speck compared with the volume of water which is pouring over the Falls. A single glance is sufficient to convince anybody that even when 100,000 horse-power, or many times that, has been used, the effect will be imperceptible. But even now the water which is

being used issues from the mouth with great velocity, and sets up quite a strong current across the surface of the stream.

Probably every engineer who ever visited this spot has been struck with the vast amount of power going to waste. But I am very doubtful whether its use could have been a commercial success before the electrical art had been so much developed that it was possible to distribute power by its means for all kinds of purposes.

Nevertheless, before this question had been entered upon, some New York capitalists were found who were prepared to take the matter in hand. At that date such an action was a bold stroke; but fortune in this case favoured the bold, and the electrical work which I have carried out has been done at a cost which even now seems incredible to many.

In 1889 the Niagara Falls Power Company was formed to carry out this work, and their first act was to buy up all the land in the neighbourhood. The capital subscribed was wholly American, and amounted to £2,000,000, about one-half of which has been spent. The acting committee consisted of railway men and lawyers. The chairman, as usual, is called a president. They like giving big names to things in America. A pond is a lake, and a hill is a mountain; they never speak of the sea, it must be called the ocean; a meeting is a convention, a dictionary is a "speller and a definer," a town is a city, a chairman is a president, and so on. The only exception I know of is that the wealthy people who own those charming country residences at Tuxedo and Lennox call them cottages. But these are not average Americans, and in that country

the manners and customs, as seen by the ordinary traveller, are governed by the average man, who is not a good specimen. He is apt to be a most awful "bounder," has no taste, and does not know the meaning of the word "repose"; but you need never meet this type except in railway trains and hotels. His ideal, as one of them told me, is to spend his nights "on the cars" and his days in getting the better of his fellow-men. But the refined American is quite different. These are mostly met in Washington and the south, and, of course, Boston is a thing apart; and as you approach this town you are told that the humming you hear is the noise of people reading Browning. Tuxedo also is a great exception, where you can have congenial society. It is a large estate with woods and lakes and forty miles of well-laid roads. Country houses or cottages have been built all over it, and there is an excellent residential club—into which, however, the female element has progressed so far as to have introduced even babies into the bedrooms!

I must really ask to be excused for such digressions, but I must tell my story in my own way or leave it alone. The chairman of the company which has utilised the Falls is Mr E. D. Adams, well known as a banker and a reorganiser of railways. The first vice-president is Mr F. L. Stetson, a lawyer who has also had much experience in the finance of railway companies. Mr Cleveland, the U.S.A. President, is a partner in his law business. The second vice-president is Mr E. A. Wickes, also a railway-man. The secretary and treasurer, Mr W. B. Rankin, is one of the most able and energetic and charming men I met in the States. I only hope he will

not utterly ruin his health by overwork. All these are very able business men, though not engineers, and the affairs of the company could hardly be in better hands.

In October 1889 the Niagara Falls Power Company was formed to carry out the great work of utilising the Niagara Falls on so gigantic a scale that all previous attempts to use water-power at once sank into insignificance. The Cataract Construction Company was at the same time formed by the same people to carry out the work. All that they had then settled was that they would make the tunnel proposed by Evershed for carrying away the used water. They had not settled whether the mills should be brought to the power, or the power to the mills. They had no estimates of the cost. If power were to be distributed to mills and factories, they had no notion whether it would be by means of air or water under pressure in pipes, or by wire ropes, or by electricity. None of the acting committee were engineers, but they had faith in the evolution of ideas which would culminate in success.

In order to obtain more definite ideas they invited certain engineers to prepare plans of any methods they might think best. These were to be laid before a Commission of engineers and physicists from England, France, Switzerland, and America, with Lord Kelvin as chairman.

At first I declined this invitation on the grounds that the method of competition is contrary to my professional practice, and also that with so novel a problem I would not accept any man, or combination of men, to adjudicate upon the project which I might decide upon.

Having learnt, however, accidentally, that any electrical plans to be submitted would not be of a satisfactory nature, I withdrew my refusal in order that a plan, as I conceived on proper lines, might be at least in evidence.

Up to this date there had been only one example of electric-power distribution, and that was in a small village called Oyonnaz, on the frontiers of France and Switzerland. But the problem now before me was entirely new in many ways, besides being of gigantic proportions. The object was to send *power* rather than *light* over the wires. But I found that every different user of the power would want his electricity delivered at a different pressure (it is not here necessary to understand the meaning of the words "electric pressure"). House-lighting, street-lighting, electric tramways, flour-mills, metallurgical processes, all required different "pressures." Also, if we were to carry any of this power through wires to a distance, the "pressure" must (for sake of economy) be very high during transit, and be reduced at the place where it is used.

Now let me say, without explanations, that there are two kinds of electric current—a "continuous current," always flowing in the same direction, and an "alternating current," in which the direction of flow is reversed, it may be hundreds of times in a second.

I soon realised the fact that not only could the latter current be more easily obtained at high pressures, but that it could easily, and without moving machinery, be transformed to any required pressure at any spot when it was wanted.

Up to that date, 1890, both kinds of electric current had been used for electric lighting, but the alternating current had never been used for giving mechanical power except in an experimental way. For this reason it seemed to most people absurd to suggest its use for Niagara Falls. I would have shared this view were it not that for several years I had visited the United States and the continent of Europe to study the progress that others were making in electric work. I had thus become well acquainted with the system which Nicola Tesla, a young Montenegrin, was experimenting on at Pittsburg, U.S.A., called a "two-phase" system. He distributes two alternating currents, one of which attains its maximum when the other is at its zero value. With these two currents a simple form of motor could be worked to supply power to shops, factories, or mills. I also had seen many things in various parts of Europe not generally known in England. Owing to these varied experiences, I had an opportunity above all others at that date of foreseeing that the alternating current would soon be very generally applied not only to light, but also to motive power.

Acting upon this knowledge, I worked out complete plans, using only machinery which could then be got in the open market, and was able to furnish complete working plans, drawings, specifications, and estimates of cost. This laborious work when concluded left no doubt in my mind that the alternating current must be adopted.

The Commission sat upon these plans, and, as I expected, denounced the alternating current, for none of them had had the experience which I possessed of

the latest developments. How well I remember walking along Piccadilly with a member of the Commission. He told me of this decision with an air of sympathy with my supposed misfortune. He was somewhat surprised when I replied that nothing could have given me greater satisfaction than this decided expression of opinion, "for," I said, "the alternating current will certainly be adopted at Niagara."

I heard no more from the promoters of this enterprise for over a year. It took them all this time to realise that the Commission had made a mistake. Lord Kelvin was the most violent opponent of the alternating current; and for long afterwards (although he is my most esteemed and oldest scientific friend), even when I was appointed as the consulting engineer, he continued to write and cable to the company, though his opinion on this point was not asked for, telling them that they were making a "fatal mistake" if they followed my advice. His latest expression of opinion in this sense was in November 1894, when my work was practically completed. Such a line of action has hitherto been unknown among professional men. I need hardly say that this opposition on the part of so eminent a man was a stumbling-block which might well have wrecked the whole scheme; but in this and other points where my plans were at variance with the opinions of others, I was most loyally supported by the directors, and through this support alone they and I have been enabled to put the works into their present satisfactory condition.

To add to the difficulty, the highest scientific authority in the States had taken up the same position as Lord Kelvin. Fortun-

ately, however, the year 1891 saw some great developments in the use of alternating currents for motive power in Europe over a distance of 112 miles, and our American opponent frankly confessed to a change of opinion owing to the results then attained.

Early in the year 1892 it became evident to the acting committee that the views of engineers had been undergoing a change, and that the use of alternating currents for Niagara was a necessity, thus indorsing the prophecy I had made long before. They then asked me to act as their electrical consulting engineer, and during that year and the next and the next I was almost constantly in the States. The only real rest I ever got was in my voyages across the Atlantic. I soon came to feel at home on all the large liners. The Campania, Lucania, Umbria, Etruria, Majestic, Teutonic, and many others were havens of rest; and one always feels glad to meet old friends in Captains M'Micken (now, alas! dead), Haines, Parcell, Walker, M'Kay, Murray, and many others. The misfortune is that at most seasons the only class who travel much are American bagmen, or drummers, and they are not a favourable class to judge Americans by.

Sometimes I lived in New York, where the offices were; sometimes at Niagara, to be near the works. I did not care to go much into society, but I made some very firm friends, specially the Hewitts, and our amiable Consul-General Sir William Booker and his charming American wife. My greatest friend of former days had been S. L. M. Barlow, a well-known and remarkable man. Roscoe, Conklin, and I used to dine with him

every Sunday. These two lawyers, both able men, on opposite sides in politics, and also in the great Stewart will case, amused and instructed me much by the exposition of their views on men and things. Both were dead now, and I had two friends the less to help me to pass these three years. Part of the time I lived at Tuxedo, an hour from New York, where you could have fishing, shooting, boating, bathing, and golf; and I shall never forget the cordial welcome I there received from the Potters, Bruzes, Lorilards, Delafields, Fishes, Kents, Rushmores, Prestons, Van Courtlandts, Van Nests, and from Allen Lathrop and many others. The lovely scenery and genial society of this place helped me greatly to retain health during a period of anxious and arduous work.

Now I must go on to describe what has been accomplished. The tunnel of which I spoke is 21 feet high and 19 feet broad, and is horse-shoe-shaped. It was expected that no lining would be necessary, but at the outset the roof began to fall in, and it had to be lined with four courses of bricks, increasing the cost largely and diminishing the capacity from 120,000 to 100,000 horse-power. The tunnel is 7000 feet long, mostly on a slope of 7 feet in 1000 feet. At the mouth there is a curved surface of iron for the water to flow over smoothly. The level of the water below the Falls varies a good deal. Sometimes it is far below the tunnel-mouth, at other times it is several feet above.

The plan of having a separate shaft for a mill has been adopted in only one case, the largest paper-mill in the country, where at present 3300 horse-power is being used. The paper is made out of

wood-pulp, and trunks of trees have to be ground down for this purpose. This accounts for the large amount of power used.

It is intended to supply all the rest of the power from a great power-house where electricity is generated. Within this building a slot in the ground, communicating with the tunnel, has been excavated to a depth of 150 feet. It is 20 feet wide and some 150 feet long. Parallel with this slot there is a canal of great width taking in water from the river. From the canal to the slot there are water-passages from which iron pipes $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet diameter descend to the bottom of the slot. At the bottom of these the water passes into the casing of the turbines, and in passing through these develops power to the extent of 5000 horse-power for each unit. Three of these are in place. The power is given to a vertical shaft $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter except at the three bearings, where it is less. This steel shaft extends right up to the surface of the ground, and is attached at the top to the revolving part of the dynamo, which generates the electric current. Two designs of these turbines or water-wheels had been received from Swiss makers, and the selection of the best was intrusted to another English engineer, Professor W. C. Unwin. The company has, besides its powers on the American side, acquired a control of the rights on the Canadian side, rendering the undertaking international in its character, and also in the benefits to be conferred. In the autumn of 1892 Professor Unwin accompanied me to the Falls, and he then made a study for the company of the hydraulic work to be done on the Canadian side. So

that English engineering has been represented in more than one part of this great work.

In 1892, when I came to examine the plans put in by various manufacturers, I found that some of the crudest work conceivable had been submitted by the Americans. The Europeans sent some excellent designs, especially the Oerlikon Fabrik, near Zurich. But these makers were handicapped by the duty imposed on machinery imported into America. There was, however, one fatal defect in all the plans then or subsequently submitted by the manufacturers. I must explain that all the revolving parts of turbine, shaft, and dynamo have their weight supported by a hydraulic piston in the turbine—being balanced, in fact, by the water-pressure. The total weight which could be supported was thus strictly limited. Also, the designers of the turbines (Messrs Faesch & Picard of Geneva) required that there should be a certain momentum or fly-wheel effect to assist the regulation of speed. In none of the designs submitted had the revolving part of the dynamo sufficient fly-wheel effect. In every case it was necessary to add a large heavy fly-wheel; and in every case this increased the weight beyond what was permissible. The American manufacturers were entreated to alter their dynamo designs to meet this difficulty. They tried, but they were unable to do so. We were then in a most awkward dilemma, and it looked as if a serious departure from the original design of turbines must be made. Meanwhile I had been constantly working at various new designs, and at this stage I saw that, for the credit of the company, it was imperative

that I should, if possible, get out a design on new lines which should have the required fly-wheel effect without too great a weight. A dynamo always consists of two main parts, a fixed and a revolving part. In every one of the many designs sent in the revolving part was central—i.e., inside of the fixed part. It occurred to me that if I could make the external part revolve I should get a maximum of fly-wheel effect with a minimum of weight. By making the external part bell-shaped, I was able to attach the centre or top of the bell to the top of the vertical shaft, and the central fixed part resting on the floor could be reached from below. I proceeded to get out rough designs, and found, with the utmost satisfaction, that I could meet all the requirements of the turbine-makers. I also found that this design gave far greater mechanical strength to the revolving part of the dynamo—an important matter, with this forty tons revolving more than four times a second. Further, the magnetic attractions which in all the other designs increased the dangers from centrifugal force, in my design actually diminished them. It soon became evident that this happy idea of revolving the external parts completely extricated the company from the very awkward dilemma in which they had been placed. I then proceeded with a large staff of draughtsmen to get out the working drawings, and I secured an American patent as a protection to myself and my company. It was a matter of considerable satisfaction to all concerned that I had thus so simply got over the serious difficulty which at one time threatened us with starting afresh on all the machinery, turbines and

all. We were now able to feel quite easy about the hydraulic and electric generating plant. The only weak part in the scheme seemed to me to be the vertical steel shaft. The officials, however, were satisfied, as it had been passed by the Swiss firm who designed the turbines (though made in Philadelphia). I had always wished to put the dynamos at the bottom of the pit close to the turbines, and I still believe that this arrangement would have served us better.

The designing of a suitable dynamo was, however, only one of a number of difficulties that had to be overcome. Some of these were of an engineering character, but others savoured of "politics" in the sense in which that word is used in the States. There *politics* means intriguing, underhand dealing, and jobbery, and is always used in conversation to express that meaning. Until I went to America the manufacturers of electrical machinery never had a consulting engineer to reckon with, but dealt directly with the financiers, who knew nothing about cost or efficiency of machinery. When they knew that I was to advise the Niagara Company, they tried by every means in their power to revert to the old plan. Every game of bluff, bounce, and threats was used, but without the least effect. One of our engineers, in another department to mine, who knew nothing of electricity, was completely taken in by one of these firms. This and other intrigues hindered me a good deal in carrying out my plans. Then, again, I had at times great difficulty in keeping the president and vice-presidents in hand. One of the latter, after he had learnt a little about ohms and volts, believed

himself capable of instructing me as to which tenders I ought to recommend for acceptance, and did his best to try to influence my judgment. Most of them began to think they knew something about the subject, and that they were quite capable of settling what tests the machines should be put to. All this was generally amusing enough, but became almost tragic at times when I found them endangering the whole work. On such occasions I would write to my millionaires and tell them that if they did not do what I told them they would be personally answerable to the directors and shareholders for any disaster that might occur. This always had the desired effect, and my point was carried. I fear that at times they wished me at Jericho, but after any one of these tiffs was over I think they were glad that I had taken that line.

I have said that there were many new electrical problems to attack. One of these was a new departure on my part, which involved a very heavy piece of calculating and designing before I could be perfectly certain that my conclusions were correct. It occurred to me that with the large machinery we were using (the dynamos which I designed were three or four times as powerful as any that had then been made) it would be best to make the alternating current reverse its direction as slowly as was consistent with making a good dynamo. This would not do so well for *lighting*, but for a *power* station like ours the advantages were powerful and numerous. The one objection that struck me was that the machines used for changing the electric pressure would be more expensive. This compelled me to design all these machines (they are called

transformers), and to calculate the cost of construction. I was then agreeably surprised to find that the cost was enormously less than any one had dreamt of. At the same time, out of every 100 horse-power put into such a transformer we could get out $98\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power, a result which had never been approached in smaller machines. Then, again, some of the manufacturers threatened us with patent-litigation if we used certain types of machinery, so I had to get out designs of another kind of motor to drive the mills, so that in any eventuality we should be prepared and able to go on in spite of these threats. Then our first customers wanted continuous current, and I had to select a method of making the conversion. In fact, I found myself obliged, before we advanced a step, to have all the designs ready for manufacturing all kinds of machinery, even if they were not all to be used. This work, carried out under all kinds of difficulties put in my way, was chiefly done in the summer of 1893 at the Falls. I had a lovely house in parklike grounds (as the agents say) on the banks of the placid river above the upper rapids. I went to bed early and rose at five or six in the morning, and I shall never forget the delights of these glorious summer mornings at one of the most beautiful sites in the whole neighbourhood. In the afternoons I generally took a drive in a buggy on the Canadian side, where the roads were passable, and sometimes I rode. I had a nigger servant to look after the house, who differed from all his race I ever saw in his desire for work. If I did not want the gravel rolled or the grass cut, he grumbled. He always got up at five o'clock, and prepared my bath.

I used to ask Jim about his previous life, and found he had been "porter" on a railway, and latterly servant in a gambling-hell in Buffalo! He was a good servant. This house belonged to one of the Porter family, who have long owned most of the property here. A Miss Porter was once travelling in Europe, and at the *table d'hôte* her neighbour said, "Oh, if you are an American I suppose you have seen Niagara Falls?" She turned to her inquirer, and fixing him with her eyes, she said, "I own them!"

An Englishman in America should always try to retain his Englishness,—otherwise in a year or two he will be reduced to the level of an average American. Where all men think themselves equal, individuality is at a premium. An American once tried to find fault with me for pitching into my servant, because, forsooth, all men were equal. I never saw the man before, and would never see him again. So I told him that if he wished to be placed on a par with my valet I would willingly acquiesce, but he must not attempt to define my place on so short an acquaintance.

I acquired quite a reputation on the New York Central Railway from a little Englishman. I had forgotten all about it when a friend at the Falls, arriving home from New York, said he had heard of me. "How is that?" I asked in the vernacular. "Well," he said, "you seem to be able to get the better of the conductors on our railways" (the most insolent class of men in the country). "I was talking to one on the cars, and when he heard I belonged to Niagara Falls he said, 'Oh then, you know Professor Forbes.' I said I did, and he said, 'Well,

there's no flies on him.' I asked him why, and he said, 'One night we were coming from New York, and in the early morning six of us conductors were in the smoking-room yarning when in comes Professor Forbes: he takes a look round and then says, "I want to smoke, but pray don't disturb yourselves, I am only a passenger;" and we all put our tails between our legs and slunk out, and then we roared with laughing to think how he had got the better of us in his quiet way.'"

These were very happy days, though I lived quite a solitary life. Of course I had anxieties and worries, but I felt quite certain of loyal support in any case where the safety of the work was threatened.

The dynamos were at last made and tested, after most annoying delays and disingenuousness on the part of the manufacturer. The makers of the transformers and machinery for getting a continuous current, on the other hand, were prompt and obliging, and the tests came out well. Then I got bids for the appliances for transmitting power to Buffalo. All the conclusions I had arrived at from my own designs were now confirmed. Their cost per horse-power, even with my low frequency, was a fifth part of those that had been used for lighting, and the efficiency guaranteed was as I had stated. I decided on all this transmission plant, and it is not now put in only because the Buffalo people want to get the power for next to nothing. There is too much "politics" in this business at Buffalo. Another triumph I have had is, that engineers all over the world have learned to appreciate my low frequency of alternations, while we ourselves

have found new merits in it at every step.

I had also arranged for special apparatus for people who had set up a factory within a mile of the power-house, and who wanted 1000 horse-power, and wished to be able to vary the electric pressure during the heating of their electric furnace. Arrangements for arc-lighting, for tramways and house-lighting, had also to be arranged. When this was all completed and the first plant in place, the period of construction and design gave way to a period of dividend-earning, and my continuing to take charge would have swallowed up too much of the annual income, so I concluded my engagement with the company. In writing my farewell letter, I felt how much I had been assisted by the acting directors, and I told them so while summarising the results which we had been enabled to attain to. In this letter I said that we now had completed a work which for successful working, security against break-downs, high efficiency, and low cost, was ahead of anything that had hitherto been even dreamt of, and that I was confident of a great success from a commercial point of view.

The company, through their president, replied in cordial terms as to the satisfactory results of our co-operation, from which it may be interesting to make the following extract:—

"In our desire to secure the best theoretical results under your eminent and valuable advice, it has been most gratifying to have had your cordial co-operation up to this point, where the commercial manufacturers are ready to give us satisfactory guarantees of performance.

"When you were selected as the electrical consulting engineer of this company, we recognised that the

novelty in the proposed size of units to be used in the Niagara installation, and in the character of the station proposed for the generation and distribution of power, was such that we must have the benefit of the very highest scientific advice. We further recognised that in the advocacy of the use of the alternating current and of low frequencies you were a pioneer, and we join you in the feeling of just satisfaction in the conclusion which has now been reached in respect of those features. In this, too, your independence of thought and action has been of peculiar service, while, through your original design of the stationary armature and revolving [external] field of the generators, adopted by us, you have relieved us of one most embarrassing question in connection with the relation of the generator to the turbine. Nor can we fail to recognise the value of the vast fund of information which you have brought to us concerning electrical installations in different parts of the world, and well described in your various and exhaustive reports.

"In making you this partial expression of our appreciation of your assistance during your professional connection with this company, we beg to assure you that we now part from you with the best wishes for your professional and personal success."

The letter from which I have made this extract attributes the splendid results which we attained mainly to engineering skill. I am inclined to believe that they were fully as much the result of an exercise of tact, judgment, and forbearance, combined with firmness—qualities which I do not hesitate to say that both the officers of the company and myself recognised in each other, and without which we should have found it difficult to obtain satisfaction from the manufacturers. We had the utmost difficulty in enforcing proper tests for balance of the dynamos, and the strict rule that no circuit should be suddenly

opened or closed while carrying a large current. I mention these as being two matters of prime importance, the neglect of which would have been a crime. Owing to the support I obtained from the acting directors, the whole work for which I was responsible has been put in place and set agoing without a single hitch. This is not usual in a novel work of so great magnitude. I feel confidence in asserting that so long as the instructions I insisted upon are acted on, there will be no trouble with the electrical machinery.

In jotting down these personal experiences, I may have failed to give a *coup d'œil* of the whole scheme. Now there is at the Falls a small tower of observation, like Eiffel's, 300 feet high. The last time I was there I penned a letter to the 'Times,' which was published at the end of the year 1894, from which I may make an extract:—

"I am perched on the top of a small Eiffel tower, lately erected, and casting my eyes up the river, over the house-tops and beyond the town, I see a new world created. There is a wide canal leading water from the river into that gigantic tower-house where three turbines are set up to drive three dynamos of 5000 horse-power each. There is the bridge to carry cables across to the transformer house. Inside the tower-house the water is carried down pipes 7½ feet diameter into the turbines, and thence it passes through a 7000-foot tunnel under the town, emerging below the Falls, the tunnel being capable of developing 100,000 horse-power. Far as the eye can reach extend the company's lands, with here and there a huge factory either now using the water-power, or waiting for the electric

supply. One of them uses 3300 horse-power, another 300, a third one 1500, and that unfinished one requires 1000. You can see, far away, the model village for working men, and improved sewage-works with drainage, pumps for water-supply, electric light, and well-paved streets. There again is the dock where ships from all parts of the Great Lakes can unload, and there a huge expanse of reclaimed land; while the whole is swept by the company's railway, seven miles long, connecting every factory with the great trunk lines."

Since these words were written the machinery has been set to work on its commercial task of supplying power and earning money.

The directors have no present desire to send the current to great distances. It will pay better to create a smokeless manufacturing town in the neighbourhood. If

required, the power could be sent much more than a hundred miles, and still be more economical than steam, even though coal is cheap there. In countries where power is much wanted, but very costly, the electrical transmission will be successful at distances of many hundreds of miles. Such cases occur in many places where there are valuable mines but no fuel.

In conclusion, I may say that the work done at Niagara is the forerunner of much more, and already I have in hand the preparation of plans of schemes nearly as important.

I also wish to bear tribute to the kindly friendship which I almost universally experienced at the hands of American engineers. Hardly a single case occurred where any jealousy was shown at an Englishman (or rather Scotchman) being selected to carry out the work.

GEORGE FORBES.

THE NEW DAY.

THAT to-morrow is a new day, is an old Scotch saying, and we shall soon, we hope, begin to realise the fact that the extraordinary result of the last general election is the herald of a new day for this country—social, political, and religious. We were not in time in our last number to record the finish or describe in fitting terms what was rather a conquest than a victory. The combined Unionist or Nationalist party in the House of Commons now numbers four hundred and eleven, against two hundred and fifty-nine Radicals and Home Rulers, who constitute the Opposition, giving Lord Salisbury a clear majority of a hundred and fifty-two. What till only two months ago was still a great political party, with a majority in the House of Commons, has now practically vanished, or, we might say, occupies much the same position as that in which the Conservative party found itself after the general election of 1847. The men who followed the lead of Lord G. Bentinck and Mr Disraeli were about equal in number to those who follow the lead of Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery, excluding the Irish party, as in the other case we exclude the Peelites. It took a quarter of a century to construct a new Conservative party. How long will it take to build up a new Radical connection?

No majority so large as that which has now declared in favour of Lord Salisbury could ever be due to one cause alone. There must always be a negative as well as a positive element mixed up with it,—revolt from the one party rather

than attraction to the other. Mere love of change will also account for a good deal. The Radicals, moreover, were unlucky in this, that the very constituencies which had to lead the way were those in which they had inspired the deepest distrust and indignation. The battle was lost and won in the English metropolis. But when all deductions are made on these several accounts, we still have to deal with such an overwhelming wave of public opinion as has not flowed over this country for the last sixty years. Say that a fourth part of the Government majority may be due to disappointment, to fickleness, and to the mere contagion of example, there will still remain a majority of near a hundred and twenty, of which no such explanation is possible. We propose, as briefly as may be in the present article, to consider whether there are any more general conclusions which we are justified in founding on so remarkable a phenomenon; whether it is only one of those periodical oscillations which we are told we must expect from purely democratic constituencies, or whether it points to anything beyond this: whether it is only the swing of the pendulum, or the voice of long dormant convictions, roused at last into activity by the near approach of dangers never fully realised before.

But before offering to our readers such thoughts as have occurred to us on the subject, it is better to make good the ground behind us and exhaust such matters of interest as the meeting of the new Parliament and its three weeks' sitting may supply. These are not very

many. On Monday the 12th of August Mr Gully was re-elected to the Speakership without any opposition, and the only remark that it occurs to us to make upon the subject is, that it hardly lay with the representatives of the Liberal party to insist on what is called the continuity of the Speakership being observed by the Conservatives. It was the Liberals themselves who first broke through it, and the Conservatives themselves who restored it. Whether the doctrine had ever been formally recognised as part of the unwritten law of Parliament before Sir Robert Peel put it into words in 1841, we are ignorant. If it had not been, the appeal to it as "a time-honoured Parliamentary tradition" is worthless. If it had, the only party which ever contemned it might have had the decency not to press its claim too warmly on the party which had always respected it—especially when called on to consider its binding force in very peculiar and exceptional circumstances. The acceptance of Mr Shaw-Lefevre by Sir Robert Peel, and the rejection of Mr Manners Sutton by Lord John Russell, should have shut the mouths of those who claim to be the Liberal party.

Before quitting this subject, we may point out that throughout the debates on this question which took place in 1835, the practice of re-electing the Speaker does not seem to be referred to as an established principle. It was said, on the one side, that long occupancy of the chair by a Speaker who had proved himself to possess the highest qualifications for it had hitherto been regarded as giving him a strong claim to re-election, and a claim which had been generally

allowed. The contention, on the other side, was that the Speaker ought to form one of the majority—that is, to be a party man. According to the Liberal doctrine, then, the Conservatives were bound to place a Conservative in the chair. And it was rather amusing to see the Liberals pleading so eagerly for the sanctity of a custom which they themselves had set the first example of violating. *Quis tulerit Gracchos?* It is finally to be added that if we can go no farther back than 1841, the argument from precedent is worth very little indeed. During the whole fifty-four years that have elapsed since then, there has only been one occasion when a newly formed Government was in a position to bring forward a member of their own party against a Speaker of opposite opinions. This was in 1874. In 1886 Lord Salisbury could not possibly have done it. However, it is all over now. The Unionists chose the better part, and the matter may be allowed to drop.

The Queen's Speech was read on Thursday the 15th, and, as had been anticipated, deferred the announcement of the domestic policy of the Government till Parliament assembles next February for the real despatch of business. Considering that the opening of Parliament was little more than a mere form, the debate on the Address would, in earlier and better days, have been concluded at an early hour the same evening, and whatever remained to be done before the prorogation would have been finished in another ten days. But the Government knew with whom they had to deal, and did not expect to be let off so easily as that. The Irish members naturally thought one speech from

the Throne as good as another to serve as a peg for their patriotism ; and though they knew perfectly well that what Mr Dillon and Mr Redmond demanded was quite impossible unless the House was to sit continuously till Christmas, what did *they* care. A September session has no terrors for men to whom the House of Commons is the happiest place they know, who would like to sit there all the year round and all day long, and to bring their dinners with them in their pocket-handkerchiefs. Dr Tanner, of course, was very much in evidence at the beginning of the proceedings. Mr Harrington, who did not support the Irish amendments, and said that the late Government had brought in a Home Rule Bill and ran away from it, had not been on his legs a quarter of an hour before Dr Tanner called him "a liar." For this pleasant illustration of Irish unanimity he was shamefully called to order, and, declining to withdraw, was forthwith suspended—walking out of the House with loud cries of "Judas!" directed at Mr Chamberlain, on his lips. If the Irish party have adopted the wholesome maxim of beginning as they mean to go on, we have a lively Parliament to look forward to. As, however, the prolongation of the debate on the Address was exclusively the work of the Irish party, and presented no new feature of interest, we are justified in presuming that there is no intention on the part of any section of the Home Rulers to abandon the useful function, which they have lately discharged so well, of giving a continuous object-lesson to the people of Great Britain on the probable character and conduct of an Irish Parliament. It may be that in

time it will convert Lord Rosebery, who will then be spared the trouble of converting the predominant partner. At present, however, he speaks out more boldly than Sir William Harcourt, for he still hopes, he says, to see Home Rule established both in Ireland and Scotland. The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons indulged in no such predictions ; and as speculations of this kind are now removed beyond the range of practical politics, he perhaps showed his wisdom. He contented himself with asking what the Government intended to do about the Irish land question, and was told in reply that as the judicial rents do not expire till September 1896, legislation was not required before next year.

Both Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt thought it necessary to enter a formal protest, for it was little more, against the omission of all domestic details from the Royal Speech. But the Government had profited by Sir William Harcourt's example, and could afford to disregard his precepts. They knew better than to register a number of crude suggestions and half-formed intentions, which an interval of six months might be wholly insufficient to mature, and which would serve for their opponents to tilt at during the whole of the recess. They had only been in office about seven weeks when the Address was moved, and great part of that was spent in the turmoil of a general election. Mr Balfour, moreover, particularly mentioned, what we have more than once pointed out in this magazine, the impropriety of introducing into the Royal Speech measures which it is not intended to proceed with immediately. To do so lowers

the authority of the Speech as a royal announcement, and places the sovereign in the position of a speculative political philosopher rather than that of a practical chief magistrate. Both Mr Balfour and Sir W. Harcourt have a pretty wit, and their speeches on the Address were marked by some happy exchanges. "Nature abhors a vacuum," said the late leader of the House, "and I am sure, therefore, nature must abhor the Queen's Speech." "If nature abhors a vacuum," retorted Mr Balfour, "I am quite sure the House of Commons does not."

The general principles on which the Government intend to shape their domestic policy are sufficiently well known, and we have no right to ask them for anything further till Parliament reassembles next year. To unite popular progress with social security; to remove abuses without fomenting class jealousies; to enlarge the area of property without undermining its stability; to protect freedom of labour both from the tyranny of capital and the tyranny of combination; to reconcile the relief of age, poverty, and distress with the truths of political economy and the demands of moral independence; and to show that all these ends may be more speedily and effectually secured through the instrumentality of existing institutions than by organic changes which must throw everything into confusion, and postpone all practical reforms for at least another generation, if not for a much longer period—such, we say, is the policy of the new Government. Such, we hope, will be the character of the new day. Has the country, then, grasped it in its integrity—imbibed its full significance; and was the majority of July the ratification of

it? If we can answer these questions in the affirmative, we get rid at once of the swing of the pendulum. If the people of Great Britain, if the working classes of this country, have come to the conclusion that it is possible for them to obtain all that they can reasonably desire without the destruction of the Church, the hereditary chamber, or the landed aristocracy in general; if, in a word, they believe that they can get their roast-pig without setting their house on fire,—if such has become the view of the overwhelming majority, then we say that the reign of Radicalism is over, and that the new day has begun.

We think it may fairly be said that in 1886 the general election was decided on the question of Home Rule alone. The adoption of that policy by Mr Gladstone, and the consequent secession of Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists, were the two great facts of the day. They took precedence of everything else in the minds of the electorate; and at that time neither Lord Hartington nor any of the other Liberal Unionist leaders had made up their minds that they could co-operate at all points with the Conservative party. They were bound to them by the strong link of their common Unionism, which has never for a moment been weakened. But it is quite evident that if this was not enough to make a coalition possible nine years ago, there is no reason why it should be so now. If the Liberal Unionists have now fused themselves with the Conservatives, it must be because they have found other points of agreement between themselves and their allies as well as the integrity of the empire: and the question to be

asked is whether the mind of the country has not been moving *pari passu* with the mind of the Liberal Unionists. Is not the sweeping majority returned in favour of the coalition a proof that it has been; and that we are not justified in regarding the verdict of the nation as one delivered exclusively against Home Rule? Home Rule was before the constituencies in 1892; but though a British majority was still returned against it, either interest in the question or belief in its danger had so far subsided that the majority fell short of the mark, and gave the victory to the Irish. Something more was wanted to wake up the constituencies in 1895, and that something more they got in the deliberate attack upon the constitution undertaken by the Ministers of the Crown. It was generally felt that Home Rule was shelved. But whether it was or not, it is always the latest question on the table by which our present constituencies are moved. And when Parliament was dissolved in July, Home Rule had been in the background long enough to be nearly forgotten. As for Mr M'Carthy's assertion that the "Omagh incident" was a decisive factor in the result, it is simple nonsense. Half the British people had never even heard of Omagh, and if asked where it was would probably have said that it was one of the South Sea islands. This little dispute, on which Irishmen think that the eyes of the civilised world were centred, had about as much to do with the election as Mr Potts's articles in the 'Eatanswill Gazette' had to do with the public opinion of London. No: Home Rule was to be proscribed—that was generally understood; but the questions which were really before the electors were those which had

been subjects of daily discussion in and out of Parliament for the previous six months: the abolition of the House of Lords, the disestablishment of the Church, the condition of agriculture, the Local Veto, the Eight Hours Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill. These were the questions on which the country as a whole had not yet pronounced an opinion, and on which its judgment was required.

Wales and Scotland, the two countries immediately threatened with disestablishment, and supposed to be strongly in favour of it, answered to the appeal by reducing the Radical majority in Scotland from twenty-eight to six, and in Wales from twenty-six to fourteen. The condition of agriculture and agricultural labour was the great question before the English agricultural labourers; and they everywhere showed themselves utterly weary of Radical promises and agrarian revolutions. The English eastern counties, the great stronghold of Radicalism, went over with one exception to the Conservatives, and the Crofter agitation in Scotland only brought ruin on its authors. In the great towns the Local Veto and the prohibition or permission of Free Contract were the great subjects of interest, and the towns pronounced as clearly as the counties in favour of the Unionists. Now are we or are we not justified in saying that the Unionist majority is not a declaration only against Home Rule, but even more decidedly a declaration against Radicalism? We say, in fact, that Home Rule had comparatively little to do with it. It is on this conviction that we base our theory of a new day. If this conviction is mistaken the theory collapses.

Since 1688 there have been two great epochs in our history when the system of party Government established at the Revolution underwent a thorough change, each constituting a distinct landmark or landing-place in our constitutional development. The appeal to the people in 1784 destroyed the old Whigs; a similar appeal in 1832 destroyed the old Tories. The Whig party of course continued to exist after their great rout by Mr Pitt, but not their old function. We hear no more after that date of the "Revolution families," whose support was necessary to the throne, and whose claim to fill all the offices of State had been practically made good for half a century. The Whigs never recovered their position, and when the leading men among them returned to office in 1830 they found it necessary to change the constitution. In the Reform Bill of 1832 they had their revenge — *la revanche* — for the disaster of 1784. They crushed their old opponents, but like Samson they crushed themselves as well. They pulled down the old borough system on the heads of both, and from that time the Whigs became merged in the Liberals, with a totally new part to play in our constitutional economy.

But Mr Pitt did not only annihilate one party; he created another. He widened the basis of Toryism, and attracted to its ranks large numbers of men who in the reigns of the two first Georges would certainly have been Whigs. He gave the party system a new lease of life, and started it on a new career, just when it seemed to have come down almost to its dregs, and was regarded with general aversion. He supplied Toryism with new blood and a

new policy, and made it the popular party in the country for the next fifty years. For such it certainly was down to 1829, in spite of the mistakes of the Mediocrities; and Parliamentary reform carried out any time between the death of Lord Castlereagh and the resignation of Lord Liverpool would have effectually proved it. Had Mr Pitt lived, this would probably have been done. As it was, the great party which he had formed, and which, though in some respects untrue to its traditions, still continued to represent the dominant feeling of the country down to the time of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, was dispersed to the four winds. The old order now was completely broken up. The Whigs, as we say, became Liberals, and the Tories became Conservatives, and a new era began.

It was, we believe, within the power of the Tory party to have averted the catastrophe which overtook them had they boldly taken up the question of Parliamentary reform instead of leaving it to their opponents. Lord Althorpe thought that it was not too late for them to do it in 1830. There certainly was a time when they might have done it with safety and success. But they let the opportunity slip. Their opponents seized it; and the moral was not thrown away on the Conservative leaders of the new generation.

Such was the second great landmark in our party history, from which dated a wholly new formation, with new aims and new war-cries. But the period which followed was only a period of transition, during which what remained of the old *régime* was constantly struggling to hold its own against the demand for further changes

which could not logically be resisted. The struggle did not interfere much with the actual work of Parliament; and the period was one of great legislative activity. But the fragments of the borough system which the Reform Bill had left standing could not last long. That fact was early recognised by Mr Disraeli. They were still further reduced in 1867, and swept away in 1885. It is probable that in any case some rearrangement of political parties would have followed this further recognition of democracy. But events were not allowed to take their natural course, and what might have happened had Mr Gladstone remained firm to his principles we shall never know. The situation became complicated with the Irish question; and a combination of parties was effected for the exclusive purpose of resisting the demand for Home Rule. During the six years of Lord Salisbury's first administration it does not appear, as we have already said, that the Liberal Unionists regarded their co-operation with the Conservatives as applicable to any other question; nor was it likely or reasonable that they should do so when the alliance was first formed. They had yet to learn to what uses the Reform Bill of 1885 would be turned by the advanced Radical Democrats. In 1886, whatever they might suspect or apprehend, nothing had actually occurred to make them regard their secession from what still claimed to call itself the Liberal party as a final act.

But with the administration of Lord Rosebery; with the adoption of the most advanced revolutionary principles by the responsible ministers of the Crown; with the proposal to deprive the House

of Lords of all real Parliamentary power, and to leave the constitution and the empire, the property and the liberty of all her Majesty's subjects, at the mercy of a single chamber liable to all the caprices and impulses of democratic assemblies; with a Government Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church read a second time in the House of Commons, though the arguments for it had been growing weaker every day instead of stronger; with a Budget which amounted in reality to a huge measure of confiscation, and a Local Veto Bill that did the same: with these violent attacks on the constitution of the country, on private property, and personal liberty, those members of the old Liberal party—who, whether they called themselves Whigs simply, or Liberals, had always sought to obtain their ends through the machinery of existing institutions—were compelled to reconsider their position. As soon as it was clearly understood that a bargain had been struck by which the Irish were to assist the Radicals in storming the constitution on condition that the Radicals should assist the Irish in dismembering the empire, there was only one course for them to follow. Lord Rosebery completed what Mr Gladstone had begun. Mr Gladstone drove out from among his followers some of his ablest, most loyal, and most influential supporters. Lord Rosebery drove them into the ranks of the Conservatives, to combine with them in the formation of a new and powerful party which promises to be truly a national party.

It was impossible that the remains of the party which adhered to Mr Gladstone should ever recover from the blow. It was like the expulsion of the Jews from

Spain, or of the Huguenots from France. But it has been the salvation of the party system, if not of parliamentary government. Party in 1893 had sunk as low in public estimation as it had sunk in 1783. The dregs of faction was an expression in every man's mouth who gazed on the spectacle presented by the House of Commons from an independent standpoint. Nobody knew what to substitute for it, but five men out of six seem heartily disgusted with it. This was exactly the state of things during the eventful year which closed with the appointment of Mr Pitt to the post of Prime Minister with only a small minority at his back. He dissolved Parliament, dispersed his opponents, purged party of its factious elements, and caused it again to become a healthy and efficient organ of our public life.

Lord Salisbury has done exactly the same thing, and represents accordingly a new departure in the history of party, a new landmark in our political progress. Parties, after a long interval, are now again divided from each other by a natural and real distinction. For nearly sixty years it has been either wholly or partially a sham one. The great Liberal party, as it chose to style itself, was for nearly the whole of this interval a great sham. It consisted of two divisions, who acted together for the sake of office, but who held different creeds, pursued different objects, and owned allegiance to different leaders. They presented a united front on the hustings, but what sort of a front did they present in the House of Commons? Can any man pretend to say that the federation of sects which had Lord Grey at one end of the chain, O'Connell

at the other, and Cobbett in the middle, was one party? Could the same have been said when Lord Melbourne was turned out by the Radicals in 1839? Could it have been said when the worst enemies of Lord Aberdeen were those who sat on the same side of the House? Could it have been said when the Radicals twice defeated Lord Palmerston, and would have deposed him any time after 1859 if the Conservatives would have joined them? If some nearer approach to unity was made during Mr Gladstone's first Administration, it soon disappeared again. Most of us can remember a certain article called "Plain Whig Principles" which appeared in the leading organ of the "great Liberal party" in January 1880. It attracted much attention at the time because it was rightly believed to indicate the views of men like Lord Hartington and Lord Granville, and what it amounted to was a plain repudiation of Radicalism. When that article was written it was generally understood that the formation of the next Liberal Government would be entrusted to the two statesmen above mentioned, and not to Mr Gladstone. We need not particularise the manner in which this expectation, supposed to have been shared by the highest personage in the realm, was baffled. We only refer to it in confirmation of what we have already said, that from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the Reform Bill of 1885 the moderate Liberals and the Radicals never constituted one great political party in the sense in which the word had always been used formerly, and ought to be used always. All this time our contention is that the moderate Liberals, or, if they like it better, the Whigs, had been

in a false position, and that the fiction of a great Liberal party had been kept up only for official purposes.

This fiction is now dead. The sham has been washed away. That is the great distinctive mark of the new day now dawning on us. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that the able and experienced men who occupied the two front benches from thirty to forty years ago were altogether blind to the real nature of the political situation. It was seen even then that the true place of the Whigs or moderate Liberals was with the Conservatives, from whom they were divided by little but a name; while from the Radicals they were divided by the most deep-seated differences of opinion, going down to the very root of our social system and affecting the primary ends of national life and movement. But, owing to causes to which it would now be ungracious to refer, the myth died hard; and possibly might have lived even longer but for the extraordinary events which have happened during the last ten years. The grave, however, has now closed over it; and when Parliament meets again next February, it will once more exhibit only two parties, divided from each other by real difference of principle, and not merely artificial ones. Liberalism has parted company with Radicalism, and a source of infinite confusion and complexity has been thereby removed from our political system. It was introduced by the enormous Liberal majority of 1832. It has been effaced by the overwhelming Unionist majority of 1895.

This is the landing-place, then, at which we have now arrived. The Unionist alliance is now disentangled from the Irish question,

and represents the *conglutinatio partium*, as Cicero calls it, the fusion of all constitutional and moderate reformers against the party of revolution who wish to pull down the institutions under which England has so long flourished, and to rebuild the social fabric anew. This is a simple issue, and now the party system makes a fresh start. There are very likely among the Radicals some few men who may wish themselves elsewhere, and the whole body may dislike what has now, nevertheless, become their appropriate appellation. There may be some among the Liberal Unionists who do not exactly realise their new position, and do not like to exchange the name of Liberal for any other. But names are determined by specific, not by generic, characteristics. There is a species of Liberalism which is Radical, and a species of Liberalism which is Conservative or constitutional. Neither has any right to monopolise the name of the genus; and if they both alike cling to it how are they to be distinguished from each other? No; each must bear the name of the species which it represents. Radical is not a nickname like Separatist or Dissident or what not. It is the name of an old political party of which its members were once not ashamed, and the present Opposition, after what they have lately done, have no right or title to protest against it.

This, then, is the third reconstruction of the party system. And it will be the business of the Government to take up the challenge of their opponents, and show them that what they assert to be impossible is perfectly capable of accomplishment by a party which is really national—national

and not sectarian. The contention of the Radicals is that no social reforms can be effected while the House of Lords and the Established Church are left standing. They have asserted as much over and over again, and, what is more, have been indiscreet enough to give their reasons for it. Nothing can be done till these institutions are removed. Well, say the Unionists, we mean to try; that is all. This much, at all events, is certain, that the legislation of the last sixty years, of which the Radicals are so proud, was all carried out while these baneful institutions were in existence. And, what is even more to the purpose, we have Mr Gladstone's declared opinion that the Corn Laws would have been repealed sooner in an unreformed Parliament, when the House of Lords was much stronger, and that Roman Catholic disabilities would not have been repealed so soon in a reformed Parliament, when the House of Lords was much weaker. He adds, moreover, that prior to the Reform Bill "mere cliques and sections of the community had not means equal to those which they now so assiduously employ for pushing their own interests against the interests of the nation." As this system has at last been decisively condemned by the voice of the people, it may be hoped that henceforth the executive Government will regain some of its former freedom, and some of the legislative power which, according to Mr Gladstone, it has lost under the blighting influence of faddism. It is something to have an admission from this great parliamentary veteran, whose testimony is unimpeachable, that the seeds of this noxious tare were sown by

the Reform Bill of 1832. But if neither weeds could choke, nor priests and peers arrest, the healthy growth of legislation, we may reasonably conclude that when it has only two out of these three enemies to contend with, it will continue to thrive and flourish.

A further, and a very interesting, question is suggested by the passage which we have quoted from Mr Gladstone, and it is this: If we deduct from the Radical party of the present day all "the cliques and sections" to which the writer refers, what remains? Of the Radicalism pure and simple which seeks a constitutional and social revolution, not merely as the means to an end, but as an end in itself, how many representatives are there either in the House of Commons or in the country? How many are there who, without reference to any particular measures, either to Labour Bills or Liquor Bills, to Crofter Bills or Evicted Tenants' Bills, believe simply that, independently of these questions, the people of this country would be better off and happier without the aristocracy and the Church, without the monarchy and the empire, than they are with them? It is among the more intellectual class of Radicals that we must look for such men, of course. For men whose minds are superior to a very vulgar class of prejudices cannot fail to see that, with the record of the last sixty years before us, it is downright nonsense to say that the House of Lords is an obstacle to reform. It may be an obstacle to revolution. And the intellectual Radical who is sincere in his outcry against the Lords must mean this or nothing. Mr Labouchere is honest enough to admit as much. The subject is

too wide a one to be discussed on the present occasion. The policy of the Unionist Government in the course of the next two or three sessions will probably throw a good deal of light upon it. At present it would seem that Radicalism, stripped of Faddism, finds refuge in the recesses of only a very few superior minds.

The fusion which we now witness is only the consummation to which politics have gradually been approximating in Great Britain ever since the death of Lord Palmerston. The public may remember Mr Bouverie in the House of Commons and the Duke of Somerset in the House of Lords. Their voices were among the first symptoms of that great change which had already begun to work under the surface of English society. It was manifested still more plainly in 1874. It was apparently checked for a time in 1880 under the circumstances we have already mentioned. But long before 1885 it would have proclaimed itself more decisively than ever, had the country been given a chance of speaking. In that year it was turned aside for a moment by the extension of the franchise; but in 1886 the stream resumed its course, and has continued to flow ever since, more sluggishly at one time than another, but never really dammed up, till it has at last expanded into the swelling volume which has washed away all opposition. A huge flake of English society has been detached from the political party of which it once formed a portion, and the political centre of gravity has now shifted. The constitutional Liberalism which was perhaps the prevailing colour of English politics down to thirty years ago, after a period of transition, has united itself with the

party in whose hands it appears that both popular progress and national institutions are alike safe. This is the new order,—the new landing-place from which we start upon a fresh stage of our political and party evolution. The event is happily timed to meet the crisis foreseen by Lord Beaconsfield twenty-two years ago. After glancing at what he called "the fiscal period," in which he said most of the public men of that day had been brought up, he went on to say,—

"But there are other questions not less important, and of deeper and higher reach and range, which must soon engage the attention of the country. The attributes of a constitutional monarchy—whether the aristocratic principle should be recognised in our constitution, and if so, in what form? whether the Commons of England should remain an estate of the realm, numerous, but privileged and qualified, or whether they should degenerate into an indiscriminate multitude? whether a national Church shall be maintained, and if so, what shall be its rights and duties? the functions of corporations, the sacredness of endowments, the tenure of landed property, the free disposal and even the existence of any kind of property,—all those institutions and all those principles which have made this country free and famous, and conspicuous for its union of order with liberty, are now impugned, and in due time will become great and 'burning' questions. I think it is of the utmost importance that when that time arrives—and it may be nearer at hand than we imagine—there shall be in this country a great constitutional party, distinguished for its intelligence as well as its organisation, which shall be competent to lead the people and direct the public mind."

The time and the party have both arrived. We could wish for no better description of the present situation than the above. These

singularly prophetic words were spoken on the 20th of March 1873, and they are now literally fulfilled. The revolutionary party have for the moment sustained so crushing a reverse that nothing is to be immediately feared from them. But they will rise again like Satan from the abyss, and in time resume their old weapons. For the present, however, they are completely disabled, and the "great constitutional party" has a fair field before it to accomplish all that Mr Pitt might have accomplished but for the outbreak of the French Revolution; all that Sir Robert Peel might have accomplished but for the war of the tariffs. May the new period now opening before

us be unmarred by any such unhappy interruptions! The dominant feeling of the country at this moment is the desire for social amelioration, mixed with weariness and distrust of Radical promises and menaces: of both, remember—menaces as well as promises. It is sick of both. These are the leading features of public opinion in the new era. Great Britain is satisfied with her institutions, and believes that they supply the best machinery for mending her conditions. To maintain them with that object in view is marked out as the work of the great Nationalist party, the consolidation of which is the last new landmark in our history.

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THE CHINESE NAVY.—I. THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA.

THE lessons which the newspapers have been busy drawing for the past year, and have not yet wholly discontinued to draw, from the war between China and Japan, have been to a considerable extent misleading, for it has been a war without fighting, like a war of shepherds' dogs among a flock of sheep. Individual heroism on the Chinese side has not indeed been wanting, but of organised military resistance there has been none at all. Not only were the Chinese levies untrained but they were unarmed, or what was perhaps worse, armed with weapons which the men could not handle, with modern rifles with the sights rusted to the barrel, and without the proper ammunition. Even their numbers were throughout vastly inferior to those of the enemy. Before the outbreak China was warned that

she could not hope to resist the disciplined armies of Japan except with enormous odds on her side. But instead of putting three men to one in the field, which was the very least that might have been expected of her, China has never succeeded in putting one man against three. The Japanese have never attacked except with overwhelming numbers.

And the Chinese soldiers accepted their fate from the outset: after their first decisive experience, resistance to the enemy never really entered their minds, their sole preoccupation being to make room for the enemy as he advanced, while keeping up some form of fighting. This relation between the two armies became so well understood before the close of the war, that the Japanese commanders were wont to send word to the

Chinese that they would attack such a point at such a time, when the Chinese general would place his main body in a neutral position, leaving a small detachment to fire off some cartridges for the honour of the flag, and retire. This incredible procedure is quite in keeping with Chinese military traditions: the campaign against the Taeping rebels was conducted much on the *pro-forma* system till towards the end; an Imperial officer on one occasion, speaking to a foreigner, summed up his own justification in the neat axiom that two people could not occupy the same place at the same time,—“if they come, I must go.”

From the mere military point of view, therefore, the war recently concluded is void of any useful instruction except as an exercise in mobilisation on a large scale.

There were, however, two notable exceptions to this sweeping generalisation—the accidental naval battle of the Yalu and the capture of Wei-hai-wei; on both which occasions the Japanese met with a stout resistance from the Chinese navy. The interest of the war, as war, consequently centres in those two episodes.

The former event, being the first serious encounter between modern ships, attracted the notice of naval critics throughout the world; but the voluminous comments of experts lost much of their value through their imperfect appreciation of the human conditions of the fight. The ships on both sides were tabulated in *Naval Annuals*, and could be ranged for comparison, armour against armour, speed against speed; gun and projectile could be pitted against each other. What appeared outwardly of the management of the commanders also could be pressed into the service of the foreign critic

in order to supplement the material factors and account for the actual result. Yet the real essence of the battle would evade such mechanical analysis. The omission of the vital factor was unavoidable, but nevertheless the omission invalidated the conclusions.

The story can perhaps never now be fully told, since the principal Chinese officers have met their death in a holocaust of suicide,—in itself suggestive of cerebral conditions incomprehensible to the Western mind,—and there were necessarily many things that escaped the cognisance of the few overworked foreign officers who served with the fleet on that occasion. But although a complete history be impossible, we may yet rescue temporarily from oblivion some of the circumstances attending the great naval fight which have either escaped notice or been related with so little emphasis as to have missed their proper qualifying effect on the verdict of naval judges.

The lessons which the Yalu battle were popularly supposed to have taught were: the advantages of speed, and of quick-firing guns; the danger of fire; and the protective value of side-armour. The superior manœuvring of the Japanese fleet has also been fully recognised as a ruling factor in the result. But the inward conditions under which the Chinese fleet went into action have scarcely been apprehended by foreign critics, which indeed is not surprising, since the truth surpasses belief. Let us recall the brief life-history of that navy, now, alas! no more.

The war of 1856-60, carried on by assailants 12,000 miles from their base, impressed China with the value of sea-power, and predisposed her to listen to the proposals

made to endow her with a navy. It was "a hair of the dog that bit her"; and the idea took sudden possession of the statesmen of Peking, who, however, had very little conception how the aspiration was to receive concrete embodiment. From the inception to the consummation of the scheme there was too brief an interval. The Government had not begun to realise what it was committing itself to when the navy was sprung upon it, Minerva-like, manned and equipped for action. It was only too complete,—for the foreign organisation was incompatible with Chinese polity, and no provision had been made for the grafting of the new cutting on the old stock. In consequence the Minerva fleet promptly fell to pieces, leaving China and her inexperienced advisers a little wiser than before. The Lay-Osborne adventure failed because it was against nature, a premature attempt, and a violation of the law of evolution.

Brought to their bearings by this failure, sounder counsels guided the Chinese statesmen of the day, who made a fresh start in naval construction. Half-a-dozen light-draught gunboats were ordered, with no foreign admiral to dictate his own terms of service. They were known as "alphabetical," from the names given to the first four, and from this nucleus the modern navy of China may be considered to have grown.

From gunboats to cruisers, from cruisers to ironclads, and then to more cruisers, torpedo-boats, &c., the rise of the Pei-yang squadron was fairly steady until the year 1886, when the increase of the fleet came to a dead stop. The southern squadrons, never of much account, progressed simultaneously, producing nothing, however, but

abortions, scarcely worth cataloguing.

Together with the purchase of ships, a laudable effort was made to educate the *personnel* to work them. Naval schools were established at Foochow, Tientsin, and elsewhere, and cadets were sent abroad to study in technical colleges and to serve in European navies. The Chinese Government, by which term may always after 1871 be understood Li Hung-chang, seemed to be doing all that could be reasonably expected to get up an efficient naval service for China. While training a native staff, they engaged foreign officers to serve on board their ships as engineers, gunners, torpedo-instructors, crowning the edifice by a titular foreign admiral. To all outward seeming the Chinese were seriously resolved to possess an efficient navy; and they had in fact gone so far ahead of the Japanese in the provision of *matériel*, that when Admiral Ting visited their ports with his fleet during the summer cruise of 1891, the Japanese press became excited to emulation. It was from that date, and apparently in consequence of that visit, that the most formidable additions have been made to the Japanese navy.

Nor were the Chinese officers one whit behind their insular neighbours in acquiring professional knowledge, whether of science or seamanship. Up to the time, indeed, when Captain Lang, R.N., cut short his second term of service — 1890 — the Chinese fleet had been making remarkable progress in organisation, drill, and general efficiency. That officer, though driven to incessant remonstrance against the arrested development of the fleet—no new ships having been added since 1886—was yet so well satis-

fied with the progress of officers and men that he declared that three years more of the training he had been giving them would render the *personnel* fit for any duty they might be called upon to perform.

A tragic interest now attaches to the circumstances under which that zealous officer was forced to resign the service; and it would even be ungenerous to recall them, seeing the actors in the scene have all gone to their account, were it not one of those typical transactions which, better than any abstract theorising, reveal the very secrets of the Chinese heart, and furnish the key at once to their military and administrative impotence.

In engaging the services of a competent British officer to organise their navy, the Chinese Government—*i.e.*, Li Hung-chang—was obliged to resort to duplicity, in order to effect a semblance of reconciliation between the naval service and the mandarin system. After the experience gained in his first term of service in China, Captain Lang declined to re-enter it without adequate substantive rank. Whether this stipulation was made by the British Board of Admiralty before giving him leave to serve, or was imposed by Captain Lang himself, is immaterial. What the Viceroy had to do was to contrive a form of words which would satisfy the condition without disturbing the Chinese official arrangements. Captain Lang was given the title of co-admiral with Ting, while all authority was secretly withheld from him. So long as Admiral Ting was present, Captain Lang did not discover his true position. His advice was followed, he was on the most cordial terms with his co-admiral, and there was nothing

to show he was not, *de facto*, commander-in-chief. As soon, however, as an accident caused the two to be separated, the situation was revealed. Lang's order to hoist his admiral's flag was disobeyed, and Commodore Liu assumed command of the fleet. An appeal by telegram to the Viceroy Li only brought stronger confirmation of the fact that Lang's Chinese rank was never intended to be other than a sham.

For a considerable time before the breach took place the senior officers of the fleet had been conspiring against Captain Lang, with the view of forcing him to resign in disgust. And when a Chinaman gives his mind to making himself disgusting to a foreigner, his success is usually unqualified. The leaders of the movement were Commodore Liu-poo-chin, Commodore Lin-tai-san, and Captain Fong. The admiral was loyal to Captain Lang throughout, but was overawed by his captains, who enjoyed over him the advantage of technical training, and who had clan support and backstairs influence, which, perhaps, the more simple-minded Ting had neglected to cultivate. The officers were fellow provincials, who had come from the naval school at Foochow; the admiral was from another province, and was isolated as well as half-educated. The Chinese have been ridiculed for placing a man of Ting's professional antecedents in command of their fleet; but expert officers did not spring out of the ground as soon as the Chinese began to buy ships—they had to serve themselves with the best that was available. No doubt, however, it was his provincial connection with Li Hung-chang that retained the admiral in the command of the fleet, the province of An-hwei not supplying naval officers of the new

school, and a clansman at the head being essential to secure loyalty to the Viceroy. But, indeed, after all is said, if the Chinese Government had made no worse selections for command than the brave Ting, the country would not be in the miserable plight it is in to-day.

Of the three conspirators against Lang, the most determined was Captain Fong, a man of singularly Jewish-looking physique, and with the financial instincts of that race highly developed. He distinguished himself from the beginning of the war by aggravated and incorrigible cowardice. It fell to his lot to be the first to meet the Japanese in hostile encounter, leaving Asan Bay on the 25th of July; and his first lieutenant, the fighting soul of the ship, being killed, Captain Fong ran when he might have inflicted serious damage on the enemy. After an official inquiry held at Wei-hai-wei in September, the case against Captain Fong was clear. He had run from the enemy and deserted his consort, which was destroyed. It was suggested by General Von Hanneken, who presided over the commission of inquiry, to Admiral Ting that Captain Fong be at once relieved of his command and sent ashore. "But that would be no punishment," replied the admiral; "you don't know the Chinese." So poor Captain Fong was spared to distinguish himself again at the Yalu, where in his haste to escape from the fight he rammed a consort, the Yang-wei. This latter feat, owing to the vague spelling of Chinese names, especially when filtered through telegraph wires, has been variously attributed by English naval critics to almost every ship in the fleet save the right one. The ship was the Chi-yuen or Tsi-yuen, both transliterations equally near to the Chinese sound, and the

captain was the unfortunate but notorious Fong. His cup was now full, and his execution was ordered by the throne, and carried out by his own comrades at Port Arthur within a week of the Yalu battle.

Of the two commodores, Lin, commanding the Chen-yuen iron-clad, committed suicide when he struck a rock at the entrance to Wei-hai-wei in November; and Liu—poltroon, braggart, traitor—put an end to himself at the surrender of Wei-hai-wei in February. Thus was Captain Lang avenged of all his enemies.

But it is time to ask, What was the motive of these Chinese officers in driving Captain Lang out of the navy before the period allotted for its organisation had been half completed? They had all served in the British navy, and knew what a fleet should be, and how essential was the instruction which Captain Lang was imparting to the Chinese officers and men.

The question might be put in another form: What is China? and why is she what she is, a carcass for the eagles?

The simple truth is, Captain Lang's system and that of the Foo-chow captains were incompatible; their respective aims were mutually destructive. The principle of the one was to *subordinate the men to the service*; of the other, the *service to the men*. These are simple words to italicise, yet they are worthy of the distinction, for they contain the very gist of Chinese public life in all its phases. The infinite ramifications of family interest, clan interest, pecuniary interest, official interest, are but offshoots from the grand radical principle, the individual before everything. Hence the squeezing out of patriotism, public spirit, *esprit de corps*, from Chinese life by a circumambient force which

resembles the pressure of the atmosphere.

The navy being a thing of foreign origin, and the officers having undergone a certain amount of foreign training, and being compelled, in the absence of any others, to make use of foreign forms, a certain infusion of the foreign spirit was inevitable. Professional pride had, in fact, taken some root in the minds of not a few officers of the junior ranks, as well as among the men; and the sentiment lifted them above the more sordid traditions of their race. But the senior captains had either never been touched by this ennobling spirit, or had quickly dropped it on returning to their native surroundings. They represented the "old Adam" of officialdom, and their scheme of life required the naval service to be reduced to the corrupt level of other Chinese institutions. To this species of degeneration it is obvious that Captain Lang would be an uncompromising obstacle; his presence was a standing reproach; and, as with a foreign substance in the body, a process of automatic ejection was set up, which eventually ousted Captain Lang from the Chinese navy. Relieved of the presence of their foreign organiser, the captains proceeded to run the navy as they would a music-hall or a brewery, a mere profit-earning corporation, which was to make provision for themselves and for the wastrels of their families. After four years of this disintegrating process, the war was unexpectedly thrust upon these poor, incompetent, money-grubbing wretches.

But the true state of the navy cannot be fully understood without reference to yet other traits of Chinese official character. As nature was supposed to abhor a vacuum, so do the Chinese abhor

discipline. Orders issued and simply obeyed are scarcely heard of; the links of responsibility are loose, and, where there is no exceptional reason for the opposite action, tolerance is mutual and universal. No official will openly displease another; and they live in such an elastic system of give and take—which is also, as we have seen, carried even into the operations of war—that direct attack or direct defence seems to be tacitly ruled out of order. Such a flexible etiquette may perhaps soften the asperities of social intercourse, but it is of course fatal to efficiency in any executive service.

Its effect on the navy was peculiarly disastrous. The various departments had been accustomed to put up with each others' shortcomings. The stores were in the hands of one, the arms of another, the pay of a third bureau. The ships were left unsupplied, yet no complaint could be made without violating the canons of courtesy and exposing the aggressor to stealthy reprisals. Among the numerous deficiencies on the outbreak of war was the not unimportant item of ammunition; yet no admiral or captain would be so rude as to requisition any, for fear of disturbing the arrangements of the Changs and Lis and Wus and the rest of the predatory tribe. The politeness of "H.M.S. Pinafore" prevailed, and the fleet drifted to its doom without the supplies which were essential to their efficiency as war-ships. Of course the idea of ever going into action was not entertained by the responsible officers. Immediately before the outbreak, the two commodores refused to contemplate war as a possible contingency, and they closed their eyes resolutely against the idea, as men put away from

themselves the prospect of death. They proved, in conversation with foreign naval officers in Korea, that their hearts were entirely on a peace-footing: they professed unbounded confidence in Li Hung-chang's patching up the trouble then arising with Japan.

By no one was the internal condition of the Chinese navy more accurately apprehended than by the Japanese. This is clear from their action. From the first they practically disregarded an enemy nominally superior and unencumbered, while they committed thousands of troops and scores of transports to the open sea, of which it was the first duty of the Chinese admiral to have shown himself the master. The collision which occurred on 25th July between two Chinese ships—one a cruiser, the other a torpedo-catcher of 12 knots!—and three powerful Japanese ships was an experiment which gave the Japanese the true gauge of the Chinese navy. Some officers, they saw, would fight, most would run, and all would fall into disorder, which would give the advantage to the enemy.

How far Li Hung-chang himself was really aware of the truth about the navy, and how far he was capable of measuring its importance if he did know it, may not be precisely clear. He had just completed his tour of inspection, amid the bravery of fluttering banners and the smoke of many tons of gunpowder. If his estimate of the efficiency of the fleet be inferred from the use he made of it, it was modest enough—but not, as matters turned out, too modest. His strategy with regard to the navy was pronouncedly conservative, vetoing all adventure, and holding the fleet intact for emergencies near home. The coast garrisons of Port Arthur

and of the metropolitan province had been denuded to supply troops for Korea, and for the defence of the capital Li Hung-chang evidently placed his whole reliance on the navy, for which purpose he confined it to the Gulf ports. The Imperial Government, on the other hand, knowing nothing beyond the fact that they had a navy which had cost considerable sums of money, were all for offensive action to avenge the reverse of the 25th July. The centrifugal and centripetal forces eventually balanced themselves; the fleet was restricted to short cruises between the Gulf ports, with headquarters at Wei-hai-wei.

Before settling down to this state of equilibrium, however, the fleet performed some characteristic evolutions. In their short cruises the flanking ships sometimes descried smoke on the horizon, obviously the enemy. Signal made to the flag-ship, brought on the slate—all in English—to the commodore, who spoke and wrote the language perfectly. Commodore sponges the signal off the slate, makes no entry, reports nothing to the admiral, who did not know a word of English. Collision avoided for that time at least. Just after the Kowshing tragedy and the flying fight of Captain Fong the Peking authorities ordered the admiral to go out in search of the enemy and take vengeance. The order was incontinently obeyed; and a course was shaped from the Shantung promontory for Ross island off the southern coast of Korea, where the Japanese transports might be conveniently intercepted. During the afternoon the admiral—more likely the Commodore Liu, who was the evil genius of the flag-ship—thought he would, like Nelson, “amuse the

fleet with a signal." So he hoisted the promise of a glorious victory over the enemy on the morrow, urging every officer and man to do his duty, and particularly to avoid being betrayed by flags of truce and suchlike, but to utterly destroy the hostile fleet. Next morning early, before sighting either island or ship, another signal was hoisted from the flag-ship, "Turn sixteen points to star-board," which is the man-of-war equivalent for "Right about," and the Chinese fleet steamed back to its usual anchorage. This freak was well understood to be Commodore Liu's, but by what arguments he had persuaded the admiral were never known, and now never will be.

It was evident to the advisers of the Chinese Government that the craven spirit of the senior captains, the weak authority of the admiral, and the internal deficiencies of the ships portended disaster, worse than that which threatened the troops on land, for they at least could run away, whereas the fleet would become valuable prizes and an important addition to the strength of the enemy. The need of foreign officers was now fully realised, and a despairing attempt to supply it *ex tempore* in face of the enemy was made. There were a few gunnery officers in the fleet, survivors of the Lang period, the chief of whom was a Mr Hekmann, representative of Krupp. Of engineers there were two German and one English, also survivors. An American officer who had been many years teaching in the naval schools at Tientsin and Wei-hai-wei, M'Giffin by name, volunteered for service afloat, and received the rank of commander. An English officer named Tyler, who had had some naval experience, volunteered from the Customs'

Revenue service. In this scratch team there was no influence strong enough to repress the fugitive impulses of the three senior captains, and no authority to weld into temporary union the incongruous elements of the fleet, or to maintain a show of discipline. The captains had already shown their capacity for deceiving the admiral, and it was not to be supposed that in the lower ranks of officers and among the men from different provinces there were not weak links in the chain, which would be apt to give way under strain. In this extremity the requisite psychic force was found in Mr Von Hanneken, an artillery officer who had constructed the forts on the coast of the Gulf of Pecheli, had been accustomed to command Chinese, held official rank, and wielded great personal influence. This officer accepted the post of adviser to Admiral Ting as a forlorn-hope, all other help failing, and he joined the fleet in Wei-hai-wei about the middle of August. He found an Augean stable before him, but was obliged to content himself with a few temporary reforms. The first concern was naturally the armament, and an examination of the magazines at once revealed the fact that the ships were virtually without ammunition. The officers were, of course, all well aware of this, but dared not utter their thoughts for fear of giving offence. Von Hanneken promptly telegraphed the state of affairs to Li Hung-chang, with an indent for specific quantities of shell to be made at the Tientsin arsenal. The sequel was so characteristic of Chinese routine as to deserve recording.

In the first place, the order was passed on by the Viceroy to the official in charge of the Ordnance. This was Chang, the Viceroy's

nephew, an official well known for his gains through contracts for guns and other material, on which he retained an enormous percentage. If his uncle was unaware of Chang's proceedings, he was the only man in China who was so innocent. Mr Chang resented the demand for shell, his natural official obstructiveness coming to the aid of his instinct for covering up his own delinquencies. He indited a reply to the requisition, to the effect that Von Hanneken was wrong in the quantity he had ordered, for had he understood his business he would have known that fifteen was the full number of shell allowed for each gun, that being the number originally sent with the guns by Krupp when the ships came out. This despatch having been conveyed to Von Hanneken, he sent a rejoinder conceding that Mr Chang was incontestably right; but repeating, nevertheless, his demand for the full quantity ordered, or that Mr Chang be sent himself to fight the fleet. The arsenal must in fact be set to work night and day to produce them. The correspondence ceased. Some weeks later a transport arrived at Wei-hai-wei with "the ammunition for the fleet." On examining this, it was found that Mr Chang had stuck to his colours, and sent the precise number of shell that he had himself prescribed, simply ignoring the requisition of the admiral and his adviser.

(There is some satisfaction in knowing that this official was soon after "broke" for harbouring a Japanese spy in his private office, where all the most confidential papers respecting the Chinese armaments were kept, and who, no doubt, furnished to his Government copies of the very correspondence now in question. Chang is

reported to have saved his head at the expense of his purse.)

Such, then, was the condition of the navy when the interdict to the ships leaving port was partly removed at the instance of Von Hanneken, who, notwithstanding all imperfections, urged activity. Soon followed the great battle of the 17th September outside the river Yalu. How the hostile fleets came to meet there remains a mystery. The Chinese were escorting transports; but the Japanese have never clearly explained what brought them to that particular place at that particular time.

The brunt of the fight on the Chinese side was borne by the two battle-ships Ting-yuen and Chen-yuen. On board the former were Admiral Ting, Commodore Liu, Von Hanneken, Tyler, Nicholls, and Albrecht, engineer. On the Chen-yuen were Commodore Lin, Commander Yang, perhaps the best officer in the fleet, who unfortunately committed suicide at Wei-hai-wei in February, Commander M'Giffen, and Hekmann, Krupp's gunnery officer. The whole responsibility for the action rested on Von Hanneken, who was not even a seaman. The Chinese, with extemporised leaders and slow imperfectly armed ships, had to meet a perfectly organised fleet, with full complement of trained and enthusiastic officers.

As they steamed out to meet the enemy, whose smoke had been descried over the horizon, the formation for attack was given out by Von Hanneken, and signals made from the flag-ship. Seeing then the prospect of a long fatiguing day, he went down to his cabin to take some refreshment and prepare himself; and it is interesting to know that on retir-

ing in the evening after the battle, he found the half-emptied glass of claret standing undisturbed on the table.

On returning to the bridge, Von Hanneken perceived the ships making a quite different evolution from that ordered, and learned that this was done by Comodore Liu, who had made different signals to the fleet without saying a word to anybody. He justified himself by alleging that he was following the order of battle which had been given them by Captain Lang. Hasty consultation with Mr Tyler resulted in the decision to adhere to the faulty formation rather than risk changing it so close to the enemy, with so many slow ships and a most imperfect organisation. As there has been some criticism of the Chinese order of battle, it is fair to remember that, whatever its merits or demerits, it is not what the admiral or his adviser intended, but what was forced on them by the infidelity of the commodore. This same dangerous officer continued to distinguish himself during the engagement by transmuting the orders telegraphed to the engine-room, in order to thwart the intention of Von Hanneken to get to close quarters with the enemy. This, however, the inferior speed of the Chinese ships would in any case have prevented. Some critics have somewhat unfairly scoffed at the Chinese disinclination to close, as if it were the 14-knot ship that could choose her distance from an enemy of 20 knots. Admiral Ting was wounded in the very beginning of the action, and was being attended to in his cabin when both his servants were killed while binding up his wound. The sole command thereupon devolved on Von Hanneken.

It would be a work of superero-

gation to do more here than notice a few of the salient incidents of the sea-fight, which have received less than their due share of attention from the newspapers. As the Chinese ships lost their formation, and communication with the admiral was cut off in the very beginning of the engagement by the destruction of the signalling apparatus, it followed that the fight was to a great extent a struggle of individual ships, the behaviour of each ship reflecting the character of her commander. The Japanese took full advantage of the situation, and by superior speed and combination were able to isolate the Chinese ships and destroy them in detail. The victims of this concentrated attack were first the two old Armstrong cruisers, Chao-yung and Yang-wei, and next the two Stettin cruisers, King-yuen and Lai-yuen—the former burnt and sunk, the latter escaping by the prowess of her officers and crew, with her after-body burnt to a shell. The Cheh-yuen, Armstrong armour-deck cruiser, which went down so suddenly early in the fight, was believed to have got foul of one of her own torpedoes. The Japanese fire, it seems, was concentrated on the torpedo-rooms of that and other ships, whose officers thought to rid themselves of the danger of explosion on board by letting loose their torpedoes promiscuously. One of these is supposed to have come in contact with the Cheh-yuen while floating about. The sinking of this ship caused great loss of life, including that of Mr Purvis, the engineer. Very few were saved.

The theory of the sinking of the Cheh-yuen by accidental contact with floating torpedoes is questioned by experts, who are rather disposed to think the ship exposed herself to the torpedo-tube of the

Japanese ship which she had run out of the line to attack.

The danger of torpedo-rooms above water was indeed one of the most useful lessons of the Yalu engagement, another being the advantage of smokeless powder. In connection with torpedo dangers, an act of heroism at the Yalu should not escape record. The flag-ship *Ting-yuen* was on fire forward, and her torpedo-room was threatened. There were in the tubes two torpedoes with war-heads fitted, and there were three war-heads unattached. The heating of the fulminate of mercury used as detonator for the torpedo charge would have caused an explosion which would have blown half the ship away. The torpedo gunner, perceiving this danger, went to the torpedo-room, deliberately undid the two war-heads from the fitted torpedoes, and carried them and the three others out of danger. This he did, well knowing the risk to his own life. No doubt the Chinese possess heroic qualities, waiting to be unlocked by the proper key.

The interest of the fight necessarily centred in the two iron-clads, for it was only in them that there was really competent direction, and it was on their destruction that the Japanese admiral concentrated his efforts. The two ships were utterly deficient in quick-firing guns, their offensive strength being confined entirely to their barbette guns of 30·5 c.m., of which each ship carried two in each of her two turrets. The fate of the Chinese navy, therefore, the question of naval supremacy, the fate of China herself, depended on the efficiency of these eight guns, and the steadiness of the men who stood behind them. The failure was as melancholy as it was characteristic of

the whole state of China. Indeed it is most curious to observe how the general cause of the national collapse is exemplified in every separate detail, as the nature of a metal is repeated in each separate crystal.

The ammunition of these guns consisted of two descriptions of shells and steel shot. The two kinds of shell were—(1) those made for action, of 3·5 to 4 calibres long, made of hammered steel, with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wall, carrying a bursting-charge of 132 lb. of powder; (2) those made for practice, of 2·8 calibres long, of cast-iron, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch wall, carrying 25 lb. powder. The first could only be made by Krupp, and they were costly. The second were badly made at the Tientsin arsenal, dangerous to the gun, and generally fraudulently filled with cheap non-explosive substances. The large shell possessed tremendous explosive force; but, having comparatively low initial velocity, it required a short range for full destructive effect, and this was precisely what the Japanese would not permit. One of these shells, which struck the *Matsushima*, killed and wounded 46 men, and committed such havoc on board as to compel the admiral to shift his flag. Half-a-dozen such hits, one would have said, would have crippled the whole Japanese fleet. But only two effective shots were recorded during the action. Why?

Of these heavy shells there were but *three altogether in the fleet*; they were on board the *Chen-yuen*, one of which was handled with good effect by Mr Hekmann. He had been down ranging the bow-gun of 15 c.m., and when he returned to the turret found that two of the three big shells had been already fired away by the Chinese gunners, with unknown

result, and the third was in the gun. This he reserved for a favourable destination, and the Japanese flag-ship got the benefit of it. Of the smaller shells there were but fourteen to each gun. They were better than nothing. All were, of course, fired away within the first hour, and the fight had to be continued during the long afternoon with non-explosive steel shot, which pierced the unarmoured ships without doing any damage. And yet when, at five o'clock, with a good hour's daylight still in hand, the Japanese ships withdrew from the scene, the Chinese ships which were left were in a condition to follow them. But it was the slow chasing the swift, bootless. It was given out at the time that the Japanese fleet had chased the Chinese all the way to Wei-hai-wei, which was nonsense: for, in the first place, as the faster Japanese ships had been making circles round the Chinese the whole day, the latter could not have escaped at all; in the second place, if they had broken through the Japanese line they could not have gone five miles without being caught; and in the third place, when the Chinese fleet did leave, they did not go to Wei-hai-wei at all, but to Port Arthur.

What saved the two ironclads was their defensive armour, combined with the indifferent shooting of the Japanese, which has been remarked throughout the war.¹ These advantages would not, however, have availed the Chinese, had the foreigners not been on board to stiffen the backs of native officers and men.

But now the very interesting question suggests itself, How came

the proverbial nail in the horse's shoe to be missing? Why were there only three effective shells in the Chinese fleet? This, again, simply resolves itself back into the old question, Why is China China?

The foreign officers attached to the fleet had been conscientiously for many years urging the Government to supply proper ammunition, and they had reported the faulty castings and frauds of the native arsenals. Finally, just two years before the war, the Viceroy Li had approved of the purchase of a quantity of the large shell from Krupp, and the commission was put in the hands of the official at the head of the Ordnance department, the same Chang whose acquaintance we have already made. In the exercise of that wide discretion of inaction which all Chinese officials permit themselves, Mr Chang did not choose to put the order in execution, and of this it is not improbable that his Japanese clerk made precise reports to his real employers. Thus China and her cause were lost through the *lâches* of one who was not only a careless official but notoriously infamous. For, notwithstanding all disadvantages of disorganisation, indiscipline, &c., it seems probable that a supply of the proper ammunition for these guns would have turned the tide of war on that 7th September 1894.

Even this lesson was scarcely sufficient for the Chinese. It required a whole month after the Yalu battle for the foreign officers to persuade Li Hung-chang to give an order for the purchase of shell; but he did it at last, when too late, for the supply reached Shanghai only to tantalise the fleet in Wei-

¹ I went over the two ironclads after the battle, and could only find *four* hits by the heaviest projectiles on the armoured sides.

hai-wei, which had still only the inferior shell—though plenty of them—with which to make their final stand.¹ The converse of this frequently happened, orders for Admiral Ting's requisitions having passed the Ordnance department, and been stopped for the Viceroy's sanction.

Thus, we submit, the point has been made good that the deeper lessons derivable from the Yalu battle are not the value of speed, or the offensive power of quick-firing guns, or the danger of exposed torpedo-rooms, or the risk of fire, or even the power of discipline, important as all these are. The chief lesson of the Yalu, as of the war generally, is a psychical one. The naval fight differed from the land fights only in this, that a foreign *soul* was present. Without the foreigners, and especially Von Hanneken, it is evident enough there would have been no fight at all. If the commodores dared to deceive their admiral under the eye of the foreigner, what would they not have done without such surveillance? They had in fact been hoodwinking him all through the war, always with a view to shunning action.

But the foreign element was present also in another form which it would be unjust to ignore. The Chinese officers in the fleet were of various degrees of merit and of valour; but among the younger generation were not a few who had imbibed with their foreign training the professional enthusiasm, the *esprit de corps*, which makes heroes of common men, and which goes a long way to supply the lack of the broader feeling of patriotism which inspires the men of the West. Admiral Ting was loyal, brave,

and intelligent; his deficiencies pertained to his education, for he belonged to the pre-scientific period. But he, notwithstanding his ignorance of any foreign language, was by his nature in perfect sympathy with the foreign spirit. Had the senior captains—some of whom, by the way, had been fourteen years in their ships, blocking the way of promotion of younger and more competent men—cordially supported their chief instead of baulking him, the whole condition of the fleet must have been very different from what it actually was.

As for the men, they differed greatly among themselves. Where they could be classified by provinces the northern men, recruited from Shantung, proved the most intelligent and trustworthy. Obviously anything could be made of such material, given reasonable conditions of pay, treatment, and training.

Between the Chinese soldiers and sailors there is a wide and most instructive difference, due to discipline and management. The naval service, being a new creation, had no traditions to strangle efforts at improvement. Starting from a *tabula rasa*, it was built up entirely on the foreign model, and whatever military value there may be in the service belongs, without any qualification, to the foreign instruction and the greater or less infusion of the foreign spirit. This points clearly to the source of Chinese regeneration, if such a thing is ever to be realised.

It is not without interest to observe how psychic influences also governed the subordinate features of the struggle. The foreigners, as a whole, in the navy

¹ One thousand of these shells are now lying at Nanking, after the guns have all been lost!

as in other services, are more patriotic for China than the Chinese themselves. Why this should be so is a profound mystery, for the more conscientious a man is, the worse treatment he receives from them. The Chinese favour only those who cheat them and help them to cheat the State. But among the foreigners at the Yalu there were certain sectional enthusiasms which had a marked influence on the course of events. Perhaps the most interesting of these was the touching devotion to the Krupp guns among the representatives of the great Essen factory. The ordinary layman can with difficulty realise the attachment which grows up between the engine-driver and his engine, for example, and generally between the workman and his tool. About a modern gun there is a special fascination. The ease and precision of its fittings, the faultless workmanship, the glittering smoothness of its tubes, the delicacy of its auxiliary machinery; above all, the sense of accumulated power which slumbers like a baby until its thunders are evoked by a few turns of the wrist,—these are wonderfully calculated to stir the soul of the gunner; while to the man with a scientific bent there is absolutely no limit to the interest opened out by the gun and its appurtenances.

Now, whether it be of set purpose or from kindly instinct, the Krupp firm have availed themselves largely of this kind of sentiment in the prosecution of their business. The warmth of feeling which is generated in the great establishment at Essen radiates to all its distant connections, and it may be truly said that the zeal thereby inspired has contributed as much as the excellence of the material supplied in building up

the strong position which the firm occupies in China. Nor is it a speciality of Essen; the system of sending experts with their machines, to remain in the service of the purchaser, and to keep the praises of the maker constantly sounding in his ears, seems to be followed by German manufacturers wherever practicable. And a most effective propaganda is thereby established in the very places where it is most certain to be fruitful. In this way the Chinese Government gets the benefit of the most valuable technical services, while the Essen guns, the Shichan torpedo-boats, and other things, have not only zealous living advocates always on the very spot, but watchful guardians to see the machines kept in order and every justice done to them. The gunnery officers and instructors in the Chinese service belong almost all to the Krupp propaganda. It was loyalty to Krupp—perhaps still more to the gun—that gave the Chinese the benefit of Mr Hekmann's invaluable services in their fleet. It was his eye and hand that directed the shell that nearly disabled the enemy's flagship. No doubt there was pay attached to the services of the foreigners; but, as Carlyle has told us, the highest services cannot be bought with money.

The value of this sentiment of devotion to the machine is equally exhibited negatively by the conspicuousness of its absence in other cases. In the Chinese fleets were ships and guns of English origin, but without any English dry-nurse either to care for or praise them. The consequence was abuse and misuse throughout; engines completely destroyed, and guns never even supplied with suitable powder. The two Armstrong cruisers *Chao-yung* and *Yang-wei*

were, one would almost say, deliberately sacrificed at the Yalu through this species of neglect. The boilers of these two ships were ruined, their tubes encrusted and dangerous to touch, so that their nominal sixteen knots were reduced to a speed of eleven. Their guns had been re-ringed in China; but owing to imperfect workmanship or defective quality of copper, the breech jammed in action, and the guns were thereby rendered useless.

That alone would have ensured their destruction, from their inability to keep station, and the certainty of their being cut off. But, as if to consummate their doom, their guns were served with old and perished powder, which had been repeatedly condemned as useless, and even destructive to the gun.¹ There was no one of technical authority who had the least interest in seeing that that machinery and these guns received fair usage. Rather, on the contrary, there were never absent technical experts whose personal interest would be served by aggravating the failures and by insinuating, whenever a hitch occurred through the carelessness or ignorance of the Chinese, that the fault was in the *matériel*. Up to the very last of the peace exercises at Wei-hai-wei in May 1894, two months before the war, Mr Schnell, Kruppist, the chief artillery instructor for that station, took much pains to disparage the two disappearing guns at the west entrance, of which the Viceroy

Li was expressing his approval. The case was so palpable that the Viceroy turned quite savagely on the detractor; but it was only an exaggeration of the constant drip, drip which excavates the stone.

Indifference to auxiliary agencies is rather a British characteristic; indeed, it is one of the factors in the relative relapse of British industries. The Englishman abjures for himself and disdains in others sentiment in business. The naked law of supply and demand is his business decalogue. He makes a good article, and good wine needs no bush. If the pagan world does not appreciate the excellence of what is offered to it, so much the worse for the pagan world. He trusts everything to the intrinsic merits of his productions, which the world is at liberty to discover if it pleases. Others may puff their dubious wares, give dinners and *douceurs*, send new-year gifts and keep up courtesies, enlist national and professional sentiment into the pursuit of business, and do many other things; but as for him and his house, they will stand on the ancient ways. And yet there is a real potency in sentiment which the thoroughly practical man would no more discard than he would discard electricity. Services which cannot be bought for money may sometimes be bought for five shillings' worth of recognition. The cold formula of supply and demand by no means exhausts the elements even of commercial life.

¹ Some officers deny that the powder was perished and condemned; but the majority, both Chinese and foreign, affirm it.

"OWD LADS."

THE great bell clanged out jubilantly: half-past five. Leaving-off time. The horses, plodding patiently down the brown stretch which was in time to be a corn-field, quickened their steps a little that they might get to the end of the furrow the sooner; yonder in the pleasure-ground the garden-boys tilted up their watering-cans hastily, splashing each other, and giving the mignonette-bed an undue portion of the refreshing stream in their haste to be gone. The old carpenter went on tranquilly planing the door-panel he had in hand; but his assistant, young and sprightly, glowing, moreover, with the consciousness that a certain likely lass of his acquaintance was awaiting him at the entrance to the village, flung down hammer and nails and seized his coat.

"Bell's gone!" he shouted to his chief as he passed, thrusting his arms into the sleeves; but the other merely looked up sourly and went on with his task.

Out in the wide beech-bordered avenue a couple of very old men were slowly and painfully hoeing the intrusive grass which had over-spread its gravelled surface. They wore clogs, corduroy trousers tied below the knee with string, and brown cardigan jackets a good deal frayed and faded. Both had blue eyes, grey fringes of whisker, and complexions of a brownish-yellow tinge, which, added to a certain stolidity of expression, caused their faces to look as though they were carved in wood; both wore fur caps a trifle mangy, well pulled down over the ears. Their coats, carefully folded and laid on the grass beside them, seemed alike in colour and material: as the old

fellows progressed in their task they carefully "shifted" these garments, now one man turning back for the purpose, and now the other. They might have been twins, so closely did they resemble each other; but they were not even brothers, merely cronies, who from years of constant companionship had grown alike in thought and habit, and even in appearance. There was but one difference between them: Tommy Vose did not see very well, and Will Barnes was rather hard of hearing. Tommy, therefore, was the first to apprise Will that it was leaving-off-time.

"Eh," said Will, "I thought it mun be gettin' on for't. Shadders is grooin' lung."

"Ah," agreed Tommy, glancing round, "so they are, lad, so they are."

Will chuckled to himself, "A body'd fancy th' owd chap could see 'em," he muttered. Tommy's anxiety to make light of his blindness was a great joke to Will, and the consciousness of his own superior sharpness of vision an unfailing source of satisfaction to him.

Simultaneously straightening their backs, they shuffled to the spot where their coats lay, and stiffly stooping, each assumed his own.

"Ground's dowey," said Tommy.

"Eh?" asked Will.

"Ground's dowey," repeated Tom, in a roar. "Eh, thou'rt gettin' turble bad at 'earin', lad. Thou'rt warsenin' fur sure. Well, coom," raising his voice again, "let's be toddlin'."

Toddle they did, having first, with the forethought born of their years and rheumatics, and fostered

by long tolerance and even laxness on the part of the authorities, hidden their hoes among the neighbouring evergreens, thus saving themselves the extra quarter of a mile's tramp which would have been necessitated by a return with them to the tool-shed. They trudged slowly and soberly along the path which led to the village, lifting their heavily-shod feet but a little way off the ground, and swaying from side to side as they walked. They did not speak to each other—in fact they very seldom did: Tommy's remark about the bell had broken a silence which had lasted since dinner-time, and even then Will had only enlivened the meal by observing "Cheese is rayther strong," and his comrade had responded sarcastically that he was "gettin' meeterly tickle at stoomach."

As they shambled over the cobble-stones in the village proper, they were overtaken by a couple of their fellow-workmen who were talking loudly and excitedly.

"Hello, Will!" cried one, "got th' bag yet?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled the old man, catching the words for once, and showing all his toothless gums in an appreciative grin. "Naw, I haven't, Ed'ard. I've nobbut bin wortchin' 'ere a matter o' forty-five year, thou knows. That's all. Nay, nay, they'll scarce notice *me*."

"Well, th' talk is as th' new squire's fur turnin' out all as doesn't raly belong to the property. 'Theer's twice too many labourers fur th' size o' th' estate,' says the bailiff to Joe here, 'an' nat'rally,' says he, 'Sir John mun gie th' preference to his own tenants. I'm sorry for ye,' says he, 'but it cannot be 'elped.' So poor Joe's to look out fur a place as soon's he con. An' Richard Bill-

ington, *he's* gotten th' sack too an Bob Norris."

"Eh," said Tommy, clacking his tongue, pleasantly exhilarated by hearing bad news which did not personally affect him. "Eh my, what changes! Well, I were born o' th' property, an' wortched 'ere mon an' boy fur nigh upon seventy year, an' my feyther before me, an' my gron'feyther. An' I've paid rent fur yon little cot o' mine fur fifty-seven year. Ah, I have. Eh, dear a' me! If Sir Gilbert was livin' t'ud be lung afore he'd ha' let they things be done. Poor Richard Billington! my word, he'd be takken' to! He would thot. Sir John hasn't no understandin' o' country ways—a reg'lar town gentleman he is, they say—he'll never be half th' mon his uncle was—an' they say th' new bailiff's cruel 'ard."

"He is thot," growled the other. "'How mun I feed my childer?' says Joe, welly cryin'. 'Do th' best yo' con,' says Penley, h'istin' up's shoulders. 'It's yo'r look-out,' says he. 'I mun do th' best I con fur yo'r mester,' says he. 'Twere a bad job fur us all yo' coom here,' says Joe. He didn't care nowt about th' chap if he were to go, yo' knowen, so he says it out, like a mon—an' loud enough too—didn't 'ee, Joe?"

"Eh, I did," said Joe, with a kind of melancholy triumph. "He's 'eerd th' truth as how't is."

"Well, it'll not bring a blessin'," opined Tommy. "It wunnot, lad. Eh, owd Sir Gilbert 'ull be turnin' in's grave."

Meanwhile old Will had tramped off again, and Vose, with a parting nod expressive of goodwill and commiseration, hastily hobbled after him. His unwontedly garrulous mood caused him to shout out one or two comments on the recently heard news, but finding

that his comrade did not respond, he relapsed into taciturnity.

In time they arrived at the cottage rented by Tommy, where Will had lodged ever since he had begun to work on the estate, so many years ago now that they scarcely remembered their previous separate existence. "Our missus" they had both called the late Mrs Vose, who, while she lived, poor soul! had "washed and mended them," and "done for them," and "barged at" them when they required it, with the utmost impartiality. "Our place" they mutually designated the tiny white-washed house, though as a matter of fact Tommy paid rent for it, and Will paid him a certain weekly sum for board and lodging. Or rather, to be accurate, Tommy paid himself, it having been his custom for years to draw Will's wage at the same time as his own on the weekly pay-day, both sums being taken possession of by "Th' missus" while she lived, and expended as she considered advisable for the earners thereof. Mrs Vose, being a prudent and strong-willed woman, preferred laying out the money herself, and it was in her day that the two cronies first began to dress alike. Now, though she was gone, the custom survived. Tommy kept the purse and made all necessary purchases. It was so much simpler and easier for one man to go into a shop and say, "We's ha two o' *them*, an' a couple o' *yon*, an' fower pairs o' they socks," pointing to the required articles with a decided forefinger, than for each to go a-shopping on his own account. They divided the indoor labour of the little establishment, Tommy on this occasion blowing up the fire and making the tea, while Will laid the table. As they sat opposite each other, the latter, vigorously

stirring his tea, chuckled to himself.

"I cannot 'elp but think of Ed'ard Prescott," he said. "'Han yo' gotten th' bag?' says he. Ho! ho!"

Tommy, who had been blowing into his saucer, and was now slowly sucking up its steaming contents, stared hard at his friend over the rim.

"How lung hasto bin wortchin' 'ere, says-to?" he inquired, as he set it down at length.

"Goin' on five-an'-forty year," responded Will, promptly.

"Ah, so thou has—an' lived i' th' one place all the time. Eh, thou'rt as good as a tenant o' Sir John's if thou artna a tenant. But thou was born Ormskirk-way-on, wern't thou?"

"Ah," assented Will; "I were born at Aughton yon. My feyther were a Manchester mon, an' my mother coom fro' Liverpool, but I allus call mysel' an Ormskirk mon."

"So I've yerd thee say," observed Tommy, and thereupon fell into a brown study.

Next morning, as the couple approached the scene of their daily labours, whom should they find awaiting them but Mr Penley, the new bailiff.

"Ten minutes late, my men," he called out as they drew near.

"Well, an' ten minutes isn't so bad for owd folks same as us," responded Tommy, pleasantly, and in no way quickening his pace. "I reckon when yo'n gotten the rheumatics yo'rsel yo'll happen find it a bit 'ard to turn out afore dayleet."

"If you are too old to keep to your time you should be too honest to take your full day's wage. Come—get to work; where are your tools, Barnes?"

"We's find th' tools reet enough when we're ready, mester," re-

turned Will, who had been leisurely divesting himself of his coat, and now shambled across the grass to the place where the hoes were bestowed.

"Is that where you keep them? you lazy old beggar!" shouted the bailiff, irritated beyond measure by his manner.

"Soomtimes one place an' soomtimes another," said Will, adding with an explanatory smile, "It saves a dale o' time, goin' back'ards an' for'ards, to keep 'em handy."

"And look at the result!" cried Penley. "Red with rust—and the handles rotting away."

"'Tisn't a very good piece o' timber, I doubt," observed Will, surveying his implement critically. "Soom las'es twice th' time of others. Nay, 'tisn't good timber."

"I should like to know what timber would stand that kind of usage," said the bailiff, roughly. "I will have no more of it—you understand, Vose? Take your tools back to the shed every night when you have finished work. Do you hear?"

"It'll waste a dale o' time," grumbled Tommy. "Mester Woods never found no fault wi' us fur lettin' 'em bide i' th' bushes."

"I daresay—Mr Woods was pretty easy-going all round. Perhaps that's one reason why everything in the place is going to rack and ruin. But these ways won't do for me. I owe a duty to my employer, and I mean to do it. So you'll just do as I tell you, Vose. As for you, Barnes, after this week you won't be required here."

Will stood staring at him with a vacant smile: if he heard, he did not understand.

"The old fellow's deaf, isn't he?" said Penley; then, raising his voice, "Do you hear what I say? You won't be wanted here after Saturday."

Will gaped at him.

"I'm noan to coom to wark o' Monday?"

"No."

"Well," said Will, smiling again, but anxiously, "an' thot's a funny thing. When mun I coom again, Mester Penley?"

"You needn't come at all. You are not wanted here any more. We employ too many men for the size of the place—and the estate can't stand it. Sir John is obliged to part with all except his own tenants. He can't employ every one, so he draws the line there."

"What's he sayin'?" asked Will, turning helplessly to his friend. Tommy was incapable of answering him. He stood as though transfixed, his woodeny face more wooden than ever, his jaw dropping. Will came a step nearer the bailiff and laid his hand on his sleeve.

"Spakin' o' this 'ere hoe," he said, tremulously. "See yo', Mester Penley, it isna my fault 'at it's gone rotten. It were allus a bad bit o' wood. But I's tak' it round t' th' tool-shed o' neets, if thot's all. An' yo' can stop th' price out o' my wage if yo'n a mind."

"It is not on account of the hoe," returned Penley, hastily. "I should have given you notice in any case. Sir John can't afford to keep so many labourers."

"Sir John cannot afford my bit o' wage?"

"Yours and a good many others too. You are not the only one. In future he only intends to employ his own tenants."

"I've wortched on this 'ere estate for forty-five year," said Will, brokenly.

"Well, I am sorry for you, but it can't be helped. We can't break the rule for you."

The old man stared at him a moment or two, blinking his

blue eyes; and then feebly stooping for his hoe, began to scrape at the weed-grown surface of the road. Presently he paused.

"I'd be willin' to coom fur less," he observed, tentatively.

"Can't be done," replied Penley, and anxious to put an end to a scene which he found painful, he walked away.

When his wiry active form was out of sight the two cronies looked at each other, and Tommy, waking as if from a dream, drew nearer his companion.

"Lad," said he, "theer's a mistake. Sir John wouldn't notice thee if he knowed. We mun tell him thou's bin o' th' property so long—an' as good as a tenant."

"He's i' Lunnon," whimpered Will, and then he fell a-sobbing like a child. "I've—worthed 'ere five-an'-forty year!" he said. In the sudden terrible upheaval of all around him, this was the one piece of solid ground which remained beneath his feet.

"We's write to him," cried Tommy. "We's send him a line to let him know yon chap's goin's-on. Very like it's *him* as 'ull get th' bag when Sir John hears on't."

Will looked up admiringly, the tears still on his wrinkled cheeks, but a doubtful smile beginning to creep about his trembling old lips.

"Eh—doesto think it?"

"I'm sure on't. Sir John's a chip o' th' owd block when all's said an' done. He knows nowt o' yon felly's doin's; but we's tell him."

Will laughed shrilly.

"Ah, we's tell him—an' then we'll see summat. Eh, Tommy, I'd be fain to get a seet o' Penley's back."

He was comparatively cheerful during the rest of the day, though his pallid face and trembling limbs

betrayed that the shock had told on him.

Tommy looked at him dubiously when the bell rang at half-past five.

"Best be off a-whoam," he said. "I'll tak' these here tools back to th' shed, and foller thee. An' I'll fetch our Jim along o' me to write th' letter."

Will obeyed without protest, Tommy looking after him anxiously.

"Th' owd lad 'ull not be fur worthin' mich onywhere if he dunnot look up. He dunnot stan' knockin' about."

Little Jim, Tommy's nephew, was easily lured from home by the prospect of a jam-buttery, and on being further promised twopence to buy sugar-sticks, jubilantly consented to act as scribe. Duly furnished with pen, ink, and paper—objects not to be looked for in Tommy's establishment—the pair set off with solemn and important faces, Will awaiting them in no small excitement.

Jim sat himself down at once, spreading out his paper eagerly, and dipping his pen in the ink with a flourish.

"Well, what mun I say? How mun I begin?"

"'Ark at th' lad!" cried his uncle, admiringly. "He'd be fur writin' straight off, I welly believe! Eh, but thou mun ha' patience—we mun think, thou knows. Now, Will, owd brid, what saysto 'Honoured Sir,' to start wi'?"

"Nay, nay," mumbled Will; "t'ud be well enough fur a beginnin', but I'm a plain mon, an' I doubt I couldn't keep it up. Write 'Dear Sir John,' Jimmy, theer's a good lad."

"Eh, thou'd never be fur *dearin'* a barrowknight!" cried Tommy, much scandalised. "He'd think thou was makkin' a dale too free."

"Hasto wrote 'Dear Sir John'?" asked Will, without noticing him.

"Theer, Jimmy," said Tommy, peremptorily, "just put 'Honoured Sir,' an' ha' done wi't."

Jimmy, being an ingenious lad, solved the difficulty by writing *Honoured Sir* on the top of the page, and *Dear Sir John* immediately beneath it; adding on his own responsibility, "*I hope you are quite well*"—the invariable juvenile formula in beginning a letter.

"Now then," cried Will, warming to his subject, "tell him as Mester Penley is not givin' satisfaction 'ere—fur from it."

"Nay, lad, nay, best start wi' sayin' as Will'um Barnes 'as just gotten notice to leave an' niver look'd fort', an' he's been wortch-in' 'ere forty-five year."

"Ah," said Will, "tell him thot, but begin wi' sayin' as Penley isn't givin' satisfaction."

Scratch, scratch went Jimmy's pen, very fine and slanty in the up-strokes, whereas the down-strokes had rather a humpbacked appearance.

"Hasto wrote forty-five year?" asked his uncle.

"Five-an'-forty year!" corrected Will, "five-an'-forty! Eh dear!"

Jimmy, who had begun to write 45, smeared out the figures with his finger, and looked up inquiringly—

"Mun I write forty-five, or five-and-forty?" he asked.

"Five-and-forty," said Will, with a certain dolorous satisfaction. "Hasto gotten' 5 down?"

"Ah."

"Well, then, now put 40."

Jimmy obeyed, and the legend was duly set forth that William Barnes had worked on the property 540 year.

"I'm sorry to say as he hasn't got no conscience," dictated Will, his thoughts still turning vengefully to Penley.

Jimmy wrote, "He hasn't got no conscience."

"'Ere—wait a bit—what's all yo'r hurry?" cried Tommy, rather in a fluster. "We han't said 'alf enough about thee, Will. Sitha, Jimmy, write as he's a honest respectable mon, as his feyther were afore him."

"A honest, respectable mon," repeated the boy, grinding with his pen, his eyes round, and his tongue protruding, "his . . . feyther . . . were . . . afore him."

"And put," pursued Tommy, "Theer is nobry in the place as 'ull not gi' him th' best o' c'racters."

"Paper's near full," remarked Jimmy, after laboriously inditing this sentence in his sprawling hand.

"Eh, but I'd like another word or two about Penley," cried Will. "See, Jimmy, just dot down as we's all be fain to see his back. Squeeze it in i' th' corner, lad, con-not thou?"

"I fancy I con," replied Jimmy, and he did, in a rather cramped and downhill fashion. "Theer!" he added, contemplating his handiwork with immense satisfaction. "Now, what mun I put i' th' end? My name or yourn?"

"Put 'James Vose has wrote this letter fur Will'um Barnes.'"

"James Vose," wrote the owner of the name with his best flourish, and then he paused in dismay.

"Theer's no room fur th' rest."

"Eh, well, thou mun just put thy mark, Will—theer, see—i' yon little white place. Sir John 'ull know what it means. Now, Jim, let's 'ear it straight through."

Jimmy read out the joint composition—both old men listening with approval, and indeed no little pride. Then it was folded and inserted in an envelope, and then a fresh difficulty presented itself. Neither of them knew Sir John's London address. But Jimmy proved equal to the occasion.

"They are sure to know at the post-office," he suggested sagely; whereupon his uncle brightened up and despatched him forthwith with the letter in his pocket and a threepenny-bit in his hot little hand, two-thirds of which were to be expended for his private delectation, while the remainder was to purchase a stamp.

When the *hammer—hammer* of his sturdy clogged feet was lost in the distance the two friends looked at each other, and Will rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"If Penley know'd," he said, "it 'ud mak' his yure curl!"

Tommy winked very knowingly and looked immensely important.

"I'm sorry fur th' chap," pursued Will, after a pause, "but he's brought it on hissel'."

The week came to an end, however, without an answer from Sir John. Sunday arrived, and Will "cleaned him" and went his way to church in some anxiety of mind. The neighbours looked at him curiously, and one or two of the more intimate condoled with him; whereupon the old man pulled himself together and remarked cheerfully that he wasn't so takken to as all that came to, adding darkly that happen they'd soon be hearin' summat.

On Monday morning he got up, as was his custom, before five, and prepared to start for his work at the usual time.

"We's happen meet th' postmon o' th' road," he remarked, wistfully, breaking the gloomy silence which had lasted during breakfast. "If he hasn't got no letter, thou knows, I con but turn me back."

"Eh, lad, but th' postmon wunnot be coomin' this road fur another two hours," said Tommy, deprecatingly. "We met miss him—an' yon Penley 'ull be bargain' if thou cooms wi'out th' letter. Thou

con soon foller me, thou knows, if thou gets one."

"Ah, I con," agreed Will, slipping off the coat again which he had begun to put on. "Fetch my hoe out along o' thine,—theer's a good lad. I'll be with thee afore owt's long."

When dinner-time came and Tommy had sat him down in very melancholy mood to his bread and bacon, certain well-known steps were heard to approach, and Will slowly drew near.

"It's coom!" shouted Tommy, brandishing his knife.

"Nay," said Will, shaking his head dolefully, "not this time, mon. I nobbut coom to say there weren't no letter this mornin'."

"Thot's strange!" responded Tommy, scratching his jaw meditatively, and eyeing Will askance. "It'll happen coom to-morrow," he pursued. "Hasto 'ad thy dinner?"

"I dunnot soomway fancy I could heyt," said Barnes. "I niver seem to 'ave no appytite without I feel I've addled my mate. I think I'll jest goo my ways round to Robert's an' see if his Jimmy's yerd nowt. It wur his name as was wrote at th' end o' the letter, thou knows."

"Ah, so it was!" cried Tommy, brightening up. "Sir John 'ud very likely put o' th' outside *James Vose for William Barnes*. Ay, thou met just as well look round theer, but sit thee down a bit first an' have a bite."

"Nay, nay—'t'ud choke me," said Will. "I'll be toddlin' now, an' if th' letter's theer I'll soon be back again."

No letter had arrived for Jimmy, and his mother scouted the notion of Sir John addressing such a document to him.

"Eh, an' whatever 'ud tak' him to write to a little lad same as yon," she said. "Nay, it's mich if ever he'd a notion as our Jimmy

wrote at all. The letter 'ull be sent to you o' course."

Will hobbled off home without a word. What a long day that was! He got out a piece of bacon, thinking he would fry a slice, and then mournfully "sided" it again.

"I dunnot seem t'ave no stoombach for't," he said to himself.

There was a tiny potato-plot at the rear of the cottage, and when Will had "redded up" indoors he thought he would go and work there. But, alas! it was already so neat, owing to their daily labour "after hours," that not so much as a weed defaced its rows. Will sauntered gloomily round to the front. There was a little grass-plot there, and the idea suddenly struck him that he would adorn it with a rockery.

In the house he knew there was a shell or two, and a broken glass salt-cellar which would come in for the purpose; and in the rubbish-heap near the pig-sty he could find a couple of blacking-bottles and some bricks. Most of the neighbours had rockeries in their gardens composed of the same materials; Tommy and Will had long intended to erect one on their premises when they had time. Now time, alas! was a commodity of which Will had enough and to spare on hand. Heaving a deep sigh, he took off his coat and set to work, wheeling soil from the back-garden to begin with, and then laboriously building up a rather lop-sided cone with the salt-cellar for an apex. So intent was he on his task that Tommy had returned from work before he desisted.

"Eh!" said Tommy, "E-h-h! Whativer hasto agate? Thou'rt a gradely owd lad as ever I see! My word! thou art!"

"When we'n putten a two-three ferns an' thot, it 'ull look 'and-some," returned Will, much elated. For the time being their trouble

was forgotten; and the pair sat down to tea with good appetites and spirits to correspond.

Next morning, however, the cloud enveloped them afresh: Tommy must go to work and Will remain at home until the letter came to reunite them. It was Tommy who was of the two the most depressed.

"It's awful onely wi'out thee, mate!" he said with a sniff, as he prepared to set off. "Downreet onnat'ral it seems."

"Well, then, coom, I'll goo wi' thee fur a bit o' th' road," cried Will. "I'll be back afore postmon cooms."

They set out, one as usual walking a little ahead of the other, and neither of them saying a word. At the entrance to the park they parted, nodding at each other in silence and with dim eyes; and Will turned about and went slowly homewards. As he walked his eyes mechanically searched beneath the hedgerow for ferns or wild flowers suitable for his rockery. Once he paused, fumbling in his pocket for his knife: that tuft of cranesbill would look well in the salt-cellar. He stooped, carefully loosening the soil round the root; and then he flattened it down again and shook his head.

"I han't th' 'eart fur't to-day," he sighed.

All that day he sat indoors, staring into the fire, and occasionally groaning, and when leaving-off-time drew near he walked to meet his crony.

No need for Tommy to ask if the letter had arrived: Will's face told him, so he merely said, "It's thee, lad, is't?" And Will nodded. Every morning, now, he accompanied his mate as far as he dared on his way to the field of his labour; every evening he trudged to meet him; at dinner-time he frequently appeared, merely it

would seem to stare gloomily at his friend and then to walk away. The letter was never mentioned now.

One evening, however, old Barnes suddenly startled Tommy Vose by hammering on the table with his fist.

"We mun ha' an' end o' this," he cried. "Yon letter's noan coomin'. I mun do summat."

Tommy paused with his knife in the air.

"Why, what wud thee be for doin'?" he asked, mildly.

"Sitha," went on Will, "I'm addlin' nowt an' thou'rt keepin' me. This here's thy mate—th' tay an' all—I've gi'en thee nowt towards it. I'm livin' o' thy charity—thot's wheer it is—an' I connot thooal th' thought on't."

"Well," cried Tommy, with a rather forced laugh, "thou'rt nob-but a noddy—a regular noddy as ever I see. I'm bahn to draw thy wage fast enough when thou's wortchin' again. My word, I am! I'll mak' thou sich a bill as 'ull open thy e'en for thee. Ho, ho! thou'lt see."

But Will did not relax.

"It's time for me to be lookin' out for summat," he said, "an' I'm gettin' owd, thou knows—wark 'ull be 'ard to find."

"Thou'rt a year younger nor me," growled Tommy, and then there was silence.

Next day Will did not come to meet his mate as usual, and Tommy, anxiously hastening homewards, found him sitting on a heap of stones about half a mile from his cottage, looking very white and strange.

"I've 'ad a bit of a turn, I doubt," he said, "an' I couldn't get no forrader. My legs is all of a shake an' my 'ead's funny."

Tommy helped him home and got him to bed; after which he warmed him a glass of beer.

"I haven't foun' no wark, Tommy," said Will, between the sips.

"Never fret thyself fur that. Thou'll find wark i' plenty, but thou mun get strong an' 'earty first."

"Nay," said Will. "I misdoubt me as wark 'ull be like yon letter, lad—it'll noan coom. I'd happen better dee, Tommy."

"Get thot beer into thee, an' dunnot set moiderin' theer," cried Vose, roughly; "sup it up like a mon, an' let's ha' no moore o' this."

"When I were sat o' th' road-side yonder," pursued Will, without noticing him, "I began o' thinkin' as I wur welly glad our missus was gone. Eh, I'd ha' bin ashamed to look her i' th' face, an' know I was addlin' nowt an' yo' was keepin' me."

"Th' owd lass 'ud never ha' grudged thy bit o' mate no moore nor I grudge it," said Tommy, still gruffly.

"Eh, I wish th' Lord 'ud tak' me!" groaned Will. "I connot but say it. Eh, I do! Theer—thou can finish th' beer, lad. I dunnot seem to want it."

Tommy carried off the mug without a word, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and sipped a little. Then he heaved a deep sigh, and drank it all, with the most dolorous air in the world.

He lay awake a long time that night, and the early summer dawn found him by his comrade's bed.

"I'm thinkin'," said Will, turning a dull eye upon him, "as I wunnot 'urry up this mornin'. I feel wake soomway, an' my legs is wummicky. I reckon I'll rest a bit."

"Ah, do," said Tommy, with an attempted jauntiness, belied by his anxious face. "Theer isn't no need for thee to get up—theer's

nowt for thee to do. Lay still an' see if th' time 'ull goo a bit quicker fur thee."

Will did not answer; his face looked very old and drawn in the morning light, and Tommy's heart sank within him as he felt how cold and inert lay his hands.

"Will 'ull be restin' fur good soon if sunmat isn't done," he said to himself, as he disconsolately left the room.

All that morning he went about his work as though in a dream, but towards noon a sudden idea struck him which filled him with tremulous hope. Immediately acting upon it, he burst into Mr Penley's office with a haste and temerity which astonished that gentleman.

"Now then, Vose, what do you mean by coming here like this? Don't you see I'm busy? Excuse him, Sir John, he knows no better."

"Sir John!" cried Tommy, breathlessly. "Eh, is yon Sir John? I didn't see theer wur soombry 'ere—my eyes is gettin' so bad. Eh, Sir John, if I might mak' so bowd as to say a word to yo'!"

"Certainly you may. Let the poor old fellow speak, Penley," said Sir John, coming forward. He was a tall middle-aged man, with a thoughtful face, the expression of which would have reassured Tommy if he had not been too blind to see it.

"It's about my mate," said Tommy, "Will'um Barnes. Mester Penley's turned him off because he isn't yo'r tenant. But he's as good as a tenant, Sir John. He is, trewly. He's boarded an' lodged wi' me fur years an' years——"

"Wait a bit," interrupted Sir John; "I think I know something of him. You wrote to me about him, didn't you? You said he had been working on the property for five hundred and forty years, I remember."

"Five - and - forty," corrected Tommy, with entire seriousness. "It wur our Jimmy as wrote th' letter, an' Will put his mark to't. Neither him nor me writes."

Even in his earnestness he did not forget to imply that their lack of this accomplishment was entirely voluntary.

"Oh, I see," said Sir John, also seriously. "Jimmy wrote the letter. I didn't quite understand at the time. I think you said, too, that William Barnes was an honest man but he hadn't a conscience——"

"Nay, nay!" interrupted Vose, "nowt o' th' kind. Will said that hissel'—meanin' *soombry else*."

"Oh," said Sir John. "It's a little complicated, isn't it? Where is William Barnes now?"

"He's a-bed!" cried Tommy, the corners of his mouth going down like those of a frightened child. "He's fair broken-earted. Eh, he is! He wunnot heynt because he hasn't addled his mate, an' he connot sleep, an' I reckon he'll—he'll dee! Eh, Sir John, couldn't yo' tak' him on again?—it'll not be fur so long. We're owd folks both on us—an' we've allus worted together. Eh, we'd be willin' to tak' less wage—I'd be fain to gi' him th' haue o' mine if yo' wouldn't let on to him. I were thinkin' on't as I coom along, an' I run 'ere to ax Mester Penley."

"What do you mean?" asked his master, motioning to the bailiff to keep still.

"See yo', Sir John," explained Tommy, earnestly. "I'm gettin' eighteen shillin' a-week, an' so wur Will. Well, I'm willin' to tak' nine an' say nowt about it, if yo'll tak' him on again, an' gie him t'other nine. 'Twunnot be no sich loss to me—I'm keepin' him now—an' it'll 'earten up th' owd lad wonderful. Yo' can tell him as yo' connot gi' no moore to folks

as is past their work same as we are. Yo’ needn’t say as I axed yo’. Eh, thot ’ud sp’ile all.”

“How old is William Barnes?” asked Sir John, reflectively.

“Seventy-five last Lady-day. Eh, he isn’t up to mich—but nine shillin’ isn’t mich, an’ yo’ wouldn’t be at th’ loss of it.”

“And he has worked here forty-five years! Penley, if I had known I shouldn’t have allowed you to send him away.”

“You see, Sir John, you must draw the line somewhere. We made this rule—which is fair enough——”

“Well, I must make another—All men who have worked on the estate for more than forty-four years are to continue to work there till they die or are pensioned off. Please to re-engage William Barnes without loss of time: wages, eighteen shillings a-week as before. I think we needn’t draw upon Vose’s exchequer either.”

“I’m to get my eighteen shillin’ too?” cried Vose, hardly able to believe his ears, “an’ Will’s to be took on. Eh, my word! Eh, Sir John! Eh, th’ poor owd lad ’ull be thot fain!”

He grasped Sir John’s hand with a bewildered expression, jerked it vehemently up and down, and burst into tears.

“You had better go and tell him,” said Sir John; then, as the old fellow retired with an inarticulate attempt at thanks, he added sternly, “Don’t do this kind of thing in future, Penley, without consulting me.”

Tommy trotted off, still sobbing, and, when he reached home, rushed breathlessly up to Will’s bedside, rousing him from an uneasy doze.

“I connot find my pikel,” muttered Will, and then, rubbing his eyes, he said feebly—

“Is’t thee, mate? I wur dream-

in’, I b’lieve—dreamin’ of owd times as ’ull never coom again. . . . Tommy, I’ve bin thinkin’—theer’s my feyther’s watch—I allus thought to leave it to thee—but it’ll have to goo toward my berrin’. Eh, owd lad, we sh’d ha’ putten a bit by fur a rainy day if we’d ever ha’ thought o’ sich bad times coomin’. . . . An’ theer’s my Sunday suit—quite good, thou knows—thou met happen raise a few shillin’ on it.”

Tommy, whose old chest was still convulsively heaving, suddenly ceased sobbing, and began to chuckle hysterically.

“Ho, ho, lad! Nay, we’s not bury thee yet. Theer’s noos, mon, gradely noos!”

“Eh,” cried Will, sitting up, “thou never says! Letter’s coom!”

“Nay, theer hasn’t coom no letter, but I’ve seed Sir John hissel’. Thou’rt took on again, mon! Took on! Took on at eighteen shillin’ a-week, same as when thou was a yong chap. An’ thou’rt to goo on wortchin’ till thou dees. Theer now!”

“Theer now!” repeated Will rapturously, his eyes almost starting out of his head, a broad smile wreathing his lips. “Eh, Tommy—I con scarce believe——”

“What doesto say to *thot*, eh?” cried Tommy. “Coom, thou’lt noan be fur deein’, wilsto? Thou’lt happen mak’ a shift to heyt summat now. Wilsto have a bit o’ bacon to thy dinner?”

“Reet, mon, we’s have a gradely do,” shouted Will, rubbing his hands. “Eh, I welly b’lieve I could heyt th’ whole fitch!”

He flung one lean leg out of bed, then the other, and pounced upon his clothes.

“Now, Tommy, mak’ haste, owd lad! Wheer’s thot bacon? Coom, hurry up! We’s get a half day in yet if we’re slippy.”

M. E. FRANCIS.

AN UNBIASSED VIEW OF THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

It may seem almost too late in the day to reopen the vexed question of Armenia and its massacres, and I would not venture to do so were it not that my travels have enabled me to see enough and procure sufficient evidence to make a clear statement as to the actual condition of affairs in Asia Minor at the present time, and to collect link by link the chain of events that led to the disturbances of last autumn. My route lay, if not in the actual districts in which the troubles took place, in parts where Kurd and Christian, Turk and Persian, find themselves living together in towns and villages of a country that presents almost the same features, moral and physical, as the mountains and plateaux of Van and Bitlis, Mush and Sassun.

The mixed Commission that was sent by the interested Powers, and the many correspondents who collected notes upon the question, have proved that without the least doubt the massacres which were reported in Europe toward the close of last year have taken place. They have proved also that every conceivable, and to us inconceivable, atrocity was committed by a lawless and ferocious soldiery upon Armenian men, women, and children; that soldiery were turned loose from the towns to ravish and kill to their heart's content, while their officers goaded them on to every manner of cruelty. Thus far the verdict is public news; but what I think has yet to be learned is, not only what absolutely led to these scenes of debauchery and horror, but also some idea as to the characters and lives of the persons engaged either as persecutors or persecuted, the actors in this ter-

rible tragedy. The revolting facts that filled paper after paper in England at the commencement and during the early months of this year caused such a horror in England as is only possible amongst a philanthropic and generous nation; and these feelings of commiseration were stirred into a desire for revenge by the representatives of the Armenians in London, who were not slow to call attention to the pitiful state of their country.

This flood of pity, noble as it was in one way, was accompanied by at least one disadvantage, if not danger. It closed the eyes of the English people, and Europe in general, to any other side of the question that might exist, to any incentive the Turk may have had for bringing himself to such a pitch of exasperation that his cruelty knew no bounds. The innocent Armenians had been massacred, and not only massacred but horribly tortured, and women and children ravished and slain, and that was sufficient. It mattered not what had led to such a terrible state of affairs; no crime that the Armenians could have committed could merit such punishment. It was by the incessant appeal of the Armenian party in London, by their incessant calling of attention by every means of publicity to the last act in the drama, that they were able to obliterate all that had gone before, except to allude to a period of persecution; and in accomplishing this, no doubt they were highly satisfied with their success and with themselves. But before judgment can be passed upon the Turk, it is necessary to understand far more about Armenia and

the Armenian question than the British public has had opportunity of learning. It is true articles and pamphlets were published, many of them absolutely unbiassed in their opinions, regarding the question; but while much stress was laid on the geographical, historical, and religious position of Armenia, there was a tendency to ignore more important elements of the case, the general character of the parties concerned. And it is, I think, upon this point that the greatest ignorance and even biassed opinion are found in England. To the ordinary British public the state of affairs is somewhat like this. Peaceful villages of Christians, much resembling our country population, are found surrounded on all sides by vast lawless hordes of semi-savages, who, when the innocent villagers are in church, steal their sheep and cattle, while troops of cruel soldiery are constantly engaged in exacting illegal taxes. Then every month or so the church, with its belfry and its timbered roof, is burnt, the priests flogged or dragged to prison, and the village destroyed, while the women and children are led captive. Such, so far as I can gather, is the idea of the general public upon the Armenian question. But how far is this from the truth! Instead of these homely villages with their churches and spires, surrounded with trees and gardens, the Armenians live in burrows in the earth, dirty and smoke-begrimed, passing their lives in agriculture or in petty trade, and, when rich enough, lending money at usurious rates to the very Kurds of whose depredations they so loudly complain. Some general estimate of the character of the Armenian must be conceived before any idea of the state of the country can be realised. Un-

educated, a fanatical Christian who looks upon all other Churches than his own, the Gregorian, in much the same light as he does on Islam, immoral in his domestic life, practising vices which are supposed to be peculiarly those of Mohammedans, drinking more than is good for him, dishonest when he finds the opportunity in his business, the Armenian is a typical Oriental, lacking the thoroughness and manliness of the Turkish peasant, and much preferring to gain his ends by intrigue rather than by straightforward dealing.

Such is the Armenian of the country districts. In the towns, it is true, he is brought, if not under a moral, at least under a legal code, and here we find him diligent, an admirable linguist, an excellent man of commerce, so far as never letting a sou pass through his hands without making something by it, squeezing those under him, untrustworthy unless it be to his advantage to be the contrary, suave and plausible, without affection or regard for any one, and immoral where immorality does not cost him anything; an obedient and hard-working clerk, a merciless and grasping master, and often marvellously clever withal. The Turk, on the contrary, is very different. Except those who fill official positions, where intrigue is part and parcel of their being, the Turk is straightforward, enjoying his life, as immoral as the Armenian, a lax Moslem, with no fanaticism but a firm conviction in predestination, ready to swindle when he finds the opportunity, which he is not usually sharp enough to do, affectionate in his nature, far too trusting in his disposition, and cruel to the backbone. He has never been able to rid himself of this great feature of the old

tribes from which he is sprung, and when his blood is heated, his desires fired, there is no knowing to what pitch of devilish cruelty he will not proceed. Just as when the original hordes of his people, pouring out of Central Asia, flooded Persia, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor with every description of cruelty and bloodshed, so today, deep down in his heart, there lingers this inheritance. It requires, happily, much to exasperate him; but when a sufficient pitch is reached, his fury knows no bounds, and no constraint, moral or physical, can hold him back.

It has been said that the massacres in Armenia were due to religious persecution. This is not a fact, and there is no doubt in my mind whatever that this reason has been put forward by the agitators in Europe to obtain the more hearty co-operation of the Powers in redressing their wrongs. I think it will not be difficult to prove, on sufficient evidence, that until the actual massacres were taking place, when the cry of "Kill the Christian dogs!" was no doubt raised, no religious persecution of the Armenians had taken place. I have stated above, and I think all who know the oriental peoples well will agree with me, that the Turk is not a fanatic. It is true, occasional outbursts of fanaticism occur, but usually in the case of the *mollahs*, answering roughly to their priesthood. The Sunni doctrine, held by the Turks, is of the two great divisions of Islam by far the least narrow. It is the Sheiyas—such as the Persians from whom the Christian meets with a scowl and a curse—who often refuse him even a drop of water to drink; while the Turk receives one into his house, eats with one, and sometimes even drinks with one, allows

Christians to enter his mosques—in fact, makes no practical difference between the followers of the two religions. It is for this laxity in his relations with Christians that the Sunni is so despised by the rigid and fanatical Sheiyas.

But so far as these words of mine go to prove that the late massacres were not of a religious character, it may be very justly said that they are only a general statement. Let us, then, look into the question more closely. Cast your eyes over that great country known as Asia Minor—in fact, I may say over Mesopotamia and the province of Baghdad as well—and look at the number of cities, and towns, and villages that exist. I believe I am absolutely correct in stating that with very few exceptions indeed—perhaps only those of the towns containing the tombs of the Imams, such as Kerbela and Nejef, or Meshed Ali—every city and town, and most of the villages, contain a mixed population of Christians and Moslems. Yet if, as has been stated, the Armenians of these districts were persecuted merely for upholding the Christian faith, how is it that we find in every other direction supporters of both religions living in peace one with the other, and mixing freely in commerce and social intercourse? How is it that the massacres of Bitlis and Sassun are not perpetrated every day in every quarter of the Turkish empire, until the hated and despised Christians are exterminated? In the towns of Turkey in Asia that I have visited I have found Moslems and Christians living in accord, enjoying the same prosperity, suffering the same disadvantages, the sole difference between their positions being that in the courts of law the judges are more prone to believe a Moslem than a Christian. In this

the judges are wrong, for, generally speaking, neither ought to be believed. But we find a number of philanthropic and irrational men and women in England, who know nothing of the Turk or the Armenian, and nothing of the status in which they live, proclaiming from the platform and the pulpit that the Armenians were massacred because they refused to become converts, and because they upheld the religion of Christ. I never yet saw a Turk, and indeed few Moslems of any religion, who attempted either by persuasion or force to convert others to their belief. On the contrary, it is the Christians who are attempting to persuade the Moslems to change their religion, though in the case of the Turks their absolute failure has led to their abandoning them. Christian missionaries are allowed to reside, and do reside, in most of the larger towns of Asia Minor. The Americans especially have opened schools and churches, and are doing good work amongst the native Christian children. Let one thing be clearly understood with regard to the Eastern Christians, and that is this—that their fanaticism and hatred toward the Turk are a hundred times greater than that of the Turk toward them. In talking to Moslems of Armenians during my travels, I heard not one curse or opprobrious epithet used ; in talking to Armenians about the Moslems, no name was too bad, no insult too deep for them. In Erivan, an Armenian boasted to me of the exquisite tiles he had stolen from the lovely mosque in that city. On my rebuking him for sacrilege, he told me that he would, if he had the power, blow the place up with gunpowder, and that he rejoiced that every tile he took away—and he showed me the bare spot of his former thefts

—disfigured the heathen temple. The following day he accompanied me to Echmiazin, the holy centre of the Gregorian Church, and there prayed for the destruction of all Moslems and heretics, and kissed, one after another, the relics in the church. Until my Arab servant entered Echmiazin with me, no Moslem, I was told, had ever been within the sacred walls, and I doubt not that he was allowed to enter only on account of the fact that it was the policy of those in authority to show every possible attention at that particular period to an Englishman. Yet the mosques in Erivan are visited by the Armenians, whose thefts of the exquisite tiles have disfigured beyond repair more than one beautiful spot. No ; the Turk is not a fanatic, but the Armenian most assuredly is, and religious persecution will not blaze out in Asia Minor until the native Christian gains the upper hand.

To what cause, then, can the massacres be attributed ?

Although, as I have pointed out, the Turk is by no means a bigot, his cruel nature naturally tends to render him a persecutor when he finds the opportunity, particularly if the persecution be a political one ; for patriotism to his country, his people, and his Sultan, who, he believes, is the Khalifa of the Prophet, is deeply rooted in his heart. No one knows better than he that his system of government is rotten ; but no one is more ready to defend it from outside attack. It was easy for him to see that the Christian population was an enemy to the State, and therefore he considered it an enemy to himself—and therein lies the key of the situation.

Here we must leave the discussion of generalities, to survey for a little what had been taking place in

Armenia previous to the breaking out of hostilities. It is not necessary, in order to trace the course of these political events, to revert to any period previous to the Berlin Conference of 1878. When the representatives of the Powers then present were discussing the Eastern problem, the Armenians took advantage of the opportunity to state their case. They did so, however, with that disregard for correctness which characterises the statements of all Eastern people—owing more, perhaps, to their natural tendency to exaggeration than to the wilful telling of untruth—with the result that the European delegates gave the question but little thought, merely calling the attention of the Sublime Porte to the matter by inserting a clause that “reforms should be instituted in the provinces inhabited by Armenians.” This clause was as vague as it was impracticable, for every province of Asia Minor is inhabited by Armenians, and the members of the Conference could have little intended or expected that the Sultan should commence a series of practical reforms throughout his dominions in Asia. Had the Armenians understood, as they probably never will understand, that the practical minds of European politicians are influenced more by a few simple and unadulterated facts than by imaginary, or at least vague statements, there is no doubt that even as early as the Berlin Conference considerable attention would have been concentrated upon their position, and the matter treated as one of importance. But when, in the memorandum which they handed in—to Mr Goschen, I believe—they commenced by the assertion that in that vague district known as Armenia the Christian, or rather Armenian, population numbered three mil-

lions of souls, it was impossible that much credence could be put in the ensuing paragraphs of their statement of complaint against the Porte.

With regard to this question of population a few words must be said, for though in detail it is unimportant, except in proving the ratio of the Christians to the Moslems, it is interesting as showing to what extent the Armenians can be believed in the stories that they spread regarding their co-religionists in Asia Minor. Let us commence with 1878: we have there an official Armenian statement of their numbers—three millions. As soon as the clause was inserted, and what little public attention Armenia had attracted was withdrawn, and when there no longer remained any necessity to make out the Christian population as largely predominating, what do we find? This, that an Armenian in a position to be well informed puts down the population at between 300,000 and 400,000—that is to say, at *one-ninth* of the number officially stated to the delegates of the Berlin Conference. More recent and carefully prepared statistics, by far the most reliable that can be found, estimate the Armenians at about half a million, or *one-sixth* of the number given at Berlin. Then came the massacres of last autumn and the public feeling in Europe—and the population rises at a bound to two millions, a figure that was given me as correct not only in Echmiazin itself, but in many other places. As I said already, the details are of no importance; for it can safely be estimated that the Armenian population of the plateau of Asia Minor is about half, if as much, that of the Moslems—Turks and Kurds.

But I have drawn attention to

the figures merely to show that in dealing with such oriental peoples as Turks and Armenians very little confidence can be placed in figures, or, unfortunately, for the matter of that, in statements, which are not proved by other evidence than that of report. I do not know whether the Turkish Government publishes a census of its Asiatic provinces; but I doubt not that if one has been drawn up during the last few months, or since the massacres, we should find it erring as largely, if not more so, in the other direction, and numbering the Moslems as the stars in the heavens and the Armenians as few and far between. In casting blame upon the Armenians for their perversion of details, it must not be thought that I am holding them up as below the level of the Turks. The Turkish point of view is one that is practically unimportant, as it has never been made public in England, whereas in the other case our papers have been filled with statements one and all of which are of Armenian origin. Rather I would point out to the Armenians how their case is weakened when few if any of its details will bear the least investigation—with the exception of the massacres themselves, which unhappily we know are only too true.

But to continue with the outline of the history of events that have been taking place since the clause was inserted in the Berlin Treaty, stating that reforms must be instituted in the provinces of Asia Minor inhabited by Armenians. This little clause, apparently so easy to attend to or to break, which seemed to mean neither trouble to Turkey nor betterment of their condition to the Armenians, grew quickly to such importance in the eyes of both, that it may be said to be the origin of

all the trouble and sorrow. It gave hope to the Christians, and it opened the eyes of the Porte to a possible risk of disturbance and danger in the future. Little could the delegates have seen how so small a grain of mustard-seed could in the course of so few years grow into a political tree the branches of which have been filled with the discord and bloodshed of the birds who had built their nests therein.

For the Armenians there was a hope, while the Turk, silent and suspicious, watched for the dangers that he knew must come. Nor were they long in coming, though they took years to reach maturity. Secret political societies sprang into existence; leagues were formed; dreams of a free Armenia began to be spread about, and the fire of the souls of the people began to flicker. Old histories of the Armenian kings—half-fabulous records—were routed out and quoted from the pulpit, the voice of the priest preached freedom to the superstitious people, to whom their pastors are more than men, and the flickering flame began to blaze.

And what was the Turk doing meanwhile?

From the very first attempt of the Armenians to put forward their case the Sublime Porte had realised the danger. It was a danger that was a most difficult one to meet. Any attempt at force, at wholesale arrest, at crushing the secret societies of Armenia, would call once more the attention of Europe to the question, with what results it would be difficult to say—probably the same as had occurred in Bulgaria. At all costs this must be avoided. What, then, remained for the Turks to do? The sole policy which they found possible without the risk of meas-

ures of force was the following: to commence against the Armenians a system of petty persecution, which, without being sufficiently harsh or sufficiently tangible to call attention to the country, was ample to gain the ends desired—namely, the *voluntary* emigration of the Armenian population. But it was no easy matter to carry out such a system, for many of the districts where danger most threatened were wild mountain plateaux where the Turks themselves seldom if ever came into contact with the Armenian population. Here, however, there was a remedy, and in the wild tribes of Kurds, who share with the Christians these elevated plateaux, the Porte discovered a godsend. A few remarks must be here made about the Kurds. This race of hardy hillsmen are known to have inhabited the mountain ranges of Asia Minor from almost prehistoric times. They were known to the Assyrians; and mention is found of them and their doings on almost every page of the changeful history of Asia Minor. In appearance they are a fine hardy race of men, and in character possess some of the best features of Orientals. In their mountain districts, where the baneful influence of Turk and Persian has scarcely reached them, they are a most hospitable and kindly race, contented with their hard lot, living a life of morality unknown to the Armenian, but robbers withal. Nor can this last trait in their character be wondered at, when it is considered how much they have suffered in their time from the fact that their country has formed a continual battle-field from the earliest periods of history to the time of the Russo-Turkish war. How many armies have passed

through and through their country, pillaging and robbing, it would be difficult to enumerate; but the fact that the old highroad to the great kingdoms of Babylonia, Mesopotamia, and Persia led through their territory is sufficient evidence of the checkered existence they have always led.

Living in mud hovels, much resembling those of the Armenians, in winter, in summer they migrate with all their flocks and herds to the high mountain grazing-lands, where they inhabit for the most part brown tents of goat's hair. Sometimes these migratory journeys are of considerable length, some days in duration, and the passing Kurds have from time immemorial demanded and received a small tribute in kind from the Armenians whose villages they approach. In fact, in many cases a kind of feudal system has been in existence from time immemorial, a Kurdish tribe protecting an Armenian village from other robbers in return for a small annual tribute. It is a system that exists in many parts of the Mohammedan world, and seems to be identical with that in use to-day in the case of the Jews in trans-Atlas Morocco, who pay small sums to the Berbers for their protection.

It will be easily understood, then, that it wanted but a word on the part of the Turkish authorities to set the Kurds looting, and there is no doubt that a hint to this effect was given to them. That they had little to fear in return was very apparent, for had not the officials, as was undoubtedly the case, promised that no reparation would be made, the very fact that the Kurds inhabited wild mountain districts and are well armed would deter the Turks from the expensive, dangerous, and unremunerative course of

attempting to punish them. But, in addition to this, there was a still more powerful reason why the Kurds ran no risk in giving vent to their pillaging propensities. Many of the wildest of these tribesmen have been enrolled in irregular troops known as the Hamidieh,—a sort of vagabond yeomanry founded upon, but little resembling, the Russian Cossacks. Armed by the Turkish Government, receiving a very irregular pay, and allowed to do as they please, there is little wonder that the Hamidieh took to looting their neighbours, tolerably safe from attack owing to the Sultan's uniform which they wore. In fact, it was no doubt an advantage in the eyes of the local officials that, instead of receiving their full pay, which found its way elsewhere, they should manage to satisfy themselves by robbing cattle and sheep. At the same time, these depredations of the Hamidieh were tending to carry out the policy of the Porte, and to drive the Armenians to emigrate.

But the very weapon which the Turks had raised to further their ends began at length to become a danger. Armed bodies of Kurds, wearing the Turkish uniform, ravaged the country, and even the officials found that their tools had escaped their grasp, and that, had they desired to do so, they were powerless to hold the Kurds in check.

Meanwhile amongst the Armenians powerful influences had been at work. As complaint after complaint, based no doubt upon truth and embroidered upon by oriental imagination, reached their fellow-countrymen who were residing in England and in other European countries, these raised their voice in lamentation, and set their hands to work treason and

revolution. And here an enormous blame rests upon the Armenian agitators, who may be said to have sacrificed their fellow-countrymen in order to gain their own political ends. I do not write these words without knowledge of what I am saying. The Armenians in Europe, safe from arrest and attack, wrote and sent emissaries to Asia Minor to agitate and stir up rebellion in those parts, and for several years this intrigue has been in progress. The district of Sassun refused to pay taxes, and ceased doing so, and in 1892, when the Turks attempted to bridge the river at Chenek, the only practical entrance to their wild mountain country, they fired upon the soldiers. From 1892 to 1894 the district was in a state of revolt, and their example of courage and bravery—or treason—stirred up their fellow-countrymen in other parts to imitation. Inflammatory literature, smuggled across the Russian and Persian frontiers, was poured over the country. Agitators stirred up the superstitious people by hopes of revenge and false promises of co-operation from England and elsewhere. Priests preached treason to the peasant from the pulpit, and the peasants, uneducated, understanding neither their political position nor the attitude of the foreign Powers, listened to their words as a divine message. The Armenians, like all Orientals, believed what their own people told them, and refused to hear the words of those who could give them, and did give them, better advice. They were told that many Armenians held high positions in the British Government; they forgot that many did hold high positions at the Porte; and these idle and culpable words, written from London and Europe in general by men whose

lives and persons were safe, and who were living in peace and plenty and had nothing to lose, egged the tribesmen on to actions which in other circumstances they would never have dreamed of. Had not the Armenians in England stirred up, directly or indirectly, their countrymen in Sassun, the pits would never have been dug in which to-day the bones of men, women, and children are rotting. Had affairs not reached so serious a turn as massacre, we should have long ago realised this fact in England; but the brutal barbarities perpetrated by the Turks have blinded the eyes of the public to all that has gone before, and for this, no doubt, the Armenian political agitators feel an immense gratitude and relief. So strong is the feeling in England that these words of unbiassed opinion may be scoffed at, for there is nothing so difficult as to change public opinion in the smallest and least important article of its belief; but personal knowledge and intercourse with the Armenians themselves have given me opportunities of seeing much of which the public have never heard. If my words be denied, as I quite expect they will be by interested persons, let inquiries be set on foot. Let one question alone be asked, Is it not true that as late as April of this year a caravan was stopped by the Turkish authorities at Kotur on the Persian frontier, and the pack-saddles of the mules found to be stuffed with inflammatory and revolutionary literature? And let reasoning men and women consider whether such a course as pouring treason into Armenia at such a moment was not an incentive to fresh massacre and equally appalling barbarities as those that had taken place the autumn before.

It may be asked, What is the ultimate aim of these political agitators? and they will tell you that it is merely the better government of their fellow-countrymen. But is this so? Let us look for a moment at the condition of the Armenians in Russia. There the Gregorian Church is still untouched, though that of the Georgians has long ago been swallowed up in the national religion of the country. Armenian schools flourish in every part; their worship is freely allowed; the dignitaries of their Church are chosen by the Armenians and appointed by the Emperor himself, who has never been known to object to the Catholics elected by the people. In fact, they are allowed every religious and civil privilege, with the exception that children of mixed marriages shall be brought up in the Orthodox Church. Under the just rule of Russia the Armenian flourishes; all the petty offices, and many of the higher ones, in the Government of Transcaucasia are held by them; in trade they have ruined the less crafty Russian; and southern Russia to-day is an Armenian province. But ask the agitators whether they desire that the plateau of Asia Minor should fall under Russian rule, and what will they tell you? That they prefer Turkey to Russia. Astonishing as this reply is, it is heard throughout all the East wherever Armenians are found; and why is this? Because if Russia held Armenia, there would only be opportunities for the agitators and their friends to gain an honest livelihood by their labours or their efficiency, whereas what they are desirous of doing is to form a free and autonomous Armenia, in which their own personal enrichment and aggrandisement would take

the place of patriotism and the welfare of their country. If you think that the Armenians are patriotic or sincere as a people, you are mistaken. At Echmiazin, the religious centre of the Armenians, one of the highest of the dignitaries of the Gregorian Church spoke the following words to me. "We love England," he said. "After Armenia we love her best of all. We pray for her every day and many times a-day. *She is so rich.*" In those ingenuous words you have the whole keynote of the Armenian policy, the whole character of her people—love of power and wealth. In an autonomous Armenia there would be every opportunity for the agitators to practise their powers of intrigue, a gentle art in which they excel. In a Russian Armenia intrigue means Siberia—at least such intrigue as the Armenian loves to indulge in. No! the Armenian agitators and political aspirants with whom I came in contact in Southern Russia and in Persia, hovering about the frontiers, but careful never to run their necks into danger, one and all told me that they preferred Turkish to Russian rule, and that their war-cry was "Autonomy!" They pretend to be satisfied with such reforms as have been proposed by the Powers—and for a time they may rest tranquil—the calm before the coming storm; but as surely

as the massacres have taken place, there will arise further and more serious troubles in the country—reforms or no reforms—troubles stirred up by men who are content to see their brethren suffer in the hopes of themselves some day gaining an end where power and fortune will be open to them. By all means let the European Powers insist upon the reforms proposed, and let them see that they are carried out; but once this is accomplished, once the Turk is morally and physically punished for the barbarities he has committed, barbarities almost unparalleled in the world's history, and when the solitary Sultan in the Yildiz Kiosk has eaten dirt in the presence of the world, then let it be clearly stated to the Armenians that no further support will be given to their political aims as long as Turkey holds to her promises and her practices of reform. If, however, the Porte becomes lax, and continues to allow the Kurds to rob and steal under the eyes of her provincial officials, it will be the duty of Europe once more to interfere. If, on the contrary, Turkey remains faithful to her promises she must be forced to give, then the time for interference is over, and the political atmosphere of the whole of Europe must not again be clouded in order to further the ends of unscrupulous adventurers.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

ENGLISH TROUT.

THE Civil Service Commissioners have, one would say, almost exhausted their ingenuity in devising conundrums for the bewilderment of competitive candidates, but they have never yet, I think, demanded a description of the scenery most characteristic of England. Many sillier subjects for an essay might be—nay, have been—propounded, and what a charming series of pictures might be produced in reply! For England—in the restricted sense of the predominant partner—though in area insignificant compared with almost every other realm, exhibits a greater variety of characteristics in its landscape than any other country. The difficulty, of course, would be for the examiners to maintain a critical standard, for in no other land are there so many distinct types of scenery, each of which is distinctly English. It is otherwise with the rest of the United Kingdom. Leaving out coast scenery, which has common characteristics everywhere, mountain, heath, and flood are the special attributes of Scotland: it is not easy to get out of sight of the first, the second is seldom far away, and the sound of falling waters is always in the air. Wales is best seen in her wooded hillsides and brawling streams; and as for Ireland, despite the broad leagues of verdure in the eastern and central counties, the dominant note is given by brimming bogs, whence peasants snatch their patches of precarious culture.

But in England, who shall declare one scene to be more exclusively English than another? Shall it be sought among elms and oaks brooding over the sleepy home-steads of Warwickshire? or among

the hop-gardens and cherry-orchards of Kent? in Devonshire combes, on Surrey heaths or windy downs of Sussex? Or will you find it where the rich vales of Westmoreland swell to the matchless grass land of the dales? Or again, will you confess that in no country can be shown such vast tracts of blackened waste, foul with coal-dust and deeply polluted with smoke? All these are English, if not exclusively, at least to such a degree that no man, suddenly descending from a balloon, could fail to have a shrewd guess in what country he had landed.

Yet there are spots in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales of which the aspect is very English. You must not look for hops or cherry-orchards, of course, but the other features may all be picked out in one place or another. It is, therefore, to none of these that I want to take your readers, but to a scene the like of which you shall search for in vain elsewhere than in England. Indeed, stratigraphical geology supplies a very good reason why the like of this landscape cannot be found in any other part of the globe than what is known as the Anglo-Parisian basin, for it is there only, or almost only, that the cretaceous formation, most characteristic of the mesozoic beds, assumes the form of white chalk. This massive deposit, once the calcareous slime of the primeval Atlantic, now heaved aloft and sculptured into dry, rolling downs, sucks up the rain and snow of winter into its depths, whence they flow in volume that varies not perceptibly throughout the heats of summer, forming such streams as

the Avon, Test, and Itchen of Hampshire. It was a strange sight for northern eyes, during the prolonged drought of last spring and summer, to watch these crystal floods pouring through the verdant vales, while all the uplands round, as well as the plains in less-favoured districts, were parched to tinder, and the glens through which winter torrents roared could show but trickling becks. From immemorial times industrious husbandmen have turned these steady streams to good account, for not only are they studded with innumerable mills, but the water is diverted in a network of carriers so that it delivers a fertilising moisture over all the level ground along the river's course. Here the grass is always green from early spring till the breath of winter checks the growth; here, in long succession, is displayed a heraldry of flowers, of which I know not the like elsewhere: kingcups, buttercups, marsh ragwort, and elecampane for *or*; lady's smock, water-ranunculus, water-lilies, and convolvulus for *argent*; forget-me-not, brooklime, chicory, and viper's bugloss for *azure*; orchis, ragged-robin, willow-herb, and great sanguine crests of water-dock for *gules*; deadly nightshade, tufted vetch, and skullcap for *purpure*; besides a host of shades too delicate or uncertain for the pedants of chivalry.

These valleys, too, with their reed and osier beds, hanging woods and tangled hedgerows, offer a paradise for birds; but, after all, when one writes "English trout" at the head of a paper, it is reasonable to expect something about living things *in* the river, rather than about creatures on its banks. And truly the trout in these streams deserve some attention,

not only because of their prime quality and satisfactory size, but because they have of late years derived a commercial importance, owing to the price that people are willing to pay for the privilege of catching or trying to catch them. This is becoming — nay, has already become — a serious matter for all but affluent fishers. Take the Test and Itchen, being the chalk-streams with which I am most intimately acquainted, it is certain that the average price paid in rent for every trout landed is rather over than under £1. That is to say, that one has to be prepared to pay in rent, for the privilege of killing one trout, twice as much as for killing a grouse. The subsidiary expenses of grouse-shooting — wages, ammunition, dogs, &c.—of course are far higher than their equivalent in trout-fishing, but the initial expense is probably not greater in each year.

But the pleasure is not to be reckoned merely by the number of fish brought to bag. If that were all the gain, then the angler who could set no more than three-score of trout against his £60 of rod-rent might feel that he was paying too dearly for his sport. The anguish entailed in losing a hooked fish is bitter enough without remembering that the fish costs a guinea: the tedium of waiting for the rise would approach the verge of the intolerable if one took the view that it meant unemployed capital. No; let the hard-working lawyer, the worried legislator, the toiling city-man, the literary hack, tell of the joy to escape overnight from the murky town, to lie at a wayside tavern, even though on a squashy feather-bed; to rise when the hot, level rays first begin to sweep the dew, and the air is full of the

music of birds; to wander all the long summer day under the free sky; to creep back in the twilight, dog-tired but so happy, and to carry in his limbs for days after the exquisite feeling of repose after hard, muscular work. Add to all this the incalculable boon of an occupation into which he can plunge his attention, relieving his thoughts from anxiety, sorrow, mis-giving, or even the ordinary strain of continuous employment, and he must feel that, even if his pursuit is a selfish one, he gets full value for his money.

Still, it is to be hoped that, if fly-fishing in these fair waters is to remain within reach of any except millionaires, the present rents may prove to have touched high-water mark. Further, it may be deemed desirable, if the angler is to have anything tangible to show for his outlay, that trout may not prove susceptible of a higher degree of education than they have already attained. There are limits beyond which the fineness of gut may not be drawn, and a point beyond which the size of hooks may not be reduced, and these must have been wellnigh reached by this time. A 000 hook, and gut as slender as a horse-hair and not much stronger, make up a delicate engine to pull a 2-lb. trout out of a weedy stream withal. The time was—and not a very distant time—when the ancestors of these same fish were easily decoyed. Witness Colonel Hawker, better known as an authority on shooting than on fishing, whose diary was published by Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co. in 1893. The following extracts read like a fable to those who know the scene of the Colonel's exploits:—

"August 19, 1812.—Fished (with a fly) at Wherwell, and killed 22 large trout.

"June 14, 1813.—Longparish. Ten trout (average weight 1 lb. each) in three-quarters of an hour, and, had I not broke my fly-rod (which obliged me to leave off), I should have had extraordinary sport.

"April 12, 1814.—Longparish. Went out fly-fishing, and, notwithstanding a bright sun the whole time, I in a few hours killed 36 trout. *N.B.*—My flies were (what I always use) the yellow dun at bottom and red palmer bob.

"15th.—28 trout.

"16th.—24 trout (average weight above 1 lb. each, and many weighed $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) Also a great many fair-sized ones which I threw in. I had all this admirable sport in less than two hours and a half. . . . In the evening I was ludicrously amused with throwing a fly on horseback, which answers as well as on foot.

"18th.—15 trout.

"23d.—21 trout.

"26th.—16 trout.

"27th.—12 trout.

"28th.—13 trout, average weight $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each fish.

"29th.—14 trout.

"30th.—17 trout, which make up in eleven days' angling 100 brace. *N.B.*—I, of course, have reckoned only those fish which I killed—namely, such as were $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. and upwards. But had I killed all the small ones and added them to my number, it would have amounted to between 400 and 500 fish.

"April 10, 1833.—Longparish. Engaged with a party of fishing gentlemen who unexpectedly popped in on me. Three of us killed 50 brace of trout in a little more than four hours.

"September 9, 1837.—Had a most glorious bit of sport. The 3 first fish I landed weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and I came home with 11 brace, besides throwing in about 9 brace more. I was about four hours at it, and left the water when they were taking like bulldogs, because I thought it a shame to kill more than I knew what to do with."

It must be some time since an angler in the Test has caught more than he knew what to do with. Colonel Hawker, whose

veracity must be supposed unimpeachable, took even a heavier toll of his trout than he could exact with a fly-rod. In 1818, the year in which he completed the purchase of Longparish on the Test, he notes that he kept no regular account of the fishing,—“though,” says he, “were I to include nets and all, I should perhaps have to note down about a ton weight of trout, &c.: this is about half of what the previous occupier took in a season by dragging.”

Of course Colonel Hawker caught all these trout with the wet or sunk fly, and probably his favourite yellow duns and red palmers were on a scale that would cause considerable sensation in the workshops of Holland of Winchester or Ogden Smith of Clapham. True, he notices the practice of fishing with the real May-fly at Stockbridge on the Test, but only to condemn it.

July 31, 1816.—Went over to Ponton's at Stockbridge. Found the fly-fishing, as it almost always is at this celebrated though infamously bad place, not worth a penny. The Cockney-like amusement of bobbing with a live May-fly is all that this miserable river does for.

June 11, 1817.—Went over to Ponton's, where after two days' fishing I caught but four brace of trout; and so execrable is the Stockbridge fishing that this was literally called good sport. The fish are immensely large, but so flabby and soft as to be scarcely worth eating.”

Flabbiness and softness are not the characteristics of Stockbridge trout as we know them: they are as lusty as any man would care to put in his creel; but for the rest—the Colonel's visits were paid when the May-fly had gone off, leaving the fish surfeited with surface-diet, and indifferent to any lures.

In Hawker's days the trout were no doubt very unsuspicious. Were

it possible to set him now in the Wherwell or Longparish meadows, which he knew and loved so well, with his double-handed hickory rod, his line of twisted horse-hair, and his bunchy flies, he would find that the march of education had moved up-stream, and that not only at Stockbridge, but through the whole length of the Test from Laverstock to Redbridge, as well as in the sister stream of Itchen, the fish had developed a caution and keenness of perception far beyond anything he ever had to encounter.

It would be interesting to know a little more of this strange development of the self-protective faculties of trout. Were it not for the evidence quoted above from Colonel Hawker's diary, proving that Test trout are infinitely more shy and cautious now than they were in the first half of this century, one would be inclined to doubt the capacity of a trout's brain to generate caution founded on reflection and experience. In other waters not less persistently thrashed than the Test and Itchen, peopled with trout not less well fed and experienced, there does not seem to be any greater difficulty in filling a basket than there was of yore. Loch Leven is exposed to the severest trial that any sporting water can undergo. It is let to a company, from whom boats are hired by the day, not only by sportsmen in pursuit of pleasure, but by members of angling clubs, who are continually holding competitions and matches from beginning to end of the long season. But one does not hear complaints that the trout rise less freely or boldly in that lake than they did five-and-twenty years ago, and, taking one year with another, there is no falling off in the numbers landed. The productiveness

of this fair lake is simply prodigious, as may be gathered from the published returns of the last three years:—

	1895.		1894.		1893.	
	Trout.	lb.	Trout.	lb.	Trout.	lb.
April . .	1,655	1,191 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,940	1,631	1,338	1,329
May . .	4,066	3,436 $\frac{3}{4}$	5,704	4,256	7,034	5,863
June . .	3,118	2,672 $\frac{1}{4}$	6,574	4,710 $\frac{1}{2}$	5,038	4,257 $\frac{1}{2}$
July . .	2,583	2,343	1,343	1,196	2,948	2,734 $\frac{1}{2}$
August . .	4,812	4,223	2,784	2,377 $\frac{1}{2}$	5,848	4,503 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total . .	16,234	13,867	18,345	14,170 $\frac{3}{4}$	22,206	18,687

On a single day during the present year (May 25), 398 trout, weighing 310 lb., were landed by the rod. Besides trout, innumerable perch were caught during the season (330 from one boat in a single day), and 945 pike, weighing 3357 lb.

Again, salmon, though far less plentiful in our rivers than in former times, do not show less inclination to take a moving bait; and as for the artificial flies intended for their capture, not only are they quite as conspicuous as those formerly in favour, but tackle-makers find it pays to vie with each other in devising showy combinations of tinsel, silk, and feather. Pike are probably not less bold or voracious than they were a couple of centuries ago: how comes it that Hampshire trout have proved so much more susceptible of instruction?

One thing, could we know it, would be of great service in tracing their gradual sophistication. Did they, in seizing Colonel Hawker's flies cast at random, do so in the dashing, spanking style of a Scottish trout? or did they, as they generally do now, take them in a suspicious, almost clandestine way, gliding forward a few inches to meet the floating lure, seizing it without making more than a tiny dimple on the surface, and without showing more above the water than the tip of a shining nose or a dorsal fin?

Sometimes, even in these latter days, one is treated to a sudden reversion to the older and bolder style. Only a few days ago (in August), when fishing the Avington water on the Itchen, I noticed a fish rising below a willow-bush on the far side of the river. It was possible to float the fly over him, but he was so situated in respect of the main current that directly the fly passed him it was swept rapidly round in a semicircle by the drag of the stream on the line. Three times the little red quill came fairly and steadily over him; three times the fish rose fairly and steadily at it, but although the fly seemed to disappear within his lips, nothing happened. It is unusual that a fish will rise so persistently in these waters, but stranger still was to befall. The fourth time the trout let the fly pass him, but no sooner did the drag begin than he dashed after it, followed it across the river, and took it with a real old-fashioned splash almost at my feet. He was soon landed, and weighed 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Every one who knows the ways of these fish is aware that the "drag" is one of the difficulties most to be dreaded in working the dry fly, and that its appearance generally suffices, not only to prevent the fish rising, but to send him scuttling off to shelter.

There is one inscrutable problem connected with the fact that trout and other fish have of late years ac-

quired additional dread of man's devices, and practise greater caution in avoiding them—namely, how can the wisdom of experience be transmitted from generation to generation? It is comparatively easy to understand how terrestrial animals can effect this, because they bestow unlimited care in rearing their young; and though we cannot at present trace or explain their means of communication, we cannot doubt that useful information is conveyed from parent to offspring. But few kinds of fish, except sticklebacks and American bass, give any thought to their spawn after it is shed, and if they happen to encounter their own young after they are hatched, why, as likely as not they try to catch and eat them. How comes it then, if what is generally assumed be true, that the troutling of 1895 is more wary than his baby ancestor of 1795? For my part, I am unable to believe that he is so, and I hold that this belief is capable of proof at the hands of any one who has leisure to undertake it. Let spawn be collected from trout parents in a chalk-stream and from trout parents in a Highland burn. Let the fry hatched in each be turned into two separate ponds of identical dimensions and character. Let there be no hand-feeding to lull the natural dread of man's presence, and it will surely be impossible to detect, at the end of two or three seasons, any difference between the watchfulness or boldness of the two broods.

If this were the result (and he will be a bold naturalist who will maintain that it is improbable), then it seems to follow that it is only by individual experience that trout learn extreme caution. A fish living in the pellucid current of a chalk-stream, hardly less transparent than the atmosphere, can detect objects on the bank or the gleam on a link of gut with-

out much difficulty. Let him be pricked or scratched three or four times in feeding, and he will not fail to connect the alarming sensation with the presence of a huge biped whom he instinctively dreads. But a trout in Loch Leven lives in a much denser medium, and in water of greater depth: he is therefore less likely to associate with human agency the mistake he has made in rising at a nasty, tasteless, prickly thing, and will therefore be more likely to repeat the blunder.

The conclusion, therefore, is, that the fish of Test and Itchen are more shy than they were in Colonel Hawker's day, not from hereditary but from individual experience, which the extreme clearness of the water, coupled with the multiplication of anglers, has enabled each trout to accumulate. I admit that though this is the only solution of the enigma that I can hit on, it is not wholly satisfactory, because it does not appear that the Loch Leven trout have learnt to associate, as might have been expected, a floating boat with disagreeable sensations in the mouth. Perhaps it may be safer to dismiss the subject for the present, and turn to consider the character of fly-fishing for trout in southern as compared with northern waters.

A north-country angler begins at the top of his beat, if the river is in trim for down-stream fishing, throws his flies, two or three of them, in the most likely places for feeding fish, and works over the whole cast. If the water is low and the sun bright, he must, of course, fish up stream. That was the plan recommended, under all circumstances of water and weather, by the late Mr Stewart, author of the 'Practical Angler.' The publication of that pregnant little volume, nearly forty years ago, created a revolution—nothing less

—in the whole theory of fly-fishing for trout in the north. To keep out of sight is the angler's first object; yet it seems never to have occurred to any one before Stewart prescribed it, that, as trout all lie with their heads up stream, the easiest way of approaching them unseen is from behind. The northern fly-fisher's art remains at the high level to which Stewart first brought it, but in England it has passed far beyond that point. Stewart's reform altered the position and action of the angler, but it left the fly submerged, and, of course, wet. Indeed part of Stewart's theory and practice was to sink the fly deeper than was the custom of the old school. But about five-and-twenty years ago Hampshire trout had attained such a degree of intelligence that they were no longer to be deceived by flies dragged through the water either up or down stream—either deep sunk or near the surface. As a lure the artificial fly, except when the May-fly was up, had become almost ineffective. May-flies indeed, impaled on hooks and used floating, had been in vogue since Izaak Walton's days, and before them; and, as we have seen, Colonel Hawker derided it as a Cockney amusement. But the May-fly season is a short one: often it does not endure beyond a fortnight. Moreover, the May-fly seldom appears higher up than Barton on the Itchen or Wherwell on the Test. Fly-fishing was in danger of becoming a lost art on these rivers, except when and where the May-fly was on, till the fruitful thought occurred to some forgotten sportsman that if trout rose, as they did, at floating imitations of May-flies while the May-flies were coming up, they might be induced to rise to mimic duns and spinners when these were

on the move. Who this ingenious gentleman was cannot now be ascertained, but Sir Henry Halford is *vates sacer* of the modern craft. To float a single dry fly over fish it is necessary to cast up stream, hence up-stream fishing became the rule in England, as it had already done in Scotland, though for a different reason—so much so, that no one ever dreams now of fly-fishing for trout in Hampshire rivers in any other way, except under stress of storm. The sunk fly is sometimes resorted to when the waters are lashed into foam by violent wind, and with success. I pulled out 7½ brace in the old manner from the Test at Laverstock one day last year, but they were small fish.

But the strange part of this history remains to be told. Recourse was not had to the dry, floating fly until the wet, sunk one had proved too gross a delusion for keen-witted trout. It was a *pis-aller* when all other dodges had failed. But it soon became evident that, as a sport, it possessed attractions altogether unknown to earlier anglers. The old style of random casting faded into insignificance as a fine art compared with marking a rising fish, or a fish lying so high in the water as to be likely to rise, stalking him, and causing a close imitation of the real insect to float in a natural way over his nose, whereby the excitement of the rise, which most anglers will admit to be the psychological moment, is prolonged and intensified by anticipation. He who has once known the fascination of dry-fly-fishing is apt to lose zest for the "chuck-and-chance-it" style.

Of course, in this kind of fishing, everything hinges on the time when trout begin to feed on the surface, and how long they continue doing so. This depends on

the hatching of aquatic insects from the pupa which rises from the bottom and changes into the perfect insect. No watchfulness or experience of man has penetrated the causes which bring this about, or proved equal to foreseeing when it will happen. As a rule, it takes place in the forepart of the day, between ten and two. Temperature seems to have little effect, for the water is one day crowded with fleets of duns under an iron sky in a bitter east wind, and another they reappear when not a cloud tempers the fierce blaze of mid-summer. Sometimes every trout in the river seems astir for half or even a quarter of an hour, and suddenly all is still and not a fin wags, except where big fellows are "tailing" for shrimps in the shallows. At other times the rise of fly may last for hours, and the trout pursue them greedily all the time. There is a still deeper mystery here, for I have noticed these prolonged rises generally take place on Sunday. There are waters where the angle ceases not to be cast on Sunday, but no good angler grudges the fish their weekly day of rest.

Even on those rare days between the beginning of May and the end of August when there is no regular rise, one cautiously moving along the river will detect a stray fish feeding here and there which may be induced to do business. In almost every water there is a "witch" trout: a fish that lies in a good position, from the angler's point of view, is constantly rising at all hours and in all weathers, and yet cannot be tempted by any angler, angle he never so wisely. Many an hour have I spent in the summer just gone by with one of this kind. He lies in a quiet bend of the stream in an osier-bed, just below a projecting bush on the far side. It is the simplest thing possible to bring the fly, nicely cocked,

within three inches of his restless nose. He never moves to it, but goes on rising at some invisible smut or "fisherman's curse" with exasperating regularity, and I am positive that if I were to go there to-morrow, the witch would be in the same spot he occupied on Derby Day.

In one respect, and in one only, are these chalk-stream trout inferior to those in northern waters. They don't fight nearly so hard. True, the first rush on feeling the hook is generally a wild one. It is made for the trout's habitual resting-place or harbour. If, as is often the case, he has moved from it up stream to feed, the result will be that this rush is made towards the angler's feet, which, especially if he happens to be wading, is apt to create difficulties. If, on the other hand, the holt of the fish is higher up stream than his feeding-place, or on the farther side of the river under a willow-root or among reeds, then the reel spins merrily and the effect is very pretty. But the rest is apt to be tame. Often a fat, heavy trout, in prime condition, will, after being defeated in his initial dash, surrender with no more spirit than a lubberly chub. A fish of 2 lb. or 3 lb., had he the vigour of a Scottish lake or river trout, could hardly be brought to bank in a weedy river on the gossamer tackle and minute hook required for really clear water. At least as many of this sort would escape as would be landed. I know that some experienced chalk-stream fishers will demur to this doctrine; nevertheless, I claim the support of any one who, not seated in a boat in which the fish can be followed, but standing beside or wading in a Scottish loch, has hooked a three-pounder. He must know that, though his tackle is much

stronger than any used for dry-fly work, the fight has been much harder and longer than any Hampshire fish could maintain. Why, I have known such a fish, hooked from the shore of a small lake, travel so far out with the fly and bore so deep that the gut has parted from sheer strain caused by resistance of the water on the great length of line.

The chief danger in these southern streams lies in the weeds, but a little experience enables much of this difficulty to be overcome. If a trout, as often happens, has his harbour beneath a tangle of weeds and succeeds at the first rush in burying himself in them, don't pull at him. If you do, something will inevitably give way—either the hold of the hook or the tackle. Keep or get below him, and maintain no more than a gentle pressure on the line. If you can wade out to him, do so, and you may often pass the landing-net under him where he lies. If the water be too deep for wading, give him time, and he will generally slip down stream from his hiding-place and surrender with scarce another kick. It is a good maxim to have patience with a weeded fish; indeed this virtue often stands the angler in good stead. I once knew a friend of mine put to serious inconvenience for want of it. He had hooked a heavy salmon, and this fish lay down and sulked, as salmon will do once in half-a-dozen seasons, though not nearly so often, if properly handled, as some people suppose. My friend was a good fisher, and allowed his fish to take no liberties; nevertheless this salmon lay down in a deep black pool. Every known expedient was tried to stir him; stones were thrown in—the only result was that the fish took leisurely turns, and returned to his stronghold. The angler got below

him, above him, alongside of him, and pulled on him to the limits of the strength of his tackle—all to no purpose. A fine afternoon was ebbing away, and fish in the river were on the job. What was to be done?

A bright thought occurred to the sportsman. He had a bunch of keys in his pocket—the keys of all his most sacred repositories. They were on a ring that opened on a hinge. Fitting this round the butt of his rod, without having the patience to remove the keys first, he ran it down over the point, and the whole bunch went rattling down the line and lodged on the salmon's nose. It had a splendid effect. Away went the fish, like a dog with a tin kettle at its tail; twenty—thirty yards of line whizzed from the reel, and then—there came disaster. The point of the rod flew up; the fish was gone; back came the flies, but back did not come the keys! Thirty seconds would have sufficed to remove the keys before using the ring; fish and ring might indeed have been lost, but the keys would have been safe.

"Attention!" I hear the reader exclaim. "Sir, you have undertaken to tell us something about trout; why all this irrelevancy about salmon and the Christian virtues?"

In the early days of the dry-fly art no expedient of keeping the fly dry was known but that of waving the line to and fro between each cast. This is hard wrist-work, and blisters the palm; moreover, it is often inconvenient where trees stand near the stream. An ingenious wight bethought him of greasing the fly by dipping it in paraffin, of which a small vial could be suspended from a button-hole. This was excellent, but better was to follow. Refined paraffin was produced, which got rid of the objectionable smell, and now the inven-

tion has been made perfect by allowing the paraffin to dry on the flies before using them. Anoint your flies two or three months, weeks, or days before you go a-fishing, and thereafter there is no need for renewing the unction, for the fly is for ever thoroughly waterproof, and floats like cork.

There be those who gird at anglers as an unsociable race, shunning the society of their fellow-men, and hating nothing so much as the presence of others beside their chosen stream. Well, there are times when it is good to be alone; and who shall judge a brother too harshly because he allowed the escape of an invective monosyllable under the following circumstances? Our quiet vale at Avington became this summer the scene of crowded energy. A camp was formed to hold 5000 troops, and was filled in succession by the different brigades marching from Aldershot to take part in the New Forest manœuvres. Now the weather was intensely hot at the time, and we anglers willingly set apart certain places in the river for the soldiers to bathe, trusting that the rest might be left to us undisturbed. And so it was, with an exception or two. One of our number, escaping from the broiling metropolis for a day's fishing, betook himself early to a favourite place where a thick wood screens the river from the sun. Here there is ever good store of heavy trout, and here, if anywhere, in hot weather may trout be found in the mood for business. What was A——'s chagrin, after a march of a mile or two in waders, to descry the head of a man swimming right down the middle of this secluded reach.

"Hi! my good fellow, look here! You're out of bounds there. Your proper bathing-place is over the meadow yonder."

"It's all right, sir," came the reply from mid-stream; "that's where the *men* bathe."

Rank is but the guinea stamp. Here was a commissioned officer, and lo! when he laid aside his trappings there was nothing to distinguish him from a *man*. It reminds one of what was told long ago of an incident in a court of justice.

"You are a soldier, are you not?" asked counsel of a witness.

"No."

"What are you then?"

"I am an officer."

Well, poor A—— turned disconsolately away, and it is said that objectionable little word just referred to was heard above the murmur of the stream.

On the whole, however, we put up cheerfully with any little interference with our sports caused by the Duke of Connaught's columns, feeling richly recompensed by the stirring pictures presented by the troops in the green glades of the park and rural lanes. Whether it was a battery of artillery rumbling and rattling along the winding highway, or a party of hussars quaffing the brown ale at a wayside tavern surrounded by admiring, keen-eyed rustics, or the Seaforth Highlanders marching briskly through the narrow streets of Winchester to the skirl of the pipes, with swinging sporrans and waving plumes—every hour of the day feasted the eye with some bright and romantic scene.

"They're not really finer men than ours," remarked a young yeoman to me, as we watched the Highlanders passing; "it's the dress that does it."

If that be all, then let us hope that the new Commander-in-Chief will devise some better gear for English infantry, for it is certain that they compare at a disadvantage with the Highlanders.

I don't exactly know what it is in the appearance of troops moving among English hedgerows that stirs sleeping romance. It is not so in the Scottish Lowlands. Perhaps the sight of cavalry among the grey stones and brown moors recalls too vividly the dismal "killing-time" when the grim Covenanters were hunted from crag to crag and glen to glen. There was little romance on either side then. Then if memory goes back no further than the '15 and the '45, it was not the soldiers that wore red coats who won the warmest sympathy. The minstrelsy was all on the losing side. But in England—green England—the sight of a squadron, the glitter of steel among trees, the gleam of colour on the downs, are sure to carry one back to the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the actual mournful misery of their warfare is forgotten in remembrance of its gallantry.

Once more the reader may feel impatient with the writer with wandering so far from his theme. Well, the fact is that he has not strayed so far as might be thought; for in this manner of fishing there are long hours when no fish stirs, and the mind must find occupation in subsidiary objects. The charm of scenery is the chief accessory to the angler's enjoyment. Beast and bird, trees and flowers, all contribute to his interest, and the special nature of his pursuit brings him into close association with the insect world, of which the wonder and complexity becomes more surprising the more closely it is examined. A half-crown pocket-lens will reveal the extraordinary contrast between the larvæ, most of which are as hideous as they are bloodthirsty, and the grace and delicacy of the perfect insect. Sometimes the imago retains the outline and features of the mon-

ster from which it sprang, though disguised in glitter and jewel-like hues. This is especially the case among dragon-flies. Unlike most aquatic insects, these pass through no pupa stage. The loathsome larva prowls about the bottom of the water, its features hidden by a strange mask, which, as often as the creature gets near enough to its prey, shoots out into a jointed arm with sharp-toothed pincers, which conveys the luckless animal to the masked jaws. Then, on the eve of its gorgeous second birth, this hideous animal crawls up the stem of some reed, and none could paint what happens next more truthfully than Tennyson:—

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings; like gauze they
grew:
Through crofts and pastures wet with
dew
A living flash of light he flew."

But still, through all its splendour, may be traced in the dragon-fly the malign lineaments of the cruel creature from which it sprang.

The reformer of Scottish angling, Stewart, reduced the multiplicity of artificial flies to half-a-dozen varieties, and insisted strongly on the absurdity of using more than those he prescribed. The development of dry-fly-fishing has had a contrary tendency, and its professors endeavour to overcome the fastidious gust of chalk-stream trout by carrying close imitations of an immense number of various insects. Let the imitations be as close as human craftsmanship can accomplish—that is essential in streams so clear, where numerous inedible objects, such as flower sheaths, scales, and seeds are constantly floating down stream; but it is my firm belief that, besides

the large flies—May-fly, alder, and sedge, which are not found on all parts of these rivers—half-a-dozen other patterns will account for as many fish as the whole angler's entomology. Of course this will not satisfy those who credit fish with the faculty of discerning colour as well as shade. For my part, I must confess that many years of watchfulness have failed to contribute a shred of evidence in support of this hypothesis. It is the quantity, and not the quality, of light reflected from or transmitted through floating objects, which inform fish of their character, and I should be quite content to limit my stock of flies (besides the large ones above mentioned for occasional use) to the following half-dozen—

Red quill.

Black spider.

Dark olive and gold.

Hofland's fancy.

Yellow dun.

Wickham fancy.

Indeed I should not be disquieted by the absence of the last two.

It might indeed be useful to have in addition some good counterfeits of flying-ants, which are distinguished from other flying insects by the peculiar shape of the body and abdomen, and trout rise greedily at these on the few days in late summer when they appear.

The necessity of presenting to rising fish an exact facsimile of the fly that happens to prevail at the moment is vastly exaggerated. Countless instances occur to mind of the success of dark flies when light flies are coming down, or *vice versâ*, or of such a fly as the Wickham fancy, which resembles no particular insect, when trout have been feeding on duns. People are always prone to worship graven or other images, and the mythology of artificial flies is a laborious cult.

The main thing is to let your fish see something he may mistake for a living insect, without seeing your tackle. If he is feeding, the chances are he will take it, even if it is different to the fly prevailing at the time—just as a human epicure will snap at a quail after a slice from a saddle of mutton.

But why, it may be asked, may a trout be seen, after sucking down many natural flies, to come to the artificial, look at it, and turn away? This is a common experience, and to explain it the peculiar anatomy of the eye of fish must be remembered. Constructed for vision in a medium much denser than air, the lens in the eye of a fish is more convex, and therefore more powerful, than in the eyes of terrestrial animals. In water of extraordinary clearness, like these Hampshire rivers, the lens, so to speak, is stronger than there is any need for. Every fly at which a fish rises is submitted to a powerful magnifier. The presence of the hook or the gut must often be detected by the deliberate stare which these fish direct on the object of the rise, and this is quite enough to account for frequent refusals to be deluded.

There remains to be solved that mysterious phenomenon alluded to above, when, on certain days especially, trout may be seen to rise deliberately at the fly, which plainly disappears in the mouth of the fish, and yet, on striking, comes away without any check being felt. The likeliest solution is that offered a year or two ago by a writer in the 'Field,' who had closely watched the action of fish in an aquarium when food was offered to them. On certain days, when in the mood for food, they came at it readily, and, in seizing it, opened *both mouth and gills*, thus creating a

strong inward current by which the object was carried well within the jaws. On other days they took the food languidly, without opening the gills, and when the mouth was shut, the object was generally expelled with the returning water. If this gentleman's observations were verified, the explanation of shy rising seems to be not far off.

Dry-fly-fishing possesses one advantage over wet-fly-fishing in that bright sunshine is no bar to it. It increases the difficulty of approaching the fish and the chance of the gut being detected; but if these are overcome, a trout will rise as freely in sunshine as in shade. But the inveterate habit of tackle-makers is to cover rods with shining varnish, and the gleam of the sun reflected from this is often visible long before the angler himself. The next great advance in the campaign against trout will be made when a waterproof varnish is invented with a dull surface. Meanwhile, provided he can manoeuvre so as to avoid letting his own shadow or that of his rod fall on the water, the fisherman can approach much nearer to his quarry by keeping the sun behind him, than when it is in his face. And, of course, the first object is to get within range.

It may be supposed that if a single fly, used dry, prove so much more effective among English trout than a cast of two or three flies used wet, anglers would find their profit in adopting it in northern waters. That is so, where the nature of the stream favours this style of fishing, but this is seldom the case in Scottish or northern English streams. These have not, as a rule, the steady full-bodied flow of a chalk-stream, but are generally arranged in alternate pools and shallows. When the

water is low (and that is the only time when advantage would commonly be had from using the dry fly) there is a bobble at the top of the pool, and then a stretch of almost stagnant water, over which the floating fly lingers till the line gives it the fatal drag. But wherever streams exist of the kind known as "pows" in the Lowlands of Scotland, the dry fly may be used with fatal effect. Some of the Irish waters, too, are well adapted for it.

But, after all, the chief attraction of dry-fly-fishing exists in the large size of the fish taken. The plunge and rush of a three-pounder, following like lightning upon the diminutive disturbance caused by the rise, such as a half-grown frog might make, must be experienced to understand the refinement to which angling may be brought. It is the superior size of the fish frequenting waters where the May-fly comes that compensates anglers for the reaction that sets in at the close of the May-fly season. These beautiful insects not only nourish fish to the attainment of a great weight, but, when they appear, excite them to prodigious voracity, and tempt to the surface monsters that never give the fly-fisher a chance at other seasons.

Those who ply their vocation in waters where the May-fly cometh not, console themselves by the reflection that it is better to be able to catch fish weighing from 1 lb. to 3 lb. during five months in each year, than to have the chance of five and six pounders during a fortnight or three weeks. And yet—and yet—it is a fine thing when something happens to bring the real sockdologers sailing about a few inches below the surface.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER LIII.—THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.

DONALD, waiting below with the pony-carriage, found the time very long; but Phemie was quite surprised when, looking at length at her watch, she saw that it marked half-past two o'clock. They had been sitting together for the best part of an hour upon a block of yellow sandstone which commanded a favourable view of the plain below, but the ostensible reason which had brought them hither had somehow been lost sight of, and their conversation had wandered considerably away from fox-hunting subjects. After following the movements of the hunt for some little time through their field-glasses, and having seen the hounds—which at this distance appeared like a sprinkling of snow-flakes upon the tawny brown of the stubble—start off in another direction, apparently upon a fresh scent, Mr Hamilton had come to the conclusion that it was far too late to attempt picking them up again, and that therefore there was no particular object to be gained in rejoining his horse just at present. Why, since the run had at any rate been missed, he argued, should they not sit here a little longer enjoying the lovely view and the balmy air?—for by this time the sun, standing high in the sky, had long since dispersed the last trace of hoar-frost; and but for a certain pungent *arrière pensée* in the air, which came and went almost imperceptibly, like the latent frown on a false smiling face, the calendar might have marked June instead of the latter half of October.

When Phemie feebly suggested luncheon as an ostensible motive

for curtailing the *tête-à-tête*, her objections were speedily overruled by the production of Mr Hamilton's hunting-flask and sandwich-case, which contained more than sufficient nourishment for two healthy mortals not gluttonously disposed.

It was all very pleasant and exhilarating to sit there in the golden sunshine, surrounded by that other gold of the furze bushes, while the peculiarity of the situation gave to it that slight imperceptible flavour of wrong-doing, without which, let moralists prate as they choose, no pleasure on earth is fully and wholly complete.

They had talked upon so many different subjects successively, and their conversation had been so apparently random and driftless, that Phemie did not perceive the Machiavelian diplomacy which, after an hour or so of seemingly harmless talk, led up to the following scrap of dialogue.

"If you really so much wish it," said Mr Hamilton, in answer to something Phemie had just been saying, "I think I can undertake to procure the invitation you require to revisit your old home. I know Woolfield quite well enough to broach the subject; and he will, I am sure, be only too delighted and flattered to ask you to pay them a visit at Laird's Hill."

"Oh, thank you so much," she replied, with effusive gratitude. "Yes, I do not think I could have made up my mind to leave the country without having seen the inside of my old home. Perhaps you may think it a foolish fancy of mine——"

"Not foolish at all," he inter-

rupted, bending a little closer to her; "I quite understand, and can share, your feelings on the subject. The desire to revisit your old home is perfectly natural—just what I would have felt myself."

"But everybody does not seem to find it so," said Phemie, with a little sigh; "now Chrissy, for instance, declares it is wanton folly to go and needlessly tear open one's bleeding wounds by such sentimental rubbish, as she calls it. Nothing on earth could induce her to go near Laird's Hill now, she says, and that when one has cut one's finger the only sensible thing to do is to close up the wound with sticking-plaster."

"There are wounds which can never be closed up by any amount of sticking-plaster."

The words, taken by themselves, might have seemed to contain a simple assertion; but the deep musical undertone in which they were spoken carried with it a strange power to thrill the listener's ears, although in reality this effect was solely due to a peculiar formation of the larynx and of the *ligamenta epiglottis*, having nothing whatsoever to do with such subtle mainsprings as love or constancy. But Phemie, who had not studied the evolution of the human voice from a scientific point of view, was of course unaware of this, and felt more troubled and touched than she would have liked to betray.

"At any rate, I don't mean to apply sticking-plaster to this particular wound just yet," she said, with an obvious effort to restore to the conversation a light and harmless tone; "and so I shall really be very much obliged if you can manage to arrange about this visit."

"I shall do so at once," he eagerly replied, "and shall give you the answer on Tuesday week, when we meet at the Hunt Ball."

"At the Hunt Ball! But I am not going there."

"You cannot be serious? Why, I heard Mrs Blushwood speak to-day as if her appearance there were to be taken for granted. Your brother-in-law would never think of omitting to pay his homage to the sacred sport even in this indirect fashion."

"Yes, Chrissy's appearance as the wife of a fox-worshipper is a matter of course; but my case is widely different, and as I happen to possess neither a ball-dress nor a motive to induce me, I have declined the honour of joining the party."

"Oh, if these are your only objections, they can easily be overruled," said Mr Hamilton, with an air of relief. "Let us make a compact, Baroness. If you will only consent to see about the ball-dress, I will undertake to furnish you with a first-class motive. There now—that is a fair offer, I think!"

"You keep a stock-in-trade of motives?" laughed back Phemie.

"A most complete assortment."

"I wonder what they are like?"

"Their name is legion. They are variegated as the rainbow hues, and numerous as the sea-sands. I can furnish them to order, high or low, deep or shallow, black or white, according to the emergency."

"Dear me, what an *embarras des richesses*! Then I suppose you will have some difficulty in selecting the precise motive most suitable for this particular case?"

"I shall have no difficulty," he returned, quickly. "The motive has been lying all ready cut and dry for the last five years."

"A five-years'-old motive! Why, that sounds a trifle stale, Mr Hamilton, like an old-fashioned piece of goods for which you have failed to find a customer. Why, if I really am to let myself be persuaded to go

to this ball, for which I have small inclination, it would require to be an exceptionally fresh and particularly strong motive which could have power to make me change my mind. Something quite A 1, in fact."

"And is the happiness of a fellow-creature, the realisation of the dream of years, so insignificant a thing in your eyes as not to be worth such a small sacrifice as this would entail?" he returned with a sudden gravity, doubly impressive by contrast with the bantering tone in which the last phrases had been spoken.

"The dream of years? What dream?" asked Phemie, still uncomprehending.

He did not directly reply to her question.

"Call it foolish, if you like, call it insane," he said, taking hold of the hand that lay nearest him, but with a gesture so carefully calculated as to preclude all idea of impertinent familiarity. "Do you remember the Yeomanry Ball to which you were to have gone five years ago, and the flower you gave me in token of your promise to give me the first three round dances?"

"I know nothing about a flower," said Phemie, feebly; but she made no effort to withdraw the hand he held prisoner.

"I have it still. It was a red horse-chestnut blossom," he said with decision. "What that flower has become to me you cannot even guess! The only thing now left to remind me of a happiness that should have been mine."

"Mr Hamilton—you know that is nonsense," said Phemie, with a sudden accession of spirit, as she pulled her hand out of his. "How can you presume to talk as if—as if there had been anything between us before my marriage? No words interchanged at that time can have

given you the right to hope for anything."

"And yet I was foolish enough to hope," he returned, so gently that she felt a pang of remorse for the unnecessary vivacity which she had put into her tone.

"I am sorry," she said, after a pause—"if you ever thought of me in—in that way—but that was no fault of mine."

"Of course not. How could you tell that that first ball, to which you looked forward with merely girlish pleasure, appeared to me in prospect like a landmark in my life? How could you guess that the three round dances you had promised to give me were in my eyes but the earnest of a deeper happiness I hoped to obtain? Of course you could not guess all these things when you gave me the flower!"

The words, "I never gave you a flower," were again rising to Phemie's lips, but she checked their utterance as wantonly unkind. Why, after all, was it necessary to destroy the delusion to which he seemed so resolved to cling? so she merely said instead, as lightly as she could—

"There is nothing so illogical as raking up old grievances. Why, even if I had gone to that ball and had danced with you, what good could that do you now?"

"Ah! if you had gone to that ball, Phemie! Do you not see, does not your heart tell you, that everything might have been changed!—that both your life and mine might have taken a different course?"

In the agitation of the situation Phemie scarcely noticed that he had used her Christian name; but when thus unexpectedly called upon to say whether, had circumstances been otherwise, she would have felt it possible to become his wife, she had a moment of honest hesitation pure and simple. Even while under

the potent fascination of the man by her side, with his dangerously alluring voice ringing in her ear, and thrilled to the core by the masterful grasp of his hand, which had again taken hold of her own, she felt confusedly conscious of the discrepancy existing between the two ideas thus presented to her mind. Somehow the notion of Mr Hamilton as a husband, whether her own or any one else's, seemed to lack all semblance of reality or even probability.

"Why do you not answer me, Phemie?" he said, pressing her hand so tightly between both of his as to send the blood coursing wildly through her veins. "Can you really be cruel enough to grudge me the poor consolation of knowing that if fate had been kind to me and had given me the chance, I too might have competed not unsuccessfully for the prize which another—a foreigner—had power to gain?"

The ingenious sophistry with which this question was put had the effect of challenging an almost equally equivocal reply; and taking as rapid a mental view of the situation as the bewilderment of the moment permitted, it seemed to Phe-

mie's temporarily unfocussed sense of morality, that after all there would be no great harm in leaving Mr Hamilton under the impression that chance alone, and not any other reason, had kept them apart. If such a small thing as a harmless delusion could afford consolation to a man, who could have had the heart to deprive him of it?—and after all she was defrauding her husband of none of his lawful rights by letting another man suppose that, granted a totally different set of circumstances, their positions might have been reversed.

"Of course we none of us can tell what would have happened to us if things had been differently arranged," she said, with oracular vagueness; but even as she said it Phemie was uneasily conscious of a sense of her own duplicity, an impression which his next words nowise tended to remove.

"Thank you!" he said, in a low tremulous voice; "you have made me very happy;" and raising her hand to his lips with a gesture which was a masterpiece of art, in its assumption of deferential worship, he kissed it long and fervently.

CHAPTER LIV.—CHANGING HER MIND.

When, half an hour later, Phemie regained the pony-carriage, Mr Hamilton had obtained her positive assurance that she would attend the — Hunt Ball next week, and would there keep the promise she had made to him five years previously. After all, she told herself, it was but a small thing to do, and she would have been churlish indeed had she refused the paltry boon of three round dances to a man who believed that he had lost in her his one chance of happiness.

It was not, however, without

some slight sense of embarrassment that she prepared to acquaint her sister with her altered resolution with regard to the ball. Chrissy's eyes were so shrewd and piercing that the elder sister felt almost afraid of being read too plainly, so she wisely selected the convenient semi-darkness of Mrs Blushwood's boudoir during five o'clock tea-time for making the dreaded disclosure.

Chrissy had just returned home in the highest of spirits, flushed with the day's exertion, with tousled hair, and a reeking, warm fox's tail

dangling from her saddle-strap; for, having been the foremost horse-woman in the field to-day, this coveted trophy had naturally been awarded to her.

"Why, what are you doing here all by yourself in the dark?" she exclaimed, limping into the room, for the injured ankle was smarting painfully from the effects of the long ride. "Why have you not rung for lights? and I do declare you have forgotten to pour out your tea!"

"Oh, the tea, to be sure," said Phemie, rousing herself from the day-dream in which she had been plunged. "It has only just come in, and I never like to drink it so hot."

"The teapot is icy cold," remarked Chrissy, grimly removing the embroidered tea-cosy with one hand while with the other she seized hold of the poker, and with a few vigorous strokes deftly directed against the large centre block of coal, she broke it up into fragments, thereby emitting a flood of flickering light into the apartment.

"It was no end of fun," she declared some minutes later, when the teapot had been replenished and the two little Blushwood boys, on whom Chrissy had not previously set eyes that day, had been summoned from their distant nursery on a brief visit to their mother. "We had another good rattling run of fully twenty minutes, and I had quite half-a-dozen really tidy leaps. I was so sorry to think of you being left to mope by yourself in the pony-carriage."

"It was very good of you to think of sending back to show me the way to Laverock Knowe quarry. I had an excellent view of the run from up there," remarked Phemie, from the depths of her arm-chair.

Just at this moment two of the fox-terrier puppies, Chrissy's inseparable

companions, happened to fall out over a piece of biscuit, which caused the youngest Blushwood child, ill-accustomed to such noisy episodes in its quiet nursery life, to set up a piteous wail: no wonder, then, that Phemie's last phrase was but imperfectly understood by her sister.

"So you managed to find the quarry after all for yourselves? That was real clever of Donald. Of course I would have gladly sent you a guide had that been possible; but there was no one I could ask, for no fox-hunter in his senses would think of giving up his sport for the sake of such far-fetched courtesy."

"Of course not," echoed Phemie, guiltily surprised to find that after all Chrissy had nothing to do with Mr Hamilton's self-imposed rôle of cicerone; and, anxious to repair the blunder she had nearly made, she hastened to change the subject by saying, in as careless a tone as she was able to assume—

"On what day did you say, Chrissy, that the — Hunt Ball was to take place? I really forget."

"On the 25th. But why do you ask?"

"Only because I was wondering whether, after all, your ankle will really be well enough to permit of your going? You were limping terribly just now when you came into the room."

"Yes; the pain is rather excruciating," admitted Chrissy, cheerfully, "but I mean to be as right as a trivet again by Tuesday week. I am going to bandage up my foot to-night with Nimrod's Fluid, the stuff that George uses for his hunters' legs. It takes the skin right off, you know, but is wonderful in its effects,—so do not indulge in any false hopes on the subject of my ankle. Now, confess it, Phemie, you were privately hop-

ing that it would be so bad as to oblige me to stay at home after all, and share your solitude?"

"You are very kind in imputing to me such truly fiendish motives," said Phemie, with some hesitation. "But you are perfectly wrong, as it happens, for I was going to suggest something entirely different."

Chrissy, who had knelt down on the hearthrug in order to appease her wailing infant, which she was endeavouring to coax back into smiles by tickling its nose with the end of the fox's tail, had her back turned to Phemie, or she could not have failed to note the rapid changes of colour on her sister's face; but it was without any shade of suspicion that she merely said without turning round—

"You were going to suggest something. Well, fire away. I am nerved for anything."

"Oh, it is nothing particular," stammered Phemie, wondering a little why it should be so difficult to make such a very simple announcement as the one she was contemplating; "but merely supposing, just for argument's sake, that I had changed my mind?"

"Changed your mind about what?"

"About the ball."

"You are going after all!" exclaimed Chrissy, rising to her feet with a bound.

"I—I was half thinking of it," admitted Phemie, with feigned reluctance. "I suppose you consider me very foolish and inconsistent?"

"It would have been a deal wiser certainly if you had contrived to know your own mind last week when I broached the subject," admitted Chrissy, candidly. "There would have been ever so much more time for seeing about your dress; but you were as pig-headed as a mule, and would not even hear of my suggestion when I first proposed

it. All my persuasive arguments made no more impression than drops of rain on a duck's back."

"Oh, well—if you don't care for my company——" Phemie was beginning, with more temper than the occasion seemed to warrant, when Chrissy interrupted her.

"Don't be a fool, Phemie," she exclaimed briskly, lightly flicking her sister's shoulder with the edge of the fox's tail, as though administering chastisement to an unreasonable child. "Of course I am as pleased as Punch to hear that you are going with us after all, instead of moping here by yourself; but I was only wondering what had occurred to make you change your mind in this unaccountable fashion."

"There is nothing so particularly unaccountable about it," retorted Phemie, still rather upon her dignity. "Why should not a woman change her mind occasionally?"

"Why not, indeed? It is the privilege of our sex."

"The idea only came to me this forenoon quite suddenly."

"When you were sitting alone in the pony-carriage, thinking how dull it was to be out of all the fun? Yes, I quite understand; there is nothing like a little solitary reflection for bringing people to their senses. But about your dress—that is what principally weighs upon my mind," went on Chrissy, with a slight frown of anxiety, as with characteristic energy and completeness she prepared to give her full attention to the subject in question—"the time is rather short, to be sure, and if you are really going to the ball I should not like you to be a figure; you see there are sure to be some rather great swells there this time. I heard to-day that Lord Kittlebrook has invited down a whole houseful of English guests for the occasion—

and Cranburn Castle, too, is sure to have a large house-party."

"I certainly don't intend to be a figure," said Phemie, with great decision, sitting bolt upright in her chair and with two bright spots of colour on her cheek, which were scarcely to be accounted for by the mere reflection of the dancing flames.

"The black lace gown that you wore at the dinner-party last week might do at a pinch; it is the only one of your dresses that is at all smart," pronounced Chrissy, "and if relieved here and there with touches of colour—peacock blue or terra-cotta red for instance—it might quite well pass muster."

"My black lace would never do," said Phemie, disdainfully. "It is far too dismal-looking for a ball-room, and any one could see at a glance that it was only an old dinner-gown dodged up for the occasion. I never should think of going without a spick-and-span brand-new ball-dress. What did you say was the name of your London dressmaker?"

"Madame Celestine; but I don't know whether I should precisely advise you to go to her. She is terribly expensive, you know, and would perhaps not suit your economical views."

"Economy must just go to the wall for once in a way," retorted Phemie, rather recklessly; "after all, one cannot always be thinking of scrimping and saving, and I am determined to look my best for this one night at least."

Chrissy glanced at her sister in some surprise. How very strange Phemie was this afternoon! she thought, with only a passing feeling of uneasiness. Her eyes were sparkling like diamonds, and her colour—no, decidedly her colour was not merely due to the rosy reflection of the dancing flames.

"You are looking your best just at this moment," she said, slowly; but it was not wholly clear, from the tone in which she said it, whether admiration or a certain wondering dissatisfaction had prompted the assertion.

"I wonder what became of Hamilton," remarked Mr Blushwood at dinner that evening, just as dessert was being placed on the table. "I quite lost sight of him after the first run. Must have come to grief, I suppose, over one of the fences, for nothing short of a grave accident could account for his sudden disappearance."

Just at that moment Phemie, chancing to look up, encountered the eyes of Donald, the groom, fixed full upon her face with what seemed to be an expression of sardonic comprehension. James, the footman, being laid up with sore throat, the groom had been suddenly called upon to fill his place in the dining-room. In reality the groom's expression was solely due to the acute mental agony he was experiencing at being expected gracefully to balance a crystal dish of preserved ginger in one hand, and to nervous terror at the thought of possibly spilling some drops of the rich golden syrup upon the thick-piled Persian carpet; but there is nothing for stimulating and distorting the imagination like a guilty conscience, and so Phemie contrived to read in the servant's eyes a dozen uncomfortable things which had no reasonable foundation. She felt herself degraded and sullied in her own estimation at the idea of being obliged to share a secret with the groom, and yet there was no help for it now. Why on earth had she been so foolish as not boldly to mention the fact of her meeting with Mr Hamilton when the day's events had been discussed

between the sisters? There was nothing intrinsically wrong, after all, in the mere fact of a gentleman having taken the trouble to show her the way to a point she had been seeking. No one in their senses could have taken umbrage at such a very simple occurrence, but only the secrecy with which she had unwittingly enveloped these circumstances had now given to the incident an appearance of guilt. Hastily dropping her eyes on the plate, she became ostensibly absorbed in the peeling of a pear, and was conscious of a distinct feeling of relief when, the grapes and biscuits having been duly handed round, the servants withdrew from the dining-room. She did not, however, attempt to reassure her brother-in-law as to Mr Hamilton's supposed tragic fate, even when after a pause he returned to the subject by saying, as he thoughtfully sipped his glass of port wine—

"Nothing short of a serious accident could account for his sudden

disappearance. That was rather a nasty fence at the entrance of Farmer Ridgeway's field, though you took it like a bird, Chrissy—by Jove! you did—but I have seen a man break his neck with less reason."

"I daresay he is all right," said Chrissy, suppressing a yawn, for her long day in the saddle had made her sleepy. "Those sort of black sheep never really come to grief; and even if he did break his neck, I don't suppose any one would feel the loss very deeply, except perhaps Mrs Gordon; and even she, poor thing, would chiefly have cause to regret that the catastrophe did not take place some twelve months sooner. Come, Phemie, let's leave George to his wine, and migrate to the drawing-room. We can finally settle the details about your dress and write the order to Madame Celestine. I feel that I am nodding with sleep like a Chinese mandarin, but it would not do to lose a post."

CHAPTER LV.—MRS GORDON OF GLENROBBIN.

During the next few days the — Hunt Ball formed the one engrossing subject of thought and conversation at Blushwood Hall, and Phemie now amply made up for her previous indifference on the subject by the feverish energy with which she threw herself into the direction of all the details regarding her toilet. Having announced her intention to be extravagant for once in a way, she acted up to her resolution with a completeness which almost took Chrissy's breath away. Pale pink satin had been decided upon as foundation of the ball-dress, and when Madame Celestine had sent various patterns of the desired colour to choose from,

their prices ranging from ten shillings to a guinea a-yard, Phemie had unhesitatingly decided for the most expensive one, disdainfully remarking that none of the others were fit to be seen, although, as Chrissy presumed to point out, there was one exceedingly pretty satin marked eleven and sixpence which would equally well have answered the purpose. Eglantine roses or pink convolvulus had been suggested as trimming; but Phemie, with a slight tinge of embarrassment, had expressed her desire to have a parure of pink horse-chestnut blossoms—"Like those that were ordered for my first ball, you remember, only I should wish them

to be finer, and with velvet leaves. And oh, Chrissy, I positively must have a new fan to match the dress—one of those transparent lace ones that are so fashionable now, and with mother-o'-pearl mounting. I suppose I had best write to Howell & James, and make them send a choice?"

Mr Hamilton's name had not again been mentioned at Blushwood Hall during the days that preceded the ball, although Phemie had several times had it on the tip of her tongue to ask her sister what had been meant by those covert allusions in which Mr Hamilton's name had been coupled with that of Mrs Gordon of Glenrobbin. But as there is nothing like a bad conscience for deranging the mental focus, she feared to betray too deep an interest by the enunciation of a question which, under other circumstances, would have seemed to her perfectly natural, and so it was only on the very evening of the ball that she at last found courage to put the question which had been burning on her lips for the last ten days.

"Chrissy," she said, emboldened by the dark seclusion of the carriage, which so effectually masked all tell-tale changes of colour, as on the eventful evening they were on their way to the ball—"who is that Mrs Gordon you were speaking about the other evening?"

"Why, the beautiful Mrs Gordon of Glenrobbin, of course. Her maiden name was Kitty Mellish."

"And what has she been doing to make people talk about her—in—in that sort of way?"

"Have you not heard? They say it is likely to become a *cause célèbre*. Her husband intends to sue for divorce, and the society papers are all eagerly gaping for the disclosures that may be ex-

pected to come out in course of the trial."

"Did she—did she actually run away from her husband?" asked Phemie, hesitatingly; "was it really as bad as that?"

"Not nearly as good as that. I always respect a woman who runs away from her husband," said Chrissy, composedly.

"Oh, Chrissy, you cannot be serious!"

"Perfectly serious. Running away from one's husband in the open light of day, and with the companion of one's choice, is a brave, honest sort of action, and no one has a right to blame a woman for it. I would do it myself any day."

"Now, Chrissy, you are really talking nonsense."

"I never talk nonsense, my dear. Have you not yet discovered that all my words are dictated by the most deep-seated wisdom? I only mean to say that if George were to attempt to beat me, or should otherwise misbehave himself, I should consider myself perfectly entitled to run away from him and make a clean sweep of my position and reputation at one blow. But as to a woman taking up with another man behind her husband's back, merely because the shape of his nose or the cut of his eyebrows happened to please her better, that is a thing which I consider utterly vile and contemptible, besides being so entirely devoid of common-sense. You cannot both eat your cake and have it, you know."

"And is that what Mrs Gordon has been trying to do?"

"Very much so, indeed. It happened while her husband was away salmon-fishing in Norway. She found his absence long, and did not choose the wisest way of enlivening her solitude."

"And with whom"—Phemie found some unaccountable diffi-

culty in steadying her voice in spite of the convenient darkness—"with whom did Mrs Gordon attempt to amuse herself while her husband was absent in Norway?"

"With Mr Hamilton, they say—that same Mr Hamilton who was at the meet last week. I thought I had told you already."

"Yes, I remember now," murmured Phemie, feeling rather inclined to burst into tears without exactly knowing why, and with a vague, incongruous idea shooting through her mind that, after all, perhaps she had been foolishly extravagant about her ball-dress. Had she heard all these details before, perhaps she might have contented herself with the satin at eleven and sixpence.

"And is this Mrs Gordon so very beautiful?" she ventured after a pause.

"A regular stunner," said Chrissy, emphatically. "She created quite a sensation at Court when she was presented, and was engaged to the rich Mr Gordon before her first season was out. It was an immense stroke of luck for a penniless girl like her, and now to have sacrificed everything for the sake of a man like Ronald Hamilton!"

"Perhaps it is not true," said Phemie, rather pettishly. "People are so ill-natured and invent such preposterous things. I cannot bear talking scandal."

"Then why did you broach the subject at all?" said Chrissy, astutely. "I am no scandalmonger myself; but unless I were to live on a desert island and keep my ears firmly closed up with cotton-wool, I cannot help hearing things, you know."

There were no more words exchanged between the sisters during the drive, for presently the carriage was rattling over the uneven stone pavement of the little country town,

and within a few minutes had drawn up in front of the illuminated entrance of the Royal Hotel, where the — Hunt Ball was to take place.

The Royal Hotel at — was a large, rambling, old-fashioned building, containing, besides a really handsome vaulted ball-room, innumerable quaintly shaped side apartments, and twisted corridors leading to unexpected nooks and corners, most conveniently adapted for intrigue or flirtation. Being able to boast of the only good-sized dancing-room which the little town contained, from time immemorial it was here that the annual Hunt Ball was wont to be held; and being the one great ball of the season, this was almost the only occasion in the year when a universal meeting of all the county families took place. Most of the country-houses made a point of having a houseful of guests for the evening, and every woman for a radius of ten miles round donned her very best gown or ordered a new one for the event.

As Mrs Blushwood and her sister had just divested themselves of their cloaks and were preparing to enter the ball-room, Mr Hamilton eagerly advanced to meet them, with the intention, no doubt, of constituting himself Baroness Wolfsberg's escort; but with only a very slight nod of unavoidable recognition, Phemie turned away and took her brother-in-law's arm, leaving her sister to follow with Mr Hamilton. In the next moment she had regretted her hasty action, as it occurred to her mind that any conversation between her sister and that gentleman might be fraught with peril. Why had she not at once foreseen this danger and averted it? and what would Chrissy think were she only now to find out about that walk to Laverock Knowe quarry from some

accidental remark of Mr Hamilton's? A minute ago Phemie had been proposing to herself to treat her old admirer with icy coldness and indifference, and if possible to shirk the promise she had made to him on the subject of the three round dances; but now again she found herself forced into a species of complicity with him from which there was no escape. It would not do to risk offending him, and if he really was such a bad man as Chrissy seemed to believe, there was all the more reason for not making of him an enemy.

Though the room was already well filled, the arrival of the Blushwood party caused some little sensation. Chrissy, of course, was a familiar and popular figure at all similar county gatherings, but Phemie was a new apparition; and seen thus thrown into relief by all the most cunning auxiliaries which exquisite taste lavishly interpreted could dictate, her beauty took every one by surprise. It is all very well to talk of beauty unadorned, or foolishly to maunder of the "sweet neglect" which some harebrained poets have declared to offer greater seduction than any amount of studied elegance; but, as every intelligent female nowadays is aware, no rough-hewn block of marble is more helplessly dependent on the chisel of the particular artist assigned to it by chance, than is a woman in the hands of her dress-maker. We are all but raw material after all, and according as we be draped by hands clumsy or deft, these arbitrators of our fate have power to make of us either sad caricatures or artistic masterpieces. Madame Celestine piqued herself on being an artist, and she had never more fully deserved her reputation than on the present occasion. It was one of the standing rules of the great priestess of fashion never to make a dress for a customer

whose features were unknown to her; and whenever, as in the present instance, she had not the honour of a lady's personal acquaintance, she insisted that a good photographic likeness, along with exact particulars regarding the age, colour of hair and eyes, habitual expression, and other characteristic features of the intending client, should be submitted to her notice. The result this time was an artistic triumph before which every male spectator fell down and helplessly adored, overwhelmed by the incomprehensible loveliness of the general effect, which he felt without understanding; while there was scarcely a woman in the room who did not feel her heart contract with envy as she recognised with what perfidious ingenuity toilet artifices had here been made use of to magnify a very fair amount of original beauty—this much even the most virulently disposed were obliged grudgingly to concede—into something quite preposterously unreal.

The new-born fashion of wide bell-shaped skirts and egregiously puffed-out bodices, adopted by most women in fear and trembling, conscious of its disastrous tendency to produce stiffness and angularity, had here been employed to produce a directly opposite effect; for whereas innumerable other skirts, cut on apparently the self-same pattern, bore a melancholy resemblance to a set of clumsy sugar-loaves, the idea evoked by Phemie's gown was that of a swelling pink flower-bell just expanded to its fullest midsummer glory, while the ungainly balloon-shaped sleeves, often unkindly suggestive of disguised deformity, sprang from her shoulders with the airy grace of a fairy's wings. The vivid sheen of rich pink satin was judiciously tempered and toned down here and there by frothy swathings of some transparent fabric, which partly con-

cealed and partly displayed the contrasting tints of a loose fantastic garland of red horse-chestnut blossom, flung capriciously across the train. Phemie had no diamonds to wear; but no one could have regretted their absence or wished to see them take the place of the old-fashioned seed-pearl ornaments inherited from Leo's mother, and which, gleaming on neck and bosom and in her soft brown hair, with the subdued radiance of fresh-fallen dew-drops, were far better suited to her delicate dreamy style of beauty than the diamonds, whose more aggressive glitter served to emphasise and accentuate the brisk energetic movements and short pithy retorts of the younger sister. Chrissy, attired in a bright heliotrope ball-dress, which she wore with an air of uncompromising fashion, her hair drawn back in a fierce little conical knot, traversed

by a stiletto of brilliants matching the diamond dog-collar round her slightly tanned throat, looked exactly what she was—a fine spirited *fin-de-siècle* young woman with no nonsense about her, not overburdened with any inconvenient amount of refined delicacy, but honest to the core, and well able to hold her own in any conceivable combination of circumstances. Not by any means the sort of woman whose fatal loveliness has power to arouse the best, as also the worst, instincts of the other sex; not the sort of woman for whom men sometimes lose their reason or break their hearts; not by any means the sort of woman for the sake of whose favours cunning nets are woven and pitfalls devised; but also not at all the sort of woman ever to walk blindfold into any trap, however cunningly prepared and skilfully baited.

CHAPTER LVI.—THE “QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM.”

Soon after their entrance the first valse struck up, and Mr Hamilton, advancing to Phemie's side, offered her his arm with an air of scarcely disguised exultation—for, apart from all other considerations, the legitimate triumph of appearing in public as the partner of the prettiest woman in the room was particularly agreeable and soothing to masculine vanity.

“At last!” he murmured very low into her ear, as skilfully he plunged with her into the maze of revolving dancers, who were all being carried along to the magic strains of the Eldorado valse. But she attempted no answer; there was no responding pressure to the touch of his hand; and they went twice round the room in absolute silence, when Phemie pleaded want of breath as a reason for drawing up. She was out of practice, she

said, rather shortly, and required to rest a little.

The suggestion seemed exactly to meet her partner's views, for without a word he led her into a vaulted corridor, which had been turned into an impromptu conservatory by means of skilfully arranged clumps of palms and oleanders, from whose branches green Chinese lanterns were cunningly suspended.

“Here you will be able to rest,” he said, as he placed himself by her side on a low settee. “It is ever so much pleasanter here than in the crowded ball-room, and we can sit out the rest of this valse if you prefer it.”

“Oh, but that is not what I intended!” exclaimed Phemie, very much taken aback on realising that she had fallen from Scylla into Charybdis. “I only meant to say that I have got so completely out

of the habit of dancing that I lose breath easily."

"You never dance abroad?"

"Hardly ever. Leo does not care for balls."

"And is he cruel enough to condemn you to solitude on that account?"

"Leo is never cruel!" said Phemie, rather hotly; "and I don't care for dancing either myself really, except, perhaps, now and then for once in a way. A quiet evening at home is worth a dozen balls."

"I quite agree with you," returned her partner, with a sigh, which sounded wonderfully genuine. "The only real happiness in life is to be found in a perfect union of souls; but for us poor fellows who have missed our chance of happiness, what remains but to snatch such brief draughts of felicity as come in our way."

"Yes," returned Phemie, with a hard little laugh. "But you are not really so very much to be pitied after all as you make out, for these consoling draughts you speak of are very frequent and very miscellaneous, as I have been told."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr Hamilton, quickly, whose practised eye had long since detected the touch of constraint in her manner to-night. "What have you heard? Who has been telling you—— Ah yes. I understand——some one has been poisoning your mind against me."

"I don't know what you call poisoning; but of course one cannot help hearing things unless one happens to be stone-deaf," said Phemie, unconsciously quoting her sister's words so lately uttered.

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, Baroness," he returned, with a great assumption of frankness, which, as experience had taught him, was particularly effective on similar occasions. "You allude, of course, to that affair of

poor Mrs Gordon of Glenrobbin, with whom my name has unfortunately been coupled of late. Poor thing! no one can more sincerely pity her than I do for the scrape into which she has got. No doubt she has been very foolish, very imprudent, in showing her feelings so plainly; but, after all, is that any fault of mine?"

Phemie was utterly unprepared to see the question treated with such apparent openness, and from such an entirely novel point of view.

"It is not for me to judge," she returned, still rather constrainedly; "I have no wish to discuss the matter."

"Is that fair to me?" he pleaded, in a voice of tender reproach, "to condemn me unheard? You listen to idle stories that are being circulated against me, and yet would refuse me the chance of exculpating myself in your eyes. Is that just, Phemie? is that generous? I can bear to be misunderstood and condemned by all the outward world if only I have not lost your esteem. Your opinion is the only one that has for me any value. Listen to me, and I will explain everything."

And explain he did, with such audacious and eloquent language, accompanied by yet more eloquent looks, that his words would have had power to carry conviction to the mind of far more cynical sceptics than poor Phemie, bewildered, flattered, excited, and touched, was in a position to be. What more refined adulation, what more delicate homage, can be offered to a woman than is conveyed by the mere assumption that she alone is capable of comprehending us, and that her opinion only has value in our eyes?

The air of engaging frankness with which Mr Hamilton told his tale was emphasised and enhanced

by the subtle veil of reserve which he managed to throw over certain portions of his narrative, thereby skilfully conveying the impression that discretion only and chivalrous regard for a lady's fair name prevented him from speaking outright. Was it his fault if a woman had chosen to fling herself at his head? Could he have been cruel enough brutally to repulse and trample under foot the ill-advised preference of an unfortunate woman who had loved him not wisely but too well? and was he not rather to be pitied than blamed for such worthless conquests, which came unasked for and undesired, whereas to him had been denied the only happiness which could have made life worth living?

All this was more insinuated than said, more told with the eyes than the lips, and Phemie, only too willing to let herself be persuaded, listened to the tale, which sounded all the more seductive from the surrounding circumstances of the scene in which it was told. The subdued strains of dance-music from the ball-room yonder caressed her ear like the unconscious suggestions of tempting siren voices, and the Chinese lanterns 'twixt the palm-trees and oleanders glowed with the soft radiance of gigantic fireflies suspended in the boughs of a tropical forest. What captious critic would pause to discover that the glowing fireflies were in reality but coarse paper-lanterns, bought up wholesale at 9d. per dozen? and how was it possible to distinguish false love from true under circumstances so dangerously alluring?

And Phemie herself was quite as incapable of analysing her own feelings as she was of gauging the sincerity of those professed by her companion. She was not, nor had she ever been, in love with the man by her side, although everything was conspiring to delude her into

this belief. Having come into her life again just at this particular crisis, Mr Hamilton's personality had been invested in her eyes with a certain spurious interest not belonging to it by rights. She was in love, it is true, but not with a man of flesh and blood. What she loved just now with all the strength of which she was capable, to the exclusion of everything else, was her own native country, whose almost forgotten charms, now suddenly realised again, had taken possession of her by storm. Touched and aching with the memories of bygone days, her heart had yearningly gone out to the first person who seemed capable of sharing and comprehending her feelings,—and thus it was Mr Hamilton who had unconsciously become the embodiment of all that had been familiar and precious in her former life; of many things she had dimly been missing these last four years; of everything, in fact, she had loved and lost by her own choice. She did not think of directly asking herself whether she could have loved Ronald Hamilton better than Leo Wolfsberg; but the question as to whether she would not have been happier had she married an Englishman instead of a foreigner, would rise up now with ever-recurring persistency. All things were conspiring to weave around Phemie a network of fascination which she no longer attempted to resist; but giving herself up solely to the charm of the moment, she let herself glide gently into a soft caressing dream, without attempting to analyse its meaning; and when, half-an-hour later, she returned to the ball-room on her partner's arm, he had more than regained the lost ground occasioned by Chrissy's random observations.

Phemie danced again repeatedly with Mr Hamilton during the course of that evening, although he

was specially careful not to compromise her by too obtrusive attentions; and when supper-time came round, it was again his privilege to secure her companionship. She had taken place at the supper-table merely as a matter of form, for suppressed excitement made her for the moment impervious to the material wants of the flesh. The consciousness of being more beautiful than she had ever been before in her life, the admiration which she read in every eye, and most of all in one particular pair of eyes, had all gone to her head like a draught of potent wine; and although she merely toyed with the chicken salad on her plate, and her champagne-glass remained filled to the brim, yet she talked and laughed with a feverish gaiety which, to any but a very close observer, might well have passed muster for genuine high spirits.

Just as she was laughing somewhat immoderately at a slightly ambiguous story related by her companion, she encountered a pair of eyes fixed upon her from the opposite side of the table with an expression which had an instantaneous and inexplicably sobering effect upon her.

"Who is that lady?" she asked, suddenly checking a rather flippant retort rising to her lips, and putting up her eyeglass the more closely to examine the person who had attracted her notice.

The lady in question was a regal-looking woman of about thirty or perhaps a little more, her splendid figure displayed to fullest advantage by the severely classical cut of the rich ruby velvet gown, whose lights and shades evoked visions of dusky Bourbon roses, touched here and there by flickering sunbeams. Among the many costly ornaments

in the room, none could rival the diamond and ruby necklace which glowed upon her firm white neck like blood-drops upon snow. A coronet of the same stones was placed upon her dark brown hair, which, contrary to prevalent fashion, was simply drawn back in two smooth bands to join the heavy coil at the back of her neck. The clean-cut nose, firm lines about mouth and chin, and jet black eyebrows, which grew in an almost straight line, would have given to her face an expression almost of hardness, were it not for the marvellous grey eyes which, heavily rimmed with black, would appear one moment drowned in shadow, to shine presently with the clear flawless lustre of transparent grey agate. A thoroughly prosperous, contented-looking woman, well fit to adorn and enjoy the brilliant position she occupied, superficial observers would have said; a woman who has suffered much and gone through great psychological tempests before reaching a safe and happy harbour, would have been the verdict of any keener student of human nature.

"That is Lady Nevyl," returned Mr Hamilton, glancing across the table as he replied to Phemie's question,— "the wife of the rich Sir Gilbert Nevyl."

"She looks like a queen," said Phemie, with almost awestruck admiration.

"So she is — the 'Queen of Curds and Cream';¹ that is the nickname she went by when she made her *début* in London about a dozen years ago."

Phemie had suddenly grown very serious.

"I don't know what it is," she said, passing her hand over her forehead as though to recall and

¹ See 'A Queen of Curds and Cream,' by Dorothea Gerard. Eden Remington & Co.

vivify some fleeting uncertain impression, "but she seems to remind me of something which I cannot quite lay hold of. It is not her face exactly, for I do not think I can ever have met her before, but there is something about her manner and movements that seem strange and familiar all at once. Do you happen to know her maiden name? and why is it that she is called the 'Queen of Curds and Cream'?"

"She was nicknamed so on account of her former occupation, I believe," returned Mr Hamilton, with just a touch of disparagement in his tone. "She comes from Germany or Switzerland, I believe, and was a dairymaid or something of the sort in her own country."

"I don't believe that," said Phemie, with the warm championship which is so beautiful when displayed by one pretty woman towards another.

"Just look at her hands," was the cynical reply; "you can see at a glance that she has not been brought up as a lady."

Her attention once called to the circumstance, which she would probably not otherwise have observed, Phemie had to confess to herself that the pair of hands just engaged in peeling a mandarin orange, although well shaped, were of a somewhat coarser texture and darker than ladies' hands are generally wont to be.

"Who could be so super-fastidious as to stop to analyse the hands when the face is so beautiful? Besides, I feel convinced that no occupation in the world can ever have made her look otherwise than a lady."

"Perhaps, as you say, I have the misfortune to be super-fastidious," said Mr Hamilton, as he glanced down admiringly at a little white

hand which happened to be very near him; "but to me, I confess, the most beautiful face in the world would lose its charm unless duly emphasised and supported by corresponding beauty in all subordinate physical details. Not that Lady Nevyl's face could at any time have had power to touch me. Handsome she is undoubtedly, but those strong independent women were never in my line."

No woman is so wholly and utterly angelic as not to accept a compliment at the expense of another when adroitly offered, and so Phemie, despite her new-born admiration for her *vis-à-vis*, could not help feeling pleasantly flattered by the conviction of her own superior charms to those of the "Queen of Curds and Cream."

Just at this juncture, however, her attention was attracted by another figure. A tall, grey-haired, distinguished-looking gentleman, whom Phemie remembered to have noticed once or twice earlier in the evening, came up to Lady Nevyl and proceeded to wrap an ermine cape about her shoulders, with the folds of the snowy fur extinguishing the fire of the glowing rubies upon her neck.

There was no word spoken on either side; but the gesture of tender care with which the action was performed, and the deep placid smile of perfect confidence which rewarded it, spoke volumes. To even the most cursory observer the fact was patent that these two mortals were all in all to each other; and Phemie, looking more closely at the gentleman, whose age appeared to be a little over fifty, noticed that in spite of his grey hair the face was a singularly handsome one.

"That is Sir Gilbert Nevyl," she said quickly, more as an assertion than a question, and then she added,

with a passing touch of envy in her tone—

“How he seems to adore his wife!”

“Yes; I believe he is still aw-

fully spoony, though it must be almost a dozen years since they married. Strange, is it not?—but Sir Gilbert was always eccentric, they say.”

CHAPTER LVII.—HOME-SICKNESS AND *HEIMWEH*.

After supper there was another long delirious waltz, which had the effect of entirely dispelling the momentary depression in Phemie's mood, and before it had come to an end she had given her consent to a scheme which, when first suggested a little while ago, had slightly startled her by its audacity. Mr Hamilton's proposition was that Baroness Wolfsberg should pay a visit to her old home at Laird's Hill on an early day that same week. He himself would have the pleasure of escorting her thither, and had already arranged all the details of the visit with Mr Woolfield, the present proprietor, who had expressed himself highly honoured and delighted at the prospect of welcoming the former Miss Dalrymple under his roof. In corroboration of the veracity of his assertion, Mr Hamilton drew from his pocket a letter received professedly from Mr Woolfield but a few days ago, and from it read aloud the following passage:—

“Pray assure your friend Baroness Wolfsberg that my house is entirely at her disposal, and that I hope she will make use of it for as long as may happen to suit herself.”

So far the phrase sounded all right, and Mr Hamilton did not apparently feel it incumbent upon him to turn over the page, where the continuation ran as follows:—

“My wife and I intend to remain in Paris for another month; but that need make no difference to

you, as my aunt, old Miss Woolfield, is at present a fixture at Laird's Hill. Not that you are likely to see much of her, however, for she is a hopeless cripple, stone-deaf, and almost entirely confined to her bedroom. You could, in fact, find no more convenient chaperone for the occasion, as she certainly will not interfere with your arrangements, while her presence in the house will suffice to give to your expedition a veil of propriety.”

Mr Hamilton had likewise found it convenient to skip a reference to a certain invitation to a shooting-party at Lord Fitzblair's, procured by his intervention for Mr Woolfield, and which seemed to imply that the favour now granted was part of a bargain from which each party had derived equal advantages.

“Then shall it be on Thursday?” he had said, folding up the letter so carefully that the French postmark could not by any possibility be seen, and restoring it to his pocket.

Still Phemie hesitated, with a little shy reluctance—not that as yet any positive suspicion of Mr Hamilton's contemplated treason had occurred to her mind, but she was aware that the step she was being asked to take was a slightly unusual one, and that the execution of her project would probably meet with considerable opposition on the part of her sister.

“I cannot make up my mind on the spur of the moment,” she said,

after a pause ; "and after all, why need it be quite so soon as Thursday? That is the day after to-morrow, you know."

"Oh, very well," returned her companion, with just a touch of annoyance in his tone. "Of course if you do not care about the matter there is no use saying any more about it. I thought that you were so anxious to revisit your old home, and that is why I fancied to do you a service in obtaining Woolfield's invitation."

"Of course I am very grateful," Phemie hastened to say, anxious to repair her seeming ungraciousness, "and I am really anxious to see dear Laird's Hill again ; but as I am not leaving the country just yet, perhaps some day next week would do as well?"

"Next week? Ah, then I fear I should not be able to have the pleasure of escorting you, as I have some shooting engagements down south which it would be difficult to put off. However, I shall try, if you really prefer it."

"Oh no. I cannot hear of your disturbing your arrangements on my account," said Phemie, more and more distressed. "Indeed that would never do. I shall speak to Chrissy at once this evening, and see whether she approves of my going on Thursday."

"If your sister hears that the idea of this visit originated with me, of course there is an end of the project," said Mr Hamilton, with melancholy resignation. "She is one of those who condemn and misjudge me, I know,—my aunt, Lady Lauriston, poisoned her mind against me, I suppose,—and so she will probably think it her duty to dissuade you from accepting my poor services. It is only my usual luck," he concluded, with a sigh calculated to touch a heart of flint.

"You are asking me to make

this expedition to Laird's Hill clandestinely, without Chrissy's knowledge?"

"By no means," said Mr Hamilton, adroitly. "Your going there is a perfectly legitimate action, since you have received a direct invitation from the proprietor ; but surely there is no necessity in forcing upon your sister's notice the fact that the said invitation was conveyed through my humble agency? That would merely be a useless and wanton rekindling of her prejudices against me."

Still Phemie was silent, and Mr Hamilton, who had been closely observing her changes of expression, continued—

"There is no limit to the unkind misconstructions which people will sometimes put upon the most innocent circumstances. Now there is, for instance, that flower you gave me five years ago. In itself the circumstance is perfectly harmless and innocent. Is it not? But merely the fact of its being in my possession would be sufficient, if known, to set tongues a-wagging."

"Dear me, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Phemie, seriously alarmed, although a minute of calm reflection might have convinced her of the utter groundlessness of the supposed danger. "Indeed, Mr Hamilton, you must give me back that flower. You have no right to keep it, and it would be wrong—ungenerous to do so."

"Of course I shall give it back if you desire it," he returned, touching his coat-pocket with a significant gesture ; "but not just now—not to-night. I will give it back to you at Laird's Hill, on the same spot where it was given to me ;" and to himself he added, "By that time, if I mistake not, she will no longer be able to refuse whatever I choose to ask of her."

This dialogue had taken place somewhat earlier in the evening,

and the question as to whether or not Phemie had accepted Mr Hamilton's proposition remained in abeyance till, towards the end of that last waltz, she had murmured into his ear—

"Very well; let it be as you choose: I shall meet you on Thursday."

She felt her partner's arm tighten ever so slightly round her waist as she said the words; but she could not see the light of wild triumph which shot into his eyes—such a light as may come into the eye of the wary angler when he sees the deluded trout approach the bait that has been skilfully thrown out for it.

The waltz had hardly come to an end when Phemie's thoughts were abruptly diverted into another channel. The object of her previous attention, Lady Nevyll, had crossed the room on Mr Blushwood's arm, and came up straight to the place where Baroness Wolfsberg was standing. Without waiting for a formal introduction, she held out her hand with a frank gesture, as she exclaimed—

"I have only just heard your name, or I should have introduced myself long ago. You have come from Austria, from my own dear country. Oh, how I long to hear about it again!"

"Ah, you are Austrian!" exclaimed Phemie, with a strange quickening of her pulses. "That is why you look so—so different from the others. I thought you could not be English, in spite of your name."

"As little as you are Austrian, in spite of yours. But now you must come with me. I have a thousand things to ask. Your partner," with a slight inclination of the head towards Mr Hamilton, "must really permit me to carry you off, for it is an age since I have met any one who could give me news of my old home."

Of course Mr Hamilton, though mentally consigning the "Queen of Curds and Cream" to places unmentionable, could do nothing but silently bow his acquiescence to the arrangement, as Lady Nevyll, passing her arm through that of Baroness Wolfsberg, led her off to an undisturbed corner of the room, where they were presently plunged in deep and confidential talk. There was no ice to be broken, no shyness to be got over on either side; for a certain similarity of position, quite as much as spontaneous mutual sympathy, had made them friends at once, and Phemie almost marvelled to find how this woman, who but a few minutes ago was still a stranger to her, had the power to understand her feelings and difficulties in a way tantamount to years of acquaintance.

"Then you have felt it too," said Phemie, when they had finished comparing notes as to some of their mutual experiences in their respectively inverted countries, "that terrible feeling of home-sickness which comes over one with a rush? Sometimes I have felt as if I could have signed away my very soul for a glimpse of our purple heather hills or for a whiff of salt sea-air! I have yearned with a craving that was almost pain to be able to gather a single sprig of heather or a common Scotch blue-bell, and have lain awake for hours at night trying to recall the sound of breakers along the coast."

"Yes, I know the feeling," returned Ulrica, thoughtfully, "only my yearnings have been directed towards other objects. Edelweiss and Alpenrosen, for instance. You have no Alpenrosen here, and I miss them continually."

"And you have no real bluebells in Austria," retorted Phemie, warmly. "There is nothing but a sickly sort of lilac campanula, not at all like the genuine article."

"You never saw such a show of Alpenrosen as there were on the heights above Glockenau; and oh! how often I have longed for a vista of snow-tipped mountains again, or for the dreamy romance of our pine-forests!"

"Yes, your forests are very beautiful," conceded Phemie, "and the snow-tipped mountains are grand, although they never can have quite the same charm as purple heather hills; but there are other things about the country to which I found it very hard to accustom myself. Your great porcelain stoves, for instance, how clumsy and uninteresting they are in comparison with our bright open fires."

"But they give more warmth," returned Ulrica. "Now, at Morton Hall in really cold weather you may be frozen at one end of the big drawing-room even with a fire fit to roast an ox at the other end."

"A stove can never give one the feeling of companionship that an open fire does; it has always the same dull expressionless face—all prose and no poetry. You cannot look into it for hours and weave pictures in the glowing coals; and then there are other things. Your way of living is so different from ours. The rooms are so grimly and so gauntly furnished, and people often seem to take their meals in such an uncomfortable sort of way."

"Why, that is the very complaint I had to make against England when I first came here," said Lady Nevill, laughing. "It seemed to me such a terrible slavery not to be allowed to eat one's dinner in peace, without being obliged first to put on a smart gown, and having a stuck-up servant to stand behind one's chair all the time. I assure you there were moments when I used to wish myself back in the luxurious freedom of the shabby old kitchen at the Marienhof. Everything is but a matter of

association after all, and many things are congenial to us merely because we have been accustomed to them in our youth."

"Then would you change back again to Austria if you had the choice?" said Phemie very earnestly, laying hold of Ulrica's ungloved right hand and pressing it rather hard. "Forgive me the question, but I should just like to know whether, for instance, you think you would have been happier if you had remained in Austria, and—had married a husband of your own nationality?"

"Never!" exclaimed Ulrica, with a sudden fire which took Phemie quite by surprise. "No happiness on earth can be greater than mine is now."

"Even though Sir Gilbert is not an Austrian, and you have had to give up your country for his sake?"

"Yes, even though, and perhaps precisely because of that. What, after all, is the attachment to our native soil in comparison to a husband's love? I am happy to be able to make some sacrifice for him. It is the consciousness of that which makes my happiness feel so real; for without that tiny pin-prick to remind me occasionally that this is not heaven but earth, my bliss would seem too wildly preposterous."

"Yes, I think I can understand what you mean," said Phemie, wonderingly, touched and impressed by Ulrica's eloquence, though not yet wholly convinced by her arguments. "But then you see it is not every one who can look at things precisely in that way. You and I are very different, I think; and I cannot help always having a hankering for things that are not within my reach."

"No, it is not that," said Ulrica, with decision. "I don't believe you and I are so very different, after all, as you seem to imagine,

but simply that we happen at present to be at totally different stages of life's road. I have passed through all my storms and sorrows, whereas you are only just beginning. Yes, don't deny it. I can see it in the restless dissatisfied expression of your eyes. I know that look. I have seen it in my own mirror times without number. Except that their colour is different, those are just the same eyes that looked out at me from the glass on the evening of the famous ice-ball which set all London talking. But that was long ago. I suffered terribly: for three long years I mourned for him as dead, and then when I heard he was alive, I thought that joy would have killed me. But without that terrible sorrow I never would have known how much I loved him. Our hearts are sometimes so strangely drowsy that it requires a sharp blow of that sort to rouse them up to consciousness. But these are not ball-room topics. Let us talk of something else. What did you think of that last article on the cavalry *Distanz-Ritt* between Berlin and Vienna, in the 'Fremdenblatt'? I am so proud that Austria came off victorious. Though, of course, one cannot help feeling sorry for the poor horses——"

"I never read the 'Fremdenblatt,'" returned Phemie. "I have not seen an Austrian newspaper since I left the country six weeks ago."

"Really? You surprise me. Why, I never could exist without an Austrian newspaper. I have kept the 'Fremdenblatt' regularly ever since I came to England, and I am afraid I read it far more attentively than I do your terribly clumsy 'Times.' It helps me to keep in touch with my own country, and acts as a sort of connecting-link which is daily renewed."

"Well, I have not felt the want of any such link as yet," said Phemie, with a little laugh, which did not sound quite genuine.

"I have been following the movements of the Distance-ride with the most breathless interest," said Lady Nevyll, who did not think it expedient directly to take notice of Phemie's half-petulant exclamation. "My father once served in the Hussars, and I suppose it is the touch of cavalry blood in my veins that makes me take a special interest in everything concerning his former profession. But you too are the wife of a cavalry officer,—how is it possible that you should not also be interested in the subject?"

"Yes, now that I come to think of it, Leo did mention the *Distanz-Ritt* once or twice in his letters," returned Phemie, evasively; "but really ever since I set foot in Scotland my time and thoughts have been so continually engrossed that I have had no leisure to remember other far-off things. But I should like to see that article you speak of," she added, with a little tardy feeling of shame at her own previous indifference on the subject.

"Very well," said Lady Nevyll, rising as she caught sight of her husband signalling to her from the other end of the room. "Then that is settled. As I am staying with the Kittlebrooks till the end of the week, I shall contrive to drive over to Blushwood some day very soon, and shall bring you a bundle of 'Fremdenblatts' to freshen up your Austrian sympathies, which I see are in danger of becoming rusty: then I shall tell you the rest of my story if you care to hear it, and you shall tell me yours."

"I have nothing to tell," said Phemie, with a forced smile; but her eyes belied her words, and she felt that they were grossly untrue.

THE ENGLISH OFFICER—AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

A RETROSPECT.

"If you don't take care what you are about, you will simplify cavalry movements to such a degree that any fool will be able to drill a regiment," was the remonstrance addressed by Lord Cardigan to General Sir James Scarlett, his coadjutor on a committee appointed about forty years ago to bring into harmony with utility and common-sense the then prescribed evolutions, which were so fanciful as to suggest a circus show, and so complicated that the binomial theorem might be accounted comparatively simple. The indignant reproach of the Light Cavalry hero to the Heavy Cavalry hero was, however, but the key-note to a principle which formerly governed military superiors in their opinions and subordinate officers in their actions; for these latter never presumed—at least in theory—to entertain any "opinion" whatever. "I thought, sir——" might be the exculpation of some unwary subaltern, wigged by his colonel. "You thought! Who gave you leave to think?" was the stereotyped reply, heedless of the obvious mental rejoinder, "The great God who gave you leave to breathe."

The "Vieille Moustache" had plodded through the weary intricacies of a drill which we have long swept away as useless, and was permeated with technicalities, rules, and precedents which we have long discarded as pernicious. He was a past-master in the mysteries of a craft, and he resented the abrogation of the value of any acquirements which alone gave him a superiority over those whom he commanded. Successive juni-

ors, as they mounted through the sole merit of "length of tooth" into authority, staunchly upheld principles to which they, as new boys, had been compelled to bow and hence may be traced that blind clinging to what the Chinese term "old-o custom," which so long constituted a fetich among the seniors, and a deviation from which on the part of the juniors was pronounced mischievous, if not wicked. Even now its pernicious influence may be detected in the frowning down, by men too dull to perceive and too old to learn, innovations dictated by common-sense.

At last the outside pressure of public opinion, which has so often stood the English nation in good stead, interposed. "We do not desire to interfere with the skilled technicalities or with the shibboleths of your profession; but we do claim to enforce common-sense in the administration of a department for which we pay so heavily, and we insist on sweeping away the cobwebs of self-interested prejudice hampering the removal of that which is rotten, and on the substitution of that which is efficient though stamped with the curse of innovation."

We are now once more entering on a new and momentous era of military administration, and we cannot but be powerfully stimulated to further efforts if we take stock of the encouraging success already achieved—if we contrast former frequent indolence and dullness with the activity and enlightenment now forming the rule instead of the exception. In no respect is improvement more mani-

fest than when we compare the average regimental officer of 1860 with his successor of 1895. In fixing these limits, I am for the present expressly excluding the valiant soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Moreover, I may be charged with laying on dark colours with a heavy hand. I expressly premise that my picture will by no means be universally applicable; but that it conveys a substantially accurate impression of a very numerous type of the former average officer on home service will, I believe, be conceded by all except those who love to call good evil, and who seek to put bitter for sweet.

About thirty-five years ago the majority of recipients of commissions were, at first starting, little better than schoolboy dunces. Nominations were obtained by the favour of military officials, and were rarely withheld from rich applicants in an age when the possession of capital was an important condition of promotion, and when the lists contained few elements of intellectual wealth. The nominees forthwith betook themselves to Sandhurst in order to receive the imprimatur of a qualifying examination, so superficial that a few hours sufficed for the business, and so puerile as to be unworthy the term "examination." The lads were questioned, one by one, by the College professors, each of whom passed on to his coadjutor the candidate furnished with a slip certifying that he had passed in the respective subjects. Rejection was extremely rare, and in fact any one who showed himself below the very low-water mark must have possessed a singular pre-eminence in ignorance and dulness. From this latter stricture must be excluded

the students of the Royal Military College, especially those who obtained their commissions without purchase. It is true they were not, as a rule, favourably regarded by commanding officers; but only for the reason that these cadets had generally managed to pick up a smattering of history, languages, and mathematics, which, together with a considerable facility in surveying, brought them into invidious comparison with their more ignorant seniors. The boy-ensign on joining the headquarters of his regiment was received with a comrade-like friendliness, accompanied on the first night with a somewhat rough hospitality approximating to an orgy, and the bewildered lad might reckon on having made a favourable impression if he then proved his ability to swallow an immoderate amount of heady liquor without becoming more than moderately drunk.

His course of instruction in the military profession, though extremely monotonous and wearisome, was also extremely short. A few weeks' recruit drill in the barrack-square, not soaring above exercising a company in movements which were as tangled as cat's-cradle, and which no ingenuity could render useful on service—a few occasions as supernumerary on guard—a few hours accompanying the orderly officer at rations, barrack, and kit inspections, on which occasions the tyro was less taken in hand for instruction than allowed to pick up as much, or as little, as he chose,—and this boy, fresh from school and raw to the world, was considered qualified to be intrusted with the management of old soldiers, crafty as only old soldiers can be crafty, and with the welfare—nay, the very lives—of trained veterans seasoned with many years' stern privations. His general edu-

cation was assumed complete when he was gazetted; and as for his military knowledge, he paid no penalty if he never opened an A B C text-book on the theory of his profession, and never spent an hour in its scientific practice. Indeed the few, the very few, who dared to manifest some reluctance to remain dunces or to progress backwards, incurred the risk of being snubbed by their superiors as puppies and hooted by their juniors as prigs. In my capacity of staff-officer attending generals' inspections, I have seen piles of the regulation instruction books produced, screwed together with a perforating rod which the owners vaunted had not once been removed since a similar occasion twelve months previously. As late as 1875, when temporarily acting as garrison instructor to a class of fourteen officers by no means below the average in ability, I was explaining the easiest, the most elementary principles of field-works, and was met with the remonstrance that I was lecturing above their comprehension. "But do you not see, gentlemen, that the slopes of these parapets are obtained from the simplest rule of three sums and by the addition of decimals?" The plaintive rejoinder was, "I have never been able to understand the rule of three, and I do not know decimals." "Oh, very well, let us work out the construction by rule of thumb, and draw an angle of 30° ." Still hesitation, followed by a request in an injured tone of voice, "Please show me what is an angle of 30° ."

Without doubt, at the period of which I am writing, there were some colonels who made it a point of conscience to pay considerable attention to the instruction of their young officers; but the rarity of this heedfulness was such that those

who exercised it at once blossomed into exceptional repute. Could it be reasonably expected that the juniors would apply themselves to useful learning when the whole spirit of the seniors was opposed to learning--when the cost of a box of blacking, the fractional ounces of pepper and salt assigned as a daily ration, and the verbal accuracy of a court of inquiry on a missing bayonet, represented the limit to approved knowledge? "What made you leave the army at so early an age, with such a fair record behind you and so promising a career in front of you?" I once asked an officer whose chief defect was a proneness to act on hot-headed impulse. The purport of his reply was: "At my last inspection I was questioned by the general concerning the prices of the soldiers' socks and shirts. I gave him to understand that I neither knew nor cared, and of course I was pretty sharply reprimanded. I became so disgusted with this and similar absurdities of regimental pedantry that I sent in my papers." The weary waste of time, the circumlocutionary twaddle of the old military correspondence, was a subject for burlesque. Once, as president of a board to report on an accident to a horse, I simply stated that "the leg was broken," and received a rather sharp reprimand for embodying an opinion in such trivial language. Thereupon I amended the defect by suggesting that "the tibia was fractured," and was complimented for the satisfactory lucidity of my report. Tradition declares that in India a similar board recorded an opinion that "the elephant is dead, and smells bad." The general, in a towering passion, sent back the proceedings for revision, whereupon the board amended their report, "The ele-

phant is still dead, and smells worse."

"Granting that the very young officers were somewhat inadequately instructed, a course of steady regimental duty in due time transformed them into reliable soldiers far superior to the present type," is a plea often urged by the old-school opponents of education. That, as a rule, they were not so transformed—that they could not be so transformed—is indisputably clear if we analyse their daily routine of duty: Parade at 10 A.M., consisting of little more than muster-roll, inspection, and company drill, though occasionally amplified into a march past and some intricate battalion evolutions, not accomplished without a portentous amount of loud swearing by the officers and a minor key of cursing by the sergeants. In those days the postulate was admitted, that "it is impossible to get the men to 'dress' properly unless you damn them." The above display of pomp was followed by "orderly-room," when defaulters were awarded, say, ten days' drill for having appeared on parade with ill-polished buttons, or solitary confinement for ill-blackened boots. The newly fledged ensign was sometimes detailed for a court-martial—a duty almost solemn in the magnitude of its responsibility, but of which he was necessarily practically ignorant. As junior member, he was required to be the first to record his vote in verdict and sentence, and he was frequently racked with perplexity as to whether he ought to suggest death or twenty-one days' imprisonment. I recollect my own first experience in this capacity ere I had served four months with my battery, without a single opportunity of even knowing the form of procedure, and I shudder at the

remembrance of my innocently wicked sentence, although the only reprimand I received was a gesture of contempt from the grey-headed president—so much was flagrant ignorance a matter of course.

After about 12.30 mid-day, subalterns, captains, and field-officers were at complete liberty to follow their own good pleasure for the remainder of the twenty-four hours—of course with the exception of the orderly officer, who was restricted to barracks during his infrequent tours of duty. This pleasure too often consisted in dawdling and doing nothing, or in semi-stupid, semi-low pursuits even worse than nothing. Reading, whether of a light or studious nature, athletic amusements, the civilising resources of a society where the conversation extended beyond garrison scandal and the gazette, were not habitually resorted to. At 7 P.M. the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bugle, inaugurated an epoch of portentously heavy eating and still heavier drinking. In 1861 I was fortunate enough to be honoured with the hospitality of several regiments quartered at Aldershot, and I am within the limits of accuracy in declaring that we usually began drinking by 9 P.M., and without stirring from our seats continued the process for two and even for three hours—the temperate half-asleep through sheer *ennui*, the soakers too bemused and befuddled for rational conversation. "No talking—let us be jolly." There was no loophole plea for escape either in smoking or in billiards—the delight of the pliant wrist, the quick eye, and the slow brain. When an enterprising officer tried the first experiment of a billiard-table at the Royal Engineer mess at Aldershot in 1861, it was first looked at askance, and then

frowned at with cold displeasure. As for cigars in the ante-room: "Permit that low and filthy habit of smoking in one of her Majesty's messes!—Never!" spluttered colonels and brigadiers, who, nevertheless, were not always unwilling to stuff their nostrils and to befoul their pocket-handkerchiefs with a pungent dirt called snuff.

In a multitude of cases, the results of a life in which indolence and the absence of intellectual—even intelligent—occupation were so largely blended were extravagance, often attended with intemperance, low associates, and vicious associations, disrepute, and scrapes. A kindly colonel would sometimes endeavour to check a young officer's downward career; but the negative remedy of persuasion was feeble compared with the present-day positive remedy, whereby he can enforce the additional occupation of practical work and theoretical study, the genuineness of which is subjected to frequent tests. Provided the black sheep inspected kits, paid his men their daily twopences pocket money every twenty-four hours, visited sentries, perpetrated no public outrage, and was not absent without leave at the fortnightly musters, he could scarcely be prevented going downhill as fast as he pleased; and "down-hill" frequently wound up with a disreputable crash—incarceration for debt, disappearance from the Army List, and submergence amongst the loafing crowd whose life has been a vicious failure. In 1874, when on the line of march and visiting my men's billets in an obscure country town, I was startled at recognising in a horsey-looking, out-at-elbows, shame-faced dawdler in a public-house, a dashing young cavalry officer whom I had known three years previously in

all the heyday of dragoon glory. I elicited that he had spent what is called "a royal time" for a brief period, had chucked his ample fortune into the gutter because no one had held out a little finger to check him, having had no particular useful occupation had resorted to pernicious occupation, and when about twenty-four years old had found himself compelled to withdraw from an honourable profession and to complete his life, still so young, in poverty and obscurity, in regretful retrospection and inutility. Twenty years later, occupation would have been forced down his throat, and would have saved him from the disaster attending "idle hands who have no work to do."

In my foregoing statements I have assumed, as typical, the case of a young officer joining a battalion of infantry or a battery of Garrison Artillery. Training in a cavalry regiment has always been far more severe. I have excluded from consideration the Royal Engineers and the mounted branches of the Royal Artillery, because their modern progress has been mainly *pari passu* with the progress of science. Thirty-five years ago the youngest lieutenants in these corps were kept as strictly, perhaps even more strictly, at work as now. Their education and their social status were not inferior, and their occupations off duty were consistent with this tenor.

It must, however, be unhesitatingly acknowledged that the foregoing shadows were relieved by some gleams of light, which by mere contrast shone more brightly formerly than now. Foremost was the principle of duty—more patent both in its abstract and in its practical embodiment. An order however stupid, a regulation however

senseless, a task however futile, was sanctified by the interpretation of "duty." Under its spell the minutiae of daily routine, equally with heroic self-sacrifice on momentous occasions, were conscientiously performed. The modern subaltern will carry out his orders admirably if they appeal to common-sense; the old subaltern would go through the most useless functions scrupulously, even though they were characterised by absurdity. "My colonel has ordered me to inspect the water-supply thrice daily: this routine is unnecessary, my colonel is an ass—I shan't," mentally argues 1895. "It is my duty; I shall," would have retorted 1860. It may be recollected that at the battle of Meanee, Captain Tew held a gap in a nullah at the sacrifice of his own life and the lives of most of his company, solely through dogged obedience to orders. It is open to question whether in 1895 a subaltern under similar circumstances would not in addition have been swayed by his own reasoning, and having observed that the enemy was outflanking him, would not have arrived at the conclusion that his general was a fool, and that he would act wisely in remedying the folly by a timely retreat. In the matter of self-indulgence, young officers have, I think, materially deteriorated since 1860. Then, as well as now, there were frequent cases of disgraceful indebtedness; but then, not as now, there was a frequent tone of meritorious frugality which prompted impecunious subalterns to live on £100 a-year without losing caste; to practise economy in messing, to dispense with silly display, to forego unnecessary luxuries, to utter the valiant "No" to proposals involving expenses out of proportion to income. The modern subaltern declares in effect, "Give me the luxuries of life; I will do

without its comforts." He believes the experienced stager who urges a contrary course to be an old fool. *N.B.*—The latter knows the tyro to be a young fool. To argue that the modern style of living renders imperative any considerable augmentation of the hardly spared private allowance is a cobwebby reasoning. The increased demands of young officers on their parents are to be traced, not to a more expensive scale of necessities, but to a lower standard of the noble virtue—self-denial. Can any moderately sensible individual dispute that this evil, specially noticeable in cavalry regiments, can be remedied, ought to be remedied, will be remedied?

More to be lamented than any other loss has been the loss of clanship, which formerly bound corps together with ties scarcely less potent and beneficial than those of a family. The pride of regiment, of its historical exploits and its existing repute—even the pride of its peculiarities and customs; the hearty feeling of comradeship and interest in the welfare of all its members, from the colonel to the drummer-boy—in a word, the home-like affection which sunk deep into the hearts of those serving, and endured for years in the recollections of those who had retired,—all these influences have become greatly attenuated, not to say sometimes entirely obliterated. The above individuality was sometimes so marked that it would have been easy to quote cases where the regiment had become part and parcel of the colonel—where the excellence of an officer was considered guaranteed by mere membership of a corps and the army-known repute of its commanding officer. We may now search in vain for similar examples. The old "Die Hards" (57th) has become the Middlesex

Regiment; the "Dirty Half-hundred" (50th), the West Kent; the 43d and the 52d Regiments the Oxford Light Infantry.¹ Illustrious colonels cannot impress the stamp of their own excellence during their short tenure of four years' command, and the other officers are constantly shifted to their Siamese battalion. The army is a profession of which its members are still proud; the regiment is no longer the old home of many years which its members still love.

Not without a special purpose, not out of pure "cussedness," have I endeavoured to represent evils in our former regimental conditions. In proportion as previous darkness was deplorable, so may we exult in having emerged into light. The officer of 1860 compared with his successor of 1895 represents the difference between ignorance and knowledge, between sloth and activity, between the dull performance of senseless routine and the exercise of intellectual faculties which renders routine valuable, between the quagmire of time-honoured *status quo* and the firm ground of progress. In these days our recruit officers start with a measure of general education formerly undreamed of. The drawbacks of cramming are fully admitted; we must also fully admit that by the competitive system we have at all events some guide in picking out the most industrious and the most talented—granting the definition of genius to be a capacity for taking trouble. Ay, and can it be justly asserted that they fall one whit behind their predecessors in manliness, in a love of adventurous enterprise, in a fondness for sport, in a proficiency in athletic pursuits—all of which excellences dispose of sneers

at bookworm weaklings? Are they drawn from a lower social status? I am confident that my co-colonels will one and all declare that they could not wish for more favourable types of gentlemanlike race and breeding than the lads, many of them from our best public schools, who have passed the fiery ordeal of an army examination. True, a few illustrious primogeniture fools are excluded; but the scions of low origin and a deep purse are similarly excluded, unless their parents have utilised their wealth in lifting them by a refined education into a grade which qualifies them for association with refined gentlemen. No longer is the raw schoolboy of seventeen pitchforked into the command of trained soldiers scornful of the ignorance of their officer in all matters pertaining to the military profession. The young sub-lieutenant, either at Sandhurst or in his militia battalion, has already been subjected to a teaching of technicalities which has brought him close to fitness for the immediate command of a company. From the moment he joins his regiment he lives in an atmosphere of further instruction and intelligent industry. He will no longer be permitted to pick up as best he may just sufficient acquaintance with barrack routine to enable him to inspect rooms and kits, and just enough drill to save him from making an exhibition of himself on parade. He is taken in hand by his colonel, his captain, and the adjutant, as a partially taught apprentice who must be transformed into a reliable workman. It is indispensable that he should continue to plod through the routine of drill, of which Sir

¹ I express no opinion as to the expediency of, or the necessity for, these changes. I am merely stating facts.

Charles Napier said, "It is tiresome and often disheartening, and annoys men, but . . . it makes companies and regiments and brigades and divisions act together, and to strike, as it were, with great and mighty blows." But he is also taught its application in the field, including the responsibility which chance may assign even to a boy officer—the command of small detachments on outpost duty. He is put through a course of rifle practice which, if it does not make him a sure marksman, enables him to instruct others and to appreciate the value of those more skilful than himself. Under canvas he learns the expedients of comfort, which are of puerile simplicity, but an ignorance of which entailed misery on our troops in the Crimea; for example, how to pitch a tent, how to construct a cooking-trench, and how to safeguard the supply of water. In due course the practical application of elementary field fortification, military sketches, and reconnaissances are rigidly exacted, and are subjected to severe scrutiny. In barrack-life he systematically learns all that the former ensign gleaned, and a great deal more besides. Instead of simply glancing at the rations, utterly ignorant whether they were good or bad, he knows now how to distinguish between bull carcass and heifer beef, how to detect adulteration in groceries and inferiority of bread, how to discriminate between hedge-sweepings and nutritious forage—in fine, how to expose the inveterate frauds of contractors. In courts-martial long training as a non-voting member enables him to suggest punishments which are in accordance with law and custom, and with a better-founded confidence than that sometimes displayed by justices of the peace

"With eyes severe and beard of formal cut."

From what has been stated, it can scarcely be disputed that regimental officers of all ranks are no longer afflicted with the curse of immoderate leisure. An invidiously exceptional individual may by nature be possessed by the dumb demon of indolence. He may be prone to shirk his work and misuse his leisure; but if he yields to these propensities, his brother-officers will hold him in uncomfortably light esteem, and his colonel will make it exceedingly hot for him. Moreover, periodical verbal examinations in the orderly-room upon the duties of soldiering and the science of war will drive him for very shame's sake to the acquirement of a decent amount of professional knowledge. If he continues persistently ignorant, or is reported on otherwise unfavourably at the general's inspection, he receives a warning which few are so heedless or so hare-brained as to ignore. Besides, the wise provision of the "block system" is in full force when the turn comes for promotion. He will not be permitted to "pass" unless he can acquit himself satisfactorily in an examination which is a genuine test. Of yore the rich fool and the incompetent dullard mounted the ladder quite as quickly as the most experienced and best qualified amongst the Hope Grants and Havelocks, the Outrams, the Clydes, and the Napiers.

Equally marked is the manner in which the young officer now seeks his amusement, contrasted with the expedients for killing time formerly prevalent. No more dawdling mornings and ill-spent afternoons. That portion of the day which remains at his disposal is generally utilised, except by

mere bookworms, in out-of-doors employment in some form: in athletic game; in sport—to which often a small inexpensive pack of beagles, with followers on foot, largely contributes—in lawn-tennis, or at least in a society in which philandering with barmaids or loafing in tavern billiard-rooms does not constitute the principal feature. The mess-dinner, no longer a gorge sometimes accompanied with intemperance, has been curtailed into a well-cooked, gracefully served meal, at the conclusion of which the wine is passed round once or twice, and then five out of six of the diners betake themselves to the smoking which the intemperate advocates of temperance denounce as a provocative to drink, but which, without a shadow of doubt, has cut down the subaltern's average wine-bill to one-third its former figure. Neither is the evening capped with the rowdyism of practical joking, the wit of which consisted in stupid outrage, and the results in quarrels which many a time cost those concerned their commissions. A bumptious young officer is snubbed and wheeled into line until he has been reduced to a due diffidence of self, and this remedy has been found far preferable either to deluging an offender's bedclothes with slops or to thrusting his dress uniform up the chimney. By the by, the word "uniform" reminds us of a transformation as complete as that in a pantomime. In lieu of head-dresses as top-heavy as a milk-pail, of packs as killing as those under which we may still see French conscripts staggering, and of coats tightened by belts and buckles to a tension approximating to splitting, we have adopted a light kit and loose clothing specially favourable to work, comfort, and economy; and there seems little justification for

the assertion of the late Sir George Brown, that in abolishing the wonderful old dog-collar stock, we had ruined the *morale* of the British army.

Of all the restrictions most honoured by the old colonels, and most relaxed by modern commanding officers, are those relating to leave. The subalterns who applied, however seldom, ran the risk of impairing the goodwill entertained towards them by the field-officers; those who asked often, were regarded as attempting an outrage. No matter that the applicant was a pattern of industry in his daily routine, that he was not in the least required for duty, that the object of his leave was reasonable, and even meritorious,—so long as he was in barracks he was under his colonel's thumb, and if he were away from barracks his colonel felt as though he were defrauded of his power and his rights. I have seen an official letter of 1857 remonstrating with the general at Aldershot, Sir William Knollys, because so many of the camp residents were seen walking about Pall Mall and Hyde Park during the summer afternoons. To the best of my recollection the reply was to the effect, that since there was no reason to complain of the way in which Aldershot officers did their duty, it would be unreasonable were the general to interfere with the disposal of their leisure, provided, of course, it were not accompanied with indecorum. This principle is now generally recognised, and commanding officers utilise their leverage of power by the fullest latitude of leave to the duty-doing, and the curtailment of the privilege to the slack. As a colonel, I have often said to my young officers: "Why do not some of you fellows go away on leave? you can be spared perfectly, and

when you return, your experiences of sport, or travel, or society will enliven our mess-room." On the other hand, I have sometimes replied: "No, Lieutenant X.; I am much dissatisfied with your general behaviour and slackness, and until you improve I cannot concede any indulgences to you." The defaulter may probably dub his colonel "a beast," but the officers in general will work for him tooth and nail.

If the superiority of the officer of 1895 over his predecessor of 1860 be admitted, we may be encouraged in the path of progress by investigating to what and to whom this is due. To what? To the force of public opinion, which, peremptorily overriding obstructionists, has insisted on the abolition of many honoured follies, and on the introduction of many pooh-poohed utilities. To whom? In the main to the best-abused public servant of his time, Lord Cardwell, and to certain of his successors. A simple enumeration of some of the reforms effected under his auspices ought to fill with gratitude all save the inevitable few who have been personally disadvantageously affected, and ought to convince all save those who require us to distrust the evidence of our own senses, and whose bigoted mind, like the pupil of the eye, contracts in proportion as more light is cast upon it. The abolition of purchase; the strikingly improved condition of the private soldier in his daily life; the doubling of our former numbers, while reducing to a minimum objections urged by those who prefer 1000 soldiers of the average age of twenty-five to 2000 of the average age of twenty-three; the raising of our regimental officers from duncedom to skilled professional knowledge; the substitution

of eager activity for indifferent indolence,—were these feats trivial or easy? At first the mere suggestion of such reforms was scouted, and initiatory efforts at their execution were flouted; but they have been finally stamped with a success which constitutes the best of all arguments. We grant that we now miss a few valuable characteristics of the old *régime*. But has any system, however vicious, been unchecked by sun-spots? Has not gin-drinking been defended out of Timothy and slavery out of Philemon? By a parity of reasoning, we admit present defects with the same breath that we admit that defects are inevitable in the best-designed human undertakings; but we insist that they are not vital, that they are susceptible of attenuation, and that they sink into insignificance compared with the rottenness of the former system.

The difficulties attending the introduction into our army of innovations, however obviously advantageous, have been strikingly illustrated throughout the history of our camps of instruction. That their formation marked the epoch—if they were not the origin—of strides of improvement in field practice does not admit of contradiction; yet at their outset their formation was conceded with reluctance, and long after their establishment they were at best regarded with lukewarm forbearance. Take as a typical case Aldershot, founded by the Prince Consort, and to whom for this act alone our army owes a debt of gratitude which can scarcely be exaggerated. When Aldershot was first established as a large training-camp under General Knollys, regiments which had worked during a period of forty years in every respect as isolated units, except when abroad,

in Hyde Park, or in Dublin, were organised into brigades, and were taught the principles of route-marching, encamping, bivouacking, field-cooking, early-dawn attacks, and rapid construction of earth-works. All this is now the matter of course A B C of military training, but it was then regarded as the arcana of a secret guild. I recollect at Aldershot in 1855 seeing one battalion standing despondingly shelterless with unrolled tents in front of them, and another battalion fasting with uncooked rations in their kettles, unaided by their own officers, until the general in command, the late Sir William Knollys, personally and with his own hands showed them the purposes of tent-pegs and guy-ropes, and taught them how to dig a cooking-trench. Although Government, yielding to the pressure of the Prince Consort—who found a co-operator in Lord Hardinge, a phoenix Commander-in-Chief for enlightened views—had consented to the construction of the hut encampment, there was a tacit proviso of its liability to be broken up in a few years. Indeed in 1857, when reinforcements to suppress the Indian Mutiny had almost denuded the station of troops, the question was gravely mooted of sweeping away the camp proper, and leaving the residuum—permanent barracks—to accommodate a few battalions. Nevertheless, Aldershot, in spite of Government cold water and the unpopularity which fashion had decreed to it from regimental officers, continued not only to exist and to flourish, but its benefits became by degrees so palpable and considerable that its life as well as the lives of similar institutions became thenceforth assured. Our camps and their annexes have proved themselves

the mainstay of our resuscitated military efficiency. They have associated and instructed all ranks, from the general to the drummer-boy, to an extent entirely impracticable in the routine experience of garrison towns.

In accordance with the truism-principle that improvement cannot stand still, from teaching the ordinary requirements of camp-life we have gradually, imperceptibly, advanced to practice in field-maneuvres under conditions approximating as closely as possible to actual warfare, first with a skeleton enemy, and then with two forces pitted against each other, both on a small and a large scale. To this training the Prince Consort, aided by General Knollys, gave the initiative. At its outset condemned and ridiculed for many years, it was resuscitated into active life by Lord Cardwell and Sir Hope Grant. The former was wont to remark with satisfaction that, at all events, his military administration had been marked by this one most valuable reintroduction, which he had established on such a basis that its continuance was certain, notwithstanding that he himself might be called on to quit office. During the latter year of his life, when his powerful intellect had been numbed by illness, I was one day endeavouring to interest him by discussing military administration *with* Lady Cardwell, though my efforts were *for* him. In vain; he scarcely manifested a sign of comprehension, until I touched on autumn manœuvres. Then he suddenly roused and brightened; and when I wound up with citing the discouraging lukewarmness to the practice evinced in certain quarters, his eye flashed, he half started up, and, with the fire and scorn characteristic of the former able War Minis-

ter, he burst forth, "I can only say — ought to be ashamed of himself," and then once more sank back into silence and apathy.

Since 1871 the vitality of autumn manœuvres never has faltered, and never will falter. It has transformed the weary monotony of mere drill into an exercise full of utility and a pursuit full of interest. There is hardly an individual in the contending forces who does not feel himself personally concerned in the award of the umpires. "What interests chiefly engage your young officers' attention?" was the inquiry addressed to a cavalry general not without a repute for pessimism. "I think their chief interest is concentrated in an anxiety to catch the 4.40 train for London," was the reply. Had the inquirer been able to lie perdu in the railway carriage, and to take note of the topics discussed, he would have discovered that no small portion of the conversation turned on the eager discussion of the reconnoitring exercise in the morning, and on the proposed manœuvres for the morrow. We are not going too far in declaring that camps and competitive manœuvres have contributed more than all the martial prescriptions of garrison towns, and all the enforcements of the regimental orderly-room, to raise the efficiency of the service, to invest it with popularity, and to transform the ignorant idler into the skilled and zealous officer.

While, however, we exult in these satisfactory results, and hopefully look forward to further amelioration, it would be repugnant to justice, it would be odious to good taste and generosity, were we to belittle, even by the implication of silence, the services under a different *régime* of the historically revered old soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of the Punjaub, the

Crimean and the Mutiny wars. To speak cheaply of the Duke of Wellington would of course be rightly bracketed with a disparaging opinion concerning Hamlet: "Shakespeare! pooh; for my part I consider Shakespeare a very much overrated man." To ignore the splendid achievement of his generals and their successors—of Hardinge, Gough, Raglan, and Napier; of the lions—alas! that they were often shackled by administrative asses—of the Mutiny war, of Clyde, Havelock, and Hope Grant—would be to put a weapon into the hands of obstructionists who hate progressive improvements and love to progress backwards. Powerful would still be any British force led by such generals—pernicious would be any system which would exclude them from command. But would modern tests and restrictions have prevented them from coming to the front? Would they have hampered Wellington, or Moore, or Abercrombie, or Hardinge? Furthermore, let us remember that the men we have quoted were isolated stars of the first magnitude amongst a galaxy of failures; that our military annals teem with disasters for which inefficient regimental officers were often largely responsible, and which under former conditions of warfare were, by the mere process of time, frequently susceptible of repair; while in 1895 this mere process of time can no longer be admitted as an attenuating factor. From Eylau, Aspern, and Ligny there was an appeal to Friedland, Wagram, and Waterloo. There was no appeal from Sadowa and Sedan. Hence it is imperative that our habitual standard of efficiency should be higher than of yore. We may lament that we have no longer representatives of our old giants, but we may make the most of men of average intellectual stature, and we may at all events

close the profession to useless dwarfs and mischievous pigmies.

Although a detailed examination into the improved welfare of the rank and file does not come within the scope of this paper, it is necessary to make some allusion to their former condition, because the change bears directly on the higher efficiency of the officers. The barrack-life of the former of 1860 is startling in its characteristics of discomfort, squalor, and privation, in the absence of intellectual relaxation, and in the presence of harsh restrictions. The private soldiers, crowded together in hovel barracks, ill-clothed in the brickdust-coloured shoddy of contractors, ill-paid in consequence of deductions, almost constituting abductions, ill-fed with a scantiness and monotony of food which now would provoke a riot in a work-house, unheeded by their officers unless when on service in the field, largely occupied in expiating infringements of a Draconian code, their main solace drink, and the principal resort of their leisure the public-house, an unjust by-word of disrepute among reputable citizens,—their pride in their profession was smothered in loss of respect for themselves. Each and all of these grave evils have been, within the last thirty years, not simply remedied—they have been replaced by a liberality and a solicitude which bid us beware lest the pendulum may swing to the other extreme, and lest we may lapse into pampering. Indeed, commanding officers feel themselves sometimes hampered in the exercise of wholesome discipline, because their professional career may be blasted by a few malcontents combining to hiss on parade, and thus to form a pretext for the denunciation of claptrap agitators. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that we have raised our

rank and file not only in the scale of comfort and prosperity but to a standard of practical ability and intelligence of which our forefathers never dreamed. It has followed as an inevitable consequence, that with a higher type of private soldier we should require—as we have obtained—a higher type of officer to command him.

Attention has lately been called with undeniable force to still existing violations of sound principles of administration. Be it so. Whether we agree with or differ from the charges, the experience of the past furnishes the best hopes for the future. This experience has taught us that public opinion will now be irresistible in pressing us forward on the path of improvement; that, in obedience to its pressure, it would be more easy to make water run up-hill than to revert to a system which was the paradise of the dullard and the sluggard, and that all ranks will still be spurred forward to a generous emulation of duty—*i.e.*, to the attainment of the highest efficiency. Public opinion will insist that intrigue—wherein the trail of the petticoat must sometimes be discerned—intrigue, the dear expedient of the incapable and the unworthy, if not entirely extirpated, shall not habitually prevail. Then, as conjunctures arrive for the appointment of other executive heads—that is to say, of officials in whom are largely vested the safety of our nation and the lives of English soldiers—public opinion will declare, with an emphasis which the most powerful Government would not dare to withstand, that the selection must fall on those whose antecedents and experience, whose age and abilities, obtain the just and general suffrages of their compatriots.

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Col. h.p., R.A.

HER PICTURE.

I.

"THIS is your picture, just as you were
In the May-day time when first we met,
With a winsome look, a gentle demur,
And dimples that cradle the old love yet:

Just as you were when the artist caught
The crimson tint of your blushing cheek;
And gazing thereon I have sometimes thought
The very picture itself might speak.

I wonder how he captured the grace,
The pose of the neck, the floating curl,
The womanly sweetness, the open face,
The sparkling eyes of a laughing girl."

Such were the words the husband said,
As he turned with joy to his bonnie bride;
It was only a month since they were wed,—
The sky was fair and the world was wide.

II.

"And this was her picture when she was young,
My mother, whose hair is growing gray,
Just as she looked when she softly sung,
As I sat at her feet on the floor at play:

Just as she looked when she used to tell
Of the shepherds who watched their flock by night;
And her eyes still keep the same sweet spell,
A blissful magic of love and light.

She knows she is all the world to me,
As we muse in the gathering twilight now,—
Her heart the shrine where I bend the knee,
Her blessing the crown upon my brow."

Such were the thoughts of a son who knew
The fulness of love in a mother's prayer,
With soul still pure, and purpose true
To keep the dream of his boyhood fair.

III.

"This was the grandma I used to know
Who sat and rocked me by the hearth;
Her face had hardly so rich a glow,
Though her eyes ran over with laughing mirth;

As blue as the girl's just over the way,
Who never gets scolded for making a noise,
The one I expect to marry some day,
Though always pretending she doesn't like boys.

I told her about the picture last week,
And said her eyes weren't nearly so bright,
That she hadn't half so pretty a cheek,
And she cried till the nurse made me say good night."

Thus spoke the grandson young and bold,
As he cheerily glanced across the way,
Where a merry elf with locks of gold
Looked up and laughed with her dolls at play.

IV.

"What of the picture hanging there,
Quaintly set in antique frame,
Titian-like with sunny hair,
A bit of canvas without a name?

I found it perched on a garret beam,
Pleading attention in accents meek,
As a chink in the roof let in a gleam,
And deepened the tint of the rosy cheek.

So I brought it down, cobwebs and all,
Polished with care the tarnished gold,
Placed it here in the ancient hall,
And it seems at home in the sacred fold."

But the speaker thought that an angel smile
Tenderly stole through the crevice there,
For his daughter slept in the shadowy aisle
Ere he found and cherished the treasure rare.

v.

So the years went by and the story grew,
While the picture silently kept its place,—
How a fairy came in the morning dew,
A wondrous vision of youthful grace;

Too lovely in sooth for human mould,
A spirit from out the hallowed past,
A vivid presentment ere faith was cold,
Or art entrammelled in fetters fast:

Till a maiden, playing an old-time air
To a lover who came from over the seas,
Saw her own fair features reflected there,
As she quickly glanced from the ivory keys.

And other dreamers in coming years
The same sweet portrait will dearly prize,
And find transfigured through smiles and tears
Their own bright tresses and fond blue eyes.

WALLACE BRUCE.

LUMINOUS ANIMALS.

It is sometimes said more than half in earnest that all man's ingenious inventions have been anticipated by the lower animals, or in natural processes with which the human mind has had no concern. In the construction of dwellings, in the storage of provisions, in tunnelling under the ground, in damming the course of rivers, in the arts of spinning, weaving, and net-making, there can be little doubt that birds and bees and ants, that moles and beavers, that spiders and caterpillars, were at work long before mankind engaged in architecture, engineering, or other artistic operations. Jelly-fish and sea-anemones carry innumerable darts, the action of which has been pertinently described as lasso-throwing. The stings and lancets of insects, the sharp-edged grasses, the gigantic thorns, the seeds which bury themselves in the flesh of sheep, are comparable with many of man's later devised weapons of offence. Long before any human sculptor wrought in clay and marble, thousands of shells and fishes, the carapaces of crabs and tortoises and armadillos, and the skeletons of marvellous beasts, had been made monumental by nature's manipulation. In the curious fossils called graptolites it might almost be said that the same teacher has given a lesson in the art of drawing. Prior to all hour-glasses and clocks, the shadow cast by the sun, the positions of the moon and stars, the regular recurrence of the tides, the opening of various flowers, provided a natural registration of time. In accordance with these examples it may be added that, if man has learned how to light up his dwelling-places and to expel

the darkness of night from his towns and villages, nature has produced a similar result, not only on the surface of the globe, but also, where it was least expected, in the abysses of the trackless ocean.

Art, indeed, must always work by natural means, so that, whatever human ingenuity contrives, it will always be possible to show that nature has been beforehand in the field. As far as can be made out, man himself is a quite recent invention. There was opportunity, therefore, for many things to come to pass before he appeared on the scene. Of all the products of nature, late or early, with which he can be compared, he seems to be the noblest. But his most conspicuous endowment consists in the capacity for turning to his own advantage endowments external to himself. The antithesis between art and nature, at times absurdly used for the sake of disparaging mankind, is only then of profit when employed to quicken, to guide, to encourage the efforts of human thought. In those natural objects which are the subject of the present paper, beyond the characters and qualities which appeal to sentiment or which interest the student, may lie yet undiscovered treasures of suggestion for the inventor and of practical benefit for human life.

In utilising the powers and imitating the machinery of nature, art must certainly somewhere have its limits; but the impossible has so repeatedly been accomplished that no one can exactly say what or where those limits are. Where the scale of working deals with vast dimensions, competition may be arrested by its being found to be

unprofitable before it is found to be futile. At the opposite extreme it may have a vision of advantage, and still not much prospect of success. For, if one may say so, nature excels in making things small. Though the skill of man can produce a working steam-engine which will fit into a walnut-shell, such toys are unwieldy compared with the microscopic animals of which our globe possesses a vast abundance both in number of species and number of individuals. It is among the commonplaces of wonderment that within a scarcely perceptible mass of matter there should be contained, not merely the mysterious principle of life, but also, with exquisite neatness packed and dovetailed together, organs of volition and sense, of motion, nutrition, and reproduction. As if this complicated machinery were not enough for the space employed, there is frequently added a lamp, either automatic or such as the animal can light up and extinguish at its will. Of the organisms, larger or smaller, possessing this last remarkable provision, there is a variety probably far greater than most persons suspect.

When even a poet can bring himself to speak of "sun-dazzle," when the views of an opponent are fairly described as "all moonshine," it is evident that the grandest sources of terrestrial light have not escaped the usual penalty of being "so common-hackney'd in the eyes of men." With sea-shine, or the phosphorescence of the sea, few or none are so over-familiar as to treat it with friendly contempt. Of its causes most people know nothing, not many know much, and those who know most are still anxious to know more. Its highest brilliance has, for the generality of observers, the happy quality of being rare,

without which the most magnificent shows soon lose their impressiveness to human eyesight. The phenomenon, however, is not especially local or especially unfrequent in occurrence. Yet, owing simply to want of opportunity, millions of men must pass through life without a single chance of observing it at all. In the history of seamanship, both early and late, the displays of it have courted marked attention. The earlier records are full of surprise, the latest cannot refrain from admiration. It is not uninteresting to notice how commonly, since the invention of printing, the intensity of the light has been appraised by its enabling the voyager to read. Thus in 1605, in the narrative of 'The Second Voyage of John Davis, with Sir Edward Mielcobourn,' it is stated that on "February 12, we were in 7 Degres 5 Minutes South Lat., and here we had the surprising sight of a Sea sparkling at a wonderful rate, and appearing as if all on fire; the Light was so clear and bright at Night, that one might have read the smallest Print by the assistance of it." So too writes Captain John Saris, on the occasion of his crossing the Arabian Sea in 1312 from Zocotora (Socotra) to Cape Comorin:—

"After we had parted from the Island we were one night surpriz'd with a strange sparkling and glazing of the water all about us. 'Twas but just before so dark that one could not see half the length of the Ship any way round, and now there was such a clear Skie on every side, as would have serv'd to have read by tolerably well. And this was not a sudden flash of light that gave a short glare, and then was gone again presently, but it held us for a matter of half an hour sailing; and when all came to all, and the Philosophy of the whole Fleet was puzzl'd to find out the cause

of it, 'twas a parcel of Cuttle Fish swimming about us that made this appearance, and were so kind as to afford us the Assistance of their Light in the dark Night, when the Stars denied us theirs.'

Some two hundred and fifty years later Sir Wyville Thomson, an accomplished naturalist, describes as follows his experience of this phenomenon when traversing the Guinea current in the Atlantic:—

"From the time we entered the current, immediately after leaving the Cape Verde Islands, the sea had been every night a perfect blaze of phosphorescence. The weather was very fine, with a light breeze from the south-westward. There was no moon, and though the night was perfectly clear, and the stars shone brightly, the lustre of the heavens was fairly eclipsed by that of the sea. The unbroken part of the surface appeared pitch-black, but wherever there was the least ripple the whole line broke into a brilliant crest of clear white light. Near the ship the black interspaces predominated, but as the distance increased the glittering ridges looked closer, until towards the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, they seemed to run together and to melt into one continuous sea of light. The wake of the ship was an avenue of intense brightness. It was easy to read the smallest print sitting in my cabin; and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows."

In this case the philosophy of the ship was not puzzled to find out the cause; but when all came to all, found the brightness chiefly due to shoals of a large *Pyrosoma*, which glowed in the water with a white light like that from molten iron. That the radiance observed by Captain Saris was principally due to cuttle-fish is open to some question. Darwin, indeed, when on board the *Beagle*, observed that

a cuttle-fish which he kept in his cabin was slightly phosphorescent in the dark. Mr W. E. Hoyle and others have also shown that some species of cephalopods are very beautifully luminous. But it does not follow that they are capable of lighting up a considerable tract of ocean. They are ravenous animals, and when caught by Saris and his companions, they may have been travelling amongst and preying upon swarms of creatures collectively far more effulgent than themselves.

All the great divisions of the animal kingdom contain luminous species, but some of the divisions have a far larger share than others in lighting up the ocean. Often a soft diffused light is spread over vast stretches of its waters by minute organisms of the simplest type. Some of them seem to belong almost indifferently to the realms of zoology and botany. A representative of the animal species of this class has a name that signifies "a grain which illumines the night," while a very similar vegetable species is called "the night-gleaming capsule of fire." They redeem their insignificance of size by being present in incalculable myriads. Probably none of the higher animals surpass them in the total effect of their radiance.

In ancient times the term *mollusca* was vaguely applied to a heterogeneous multitude of beings which have little in common except the softness of their bodies and the absence of a vertebrate skeleton. Within stricter modern limits, the molluscan group, with its shell-fish and snails and cuttles and slugs, both of land and sea, is still very extensive. But among the purveyors of light it holds a rather subordinate position. Nevertheless, it is a true mollusc that makes the earliest mark in the

history of animal phosphorescence. Pliny was not only aware of this phenomenon in the shells which he calls dactyli, and which are still called *Pholas dactylus*, but pointedly contrasts it with the unverified tale of a fiery starfish, because it was a marvel which could any day be put to the test. They glow, he says, in the dark, they gleam in the mouths of those that eat them, they gleam in their hands, and when drops fall from them, these too glitter on the ground or on a person's clothes. Many things are eaten in Italy, it must be remembered, which we in Great Britain are too fastidious or too ignorant to enjoy. The *Pholas*, moreover, appears to be somewhat capricious as to the emission of light in cold countries, so that Pliny's pleasing picture of a reveler gilding lips and lap with the dainty juice cannot every day be realised amongst us. It seems to have been generally supposed that the *Pholas* was luminous all over. But Pliny's countryman, Panceri, Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Naples, discovered about twenty years ago that there are special organs from which the luminous material issues. Opening the mantle and anterior siphon, he cleared away the overflow of mucus by pouring a thin stream of water on to the animal, and in the darkness the definite position of the luminous organs could then be seen. Moreover, when these parts were cut away luminosity entirely ceased. Our own eminent conchologist, the late Mr Gwyn Jeffreys, was evidently wrong in supposing that the *Pholas* owed its light to extraneous microscopic organisms. It may be thought strange that the *Pholas* should need a lamp, for it makes its burrow with so narrow an opening that the valves of its

shell are for ever imprisoned, nor can its soft body be detached from the cloistered valves. It can, however, elongate its body to an extraordinary extent, and thus explore quite as much of the universe as it requires to know. Have we not read of the crafty entomologist lurking beside his lantern while moth after moth is lured to the treacherous gleam? Even so it is to be surmised that, when the *Pholas* sheds its lustre through the surrounding water, it is not so much absorbed by the beauties of nature as intent on absorbing them.

At the mention of *Phyllirhoë* the romantic reader may begin to hope for some story of a sea-nymph who loses her heart to a beautiful prince of mortal clay, with all the intricate and tear-moving results that are likely to follow such an entanglement. The disappointment must be borne of learning that *Phyllirhoë*, like *Pholas*, is only the name of a mollusc. It is a mollusc without a shell. It is not immured in a burrow, but swims freely on the bosom of the ocean. It is not given to ejecting clouds of slime. It is so purely transparent as to be almost indistinguishable in the water by daylight. An animal made as it were of living glass, in which the inner structure to the last cell can be examined without the trouble of dissection, is convenient to the student of anatomy. Nor was *Phyllirhoë* by any means neglected. So much the more surprising will it seem that it was left to Panceri to discover its luminous power. But this surprise itself will vanish when we reflect that for examining a transparency a man does not choose to shut himself up in the dark. As it is only in the dark that the effulgence of the *Phyllirhoë* can be seen, its discovery came more by choice than chance to one

whose mental vision taught his bodily eyes to search for this form of enlightenment.

The class of the *Cœlenterata* is far below the *Mollusca* in the scale of existence, but it probably contributes much more largely to marine illumination. The name of this great class refers to the important, but not altogether unusual, incident that within their bodies there is a hollow, and that this hollow discharges the valuable function of a digestive cavity. Many of the group are known under the more poetical, though very inaccurate, title of *Zoophytes* or *animal-plants*. In addition to the medusæ or jelly-fishes, the class contains the sea-anemones and corals, the gorgonias, often widely branching, and the sea-pens, the hydroids frequently confounded with sea-weeds, and many rarer forms, such as the strangely beautiful "Portuguese Man-of-War," and the gracefully undulating "Venus' Girdle." Not always do the inexperienced readily accept the statement that the supposed seaweed or so-called coralline is in reality a colony of numerous animals intimately united like the leaves and flowers on a tree. But when the living hydroid stem is placed in a vessel of sea-water, and from every point a polyp pushes forth its delicate crown of tentacles, incredulity gives place to charmed surprise. From such colonies there issue at times free swimming-bells, which are fitted to produce eventually fresh colonies. These little medusæ, like their larger kindred, under any agitation, can be seen to sparkle in the darkness, and any one staying at the seaside can make abundant opportunities of witnessing this pretty phenomenon within doors. Among the *Ctenophores* or "comb-bearers" the little *Beroë* is tolerably familiar. This

and its immediate kindred are compared by Gosse to tiny melons of glass, striped with bands or meridian lines of paddles, which, by the regular motion of the cilia composing them, row the little crystal globes along, with an even, graceful, gliding motion. At night-time they flash fitfully about, "frisking light in frolic measures," while the great jelly-fishes move on in more solemn gliding state, by slow contraction and expansion of their pale-gleaming spheres. By a curious ocular delusion it was at one time supposed that the luminous matter circulated in the rib-like bands of the *Beroë*, but Macartney at the beginning of this century showed that the appearance of a streaming fluid was really due to the extremely rapid movements of the ciliary paddles. Among rare though widely distributed forms are the species of *Umbellula*. Deep down in the water these peculiar zoophytes rear their slender stems surmounted by a group of polyps, superficially resembling the lily-encrinites of a bygone age. In the middle of the eighteenth century a fine species was observed and described, but the specimens were lost, and then for a hundred years no more was heard or seen of the genus, till it was again brought to light by the Swedish frigates *Ingegerd* and *Gladan*. Soon afterwards the *Challenger* raised the number of known species to half a score. One of these was fished up from a depth of more than 2000 fathoms between Cape St Vincent and Madeira, and "when taken from the trawl the polyps and the membrane covering the hard axis of the stem were so brightly phosphorescent that Captain Maclear found it easy to determine the character of the light by the spectroscope." It will per-

haps be encouraging to those naturalists who are too easily disheartened by failures and mistakes to learn that the celebrated Father Zecchi in the first instance decisively affirmed that the phosphorescent light of animals, viewed by the spectroscope, was monochromatic, whereas in 1872 he was able to determine just the contrary. He then found, by means of improved instruments, that the spectrum was sensibly continuous, not one-coloured, but compound, with the red and the violet clearly distinguishable.

Zoophytes not very remote from Umbellula are the sea-pens, represented in British waters by some beautiful forms, among which the crimson *Pennatula phosphorea* indicates by its specific name its luminous character. The general gracefulness exhibited in this group may be in part inferred from the fact that the terms rachis and pinnules are borrowed from the fernery to describe them. To whatever point of the rachis or pinnules a stimulus is applied, thence will the signal be passed on, each polyp in succession lighting up its little lamp till the whole colony is illuminated. Of another polyp-bearing family found off St Vincent at a depth of 600 fathoms, an alluring description has been given by Sir Wyville Thomson :—

“The trawl,” he says, “seemed to have gone over a regular field of a delicate simple Gorgonoid, with a thin wirelike axis, twisted spirally, a small tuft of irregular rootlets at the base, and long exsert polyps. The stems, which were from 18 inches to 2 feet in length, were coiled in great hanks round the trawl-beam and entangled in masses in the net, and as they showed a most vivid phosphorescence of a pale lilac colour, their immense number suggests a wonderful state of things beneath—animated corn-fields waving gently

in the slow tidal current and glowing with a soft diffused light, scintillating and sparkling on the slightest touch, and now and again breaking into long avenues of vivid light, indicating the path of fishes or other denizens of their enchanted region.”

Among the star-fishes there are luminous Ophiurids, one or other of which perhaps gave occasion to the story of the fiery sea-star recorded but discredited by Pliny. Of marine worms, many of which are beautifully iridescent in daylight, several are luminous in the dark. There is in our own country a luminous earth-worm.

Ascending a step higher in the scale of organisms to the Arthropoda, or animals with jointed legs, we find among the Crustacea and Insects a great wealth of radiant animals. When the Italian vessel Vettor Pisani was going round the world, on May 5, 1885, in the Indian Ocean, she met a regular drove of Ostracoda, which it took her four days to traverse, over a stretch of 420 nautical miles. The Ostracoda are small crustaceans shut up in shell-valves, so that they resemble mussels rather than crabs or shrimps. On the occasion in question it is calculated that each litre of water—that is, nearly a quart—contained perhaps not more than a hundred of the tiny specimens, but nevertheless the light that issued from them on the sea, sometimes in long streaks, sometimes in patches of circular form, was most brilliant. Professor Della Valle quotes with well-deserved praise the following account given of them by the sailor-naturalist Chierchia :—

“When these animals were placed in a tumbler, whether shaken or not, they gave forth from the caudal part a phosphoric fluid which dispersed itself in the water, while their bodies remained continuously shining. When

one of these little crustaceans stood still, the emission of the fluid proceeded just after the fashion of cuttle-fishes when they throw out their ink and remain concealed in it: if, on the other hand, the animal moved, which it always did by describing a long curve, the brilliant point of the body furnished by the phosphoric tail made it like a comet in a miniature sky.

"After the first expulsion of fluid, the animal appeared to concentrate its forces in preparing another supply, and its presence could always be detected by means of a very brilliant point of small dimensions. The quantity of luminous matter emitted by each individual, relatively to its volume and the time, was enormous, so that in a short period the water became phosphorescent enough to make writing legible by it in the darkness of the night. By rubbing the animal with a finger upon any substance, the same effect was produced as by rubbing the head of a lucifer match.

"Many of these ostracoda in a tumbler of water, observed from time to time through a whole night, continued to shed out light, though with diminished intensity; and those which remained alive, when carried into the dark after sunrise, resumed their luminous function. Others put into a box with strong alcohol, though ceasing to give out fluid, remained sufficiently luminous to constitute a pretty lantern showing a green light: the lustre thus obtained lasted about fifteen minutes, gradually decreasing as the alcohol, penetrating to the interior of the animals, resolved or dissolved the phosphoric substance into its elements. On the other hand, when put into a solution of corrosive sublimate they suddenly lost life and light; and if the solution was rather strong, this liquid also assumed a phosphorescence which rapidly vanished."

Figuiet remarks that the phosphorescence of the sea, though observable throughout the ocean-world, is most frequently seen in the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Gulf, and other tropical seas. He refers to the experience of Captain

Kingman, who, in the American ship *Shooting Star*, traversed a zone of the Indian Ocean twenty-three miles in length so filled with phosphorescent animalcules that at night the water presented the appearance of a vast field of snow, and the "Milky Way" of the heavens was quite put out of countenance. Similarly we read that in 1616 the expedition to the East Indies under Martin Pring, when in the tropical Pacific, had one night what was to the members of that expedition a very mystifying spectacle. They beheld the sea all about them pale and white, resembling a vast cheese-vat, so that one might have imagined "the Ship to have been sailing in Whey instead of Salt Water, it carried such a milky appearance along with it. The Air and Skie at the same time look'd white and hazy, without doubt the effect of the Reflections from the Surface of the Water so dispos'd and colour'd." In February 1881 Mr Daniel Pidgeon, a very acute observer, witnessed the phenomenon of this "Milky Sea" of the Pacific, when, he says, "the whole ocean from the ship to the visible horizon looked exactly as if it were covered with snow." "The snowy surface evidently reflected the light of the sky, for Venus, being very bright, threw a distinguishable line of radiance across it, while the phosphorescent crests of waves were now and then seen breaking above the layer of shining matter which overlaid the water." He convinced himself that the appearance was due to a thin layer of mist, produced when the sea-surface happens to be considerably cooler than the moist atmosphere above it, so that the air in immediate contact with the water is chilled below the dew-point and becomes misty, while

the air above remains transparent.¹ It would be interesting to know whether the same explanation will apply to all displays of the "Milky Sea," or whether the effect should sometimes be attributed solely to phosphorescent animals and plants, and if not, whether in any case those sources of light contribute to illuminate the mist from below. Another eminently skilled observer, Dr John Murray, reports that in August 1880 he saw "at night on the surface of the sea in the Faroe Channel large patches and long streaks of apparently milky-white water. The tow-nets caught in these immense numbers of *Nyctiphanes* (*Thysanopoda*) *norvegica*, M. Sars, and the peculiar appearance of the water seemed to be due to the diffused light emitted from the phosphorescent organs of this species."

Though the shrimp just referred to bears no proportion in the size of the individuals to the length of its scientific designation, yet its numbers are so enormous that they provide food to fatten vast shoals of herrings for our contentment. Its generic name is significant of one that shines by night, and the family to which it belongs is called the Euphausiidae, to indicate their fair effulgence. Many of these carry luminous globules symmetrically arranged on various parts of the body. In the living animal these are conspicuous in daylight by reason of their beautiful red pigment and lustrous appearance. At one time they were supposed to be accessory eyes, as though the wish which Milton imputes to Samson had here been granted, and nature had allowed these little shrimps to have sight, "as feeling, through all parts diffus'd, that she might look at will through every

pore." But that the function of these globules is to contribute light, not sight, has now been all but demonstrated by Professor G. O. Sars. Indeed, as these shrimps are provided with eyes on movable stalks, a very convenient arrangement for looking around, there would seem to be little necessity for them to have eyes also dotted about all over the body. By such an arrangement, they would only too often, like Cassandra, have been forced to foresee dangers which they had no means of avoiding. Those shrimps which have luminous organs in their jaws can scarcely be suspected of using them as accessory eyes. The lateral globules can be rolled about so as to direct flashes of light at the convenience of the animal, but in addition to these there are often a pair of immobile organs coated with red pigment and containing a bunch of phosphorescent fibres. These are planted on the stalks of the eyes, which are thus provided with natural lanterns.

It has been noticed by De Quatrefages and others that the shrimps known as sand-hoppers become luminous, as almost any object may, by contact with phosphorescent sea-water. But in 1889 Professor Giard at Wimereux discovered a sand-hopper that was luminous from within, not from without. He ascertained that in this case the phosphorescence was due to bacteria with which the creature's tissues were infested. From his single sand-hopper he inoculated many others, and spread the infection to various species in several genera of Crustaceans. They produced a fairy-like illumination of his laboratory at night-time. Living specimens of the sand-hopper wrapped in seaweed

¹ An Engineer's Holiday, chapter xxii.

crossed the Channel in safety, and showed their pale green light in an inland English town. Crustacea, however, of this same group sometimes no doubt have a radiance of their own. In especial, in the large-eyed division the phosphoric light has been observed to stream out from the large eyes, as well as from some other parts of the body. The lighting up of the eyes themselves, whether in shrimps or crabs, does not seem very convenient for the purposes of vision. There may be some special accommodation to the circumstances, or vision may not in fact be in question. It is possibly one of the innumerable instances of protective mimicry. The large gleaming eyes perhaps would fain be mistaken for a stinging medusa or for any other occupant of the ocean which is recognised by the feeding community as bright but objectionable.

Higher in grade than the Crustacea are the Salpæ, which by their living chains produce a serpentine gleam in the water. Kindred with these is the Pyrosoma, to which reference has been already made. It is finely and fitly named "a body of fire." Every one has heard of the common ascidian or sea-squirt, an unattractive object in its grey tunic of a tough leathery consistence. Very different in appearance from this, and yet nearly related to it, is the Pyrosoma. Its structure was well fitted to puzzle the earliest observers, and succeeded in doing so. Of a specimen taken by the Challenger, Lord George Campbell gives in few words a very effective description. He makes a note in his log for the 25th of May 1873:—

"Trawled in 2200 fathoms on very hard ooze-ground an enormous 'pyrosoma,' 4 feet 2 inches long by 9 inches broad; it is a large sack closed at one end, and the whole spotted with pink

lumps, each lump being a separate animal, in this case numbering one or two hundred thousand. . . . We imagine this pyrosoma must be the largest ever seen. At night, as it lay in the tub, it was most brilliantly phosphorescent, and we wrote upon it our names at full length, which presently came out in letters of brilliant light. An electric shock appeared to have no effect whatever on its nervous system."

But on the 26th he writes:—

"The electric shock did after all affect the pyrosoma's nervous system, for in the night it fell into thousands of little gelatinous lumps, each with a pink nucleus, each being a separate animal."

There seems to be here some disregard of the logical dictum, *post hoc, non ergo propter hoc*. It has been found that in general these soft-bodied marine animals submit to an electrical experiment with indifference; but when it comes to signing blank cheques upon their incorporated society, disintegration may well follow as a measure of common prudence. Fresh water poured on these animals has the singular effect of making the light steady instead of intermittent. By this means it was discovered that each individual in a Pyrosoma-colony has two luminous organs, the parts which were at one time supposed to be ovaries. There is a social muscular system uniting the whole society, which helps to explain how a family of a hundred thousand can move together as if actuated by a single will, and how it is that when one member is excited to light up its little lanterns, the excitement gradually spreads till it produces an illumination of the whole household.

Among vertebrates, until recently, the light-giving faculty was supposed to be extremely rare. The phosphorescence, indeed, of dead fishes is a matter of common

observation, but this is attributable not to the fishes themselves but to the presence of *Bacterium phosphorescens*, a little infusorian which very likely plays a large part in the diffused luminosity of the sea. In connection with captured fish its appearance is not at all to be dreaded, but the reverse, for as soon as the tissues of the fish begin to putrefy, the light of this bacterium is quenched. But, independently of any extraneous organism, a large number of fishes in different families are now known to be luminous. The Latin names of the genera might scare an uninitiated reader. When done into English, however, such names as the Silver-Axe, the Light-Fish, the Many-Lamps, the Lantern-Eye, the Starry-Swimmer, are pleasingly poetical as well as truthfully significant. The title of the Bombay Duck is less romantic. Imported as an article of food, and known in England only in the dried state, this fish when first drawn from the water is brilliant with phosphorescent mucus. A gleaming dog-fish is known in the Pacific. On board the Challenger Dr v. Willemoes Suhm saw a fish of the genus *Scopelus*, which was brought up in the trawl at night, shining like a star in the net. Nor should the experience of the ingenious young Frenchman Adanson be forgotten, though his voyage to Senegal was made in the middle of the last century. He forgave the pernicious white ants for repeatedly scaring him out of his slumbers, for the sake of the observations and experiments on luminous animals which he was thus induced to make.

"My room," he says, "was full of pails of sea-water, where I constantly kept live fish, which in the night-time emitted a light, not unlike that of phosphorus. The mugs full of shells, and even the fish that lay dead on the

table, gave the same light. All these illuminations put together, and reflected upon different parts of the room, made it appear as if it was on fire. . . . What was most engaging, each fish showed itself plainly to the eye by the light emitted from its body; and the same effect was produced by the shells and other sea bodies which I had with me; even the pails themselves looked like a burning surface. This was not all: every day the sight was new, because I had new fishes and new shells to observe. Now it was a pilchard, now a molebat; one time a purple fish, another time a periwinkle; one time a polypus, a crab, or a starfish, that showed its luminous rays in the dark: in short, I perfectly distinguished the shape of all those different fishes by rays of light which darted from every part of their bodies; and as I could place them in a thousand different positions, I had it in my power to give an infinite variety to this beautiful illumination."

In numerous instances in which the fishes have not been seen with their lamps actually alight, the existence in them of photogenic—that is, light-producing—organs has been placed beyond all reasonable doubt by the researches of Leuckart, Leydig, Ussow, Emery, Günther, and others. From a special study of these organs, Dr R. von Lendenfeld concludes that they are more or less modified glands, which have been developed partly from simple slime-glands in the skin, and partly in connection with the slime-canal system. In very lowly organisms, in which the ordinary slime produced by the gland-cells is luminous, the light is supposed to issue independently of the will of the animal. In higher groups a fatty substance secreted by glandular cells is, so to speak, burnt under the influence of nervous stimulation, and therefore unless some appeal is made to the animal's nerves the light is held in reserve.

The fact that in fishes as well as in Crustaceans the phosphorescent organs have frequently been taken for actual eyes shows that their primitive simplicity has in many cases given place to a complicated development. Here be lenses and pigment-layers and bundles of phosphorescent fibres and constrictive muscles and extensible membranes, and other special matters chiefly interesting to the special student. The number of the organs is far from being in all fishes equal, nor is the disposition of them in all fishes alike. There may be but a single pair, or there may be dozens of pairs, or the luminous spots may be sprinkled over the body in an indefinite number. In some species there are long lines of the eye-mimicking bead-like organs running along the sides of the fish in a manner that argues strongly for their development from the muciferous system. These long lateral lines of light perhaps produce the most brilliant effect in the abysses of the sea, but the organs occur in other positions that are more singular. In one strange little fish they appear to have ousted the eyes altogether. In various species they are found on the lower jaw, under the gill-covers, on the barbels, or close to the eyes. In rare instances the back behind the dorsal fin carries one or a few of these illuminators pointing backwards. In regard to the use of these "stern-chasers" we are invited to imagine a race for life and death in the deep dark waters. The greedy foe is just about to pounce, when, oh, what a surprise! he is suddenly dazzled and disconcerted by the flashing of a mysterious light in the very spot where he was expecting to grab the tail of a solid fish. Before he has done rubbing his eyes and vainly searching for any mode of

expostulatory expression adequate to his disappointment, the "pilchard" has put out his light and gone away.

No space is left for doing justice to the luminous animals of the land, such as the glow-worms which are not worms, and the fire-flies which are not flies. It matters the less, since all men know how these beautiful beetles lend themselves to the poet in England and to the traveller in the tropics, and how they light up the cottage of the poor Indian and adorn the costume of fair Orientals. It can but barely be mentioned that we have a luminous centipede in Great Britain; and that in Sierra Leone there is, or at least was reported in 1607, a strange beast which "has a Stone of an incredible Lustre in his Forehead, so bright that he is not only thereby rendered visible in the darkest Night, but sees also by the help of that Natural Torch, to find out and manage his Provender."

As long ago as 1818, G. R. Treviranus, after passing in review all the learning of his predecessors in regard to luminous animals, concludes that the light is derived from a special and in general specially localised substance. So far he was in agreement with the most modern researches. He considers that the substance has all the properties of a true phosphorus, and is only hindered from being burnt up by its union with other animal materials. At a later date Matteucci has affirmed that the phosphorescent particles of the glow-worm contain no phosphorus.

In various animals the luminosity no doubt has various functions, though we may assume that in every case it acts for the benefit of the species which possesses it. In some it may serve the common object of lamps to light up the

darkness ; in some it may be like the beacon of a lighthouse, to give warning of danger ; in some, like the wrecker's treacherous signal, it may lure the wanderer to his doom ; and in some it may be like the torch which Hero kindled in her tower to guide Leander through the waves. In the dark recesses of ocean it must be rather difficult to decide whether any particular lamp means "danger" or is a trustworthy invitation to come on. Under these complicated conditions of existence, it is not very surprising that some of the abyssal species have developed exceptionally large eyes in the endeavour to see what they are about, while others have by preference gone totally blind, so as to avoid a continual nervous strain and the necessity of a sudden decision in critical cases, which is so fatal to peace of mind and good digestion.

For very grand effects of sea-shine, to become acquainted with strange crustaceans luminous and alive, and to see "the sparkles which flash from their eyes," to behold the trailing clouds of glory in the wake of a great vessel, to view the foaming billows of an angry ocean when they seem "to metamorphose themselves into mountains of fire," recourse should be had to the high seas, and especially to tropical waters. Yet on a smaller scale the beauty of the phenomenon can be seen nearer home. If the first pantomime evokes for youthful eyes a vision of delight which no glories of the stage beheld in later life surpass or equal, so will it be, either in youth or age, with the first opportunity of seeing the waters of the sea lighted with living lamps. It is "a first night" not easily to be forgotten. When the long summer day at length has left the world to darkness and the stars, a boat

is launched on the waters of some sheltered bay. The winds are holding their breath. The silence, the solitude, the unwonted hour, impress the landsman with a feeling that the crew and the cruise are the instruments of an uncommon and truly great enterprise. Presently the dipping of the oars calls forth here and there a sparkle in the water. The tow-net is lowered. Hand-nets are swished along at the sides of the boat. With every movement brilliant gems give forth innumerable flashes as far down as any disturbance of the water can be caused. When the nets are drawn up and inverted, they appear to be glistening everywhere with diamonds and pale emeralds, an entrancing sight, which seems almost like a dream when the specimens which produced it are seen the next morning, and the vision splendid has faded into the light of common day.

It may seem a piece of idleness to take pleasure in observing, and in hearing and talking about, the different parts of nature without an attempt to draw from them any lessons either of material advantage or of moral wisdom. But man is made like that, a creature of curiosity ; and of the genus "man" the species "naturalist" is ever bound to behave like those brethren of Solomon's House in the 'New Atlantis,' who evidently think their own conduct something rather superior, when they calmly and sweetly say of themselves : "Thus you see we maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels ; nor for silks ; nor for spices ; nor for any other commodity of matter, but only for God's first creature, which was light : to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world."

THOMAS R. R. STEBBING.

A FOREIGN MISSION IN THE PROVINCE OF CANTON.

My apology for this paper is that it fell to my lot, a layman and a heretic, to pass a year in China, up-country, under the shadow of a Catholic chapel. To any one who on a Messageries packet has seen the Catholic missionary in the bud, French or Italian, Franciscan or Dominican or Secular, pacing the deck or sitting apart intent on one of those mysterious little black volumes, it may be of interest to hear what like is the full-blown flower. Of one of these missionaries I can give some account. From him, in a land where men's skins are dusky and their natures, it may be said, turned the dark side outwards for the foreigner, I received kindness as of a fellow-countryman, not to be forgotten; and I shall remember to treat his views—even if widely divided as the poles from mine—with the respect due to a gentle adversary, fighting under what banner soever. We are not likely to meet again: only less likely is it that this article will gain the attention of *Le Pèlerin*; and how else should it win through the two hundred miles of rice-field and barren mountain that separate the Chinese treaty-port from the Chapelle de la Sainte Vierge at Fair-Reply. But if it shall ever come beneath his eyes, I know Père Saint-Jean will take no offence at anything he shall read; at the worst he will but recognise the old heresies, so often confounded yet as ever unsubdued: and while he grieves at the invincibility of my ignorance, he will still like, I hope, to remember, as I do, our after-dinner controversies, in the chapel garden during the precious half-hour when life was bearable, when

the setting sun had withdrawn the flies, and the mosquitoes had not yet awaked, and the air was hot and heavy from the rice-fields; how we sat and smoked and argued till the jangling bell called him to vespers, and me to what I called my home.

Not counting "heretics and schismatics," the report of the Mission Étrangère for 1893 gives a total of over thirty thousand converts out of the twenty-seven million inhabitants of the Canton Province: but perhaps some allowance should be made for the inevitable optimism of such statistics; and an estimate of one Catholic per thousand of the population may be considered not illiberal. Grouped into parishes averaging about five hundred souls, they are scattered pretty evenly throughout the province, but somewhat more thinly distributed towards the north and north-west.

Now and then, as he wanders from place to place, the wayfarer will be surprised to find that he has strayed into an oasis of urbanity. The children no longer shout abuse after him; smiles greet him on every side: "Ah, Soul-Father, where art thou going?" is the universal salutation. Then he may know that he has stumbled into a stronghold of Holy Mother Church. For of the many differences that distinguish the Protestant methods from those of the Catholic missionaries, one of the most notable is this: that while the former are content to go to their converts, the latter strive as far as possible to concentrate their people, like a line of outworks, round their citadel the chapel.

From Kow-Loon to the city of

the Fair-Reply there lie near three hundred miles of road and river; and having passed these over and arrived at my destination, I was not a little disconcerted at finding that the people who were so ready to welcome one as a chance stranger with tea and tobacco, so glad to converse with him and question him on his outlandish customs, were strangely prejudiced against him as a neighbour. It was after a vain and weary house-hunting that I found myself in such an oasis as I have described when I turned for help to Père Saint-Jean, better known as "San - Chin" Shin-Fu (Soul-Father "Worth Sincere"). Such is the nearest approach to our barbarous vocables that the Chinese ear and tongue can reach, and "San-Chin" is the only name his world knows him by: even the Basle Mission, near neighbours though they were, could give me no other name for their European brother than "Surname San," as they heard him called by the common gossip of the neighbourhood.

When Père Saint-Jean had seen my card and had assured himself that this was no insidious advance on the part of his rivals "MM. les Protestants," he welcomed me with the easy hospitality a Frenchman knows so well to use. *À la guerre comme à la guerre, nom d'une pipe!* But it was his best claret that he put before me, and the greasy pork-chops and sweet potatoes were all that he had. As for the house, *that* should arrange itself, and it did. Within a week a neighbour had been evicted on terms which Père Saint-Jean considered a fair compromise between the man's ideas and mine, and I had installed myself in a four-roomed cottage, one of a jumble of whitewashed buildings that form, as it were, the pericardium of the Chapel of the Holy Virgin.

Of that heart Père Saint-Jean is, as I picture him, the slender nerve-thread down which consciousness and the essence of life itself flow in from distant Rome; and failing which the imported vitality very soon would flicker out, leaving paralysis to ensue and the dust to return to dust. A fine man is this Soul-Father San, cut in the muscular but slender mould characteristic of the best type of Frenchmen. He is, of course, dressed in the garb of a middle-class Chinaman; but in vain is the disguise of the long blue robe, the thick paper shoes, and the unbleached trousers gathered in at the ankle. In vain he shaves his beard, and in vain does the yellow pig-tail dangle its ten years' growth down his back. For, putting aside his blue eyes and fair complexion, and apart from the high-bridged nose,—most unsightly feature of all to the snub-nosed Mongolians,—he carries that about him which stamps him at the first glance as a hated foreigner; and the elaborate attempt at an inconspicuous costume is as absurd a failure as if he had donned the gear of a Red Indian. The very buffalo at the plough detects him and shies back in terror through the knee-deep slush when he passes, where fifty natives might have come and gone nor have roused the dull brute from his ordinary mood of sulky acquiescence. Plucky and enduring, rejoiced to fight the battles of his people, *canaille* that none may upbraid but himself; rash in quarrel, till his name is an offence at the Yamen and a reproach among the neighbours; open by nature as restricted by education,—such was Soul-Father San as I knew him, a true man beyond all doubt, and one withal to please the heart of Loyola himself.

Nor had years of solitude abated one jot of his Gallic *bonhomie*.

What jolly evenings were those on the rare occasions when one of his distant colleagues chanced to pay him a visit; when we would improvise a pack out of my visiting-cards, and cover the windows with back numbers of 'La Croix' lest the servants should mistake the weird French games for gambling, and the enemy find occasion to blaspheme! What heat of politics! "I tell you frankly, you English have *stolen* our colonies! What is it you are doing there in Egypt? Ah, if I were this Casimir Périer I would say to you, Out of that within twenty-four hours, or else—— Ah, but it is a government of freemasons, *parbleu!* *ah quelle comedie!*" I can see him leaning forward, scarlet in the face, shaking his fist at me, and then, "*Encore pour deux sous,*" and he would help himself to my bottled Bass—for he has not quite forgotten how, on occasion, to enjoy such luxuries of Europe. And it is well if he can taste now and again some of the smaller pleasures of life in the land of his exile, for the land of his birth, that far-off Normandie, he shall scarcely see again—nor the mother whose name is always on his lips, nor the sister whose health the next pilgrimage to Lourdes will so surely restore. For the rest, nothing has he to look for but a prolongation of the struggle with bitter hatred from without the pale, and ingratitude yet more bitter within; and at the end—whether to-morrow or fifty years hence—a log coffin and a Chinese grave.

Any description of this little community must begin with the chapel, the Shin Thong, or Holy Hall, as it is called in the vernacular, which is the centre and heart of the organisation. Father San will show it to you with a pride that is beautiful to behold.

In his eyes never was there such a chapel. The fulness of his nature, finding no more human outlet, has collected here; and if some generous reader would fill his heart with joy and gladness, he cannot do better than send to the chapel at Fair-Reply a candelabrum, large and gilded, to hang over the altar.

The Father's oratory window looks down upon the centre court of the chapel, and provides a coign of vantage whence a heretic may watch the Sunday service unobserved. So will he escape the reproach of having gone to look at the women. The middle courtyard, filled with flowering-shrubs, and flanked by covered ways, divides the chapel proper from the open hall opposite, an empty white-washed room bedizened with texts in the running hand, and the usual frescoes of green birds and blue flowers. Here sit the women, bright in their gayest trousers and smocks of scarlet or metallic green, enjoying themselves immensely as they whine the Chinese Ave in excruciatingly tuneless imitation of the Padre's Latin chant. They revel in their weekly rest from the strain of field-work, and yet more in the feeling that they are performing a social function on an equality with their husbands and fathers.

The fretted folding-doors at the opposite side of the courtyard are open, and give a slanting view of the chapel itself, furnished, much like a Catholic chapel elsewhere, with an altar, white and gold, and chalices and candlesticks. Here the male congregation worships, and yawns, and spits. (One must remark on the last-named ritual, which is performed so incessantly, and with so disgusting and so noisy an elaboration, as to become a leading feature in the ceremony.) Here the arts of East and West have kissed together; and the

contrast is striking, and not altogether complimentary to the latter. Painted on the wall above the doorway is a venerable old man with flowing beard, in a yellow mantle, seated on a blue stone by a brown cliff under a green tree, among whose pink blossoms scarlet love-birds are coquetting. I am not proficient in the language of art criticism; and the effect, though it may sound grotesque, is good. But it needs no art-critic to condemn a vile oleograph of the Virgin with a bleeding heart in her hands, that hangs above the altar. On the walls are other pictures—*Il Paradiso, Il Purgatorio, L'Inferno*, in far superior style as far as the treatment goes. In the last, the fiends are represented as taking such obvious delight in the execution of their office, that I could not, on one occasion, refrain from asking Father San whether this did not point to a fourth state of future existence, and argue that an intending sinner might do well to qualify for the position of executioner by being as bad as bad can be; but I doubt if he ever grasped my argument. He himself could not defend "*Le Pécheur Mourant*," a ghastly nightmare, where the sinner's attention is diverted from the crucifix that a portly ecclesiastic extends towards him, by the monkey-tricks of a brown imp literally playing Old Harry among the gold-bags; while coil by coil, from under the bed, a green dragon, half shark half pterodactyl, slips slowly across the bed-clothes, and with fleshly lips is closing on the victim's foot.

From the chapel-yard you pass through the bare little oratory and bedroom into a patch where "ocean" vegetables, European cabbage, carrots, spinach, and lettuce, with roses, fuchsias, and be-

gonias, are bravely fighting their losing battle against the climate. In the angle of the walk, half hidden by the rose-bush, there is a mound of cement arched in horse-shoe form. One does not need to ask its meaning in this land of unnumbered dead. On the tablet in front are graved a cross, and, in Chinese characters, the words, "Soul - Father Tshin, died aged 50," with a date. It is the memorial of *our* Soul-Father's predecessor, and his own *memento mori*.

Beyond the garden is the school, through whose open door comes a shrill murmur very like the regulation board-school sing-song. I wish that any one who entertains the conventional, vase-painted notion of Chinese humanity could get a glimpse of young China at school, and see how much it resembles European humanity, at any rate in the earlier stages, and the Catholic school at Fair-Reply may be accepted as representative; for, except during Bible-class on Sunday, the curriculum is neither more nor less extensive than that in vogue everywhere else throughout the land—the Classics, and again the Classics. Here, for instance, the thirty or forty pupils are divided roughly into classes, ranging from the young men of two- or three-and-twenty, who are writing essays in preparation for their Flowering Talent Examination—meanly Anglicised as B.A.—down to the urchins of seven, eight, and nine, who hail the visitor's appearance as a heaven-sent relief from their struggle to commit the Three Character Classic to memory:—

"Dog watches night, Cock rules dawn;
If not study, How become men?
Worm spins silk, Bee gathers honey;
Men not study, Not equal brutes."

It is true they are not quite as lively as children at home, and

are fonder than they of snatching surreptitious naps with head pillowed on arms, at the risk of twisted eyebrows, bruised nails, and tortured ears, under the wrath of the solemn round-spectacled dominie. Nevertheless, anybody, who has seen them fidget and scribble on the desks, or pinch each other, will feel no longer need to evolve any special-creation hypothesis, but will admit that these are men of like passions with himself in spite of the red-tipped pigtails on their little shaven bullet-heads. The Soul-Father never thinks of interfering with these studies, so the Catholic youth is brought up in almost as dense an ignorance of the world and its history as his father before him. To learn that the earth is round, or that foreign men live in a place called E-lo-pa, you must go to the German opposition establishment.

There is one institution attached to the Holy Hall which is truly beyond all praise, I mean the home for foundlings. It is a disagreeable fact that Chinese parents are in the habit, in certain circumstances, of abandoning female infants to death by starvation, and it is one that an apologist for China would like to pass over in silence. On the other hand, nothing is gained by exaggeration, and as far as my most limited experience allows me to speak, it is enormous exaggeration to talk as if Chinese mothers exposed their daughters habitually and without a second thought. At any rate, the people of Fair-Reply would repudiate the charge with amazement. "*He haru kai, tso mak kai fit?*" "If she is a good one, why throw away?" they would ask. Why indeed, when a girl of ten in good health and fairly bonny will always fetch \$100; while each of the next five or six years will add

\$10 to her market value? So, remembering that from the age of five she will be useful to gather bambu husks for fuel, mind the baby, feed the buffalo, and a year or two later to cut fern, dig up pistachio-nuts, and carry water, it will be seen that a healthy female child will be by no means an unprofitable investment. But should the child be sickly, then it is different. The nasty little thing looks so red and helpless and repulsive. If it dies within doors its fractious spirit will remain there, and add another torment to the teeming world of devils that surrounds us. Better for all parties to deport the tiny spirit to some lonely spot, turn away quickly, and think of something else. Charity might possibly accept some such revulsion of the maternal instinct in explanation; and the anthropologist will remember "Nature," that "holy thing," and the case of the rabbits once so aptly cited in this connection.

But explain it as we may, the exposure of infants remains a hideous reality, and Father San's *crèche* is a noble and most necessary institution. It will always be associated in my mind with Aunt Tsya, a quiet, gentle, little woman of smiling countenance, who seems to spend the greater part of her life in hunting for three of her charges, with the fourth and youngest slung in a cloth across her back. Morning after morning, with the regularity of the bean-jelly man's call, I used to hear her raucous cry of "A Hoi Maid! A Hoi Maid!" Then in an aside, "So worthless a child! I'll beat her to death," with other frightful threats, which, I am bound to say, were never executed. Then out I went, and received her progress report on the baby, as she twisted it round, wraps and all, under her left arm, to give a

momentary view of a small round face and two glassy black eyes, with some such remark as "To-day more lively," "Day by day grows fatter." She was proud of this her latest charge, and with reason. It had been presented to her by the mother when apparently at the last sigh, and had only with the greatest difficulty been pulled through, even with the aid of my foreign-tin-cow's-milk. When the child was a few weeks old, the mother came dressed in her finest clothes with an attendant crowd of female relations to pay a visit of ceremony, and cried over her offspring as though she really cared; but no word of giving it back was said on either side.

Wild Flower Maid, the eldest inmate of the *crèche*, was also acquired during my time. Her case, like the last, was characteristic. A bargee had bought her, entranced by the prospect of acquiring a prospective daughter-in-law of twelve years for the ridiculously low figure of \$60. His self-gratulation was chilled when he discovered her to be an epileptic. Now, your Chinese is not a cruel man in the aggressive sense of the word. He does not understand depreciating his property by flaying his cattle or by jumping on his wife. And when the worthy boatman tried by blows from a club to restore his struggling purchase to consciousness, perhaps it was only an empirical attempt at counter-irritation, as a lame horse is cured by firing. The proof that he bore no malice towards this worst of bargains is the fact that, instead of losing her or dropping her overboard, he took some trouble to dispose of her, at a nominal price, to a foreign devil and trafficker in female infancy. Bought she accordingly was, and subsequently baptised; but the fits continued with distressing pertinacity,

in spite of holy water. "What can I do?" demands Father San. What, indeed! A stranger might suggest calling in the Protestant doctor from round the corner. In truth, when Catechist Lai was dying, the Father *did* call him in, after what mental struggle he only knows; but the course is not one to be lightly or frequently adopted. Medical skill may be used unfairly for proselytising purposes. Chinese converts are not always wholly disinterested. A neat amputation or a successful operation for cataract might be the occasion of a disastrous schism. And bearing in mind that Père San holds Protestantism to be only one shade better than the rankest paganism, and that he has little doubt as to the ultimate destiny of the followers of either, it cannot be wondered that he seeks to guard his flock by a rigid isolation, and would almost rather that they died of physical thirst than take a cup of cold water from hands that might convey a spiritual contagion. But to return to our *crèche*. It will be understood that cases such as I have mentioned, and which may have some special history attaching to them, are the exception. The majority of the children brought in, perhaps three or four a-year, are mere untraceable nameless drift—children found exposed on the hill-side among the tombs—and of these very few will long survive their baptism. Perhaps this is as well, seeing that the whole endowment of the home is but \$100 a-year.

The Fair-Reply parish is bigger than the average. There are said to be a thousand Christians in it, three hundred of whom have by a centripetal attraction been gathered round the chapel. The settlement has been regarded as a *beau idéal* by the Catholic priests; and indeed

it reflects no small credit on the sagacity of the late Père Chose, its founder. At the time when the Taiping rebellion was upon the land, Père Chose found half a countryside wasted to a desert, bought it field by field at his own price, and bringing in his people from near and far, planted them round the chapel he had built. The advantages of his foresight are obvious. The converts have sold their own lands; they have found that union is strength, cling closely together, and *ipso facto* have to a certain degree alienated themselves from their heathen neighbours, thereby incurring an unpopularity that quickens the process. And what shall they do, and where shall they go, if they turn against their priest, landlord, and protector? The result is potent for good or ill. It is enough to say that during the Tonquin war, while other missionaries were slipping away secretly to Hong-Kong, and while mobs pillaged their chapels, Père Chose could stay quietly at his post, assured that his handful of desperate men, who must fight for their own homes and lives, would be for him a sufficient protection.

As to the general sentiment of the country-side towards such a French colony, the mass of the peasantry have probably no stronger feeling than one of smouldering dislike. Among themselves Père Saint-Jean is the "Fap-kingdom foreign devil;" to his face, "Soul-Father." Perhaps he buys rice or sweet potatoes from them, in which case he will be almost popular, and they so polite as to make you ask whether they have "entered the doctrine," to which they will reply with a courteous "Not yet." The shopkeepers in the town are rather more aggressive, through superiority of combination. But in neither of these classes can it be said that

dislike reaches the degree of distinct animosity; the real trouble lies with the classes usually known as the gentry and the literati, culminating in the mandarin. The man who has spent \$300 on the privilege of putting a thing like a May-pole before his house; the man who has "planted promotion"—taken his M.A. degree; the man who has held office in another province, and returns to lord it over the valley where his surname prevails,—for such as these Père Saint-Jean has a hatred only less intense than their hatred for him. Now, I have heard missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, speak of this unpopularity with indignant astonishment; but to me it seems the most natural thing in the world. Take a parallel case. Think of England in the middle of the last century, when the Englishman's contempt for West African slaves furnishes as near a counterpart as can be imagined to China's feeling, fifty years ago, towards the "barbarian eye" and the British merchants connected with the *Hong* at Canton. Then imagine some punishment inflicted on negroes at Bristol or Cardiff to have been followed by a war and shameful defeat at the hands of unheard-of savages. Then suppose a colony of these "barbarians," under cover of a hateful new-fangled thing called a gun-boat, settling down, say, in Blankshire, building palaces to tower above Squire Alworthy's house, preaching some new doctrine to supersede the Bible and Shakespeare, which the Squire would swear by but seldom open; and then suppose these interlopers to practise a morality far above the standard found in use, and to be able to rebuke the Squire's peccadilloes with quotations from his own classics. Suppose they seduced his own peasantry away

from him, and, if he threatened, strode into the town hall demanding protection from the justice of the peace, the Squire's boon-companion. Then surely these foreigners would be over-sanguine if they expected admission to the county society.

To some degree, in some few cases, this prejudice against foreigners in China has a more special basis of justification. I have heard it boasted how one Père X—— entered a certain Yamen in a short coat, and, calling the mandarin *out to him*, explained his desires seated on his pony, his queue wrapped round his head, with a pipe in his mouth!

But one example is worth many words. It may be worth while giving some account of an incident that happened almost under my eyes, as an illustration of how this state of things works out. Nor must it be imagined that such incidents are rare; in one form or another they are continually occurring. Père Machin had a flock of three or four families and a little schoolhouse in a place which I will call Long Sand Mart. The country round is thickly studded with farmhouses; and if you ask a man his "honourable surname," the chances are that he will answer, "Small surname Vu." People say the Vus are fifteen hundred strong. The accepted head of the Vus was Vu Mew Myang, who was a great man in his way, having been district magistrate in another province. At the time I am speaking of he was in mourning for his father, and thus being unable to hold office, had come home, to find that the hated foreigners, not content with the school, were planning to buy some adjoining fields from one of their converts, and build thereon a chapel. Like a wise man, he

said nothing. The arrangements went on, the agreement was brought before the mandarin, heathen witnesses were called to give evidence that there was no ill-feeling against the transaction among the neighbours, and finally the bargain was struck, and the money changed hands. Then Vu Mew Myang arose in his wrath. What was this he heard? Land had been sold in his country without his knowledge? A chapel to be built to dominate his father's grave, and (but this he did not say) a foreigner to usurp his influence in the land? The same day a crowd of Vus two hundred strong came to Long Sand Mart and razed the schoolhouse to the ground; and by way of nailing their colours to the mast, they disinterred the "golden jar," containing the bones of Vu's father deceased, and buried it on the site with pomp and circumstance. Then it was war indeed—for it is ill meddling with another man's tomb. The terrified Christians fled to Père Machin with the story, magnified many diameters in the telling. Then there was hieing to the mandarin, who, chuckling inwardly at the discomfiture of his rival, pulled a long face, and declared the business difficult: the Vus were very powerful; he himself had no weapons; he recommended flight while there was yet time. As a concession, he sent two ragged satellites unarmed to protect the chapel. Meantime rumour grew apace. The Vus were collecting firearms. A dinner had been held, and the campaign mapped out. Finally it was heard that they were taking the field, and would be at the chapel by nightfall. Of course, regarded calmly, nothing was more improbable than that Vu Mew Myang, having gained his point, should leave his base to fight a

battle, the issue of which either way must have proved disastrous to him. But the Catholics were too excited to regard anything calmly. Every man who could hunt up a gun brought it to the chapel, which for one night was alive with a crowd of men, armed with anything from a shot-gun to a pig-spear, desperately in earnest, and not unexcited by rice-whisky. Had a false alarm been given and a shot fired, the consequences might have been many.

However, nothing happened, and things began to quiet down; and the time came for the inevitable letter to the Bishop. And the Bishop told the Consul, and the Consul told the Viceroy, and the Viceroy called for the mandarin's report. One can imagine the mandarin's visit to Long Sand Mart, his interview with Vu Mew Myang, and his fears that the affair would be hard to arrange. Then protestations on the part of Vu and a monetary transaction between his emissary and the mandarin's satellite. Next the mandarin's report, how it was denied that there had ever been a school to destroy, how powerful the Vus were, how impossible it was to discover the truth. Another letter to the Bishop, and so on, through the weary round. Père Machin fiercely believes that the French Government is composed of freemasons, who—as is well known—are worshippers of Satan, and that, therefore, no satisfaction is to be had. Vu Mew Myang says that when his clan is no more, *then* shall the foreigners come back to Long Sand Mart. He is the finest Chinaman I ever saw, over six feet high and as straight as a lifeguardsman, with a mouth that shuts like a rat-trap. He looks you in the face when he speaks, and I think means what he says.

It is impossible not to sympathise a little with him, as well as with Père Machin. But the person I am really sorry for is the unhappy convert who sold the land. *He* was the obvious scape-goat, and was badly “wanted” both at Long Sand Mart and at the Yamen. The mandarin's brilliant idea was to make this man refund to Père Machin the money he had received for his fields, by way of compensation for the schoolhouse destroyed; while Vu retained the fields and sent his satellites to the chapel to make search for the unlucky vendor. Père Machin, however,—his back against the fowl-house door,—could give no clue to the man's whereabouts, and could only suggest to the representatives of order that they should look till they found him. At last the poor fellow decided to bolt, and, leaving his retreat among the cocks and hens, he called at my cottage *en route* for Hong-Kong and the tin hills of the Malay Peninsula. What he wanted of me was a letter of introduction to the foreign mandarins, and permission to set up as a smallpox doctor. I was really sorry for him, for can a more distressing situation be imagined than that of a martyr *malgré lui*?

I have tried to give some idea of the difficulties a parish priest has to contend against in China: I wish that on the reverse side I could paint a more satisfactory picture of work accomplished. Partly from the somewhat conventional pictures that are apt to figure in missionary reports, and partly because civilised people are apt to forget to how great a degree gratitude is a product of civilisation, there exists—or at any rate the writer used to hold—a conception of a mission community that is very wide of the truth.

One would like to imagine the converts as a band of brothers, weak perhaps numerically, but strong in loyalty and love for the man who has sacrificed all that makes life worth living for their sakes. But perhaps because, from the whole circumstances of their living, they are incapable of imagining any happier lot than their own vegetable existence, perhaps because a lasting gratitude is too great a strain on human nature, so that the recipient must after a time be grateful for the gratitude—at any rate, the attitude of Chinese converts appeared to me to oscillate between a whining and a menacing desire of favours. There must have been exceptions, I admit; but I cannot recall many. In other respects they seemed to remain unaltered. When both our watches and the chalice from the altar had been stolen by members of the congregation, the fact that Père Saint-Jean locks his door each time he leaves his room struck me as not insignificant. So much trust could he repose in the pick of his flock that waited on him! The fact is, your Chinaman remains Chinese whether he becomes “pro-foreigner” or not, and is a hard-working, somewhat sordid being, of humble and very practical aspirations. He will not become an idealist on entering the Church. No; he will attend Mass and confess with great regularity—but business will still be business. A leopard cannot change his spots, though a coat of whitewash may lend him a startling and mottled appearance.

I hope that nothing I have written reads as though a Catholic missionary in China were a Machiavelian political agent seeking to stir up discontent against the local government. A soldier fighting in

the ranks might as well be held responsible for the motives that flung the army into line of battle. Father San’s orbit is fixed and circumscribed, and he would no more enlarge it than a crank of a ship’s engine longs for the fuller sweep and power of the screw. Nay, more, I think that to shut his eyes and blindly struggle forward is his salvation from thought and madness. A life-prisoner can hope for a reprieve. The shipwrecked mariner is daily on the look-out for a sail. But he, from the day he left Marseilles, knew that he was cut off from his country, hopelessly and for ever.

Even harder to bear than this must be the emptiness of his days. Up summer and winter before sunrise, he reads the Matins, and his day’s work is often done. Sometimes he reads the Angelus and Vespers: usually they are undertaken by the native catechist. Perhaps in the course of the long morning Ah San or Ah Si will present himself, and pour forth complaint about a buffalo and a trampled padi-field; or he may be called to adjudicate in what should be an action for divorce. Sometimes of a morning he sallies forth, his yellow pigtail coiled around his head and an enormous satchel slung across his back, with store of iron shot and wadding for his rickety muzzle-loader; and if he is lucky, will bring back a pigeon or two, or even a pheasant, to supplement the inevitable pork or fowl and rice. The mail comes in once a fortnight; and a day slips by unnoticed, thanks to home letters and a dozen numbers of ‘*La Croix*,’ where, squeezed between the latest miracle and the life of some worthy saint, the doings of the outer world may be found recorded in a ten-line notice on à *L’Étranger*. Some-

times an afternoon is whiled away in curing the rank tobacco of the place or in brewing rice-wine or malt-beer—because ten years of solitude have taught him to do things for himself; and when he has no such pastime on hand he gets through the day absorbed, as one hopes, in his little medieval library of religious books—lives of the saints and sermons and essays. Then is it wonderful that even a mind as broad and gentle as his should in its constant journeyings on the one road have worn a rut for itself, deep-sunk and gloomy as the traffic-channeled paths of the *loess* land in the north, till, when a rare glimpse of the outside world does break upon his view, his dazzled eyes can see nothing but trees walking, schismatics and freemasons, Jews and atheists, spiritualism and table-turning, with the fiend himself in a fiery cloud over all?

Once or twice a-month Father San is up and in the saddle before daybreak, on his way to administer extreme unction to a dying convert, or bound for Three River Bank, where with much difficulty he has bought a piece of land for a chapel, or perhaps more strictly for a house in which religious services may be held. But, house or chapel, a constant eye must be kept on the building, for masons in China are no better or worse than their brother sinners at home. Then behold Father San, in his flapping straw hat and his long blue coat, cantering off on his rusty little pony, glad to get away if only for a couple of days—feeling like a schoolboy whom an unexpected half-crown has rescued from the grip of the sweet-shop

woman. For in truth but for a recent “tip” (an *aubaine* in prettier French), which took his saddle out of pawn, the good man must have postponed his journey. Twenty-five dollars a-month is all he gets; and out of that he pays the catechist’s wages and travelling expenses. He lends money to his flock, too, and is repaid a thousand-fold elsewhere, let us hope, for little of it comes back to him in earthly coinage; and he keeps his chapel in repair, and himself alive. Sometimes an anonymous friend sends him a hundred francs or a cask of claret; or, by rare chance, a little legacy may enable him to get square with the world, and perhaps to engage an extra catechist for a month or two. And so, from hand to mouth, from day to day, he lives.

We left Father San waving his adieu to us as the pony scrambles along the narrow ridge between the rice-fields, with an animal supposed to be a “Chienne anglaise” yapping at its heels. And it is an auspicious moment wherein to bid him good-bye. *Nau nau-le hang!* Farewell! good speed! we call; and so take our leave pleasantly.

Perhaps no life is really unhappy. Perhaps a working bee caught young and broken of her instincts enjoys her sterile life, and longs for none better, till her busy wings are worn out and her work-day ended. May it be so with Father San,—till the time when for him too, in his turn, a grave shall be dug among the rose-bushes; and he shall encroach, by so much, on the flower-garden of his successor.

E. A. IRVING.

VERDI: THEN AND NOW.

Born 1813.

VERDI is a great study. He is distinctly an epoch-making musician. A composer who in 1845 had yet to be heard in England, and who at the present time commands the lyric stage of every country of Europe—especially the English—as no other composer does, becomes, necessarily, an important subject for critical study. He stands the most successful musician of the nineteenth century; and of all the famous exponents of dramatic-musical art which Italy has given to the world, he is indisputably the greatest. The land of song has produced many notable musicians, many wondrous melodists; but not one of them—not even Rossini—has made such an impress upon the national art as has Verdi. This will be found to be fully the case when the Italians write their national musical history. When a man's name travels and re-travels to the furthestmost corners of the earth as no other contemporary name has done—and this by virtue of remarkable work—there must be an extraordinarily exceptional initial power behind all this. Fame is an exacting, if fair messenger. What she has said of Verdi she has published universally and loudly—a proclamation the more noteworthy when we remember the restricted aspect of Verdi's work, and have in mind the fact that he contented himself practically with one only of the several branches of musical composition—viz., Opera. To win his reputation, therefore, even if we discover it to be ephemeral, is, indeed, a vast achievement. Other pre-eminent musicians have la-

boured in every branch of their art—sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, oratorio and opera, symphony and quartet, song and dance; with all this they have hardly come to be known outside the walls of their own countries during their lifetimes. There seems to be a profound art problem here, but the solution is really close to hand. The greatest of the great composers were each and all before their time. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann came at times that were all unprepared for them. Verdi, on the other hand, whose phenomenal success is unlike theirs, was born to the moment. The musical world was waiting with open arms for a composer who could rouse it from its lethargy, for it had been satiated with opera music of a meretricious order, though it emanated from Verdi's own countrymen—from which any deliverer, and any deliverance, could not fail to prove welcome.

There is no need to ask, "Who is Verdi?" He is the one Italian master who has put a girdle of melody literally round the world. Not to the accomplished musician, the cultured amateur, the plodding student, and happy musical circle of the home only is Verdi known; but to take England alone, by name and tune he is familiar to thousands of the poorest and lowest, whose only music is the street-organ, and whose main musical literature is the opera-house announcements on the theatre doors and public hoardings. Men and women who cannot pronounce the name of Mendelssohn articulate Verdi; and outcasts and arabs,

whose opera-house is the wide-metropolis, whose only orchestra is the piano-organ on wheels or crutch, have the Italian *maestro* in name and tune on their tongue-tips. This may not be Art, but it is magnificent.

"Ernani" was the work by which Verdi was first introduced to the British public. It engendered a dispute among musical people such as has only been equalled by the famous Gluck and Piccini feud of 1776; or that more recent controversy begotten of Wagner's music and doctrines—the wrangle that gave us the term "Music of the Future," a spiteful innuendo which the enemies of the modern German master invented to indicate the fit location of his music, and which epithet Wagner himself adopted as exactly describing an art and teachings which a debilitated and distempered age was too feeble to understand. It was Mr Lumley, the *entrepreneur* of Her Majesty's Theatre, who among other attractions introduced the young Italian composer, Verdi, to England:—

"Industrious importer! Who dost bring
Legs that can dance and voices that
can sing
From everywhere you possibly can
catch 'em;
Let others try, they never yet could
match 'em."

Which was perfectly true.

"The season," to quote Mr Lumley, "was announced to open (8th March 1845) with the 'Ernani' of Verdi, a composer as yet unknown to the mass of the musical English public. But he had been crowned triumphantly, and had achieved the most signal success in Italy. 'Ernani' was generally pronounced at that period one of

the best, if not the best, of his many applauded operas. It would have been strange if the announcement of the first production of one of Verdi's works upon the Anglo-Italian stage had failed to excite the attention and interest of the musical world. That it excited the general enthusiasm awarded to it so lavishly in Italy cannot be asserted: that it was a failure may be emphatically denied. The general result of this first introduction of Verdi to the English public was a feeling of hesitation and doubt; or as some one drolly said at the time, the 'Well! I don't know's' had it. The English are tardy in the appreciation of any kind of novelty, and the reception of Verdi's opera was only in accordance with the English habit."¹

Some of our critics took to Verdi; others made a dead-set. The passion, fire, and strong dramatic effect that stamped his work stood in striking contrast to the enervating, sentimental style of the Mercadante-Donizetti-Bellini opera that preceded it. The felicitous distribution of the vocal parts; the several characters of the *dramatis personæ* so musically individualised; the novel and attractive orchestration; the *motivi* distinguishing each singer, the perfect *ensemble*, the sterling, well-proportioned whole opera—these, all strong characteristics of Verdi, from the first, although critically discounted, perforce commanded the attention and respect of the capable musician. "Encore followed encore from the rising of the curtain. . . . Solos, duets, and trios were applauded with equal fervour; but the concerted pieces created the most surprise and admiration. . . . The *ensembles* possess a novelty and impassioned fervour unprecedented."² So far as competent judges were con-

¹ Reminiscences of the Opera (Lumley), p. 102.

² The Illustrated London News, March 15, 1845.

cerned, it was clear enough to all, save the perversely blind, that in Verdi there was a new musician, one who was a great advance upon any of his countrymen, and deserving of encouragement. Finer concerted music than that of "Ernani" had rarely been heard in any previous Italian opera. Which of Italy's composers had written fresher numbers than the two *finales* of the first and second acts, the duet between Ernani and Elvira, and the aria "Ernani involami"?

There is no doubt that political circumstances had something to do with Verdi's jumping into popularity, at the first time of asking, in Italy. This was not the case in England. No element of luck attended his *débat* here, where he stood not wholly upon his merits. From the first he encountered a determined opposition, which, it is to be feared, was due more to prejudice than to reason and good judgment. It has never been quite clear what this opposition really wanted; but that it was supported particularly by such a power as the late Mr Chorley, for forty years the independent musical critic of the 'Athenæum,' is sufficient evidence to prove that it was formidable. Weber (1786 - 1826) and Meyerbeer (1791 - 1864) were of course known here. That romantic character pervading the German national Opera had been familiar to English ears through Italianised versions of such supernatural-subject operas as "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon"; whilst opera-goers were becoming accustomed to the gorgeous pageantry and dazzling resources of gigantic examples of operatic architecture like "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine." But the leopard cannot change its spots. Surely sapient critics

were not expecting a transformed Italian operatic model at one bound? Verdi had been applauded in Italy for what he was accomplishing on the conventional lines of his country's Opera. He was professing nothing more, and Mr Lumley contracted for naught else; nor did Verdi come with any more ambitious mission. As all the world knows, Verdi has since accomplished immeasurably more in bringing Italian Opera fully up to the level of the Weber, Meyerbeer, or Wagner model. The public to-day will listen to Italian operas of the "Aida" and "Falstaff" stamp; but fifty years ago their production would have brought forth a storm of disapproval. Verdi's earlier operas — his "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore" — were fully worthy of the average tastes of their times; and if it is maintained that they are now going out of fashion, precisely the same can be said of several German and Franco-German operas, which certain critics applauded while they abused Verdi, and with which Verdi's works were compared and declared to be inferior. It is passing strange, however, that this year (1895) the "Trovatore" has drawn crowded houses to Covent Garden Theatre, and that the highest lady in the land—our gracious Queen—has commanded a performance of the opera at Windsor Castle,—a performance prompted, no doubt, by lasting memories of the music, which through many years, and many trials, have clung to her Majesty; so that, after all, there must be something good, some magic power, in "Il Trovatore" music.

Whatever was the real cause—the strong feeling between the managements of the rival opera-houses may have prompted some of it—it is certain that Verdi encountered a determined and un-

fair opposition on coming here. Equally certain is it that Mr Chorley of the 'Athenæum' became the mouthpiece of the opposition. With a freedom permitted to its talented staff that did infinite credit to the management of that leading journal of art and literature, its pages were allowed to be long disfigured with anti-Verdi criticism such as it is now difficult to understand, unless it had for its object the immediate Germanising of Verdi by sheer force of censorship. The musical drama is the most artistic manifestation which the musician can express. A successful grand opera demands all that is highest in music, drama, and a host of other phases of cultured training. This can only—save very exceptionally—be achieved towards the end, not at the beginning, of a lifetime; and the perspicuous critic should be able to foresee the prospects of this in a young composer. Great as Mr Chorley undoubtedly was as a musical censor, he did not forebode the successful future of Verdi any more than he did that of Mendelssohn, his judgments upon whom have long since been overturned. We contend that perspicacity is the first law of, as it should be the first qualification for, criticism; but the leading critics—those of the 'Athenæum' and 'Times'—did not discern the great future awaiting Verdi. On the contrary, he was hounded *à outrance*. Little wonder that when "Rigoletto" was produced here (May 1853), the critic of the 'Illustrated London News' was moved to write:—

"Verdi's career in this country has been curiously chequered. If artistical anathemas could have annihilated

his fame, then would he have long since ceased to have been heard of; but he appears to enjoy a cat-like vitality amongst our amateurs. Never was there one of his works produced, either at Her Majesty's Theatre or at the Royal Italian Opera, but he received a terrific castigation from criticism, and the musical public were assured, after these awful denunciations of indignant journalism at the performance of such 'unmitigated trash,' that the name of Verdi would be no more uttered in this musical metropolis."¹

Fiat justitia! The critics were relentless. Satiated perhaps with Italian Opera, they wanted no more of it, and in this humour approached Verdi with blinded eyes and blunted reason. A few of the expressions used would seem to show this:—

"Our first hearing of the 'Nino' ('Nabucco') has done nothing to change our judgment of the limited nature of Signor Verdi's resources. . . . He has hitherto shown no power as a melodist. . . . How long Signor Verdi's reputation will last seems to us very questionable."²

"The force of noise can hardly farther go. . . . It is something to have touched the limits of the outrageous style. . . . The melodies are old and unlovely to a degree which is almost impertinent. . . . May we never see its ['Attila'] like again."³

"That the arias, duets, &c. [of 'Attila'], should be commonplace, mere repetitions of Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi himself, was naturally to be anticipated, as he is rarely strong in such *morceaux*. But there is a want of dramatic colouring even in his *ensembles*."⁴

When "I Masnadieri" was produced, we read:—

"Surely the question of our good (or bad) taste in rejecting *Il Maestro* as an authority is finally settled, and the field is left open for an Italian composer. Signor Verdi has left

¹ The Illustrated London News, May 21, 1853.

² Athenæum, March 7, 1846.

³ Ibid., March 18, 1848.

⁴ The Times.

England. We take it to be the worst opera which has been given in our time at Her Majesty's Theatre.' ¹

Of "Luisa Miller," we are informed:—

"There is little from first to last in the music to reconcile us to the composer. . . . The music of 'I Due Foscari' was meagre and dismal enough, but the music of 'Luisa Miller,' so far as idea is concerned, seems yet more meagre and dismal."²

The 'Times' criticism was equally unmistakable, since it described the opera as

"an uninterrupted series of common-places, pale, monotonous, and dreary, which may be fairly symbolised as the sweepings of our composer's study, or the rinsings of his wine-bottles."³

Other of the master's works as they appeared in succession were written of in a similar contemptuous spirit. "Rigoletto," which has been performed with acclamation this (1895) season, was voted by the 'Times' as

"the most feeble opera of Signor Verdi with which we have the advantage to be acquainted—the most uninspired, the barest, and the most destitute of ingenious contrivance. To enter into an analysis would be a loss of time and space."⁴

But enough. "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and other operas by Verdi, were declared little, if at all, better than their predecessors. Yet to-day Verdi is the most successful, most admired, most popular operatic composer, whom critics are compelled to touch their hats to and acknowledge—whether they believe in him or not.

All this, however, as a footnote to history. Verdi has outlived all opposition, and has risen to a great

artistic eminence, fully deserved in the case of one who has laboured so ably, and so unremittingly, in music. Now the critics on all sides fall down and worship him. He is beloved in England not less than in his own land, while all the world will long remember him by his *Requiem* Mass and latest operas, if not by such familiar lingering strains as "*La donna è mobile*," or "*Ah! si ben mio; coll' essere io tuo*," "*Quando le sere al placido*," and scores of others.

Verdi was born on the 10th October 1813 at Roncole, an unpretentious settlement with three hundred inhabitants, hard by Busseto, which in its turn is at the foot of the Apennine range, and some seventeen miles north-west of Parma in Italy. A Latin document which has been discovered informs us that he was christened Fortuninus Joseph Franciscus, although the world at large knows him only by the name of Giuseppe. Verdi's parents kept the village inn or *osteria*, and if poor, were hard-working and respectable people. *Padre* Carlo Verdi was illiterate; but he had a brave little wife, who saved the life of the world's future melodist ere he was many months old. In 1814 Italy had not emancipated herself, and in that year the village of Roncole was sacked by the invading Allies. Then the frightened women took refuge in the church—safe, as they thought, under the image of the Virgin; but the soldiers forced the door, and slew women and children until the floor ran with blood. One mother, with an infant at her breast, flew to the belfry and hid there, so saving herself and

¹ Athenæum, July 24, 1847.

³ The Times, June 14, 1858.

² Ibid., June 12, 1858.

⁴ Ibid., May 16, 1853.

her child. This child was the infant Verdi!

As vendors of wine, spirits, and malt—to which, to make ends meet, the thrifty pair added a retail grocery department—the Verdi family were brought much into contact with the frugal *contadini* of Roncole. The peasant-folk and workers wended their way to the humble inn, their day's work o'er, to purchase articles of food, or to discuss over a flask of wine such weighty matters as the Italian political world, and its bearing upon Busseto in particular. By these customers the future composer was patted and petted. Wine and Music! Another illustration of the curious union between harmony and alcohol, which has never yet been accounted for by Good-Templar philosophy. Again, Poverty and Art! Who would surmise that the greatest dramatic melodist of the century would be born under a roof where there was not a musical instrument of any kind? It is a sorry reflection, but a study of the lives of the great tone-poets will reveal the astonishing and lamentable truth, that while the world's fairest minstrels have been shaping glorious melodies and harmonies, to gladden hearts in all ages, they themselves have been enduring lives of misery and want. Happily, in Verdi's case, there is one feature usually attaching to the lives of great musicians which is quite wanting. He was no prodigy, and was never served up as a wonder-child. The unsophisticated Italian loves music much as a lark loves liberty, and he is not ashamed of the sound of the word *virtuoso*; yet, poor as they were, the parents of Verdi did not seek to force music either into or out of him as a child. It is pleasant to know that the

little fellow enjoyed a perfectly natural child-life, playing with the children indoors and out of doors until he was old enough to be sent to school.

The first musical signs made by Verdi were ominous. They were in connection with the street-organ—and all the world knows what it has subsequently suffered from Verdi being on the street-organs. Think of London alone! Also, of the late Mr Babbage, and Mr Bass's London Street Music Bill! An itinerant organ-grinder used to come betimes to the Roncole inn, when little Verdi would run to stand and gaze in wonderment at the musician and his music, nor would he leave the attraction until fetched away. One especial favourite with the child was Bagasset, a decrepit violinist, who predicted to the innkeeper that his son would be a great musician some day. Verdi helped this poor fellow in after-years, when the prophecy had been amply fulfilled.

When Verdi was about seven years old, his father added a spinet or pianoforte to his worldly possessions. The child had already shown some taste for music; for beside the street-music episode, the priest at Roncole had kicked him down the altar-steps for paying more attention to the music from the organ than to his duties as acolyte, or server, at Mass—a post which his naturally quiet demeanour had obtained for him. No sooner was the piano in the house than young Verdi went at it with a will, until one day, because he could not find some favourite chord upon the keyboard, he was discovered in great anger belabouring the instrument with a hammer!

At eight years of age Giuseppe was sent to school. By virtue of

an acquaintance with one Puggnetta, a cobbler, the future composer of "Il Trovatore" and "Aida" was boarded, lodged, and sent to the principal academical institution in Busseto at the modest charge of threepence *per diem*, so that the boy's schooling did not present a very formidable item in the innkeeper's ledger. At about this same time Verdi's father provided regular musical instruction for his son. The local organist of Roncole was one Baistrocchi, and to him young Verdi was confided for the first musical training that he ever received. He proved an apt pupil. At the end of twelve months Baistrocchi resigned his charge, declaring that the pupil had learned all that he could teach him, from which we must infer that the master's knowledge was somewhat limited, or that the pupil possessed an abnormal appetite for musical learning.

By ten years of age Verdi went out into the world. When the industrious parent used to be seen toiling along the Busseto road, under a broiling sun, with his market-baskets pitched high on his broad shoulders, he had been replenishing his grocery stock from the stores of one Barezzi—a good fellow who played an important rôle in Verdi's career. He was a musical enthusiast, and generally at the head of what took place, musically, in Busseto. Hearing so much concerning little Verdi from his father, the merchant grew interested in the boy, and acceded to the request to give him a trial as an office-boy. If ignorant of such advanced teachings as "props," theorems, and declensions, the boy could at least read, write, and cipher sufficiently to show promise of becoming useful. Into the counting-house of Barezzi, dealer in spirits, drugs, drysaltery, and

spices, the future great musician consequently went.

Barezzi did not discourage the lad's hobby. On the contrary, he gave him the use of his piano, and paid Provesi, the cathedral organist, to give him lessons. Then the priests got hold of him, and wanted to make a monk of Verdi. Fancy the future composer of so much gay choreographic music in cowl and cloister! One priest, Seletti, predicted that he would never even be organist of Busseto, much less a composer. Verdi was sixteen years old when he left Provesi, during which time he had succeeded to his former master, Baistrocchi's, post, as organist of Roncole, at the salary of £1, 12s. yearly. Now was his parents' ambition realised. They had hoped no more than that their son would one day be organist of the village church!

There was in Busseto an institution named the Monte di Pietà, which, among other useful operations, granted premiums of 300 francs per annum, whereby poor and promising students were enabled to prosecute their studies. Verdi applied to the authorities, as he wished to go to Milan to study; and although the wheels of benevolent machinery turn slowly, the advance was finally granted. An unforeseen obstacle awaited him. It is a grim commentary upon the usual way of doing things all the world over, that the man who has made melody for humanity for half a century and more past, to say nothing of the future, should have been refused admission to the training institution of his own land. Verdi, ludicrous as it may appear, was declined at the Conservatoire de Musica of Milan on the ground of his showing no special aptitude for music! Failing to get into the Conservatoire, Verdi placed himself under La-

vigna, conductor at La Scala Theatre, Milan. This was in 1831, when Verdi was eighteen years old. At this time he had already done enough book-learning. What he needed was practical stage experience, and familiarity with those broad principles of dramatic art treatment without which he could never hope for a success. All this Lavigna could give him.

Verdi married at the early age of twenty-two years. He had won the affection of Margarita, the eldest daughter of his employer, Barezzi, who did not oppose the union, albeit Verdi was still poor, notwithstanding that he had become, through Provesi's death, organist of the cathedral, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and leading musical professor of Busseto. The consequences of wedlock left the young musician with every inducement to work. A son and daughter were born to him within two years of his marriage. There seemed every prospect, therefore, of his having further responsibility, and, very properly, he began to think of provision. Alas! could he but have seen his almost immediate future! What needless foresight! In 1838 he took himself and his belongings to Milan, to make his first real move in his great operatic career—to contribute the first to that long series of dramatic musical productions which have commanded the interest and admiration of the civilised world.

Possessed, as it might almost be said he was, by the demon of the stage, Verdi faced nearly insurmountable difficulties to get a first hearing. "First nights" then were not such first nights as now, when, among other curious anomalies of life, every charlatan can have his own theatre, his own critics, and his own newspaper.

Eventually "Oberto di San Bonifacio," our subject's first opera, was produced at La Scala Theatre on the 17th December 1839. The conditions were a production free of all expenses to Verdi, with the division equally between Verdi and Merelli, the *impresario*, of any sum for which the score might be sold. Verdi jumped at the offer, for in those days it was the fashion for *impresarii* to demand, and receive, indemnities from young and unknown composers wishing to have their operas mounted and brought forward. *Tempora mutantur*. Nowadays the difficulty is to find the talent!

From first to last, from "Oberto" to "Falstaff," Verdi's operatic creations have been almost one long series of successes—a gradual ripening of style and development towards a perfection unparalleled in the case of any other composer for the lyric stage. Opera has followed opera with that rapidity which is a sure sign of genius, and each succeeding work of importance has appeared to be more remarkable than its predecessor. From the very outset, therefore, Verdi made his mark, save to the eyes of a few who, having started to abuse Verdi, were forced to stick to their guns. The Italians immediately perceived that his handling of the national art was some new thing, and those who are enjoying the matchless productions which have crowned the master's later years must be aware that these early impressions of his countrymen have been amply fulfilled.

His first operatic success brought with it the greatest sorrow of the musician's life. Verdi thus relates it:—

"At the beginning of April [1840] my *bambino* [his little boy] fell ill, and the doctors being unable to dis-

cover the complaint, the poor little fellow grew weaker and weaker, dying finally in his mother's arms. She was beside herself with grief. A day or two following our little daughter fell ill, and this illness soon terminated fatally. My cup was not yet full. Early in June my dear wife was seized with acute brain-fever, and on the 19th June a third corpse was carried from my house. Alone! alone! In a little over two months three coffins—all that I loved most on earth had been taken from me for ever. I had no longer a family!"

Amid all this trouble Verdi had to write a comic opera, the *MS.* of which was already overdue.

Some years afterwards he married the charming and talented singer Signora Strepponi, who performed so effectively in his opera "*Nabucco*," now the sole companion of Verdi in the evening of his life, for he has been blessed with no more children.

That quiet demeanour which marked Verdi as a child has clung to him through life. The serious expression seen in the master's face—the first impression that a glance at his portrait will convey—has been there from birth. At school he held aloof from all boyish play, and left his fellows to their own devices. When studying at Milan he was never the free, careless, devil-ne'er-care fellow that a musical student was wont to be. "He is a fine fellow," said Lavigna to Signor Barezzi, who had called to inquire as to the progress of his *protégé*. "Giuseppe is prudent, studious, and intelligent, and will some day do credit to himself and our country." This same disposition has marked Verdi all through his life. As the man he is the very antithesis, not by nature but by will, to Verdi the musician. Foremost as an operatic composer, enforced to be a celebrity, Verdi

wears his greatness both humbly and unconcernedly. Time after time his countrymen have sought to drag him into the arena of public life, but he will have none of it, and prefers to remain plain Signor Verdi—the *Maestro* of Italy. Orders have been bestowed upon him, and his sovereign has offered him a dukedom, which latter he declined. He dislikes the turmoil of the world, and the honours and attention for which most men clamour have no attraction for him. He lives only for his art and religion.

Politics have rarely, if ever, been more identified with a composer's career than with Verdi's. He sounded a first note, and immediately became an idol in the eyes of those supporting the fortunes of the House of Savoy. The Austrians were masters of Venice, and Verdi's down-trodden countrymen detected in his melodies the patriot and deliverer. In the chorus "*O mia patria, si bello e perduto*," chanted by Hebrew slaves in "*I Lombardi*," the Italians saw a reflection of their own wretchedness. *VERDI* spelt the name of the composer. The capitals stood, too, for the initials of "*Victor Emmanuel, Re d'Italia*." How the impatient Lombardians seized hold of what seemed to them to be an inspired coincidence! Under cover of the name Verdi—avowedly their musical god—they could shout for Italian liberty and independence right into the ears of the Austrian spies and police. *Viva Verdi! Viva Verdi!* from the mouths of the populace meant, not only a tribute to the patriotic musician, but was another way of demanding Victor Emmanuel in lieu of the Archduke Francis. If the police interfered with the patriots, it was their beloved musician who had so moved them, and

for whom they were shouting! The people who cried applause at the stirring ardent ring of the melodies in his early operas, "Nabucco," "I Lombardi, &c., have clung to their hero-worship. In 1859 he was made a member of the Parma Assembly: then they elected him to the Italian Parliament in 1861, and finally his countrymen called him to the Senate in 1872. He has never attended a meeting, however, of that solemn and illustrious body since he presented himself to take the oath.

Unlike most men who have become famous, Verdi finds his native place big enough to hold him in his prosperity. He lives at Sant' Agata, a villa close to Busseto, the town so intimately associated with his early years and fortune. The house is far off the highroad, concealed from view by trees and shrubs. Adjoining is a large and beautiful flower-garden, and a farm with all the appurtenances of a country gentleman's estate. Verdi's daily life is as simple as it well could be. He rises at five o'clock and sips a cup of black coffee, then he makes his way into the garden to look to his flowers—his own special hobby and work, in which, after music, he takes most interest. The next scene is the farm. Verdi is strong on farming, and superintends that department with as much zest as if he were forced to work it at a profit. His implements and tools are of the best make, nearly all of them coming from England. He is passionately fond of horses, and a Newmarket trainer could not be more particular respecting the class and condition of his equine possessions, or the state of their stables and surroundings. His stud is known as the Razza Verdi, and its owner visits it almost daily. At eight o'clock

the composer partakes of a light breakfast of coffee-and-milk, and at half-past ten *déjeuner*. Then he reverts to his gardening occupation, and becomes so intent upon his work that he dislikes the prospect of being disturbed by even that generally welcome guest the postman. Verdi hates a heavy correspondence, and although he submits to the inevitable demands of his position, he does all he can to discourage letter-writing. Withal, the two o'clock messenger invariably brings the *maestro* a heavy budget of correspondence. He dines at five o'clock in summer, and at six in the winter, generally taking a drive either before or after this meal. Then Verdi likes a game at cards or billiards before he retires for the night, which is invariably at ten o'clock. His reading is mainly poetry and a little philosophy. The chief part of the year is passed at St Agata; but the winter months are spent by the composer and his wife at the Palazzo Doria, Genoa. They seldom visit or court visitors; but those having the privilege of joining the illustrious musician in his home are made exceedingly comfortable. There is only one condition—they must not talk too much about music. An interviewer is as a leper to Verdi, and haggling about business matters is distasteful to him. He has his price for his compositions, and it is that or nothing. Verdi is a very benevolent man, often sending money anonymously to those in want; but he hates his gifts to be made known. When his favourite librettist Piave fell ill and died, the composer charged himself with all the funeral and family concerns and expenses. Though over eighty years of age, the veteran still takes a little horseback exercise daily, and also

engages in snatches of composition.

To understand Verdi, it is necessary to understand the origin and development of Opera—that branch of musical form to which practically he directed his sole efforts. The Italian school of Music has been a power since 1480-1520, when Pope Julian II. invited Belgian musicians to Italy to take charge of its musical affairs. The first distinguished Italian master was Festa (*d.* 1545), remarkable for that grace and melody which has ever characterised the Italian school. Palestrina (1514-1594), *magister puerorum* at St. Peter's, Rome, followed, and then came the awakening of Opera. It was natural that this life should spring from Italy. The sky above and the earth beneath constituted a rare cradle of art. Melody in music is paramount—technically it forms the wings that give flight to every movement; without it music would be a helpless mass, unendurable to consider. Once present, melody carries all before it. This was a perfectly natural growth in Italy, for the national life, habits, language, and physical conditions all favoured an expression of the mind in the melodically beautiful. In Opera, melody was ever the great essential feature in the eyes of the Italians, and although there have been struggles to dislodge it, the close of Verdi's career—the culminating point in the history of Italian Opera, even the reaction to-day in favour of "*Il Trovatore*"—furnishes the convincing proof that tune still remains the predominant factor in successful dramatic construction and realisation.

Musical authorities accept Peri's "*Dafne*," produced in 1594, as the first actual opera. It was the work of a few Florentine *litterati* who aimed at restoring the theatre of

Æschylus and Sophocles. The feature of this dramatic-musical novelty was its *musica parlante*, a species of monody out of which grew "Recitative," so important an element in vocal music that it is difficult to imagine how the art could exist without it. Song might be, and probably would have been, dispensed with, if all the notions and novelties of Wagner had taken effect; but Recitative must always stand as the connecting-link between the chorus and the other concerted pieces. The orchestral accompaniments to "*Dafne*" consisted of a harpsichord, a chittarone, a lyre, and a lute—a scanty orchestra, indeed, compared with the vast instrumental resources adopted by Meyerbeer, Wagner, and Verdi himself. When the second opera, "*Euridice*," appeared (1600), it contained for the first time all the constituents wanting in opera—recitative, air, chorus, and a hidden orchestra. Opera proper was therefore purely an Italian product, which has held its ground for three centuries.

Monteverde (1566-1650) stamped a second period in Opera. He invested Recitative with greater strength and freedom, and astonished contemporary purists with his audacious orchestral designs. In his opera "*Orfeo*," performed in 1603, Monteverde incorporated every known instrument—viz., two harpsichords, two lyres, ten violas, three brass violas, two violins, flute, clarionet, trombones, guitars or *chittaroni*, and organ. He took Opera to the borders of that almost limitless field where music becomes a medium of impression and expression—when the great melodists and colourists took it up—making a permanent life art-form and a speaking body from the otherwise lifeless art materials. Scarlatti (1695-1725) improved the aria or principal song, from which

time melody began to receive that attention which led finally to its becoming the chief factor in Italian Opera. Lotti, Caldara, Gasparini, Jommelli, Porpora, and Buononcini, who followed, all gave prominence to the soloist at the cost of the chorus and other concerted pieces, thus leading silently up to great scenas, which, among others, Verdi created.

Gluck (1714-1787) came with a regenerating gospel. A century and a half's growth of Opera in Italy had reduced it to a mere exhibition of singing, and to restore it to something of an embodiment of all the arts—architecture, painting, poetry, music, and dancing—was Gluck's mission. His reformed style, as given in "Orfeo" (1762) and later in "Alceste" (1767), certainly justified his demand for a reform, and he will always be entitled to the title "Saviour of the Opera." His influence bore more upon the French Opera than the Italian, however, and it was left to his great contemporary Piccini (1728-1800) to bring the old Italian model up to the date of Gluck's new style. To this end he effected improvements in the arias, duets, and vocal pieces; curtailed the repeats; employed several themes instead of one for his *finali*, all of which tended to put a new complexion on Italian Opera. Later operatic impressionists were Spontini (1784-1851), who advanced the dramatic side of Opera; Rossini (1792-1868), who demanded larger choruses and the strengthening of the wind and brass departments of the orchestra; with, finally, Donizetti (1797-1848) and Bellini (1802-1835), whose melodic exuberance simply embarrassed and vitiated Italian Opera.

Such, briefly, is the story of the rise and development of Italian Opera—an art-form which, thanks

to the labours of his great predecessors, was up to a certain point a perfectly complete art-form long before Verdi scored his first operatic success in "Nabucco." Verdi had actually no need to improve the structure of Opera. All that was before him was the work of embellishing and colouring the edifice of art, a labour for which his rare sense of colour and combination peculiarly fitted him. He was moved at first, probably, by no other desire than to compose a successful opera after the fashion of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini. Avowedly he had no advanced mission—indeed, if he had, it is difficult to see in what direction it could operate.

Here, then, was Verdi's starting-point; and but for circumstances quite outside and unknown to himself, he might have gone on writing operas of the "Ernani," "I Lombardi," and "Il Trovatore" type, while his later grander effects, his *chef-d'œuvres*, might never have been written. But a great object appeared suddenly in the musical firmament. Wagner (1813-1883), with his train of fads and fancies, swept across the horizon, leaving unmistakable traces of his passage. At first content with the old traditional opera, with which he might have accomplished wonders, this original genius set about advancing and propagating unusual ideas concerning operatic usage and creation. The established forms and systems were chiefly attacked. In Italian Opera music and melody were the prime considerations; under the Wagnerian teaching the full and right dramatic exposition became the chief aim. This constantly implied a subserviency of the beautiful in music. With Wagner the dramatic language is the most essential part of the work—or, to quote the master's own words

in respect to the music of the "Meistersinger," he has "fitted his music to the thought expressed in language so imperceptibly that the latter is the dominant element." In "Tristan und Isolde" is a clear divorce from traditional opera form. Declamation, supported by music expressing the meaning of the words, displaces all the old-time operatic methods—*ensembles*, recitative alternated with song, closed and half-closed forms, &c. This was a return to the long-deceased monody of Peri and Monteverde, and in absolute contra-distinction to all that the great dramatic music-masters had done. Other and minor notions, such as the *leit motif*, the ever-recurring phrases that were constructed in order to be identified with this or that personage, characterised the Wagnerian style—a style which it is necessary to be able to recognise, because that Verdi is alleged to have been largely influenced by Wagner. This is the great crime always laid to Verdi's charge by past and present detractors. Of the Bayreuth master it only remains to say that he saw the error of his ways, and that the abnormalisms which mark his middle-period works were rejected for much of the old traditional method in his later operas. What Wagner and Weber did for German national Opera, what Meyerbeer, Auber, and Gounod were accomplishing for French *opera seria*, had the effect of leaving Italy far behind in the lyric-drama department. This Verdi determined to remedy. This is where Verdi steps far over the heads of all his musical countrymen.

Verdi has written in all some thirty operas. As might be expected, he is always largely imbued with the characteristics of his country's composers, an especially noticeable feature in such early

works as "Nabucco" (1842), "I Lombardi" (1843), "Ernani" (1844), "I Due Foscari" (1844), and "Luisa Miller" (1849). In several later operas—works which brought him his world-wide popularity—"Rigoletto" (1851), "La Traviata" (1854), "Il Trovatore" (1853), "Un Ballo in Maschera" (1859), traces of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halévy are discernible, despite the composer's natural abundance of graceful melody and charming naïveté. One and all of these operas, however, possess one strongly marked feature—that ardent, fiery-dramatic character which lifts Verdi's work far above the accepted Italian operatic level.

Now came unmistakable signs of an art struggle that was going on in Verdi's mind. A transition process had overtaken the composer, to be heralded in "Simone Boccanegra," produced at Venice in 1857. Verdi could not but be aware that Weber and Spohr were investing German national Opera with that Romanticism which must always be its distinguishing feature. He felt impelled to give more character to his own country's Opera: he set about imbuing it, therefore, with new characteristics—among others, with an excess of that desperate passion characteristic of the southern temperament. Verdi's immediate predecessors—Rossini and others—had not left the accepted path of song after song of luxuriant warmth, suited to the whims and vocal abilities of this or that vocalist; but Verdi declared to revolutionise all this. His first attempt to do so was an utter failure.

It was with "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" (1855) and "Don Carlos" (1867), works written especially for the Paris Grand Opéra, that Verdi attempted a further *détour* from the accepted Italian lines. He modelled "Don Carlos," know-

ingly or unknowingly, after the style of French grand opera as formed by Rossini and Donizetti, becoming for the nonce Verdi-cum-Wagner, or Verdi and Meyerbeer. The result was a sorry mixture—something of a musical salad, the ingredients of which formed “a poor concoction calculated to derange the strongest musical digestion.” The unadulterated Verdi, with the old familiar *bel canto*, was better than all the improvements suggested by Wagner, Meyerbeer, or any one else. Those scenes where the established art-forms had been deserted in order to give vent to orchestral painting were unanimously declared to be the failings of these two operas. So much for Verdi’s effort to wring himself from the old familiar operatic form of his native soil. When the mind of a great worker once becomes restless under a sense of new art possibilities, nothing but complete realisation of the ideal will still it. To this extent Wagner and others did prompt or influence Verdi. The Italian saw clearly enough from what was going on in Germany how his country’s Opera could be extended.

With those important operatic creations which mark the later years of Verdi’s life, a third-period style is undoubtedly presented to us. “*Aïda*” (1871), “*Otello*” (1887), and “*Falstaff*” (1891) are a startling and extraordinary advance upon any other of Verdi’s operas. These are the works which will keep Italian Opera alive, if that effete institution can be preserved by mortal means. In these compositions Verdi has aroused himself to an altogether new sense of what his country’s Opera should be, and what he could make it. So far in effect. Familiarised as the public had been with “*Tannhäuser*” and “*Lohengrin*,” it expected a more logical and dramatic

consistency than of yore—any new Italian opera required merit as a drama, and needed to be something more than a series of pretty tunes. “*Aïda*” was the full enunciation of Verdi’s new principles. Thus in it he discarded many orthodox processes—such as the splitting up of the acts into recitatives, airs, dios, &c.—substituting declamation, which meant a gain in dramatic action and continuity. The old-established forms—the *aria d’entre*, the *cabaletta*, and *canzonetta*—we find discarded for less continuous melody,—piecemeal tunes, which give quite a different aspect to the work. The interest in the declamatory music is considerably increased, and all is so welded together that a very satisfactory dramatic whole is the result. The orchestration was, we will admit, seemingly new for Verdi, partaking of the Meyerbeer character rather than the Wagner. There was much picture-painting. The evident intent of Verdi in “*Aïda*” was to paint instrumentally, to illustrate the text orchestrally, and to impart not only geographical but personal local colour. This was essentially Wagnerian; hence much of the outcry that followed, although it must be borne in mind that many of the instrumental characteristics attributed to Verdi’s later years were present from the outset of his career—they being then abused, as a reference to the early ‘*Athenæum*’ criticisms will abundantly testify. The orchestra in “*Aïda*” is a much more important factor than in any of Verdi’s previous operas, and to emphasise his effect the composer did not hesitate to use genuine Egyptian trumpets, Persian songs, and Oriental scales. It was this heavy scoring, in the brass particularly, which, as a critic put it, “would exact double the number and twice the tone of the strings

at Covent Garden to counterbalance the blatant effects,"¹ that probably led to the allegation that Verdi had turned Wagnerite. But—and it must be emphasised—this charge was laid to Verdi as early as 1846. The sum and substance of the matter, however, is, that since writing "Don Carlos," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," and "La Forza del Destino" (this latter for St Petersburg, 1862), Verdi had in due time become more contemplative. This, however, was not owing so much to Wagner's as to Meyerbeer's and Weber's influence and model, and above all—success. The gorgeous operatic displays by Meyerbeer particularly had smitten Verdi, as they had every one else.

"Otello" was yet a further declaration. When first heard in London in 1889, musical minds immediately perceived not only a remarkable work for a composer who had far exceeded the Psalmist's limit of years, but also an opera which fully confirmed the tactics adopted in "Aïda." Another opera had brought forth another demonstration of the composer's remarkable dramatic powers—ever developing in each successive opera. "Otello" was undoubtedly fully worthy to rank with "Aïda"; and several subsequent performances—notably the recent (October 1894) introduction of the work to the Parisians, when the veteran composer himself conducted—have proved this.

"Otello" possesses less inspiration and glowing picturesqueness, but in its dramatic flow it is, perhaps, superior to the beautiful "Aïda." As a second exposition of Verdi's new conceptions respecting Italian national Opera, it contains much declamation, and consequently there is less of that

purposely lavish and luxuriant melody for which Verdi, amongst all his contemporaries, stands most famous. Of so-called Wagnerian influence there is little or none. The *leit motif*—or guiding-theme to label personages, situations, and ideas—and other fads of the Bayreuth master are conspicuous by their absence. "Otello" is simply a thoroughly "up-to-date" Italian opera—a species of lyric drama by a great master who had seen musical changes going on about him, and had not disregarded them. It was natural that the Wagner cry should reach Verdi's ears: it was right that the Italian master should give the world a taste of how far the new "gospel" had impressed him. Keeping himself abreast of the times, Verdi saw a deeper and broader meaning slowly overcoming the lyric drama; and, reserving to himself the right to speak as he perceived, he published "Aïda." This same language he has again laid down in "Otello"—a splendid example of modern Italian art. The same may be said of "Falstaff," which, it is to be feared, must be regarded as the "swan's song" of this illustrious, consummate, operatic genius. It completes a triad of masterpieces which ought to suggest new life to the Italian lyric stage—if so be the decrees of Fashion, and not a dearth of operatic talent and novelty, have not already administered the death-blow to that relic of the "good old times."

It is premature, but it is not difficult, to deliberate upon Verdi's probable place and influence in music. He is indisputably the greatest operatic composer Italy has ever had, or is likely to have—

¹ The Athenæum, July 1, 1876.

one who has brought the national art of his country to a pitch of perfection far surpassing anything accomplished by Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, or others. It is really a great artistic life, and one of the most instructive too in music, because it is a strong reflex of the musical change, progressive but most emphatic, that has passed over England and Europe during the past fifty years. What Verdi said at first he always said: it was only the way of expressing it that altered. There is a more refined expression in "Aïda" than in "Il Trovatore," while the latter is less demonstrative than "Nabucco" or "I Lombardi"; but the message is much the same. The higher language of Verdi's latest operas would have been unintelligible to the public who devoured his early works, so great has been the change in the direction of refinement, musical feeling, and learning. His labours, exemplified in such dramatic music masterpieces as "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff," prove incontestably that perfected Italian Opera, of such workmanship as these operas, crowning the later years of their composer's life, can be, and is, a more rational art production than either the most advanced, or least extravagant, of the operatic models championed by Wagner or any other reformer of the lyric drama. Seldom, if ever, is to be found in dramatic music such truth and power of feeling expressed in a clearer or simpler way. Verdi has had a young Italian school of imitators—Boito, Cortesi, Ponchielli, Marchetti, Faccio, Pedrotti, Pinsuti, Mascagni, and others. Verdi is declared to have said, "I can die in peace now that Mascagni has produced his opera." For our part, however, we remain dubious. Can it be urged that these com-

posers can, or will, take up Opera as left by Verdi? Is Italy training a school of young composers capable of carrying on Verdi's work? The answer cannot be given in the affirmative. But the issue of the whole matter turns upon quite another pivot. Verdi's labours, achievements, and successes are unquestioned; but it is the point of the vitality of the institution—the opera-house itself—that forms the doubtful future. Fifty years ago this luxurious appendage of fashionable, and not always well-behaved, society was a necessity. Then there was no club-land, and the place for meeting everybody who was anybody was the opera-house. The "omnibus" box was crowded with "blood" which came not to hear the opera, but to meet and gossip. Is it so now? Then the opera-house was the resort and rendezvous of the *élite* of rank and fashion, when an enterprising *impresario* was justified in burdening himself with the unenviable task of steering so difficult a craft, assisted as he was by willing subscribers, most of whom could be depended upon, and who paid ample subscriptions beforehand. Now all is changed. Society to-day uses the opera-house just as it thinks fit, and people attend it when they are so disposed, leaving the burden of "ways and means" upon the manager bold enough to embark on the uncertain enterprise. The march of time has altered Opera, as it has altered everything else. The three-volume novel is a thing of the past; the principles of Christianity are being more and more preached and practised outside the churches built for the exposition of such principles; and among other great changes, Opera as an institution and a social want is fast declining in England and elsewhere. When our gracious

Queen was young, an able critic, lamenting the condition of Opera in general, and welcoming Verdi to England, wrote:—

“A better state of things is, however, we trust, approaching. The appearance of a composer of so much originality of genius as Verdi heralds, it may be hoped, that of a new and more ambitious school, whose masters will not be satisfied with tickling the ear and pleasing the fancy, but will seek for the more permanent and legitimate sources of effect.”¹

Nowadays the public care little or nothing for the Opera compared with the old times feelings. They are indifferent as to whether it stands or falls. It is not thought worth while to abuse or blame a composer with the warmth that Verdi was praised or blamed long after he came here. There are no choreographic triumphs now. Such ballets as “Giselle” and “Diane,” with such stars of the ballet as Taglioni, Grisi, and Cerito, have disappeared for ever. A vast change has come over operatic matters for the worse, and now that the legitimate drama is established, and the “Variety” entertainment has “caught on,” the continued decline of Italian Opera may be as reasonably as surely expected, despite Verdi or any other composer.

But of Verdi apart from this unhappy prospect? Already his early works are getting out of date, and declining in popularity—only, however, because the masses cannot get into the opera-house. Rarely, if ever, is one of his early-period works given here now; while of his second-period operas “Rigoletto”—Verdi’s favourite score—alone seems to hold ground. The “Trovatore,” the music of which

has traversed every known region of the globe, and would do so again but for the music-hall attractions, is already relegated to the retired list, and responsible critics describe “La Traviata” as “that sickly opera,” never omitting to note the falling off in the attendances when that and other purely Italian school operas are given. Occasionally, however, they serve a purpose, and are brought out; as, for instance, when the late Mr Mapleson gave the “Traviata” at Her Majesty’s in the 1887 season, with Madame Patti in the title rôle, and trebled the prices! It is safe to predict that Verdi’s first, second, and transitional period operas will all eventually go. His third-period works are “Otello,” “Aida,” and “Falstaff”—his masterpieces. They are the greatest and grandest specimens ever contributed to the Italian Opera *répertoire*. In them Verdi has reached the perfection of his art, and has brought the musical drama to a point which cannot consistently be passed. It is doubtful whether another composer will ever be found to extend Italian Opera as left by Verdi in these matured-period works—compositions which, everything considered, are more satisfactory and more permanent, because more reasonable, than any musical drama that has emanated from the German school. Verdi will be long remembered for the extravagant ear-taking melodies of the early operas, which have amply justified their existence; but he will live only by his third-period operas and his *Requiem* Mass. These compositions must always furnish a glorious summit to Verdi’s pinnacle of musical fame. *Viva Verdi!*

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

¹ The Illustrated London News, July 5, 1845.

LIFE OF SIR E. B. HAMLEY.

It was impossible that any complete and authentic life of Sir Edward Hamley could appear without provoking controversy. It was equally impossible that 'Maga' could overlook the *Memoir*¹ of one of the most brilliant contributors who ever wrote in her pages. But as an important episode in Sir Edward's career was certain to be hotly and bitterly debated, we have thought fit, in a spirit of justice and with a wish to give fair-play to all concerned, to refrain from noticing the work until hostile critics had had a full opportunity of stating their case, reserving our judgment in the meantime upon the issues raised.

And first of all, we must congratulate Mr Shand upon his careful and successful work. His endeavours to present the many sides of Hamley's nature will be readily recognised by all who ever had the good fortune to make Sir Edward's acquaintance. His sympathetic insight into even the minor traits of Hamley's character, the skill with which he makes the book, so far as possible, autobiographical, and the judiciousness with which he seems to have handled Sir Edward's papers, stamp Mr Shand as a competent biographer. As a man of letters himself, Mr Shand is naturally inclined to be more enthusiastic over the literary than the military side of Hamley's life; but he has taken no less pains to present the public with an accurate and impartial record of Hamley's mili-

tary services, and to afford ample material for forming a correct estimate of Sir Edward as a soldier.

On Sir Edward Hamley's death a brief but fairly exhaustive memoir appeared in these pages, which obviates any necessity for our telling the story of his life in all its details; but there is so much of fresh interest in these volumes that we shall be tempted to linger a little over the early part of his career before we come to that painful incident which threw a cloud over his later years, if it did not actually shorten his life, and which must form the main subject of our consideration.

The generation is considerably thinned who remember the delight with which the "Legend of Gibraltar" and "Lazaro's Legacy" were received when they made their appearance in the pages of 'Blackwood' more than forty years ago, and the interest then felt in the new and unknown author of these tales. He was then a captain of artillery who had just got his promotion after some four years' service in Canada; not noticed for much except for his reserved habits, his decision of character, his fondness for reading, and a passion for animal pets. He had already written a novel which failed to attract popularity, and he does not seem to have had any serious purpose of sustained literary effort, until the success of the Gibraltar stories, and the warm encouragement which he received from the then Editor of this Magazine, Mr John Blackwood, supplied

¹ The Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. By Alexander Innes Shand. Two volumes, 8vo. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1895.

the necessary stimulant. From that time Hamley's pen was seldom idle, even amid the winter troubles of the Crimean campaign, graphic accounts of which were sent home by him for publication in 'Maga.' "They were penned," says Mr Shand, "after long days in the saddle, under breezy canvas, or in dripping mud-huts by the light of a flickering candle, when fatigue was getting the better of him." There was no more earnest student of the operations in the Crimea than Hamley was. He noted that European warfare had entered upon a transition stage, and carefully contrasted the changes which progress was likely to effect upon the strategy and tactics of the days of Peninsular campaigning. He forecast the course of operations before Sebastopol with remarkable perspicacity, and there were very few instances in which his anticipations failed to be confirmed. Hurriedly as these letters were written, and under the greatest disadvantage, Hamley found almost nothing to correct in them when he sat down in his later years to deliberately write a history of the Crimean campaign. 'The Campaign of Sebastopol' is really the preface to the 'Operations of War,' and had he not studied actual warfare with a critical eye, it is difficult to believe that he could have ever attained that mastery of the science of war to which his great work bears such remarkable testimony.

But while Hamley was writing he was also fighting. As Sir Richard Dacres's adjutant he had his full share of the risks and perils of the campaign. He took part in the action on the Bulganac, the battle of the Alma, where his horse was wounded by a cannon-shot, the action of Mackenzie's

Farm, Balaclava, and Inkerman, where his horse was shot under him and he himself had a very narrow escape. In a memorandum found among his papers he thus alludes to the peril in which he found himself at Inkerman:—

"It was at this time that, passing on foot along what Mr Kinglake in his History calls 'the Kitspur,' a ridge thrown out from our position towards the enemy, I found myself suddenly almost enclosed by a large Russian force, before which our men, whose ammunition was exhausted, were retreating out of the Sandbag Battery. Being very lame from a recent accident, I almost gave myself up for lost; and after a vain attempt, in which the late Lord Balgonie of the Guards joined me, to rally some of our people, I succeeded with great difficulty in getting past the enemy and regaining our position. Subsequently I caught in succession two masterless French horses, both of which were wounded in the course of the battle. In the brevet given for this engagement, I was promoted to the rank of Major."

It was reserved, however, for his friend Kinglake to do justice to the part which Hamley played at Inkerman, and to tell how with three guns, after the withdrawal of our troops from the Kitspur, he "placed the contest for a moment on exactly that kind of footing which was desired by men basing their tactics on the strength of the Inkerman ground." It was a critical moment, and Hamley's action, taken on his own initiative, was not without its effect upon the issue of the battle. These facts, about which Hamley himself was ever modestly reticent, are sufficient to refute the impression, which it has been endeavoured latterly to establish, that Sir Edward was little more than a pen-and-ink soldier.

Returning from the Crimea

with the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, Hamley found himself posted to Leith Fort, in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh and of the congenial literary society which gathered round the Editor of 'Maga.' In 1859, however, he was appointed a Professor in the Staff College, an event which had a very important bearing on his professional career. One is tempted to wonder—though the speculation is idle—whether Hamley was fortunate or not in exchanging regimental service for educational work. Had he remained with the artillery, he would certainly have been selected for whatever active service was going on, have added to his Crimean reputation, and probably have secured the highest honours and rewards open to the service. But what might have been his gain, would have been certain loss to the British army as a whole. It would be impossible to overrate Hamley's influence upon the higher professional education of our officers. Old officers who "sat under" Hamley at Sandhurst agree in describing his lectures as opening up to them new and wider fields of professional thought, as pointing towards a higher standard of military efficiency, and as bringing home to them the best of the older traditions of our army combined with the aspirations attainable under an altered *régime*. According to Major-General Sir W. F. Butler, one of the critics who have volunteered for the task of maligning his memory, "when Hamley began the mingled study and teaching of military history, that branch of army education was at a low ebb; he found the ground vacant, and he occupied it so well that no man has since attempted

to challenge his position."¹ Less could not very well have been said about Hamley's Staff-College work, and the great majority of the officers who studied under him take a more generous view of their obligations to their instructor. Colonel Maurice has characterised Hamley as "one to whom every living English soldier owes a deep debt of gratitude as the father of modern English military thought." This compliment, however, as we shall see, came very late in the course of the Hamley-Wolseley controversy, and loses its gracefulness as being a *quid pro quo*. But that it was Hamley who laid the foundations of modern military science at the Staff College as it exists down to the present day, under very altered conditions of war, his most hostile critic will not, we think, be prepared to dispute. His position never carried with it the influence which Germany, with much wisdom, assigned to Moltke, and the British army is not easily permeated by ideas that are not embodied in the official regulations; but for all that, his teaching and writings continue to shape the military mind in this country to an extent which some of his able successors would hardly care to realise.

Both as Professor and as Commandant at the Staff College, Hamley's career was a marked success, and as such it was at the time acknowledged by the military authorities and by the whole army. No doubt the Horse Guards looked with a certain suspicion upon so able a man, one so ready with his pen too, and never felt quite certain that some day or other he might not spring a mine upon them by pointing out some

¹ The Contemporary Review, August 1895.

defects in the "system" or by putting forward some innovation that would involve the trouble of consideration. Hamley was no overzealous reformer, but he did commit the latter mistake. He had dwelt in his 'Operations of War' on the necessity for a better system of instruction on Outpost duty, and the Aldershot authorities were induced to give him an opportunity of illustrating his theories in presence of the Commander-in-Chief. The circumstances under which the experiment was conducted were unfortunate alike for Hamley and his system. First the day was changed, then the ground was unsuitable, the officers and troops had never tried the system before, and no opportunity was given for a rehearsal. "If this is right, Airey, what we have been doing all our lives is wrong," was the Commander-in-Chief's comment on the result,—a profound remark which, we fear, his Royal Highness must have had very many occasions for making since that time. Hamley was, however, convinced that in spite of drawbacks the efficiency of his system had been demonstrated, and he endeavoured to vindicate his views; but there can be very little doubt that the incident did him no good at the Horse Guards, who probably regarded him with much the same feelings as the Circumlocution Office looked upon Daniel Doyce.

In the recent controversy, suggestions have been made that Hamley's manner was too stiff and reserved: "an aggressive habit of almost overbearing ungraciousness," as General Butler puts it, unfitted him for being a leader of men. Now it was only in the Staff College and in his Egyptian command that these defects could

have been manifested within the limits of his own profession. As to the Staff College, Mr Shand gives the testimony of two of his students, one of them General Montague, which seems directly to contradict General Butler's strictures. The other authority, whose name Mr Shand does not give, writes as follows:—

"A man of reserved character and few words, he but seldom gave expression to commendation, but where blame was in his opinion attributable for careless or bad work, he did not shrink from awarding it. If in passing such strictures upon officers his manner of address was sometimes blunt and even severe, this was attributable to manner alone, which seemed to be aggravated by the necessity for the performance of an unpleasant duty which he would far rather have avoided. Behind it was a nature that never failed to be appreciated and admired by those who knew Hamley sufficiently well to get behind his reserve. The short period of residence at the Staff College—two years—did not render this practicable for many at the time; but few can have failed to recognise the ability and practical nature and force of character of the Commandant under whom they were privileged to receive their training."

In this estimate all who possessed more than a mere formal acquaintance with Sir Edward Hamley will be disposed to agree. There was no difficulty in discerning the noble feelings and generous impulses that lay beneath the film of reserve, perhaps of self-consciousness, that was apparent to the world in general. But it is something new to learn that either self-confidence or reserve are disqualifications for military command. All we can say is, that if General Butler's objections to Hamley's personality are to be applied to Generals in command as a

test, then the great Duke of Wellington was the most unfit officer under whom a British army was ever placed in the field. But if Hamley failed to secure favour at the Horse Guards, the Foreign Office showed full appreciation of his abilities, and employed him on three of the Delimitation Commissions in the East that were rendered necessary by the territorial changes effected under the Berlin Treaty. In Bulgaria, in Armenia, and on the Greco-Turkish frontier, Hamley discharged his missions with signal success, and with entire satisfaction to the Government. His firm character was a match for Turkish dilatoriness and Russian astuteness, and he held his own with his colleagues, enforcing respect without losing their goodwill. Those who insist upon the incompatibility of Hamley's manner find it convenient to leave his success in the delimitation disputes out of account. On the completion of each of these missions he received the cordial thanks of Government, and for his services in Bulgaria he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St Michael and St George.

The Delimitation Commissions were among the most successful episodes of Hamley's life, and he must have been able to look back upon them with unalloyed satisfaction. Diplomacy was a field quite fresh to him, and yet he showed himself as much at home in it as if he had gone through the regular stages of the Foreign Office curriculum. Here, if anywhere, those personal defects which Sir Edward Hamley's enemies have charged him with must have come to the surface. Had he been the man they have represented him to be, the Delimitation Commissions must infallibly have come to a deadlock,

and Hamley's recall would have been certain. But in every case he not merely held his ground and vindicated his position as the representative of Great Britain without causing rancour to his opponents, but he always ended in the long-run by securing their personal esteem. Mr Shand excellently sums up the qualities Hamley brought to bear upon his diplomatic duties:—

"He had an iron will, indomitable energy, a keen eye, and unrivalled aptitude for recognising the strength and weakness of positions. He had many opportunities of exhibiting his readiness of resource and his cool-headed promptitude in awkward emergencies. Yet he could be patient when necessity arose, and control himself under provocation."

As an instance of how zealously Hamley safeguarded the honour of England, we may quote from Mr Shand's volumes a story that might have been told of the Great Elchi himself:—

"Prince Dondakoff Korsakoff, subsequently of Trans-Caucasian celebrity, was directing affairs in Bulgaria, and had his residence in Varna. The Commissioners thought it but courteous to call: their Russian colleague, who must otherwise have presented them to the Prince, had gone with the other party. The courtesy was indifferently reciprocated. The Commissioners duly announced their names and functions. The reply of the officers in the antechamber was that the Prince was sitting down to breakfast, and they had better call again. Hamley was the last man to put up with a slight of the kind, especially when he was representing the British Government. He spoke for the rest, and sharply told the aide-de-camp that their purpose of calling on the Prince was fulfilled, and for himself, he would be unable to pay a second visit. The officer turned on his heel, and left

the room without any form of leave-taking. The foreign envoys were loud in their indignation at what they styled the insolence of master and man. However, the Prince so far made the *amende* that in the course of the day Hamley found his card on the table."

On his return from the Greco-Turkish Delimitation Commission in 1881 Hamley found himself without employment, when the offer of the command of a division in the expedition which was about to proceed to Egypt to put down Arabi's insurrection was unexpectedly made to him by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The offer was couched in "a brief but most cordial note," and Hamley readily accepted it. Hostile critics have insinuated that Hamley had been too long disassociated from actual soldiering for such a command; but if there be any force in the argument, the mistake lies at Lord Wolseley's door. Besides, the same objection might with almost equal force be made against Sir John Adye, whom Sir Garnet selected as chief of his staff, and who had seen no fighting since the somewhat unfortunate affair of the Black Mountain in 1863. It is quite true that Hamley had had no experience of the Wolseleyan art of war, which seems to be a dash in and a scurry out. He may not even have mastered that invaluable manual, 'The Soldier's Pocket-Book.' But not merely in this country, but on the Continent and in America, was he regarded as one of the world's leading authorities on the operations of war, and as an officer to whom the command not merely of an expeditionary force, or of a division in it, but of a great army in the field, might have been with full confidence intrusted.

The plan of campaign which

was finally adopted had been drawn up and submitted, as a matter of official duty, by Sir Archibald Alison, as the then head of the Intelligence Department, and was the result of a careful study extending back for years, and including the report of an officer who was sent up on foot in the guise of a sportsman along the line which was ultimately followed. This plan is fortunate enough to meet with Colonel Maurice's approval, who, without naming its author, declares that "the whole scheme of the campaign, of the march, and of the battle was one of most original genius." There was accordingly little to do before leaving England except to discuss details and contingencies. We are inclined to think that the first little germ of friction is to be found, before the start from London, in the substitution of Sir John Adye for Hamley as military envoy to the French Republic, to explain the objects of the expedition and make a *pro forma* request for French co-operation. Hamley treated the matter with the utmost indifference, but it could scarcely be supposed that he, who could number so many successes among Turkish, Russian, and Greek statesmen with whom he had worked, should relish much to have to stand aside after Wolseley had proposed the mission to him. The incident was a trivial one, and Hamley seems to have thought nothing of it; but yet, had he known, he might have seen its significance as a foretaste of what awaited him in Egypt.

In considering the story of the Egyptian campaign, we shall conjoin Mr Shand's narrative, based on Hamley's own papers and the information which the biographer seems to have sedulously sought

from all impartial sources, with the criticisms published by Colonel Maurice in the 'United Service Magazine' (July and August), and an article by Sir William Butler in the August number of the 'Contemporary Review.' There is much in both articles that it would be superfluous for us to deal with—the *not d'ordre* given out seems to have been to run Hamley down all along the line; but we shall give due attention to all points where these critics come into conflict with Mr Shand's narrative of the Egyptian expedition. Colonel Maurice deservedly ranks high as an authority on purely military subjects; but he does not figure to advantage in the rôle of a special pleader. He is one of that not inconsiderable number of advocates who may be safely counted upon to secure the conviction of their clients. And to pursue our simile from the Bar a little further, we have frequently seen cases in which two counsel were engaged, where one took the blustering, while the other did the chaffing. In this instance the blustering has been assigned to Colonel Maurice, while Sir William Butler is the funny man, extracting jokes from poor Hamley's diaries which might have been amusing had they not been witless.

The first meeting between Hamley and the Commander-in-Chief, after both had left England, took place at Malta. The only remark Hamley makes regarding their conversation is that Sir Garnet "spoke to me of the sortie made by Alison from Alexandria, saying he disapproved of it." As Sir Garnet had previously telegraphed to Sir Archibald to keep Arabi constantly alarmed, we are not surprised that the entry in

Hamley's diary should cause Colonel Maurice some difficulty. Accordingly he "thinks" that the remark must have originated with Hamley himself, and that Wolseley merely gave a general assent to avoid discussion; and he constructs a neat little theory in support of this idea. We must prefer Hamley's words to Colonel Maurice's "thoughts." The only possible explanation is, that it was an instance of the double-dealing to which Sir Edward was subjected all through the campaign.

Hamley reached Alexandria on the 15th August, some hours before Sir Garnet Wolseley, and on the following day he had an interview with the Commander-in-Chief. "I asked," writes Hamley, "if he would allow me to make a suggestion about an attack on the enemy. He said promptly, 'Yes, and I hope you will always do so whenever you see occasion.'" Both Colonel Maurice and Sir William Butler endeavour to show that Hamley made himself objectionably officious in seeking to obtrude his views on the Commander-in-Chief. If he did venture upon suggestions, he did so upon Sir Garnet's distinct invitation, if words mean anything. If Hamley was under a misapprehension as to this, Lord Wolseley alone can correct his statement. With regard to the conversation which took place in the same interview regarding an advance between Lake Aboukir and Edkou on Kafr-ed-Dowar, which Hamley recommended, it must be remembered that Hamley was all the while being kept in complete ignorance of the plan of campaign, and that in discussing the matter Sir Garnet Wolseley was simply playing with him,—a position not altogether creditable to the Commander-in-

Chief. The Wolseleyan school of *militaires* have much to say about "cultivating the intelligence of the soldier;" "do not treat him as a mere machine;" "let him understand what he is doing," &c., &c.; but it would appear that the confidence reposed in Tommy Atkins is not to be extended to Generals of Division. In the Egyptian campaign it was sought to treat Sir Edward Hamley as a mere machine, to ignore him, to mislead him, and wherever possible to place him in a false position.

We very soon come upon another illustration of this peculiarity on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, and we must quote from Hamley's diary an account of the interview he had with Sir Garnet on board the *Salamis* on 19th August, on the eve of the latter's sailing for Port Said and the Canal:—

"He led me to believe that I was to co-operate from Ramleh in a combined attack on the Egyptian position, Sir G. Wolseley with the rest of the troops advancing from Aboukir Bay on the strip of land between the Lakes Aboukir and Edkou. I observed, alluding to our conversation on the 15th, that I expected he might choose this point to advance from, and mentioned the order in which in that case I should advance, so as to give him a hand, . . . which he approved. He then instructed me to make demonstrations this evening and Sunday, to induce the enemy to expect I should attack him. I was warned not to be surprised if I should hear firing at Aboukir on Saturday evening."

All is fair in war as in love, and this in military parlance may be called strategic language, but in civil life it would be less charitably designated. It was quite legitimate to put a newspaper correspondent on a false scent, as the truth must have leaked out in Alexandria through his telegraph-

ing to his journal, but to mislead a General of Division was quite a different matter. And the device was so petty that one cannot conjecture what Sir Garnet expected to gain by it, except to indicate his distrust in Hamley, or to administer a snub that was as ungracious as it was uncalled for; for sealed letters to be opened next morning giving Sir Garnet's true destination were handed to Hamley before he left the vessel. Sir William Butler, whose sense of humour must really be very peculiar, chuckles over Hamley's feelings when he awoke to the deception that had been practised upon him. "We can easily believe," says Sir William, "that when General Hamley awoke next morning to find that Sir Garnet Wolseley had never intended attempting the landing in Aboukir Bay—that he had gone off to Ismailia, and that he, Hamley, was to remain at Alexandria to await a later development of events, his 'annoyance' became 'extreme.'"

The sealed letters were two in number, one a short note from Sir John Adye, "impressing the importance of silence, and of keeping the enemy amused as long as possible." Sir Garnet's letter was more full, explaining his plans, the necessity for secrecy, and instructing Hamley to keep Arabi occupied with demonstrations and shelling. Hamley, Sir Garnet's letter said, was to be brought to the front as soon as possible, as every man would be wanted if Arabi was to make a stand near Tel-el-Kebir. According to the Official History, the letter contained the words "Tell no man." This was all very well, but it affords no explanation of the reason why the Commander-in-Chief should have wilfully deceived his General of Division by

telling him an exactly opposite story only twelve hours before; and Hamley must indeed have had the temper of an angel if he did not resent treatment that must seem so insulting to any impartial mind.

Upon this Alexandrian episode Sir Edward Hamley's enemies have founded a very grave charge. Although the accusation, so far as we are aware, has not yet found its way into print, yet we are informed that Colonel Maurice alleges that Hamley divulged Sir Garnet's plans prematurely, and thus imperilled the chances of the Commander-in-Chief's success. The absurdity of such an insinuation carries with it its own contradiction. Let us look at the real circumstances of the incident. Sir Garnet's letter was opened at the proper time by Colonel Twynam, his A.A.G., and handed to him. Considering with how little confidence Hamley had been treated, it is not surprising that he should have chosen to have the letter opened in the presence of his staff, and by a third person. Had he not taken this precaution, we should doubtless be told now that he broke the seals as soon as he went ashore, and blazed abroad Sir Garnet's real destination before the Commander-in-Chief's transports were well out of the harbour. The malign imagination that is capable of suggesting the one idea is quite equal to conceiving the other. We think it is very likely that Sir Edward may have expressed his indignation in the presence of his staff at the deception which had been practised upon him. What General Officer, under similar provocation, would have had the self-control to remain silent under such circumstances, especially when his audi-

ence was bound to confidence? The assumption that it was through Hamley's remarks on that occasion that the news of Sir Garnet's making for Port Said and the Canal became known in Alexandria, if at all tenable, would reflect more heavily upon Colonel Twynam or the rest of the staff than even upon Hamley himself. But from the moment that Wolseley passed Aboukir Bay without landing, there could be no doubt as to his plans; and considering how closely his movements were watched by the Egyptians, and with what incredible swiftness news travels in the East, it is more than probable that half Alexandria knew Sir Garnet's real destination almost as soon as Hamley himself. The charge is so frivolous—we might say malicious—that though it has been put in currency, we shall be surprised if any one is found with the courage to back it up in print.

A curious feature in the situation was that Hamley's brigadier, Sir Archibald Alison, as the author of the plan of campaign which Wolseley was carrying out, must have known all the while what the Commander-in-Chief's real intentions were, and yet felt himself precluded from giving a single iota of information to his immediate chief. Although the two seem to have worked together in perfect harmony throughout the campaign, Alison never betrayed to Hamley the fact that he had drawn out the lines upon which the operations were being conducted—a fact also which seems to have escaped Colonel Maurice in the course of those very elaborate researches for his *Official History* about which he tells us so much in his 'United Service Magazine' articles.

So Hamley with his brigadiers, Sir Archibald Alison and Sir Evelyn Wood, remained at Alexandria, keeping the rebels in play by reconnaissances and demonstrations, and doing good work meanwhile in strengthening the fortifications of the city until Sir Garnet had safely arrived at Ismailia. The Official History states that: "Sir Edward, who was not in the secret as to the operations that were really intended, was not a little incommoded in his plans by the fact that . . . no field-artillery was left to him; but after having clearly pointed out his weakness in this respect, he did his best to compensate the defect by his general arrangements." It was not until the 28th August that Hamley received instructions to come on to the front with Alison and the Highland Brigade, leaving Sir Evelyn Wood's brigade to garrison Ramleh. Ismailia was reached on 1st September. "The naval officer on duty in the Lusitania went on shore to report our arrival to the Admiral," writes Hamley. "On returning he said he had seen Sir Garnet Wolseley, and had told him of the arrival of the brigade and myself, . . . who had replied, 'Give my love to him.'" It is hardly necessary to say that Sir William Butler falls into an ecstasy of rapture over this evidence of "all friendliness"; but read in the light of subsequent events, the message leaves a sinister impression. One is forcibly reminded of the story of the old Roman centurion of the Sabine wars, and tempted to exclaim, "Thy friends, Siccius Dentatus, thy friends!"

Sir William Butler makes a desperate effort to show that during the delay at Ismailia, Sir Edward had again endeavoured to

interfere with the Commander-in-Chief, and to prove his case he does not scruple to garble passages from Hamley's diary. Here are the entries, with Sir William Butler's comments, of the justice of which our readers may judge for themselves:—

"3d Sept.—On shore at 8 A.M. to Sir G. Wolseley's quarters: he was not yet visible, and sent out to ask me to remain to breakfast. As I could not have talked to him on business at table, I sent word to him that I would return after breakfast, and went back to the ship."

On this Sir William Butler remarks:—

"Clearly there was no conciliating this General, no soothing him into a more gracious realisation of anything approaching the position he occupied in the expedition. He can see only himself in all the toil and thought of this enterprise. He moves through it conscious only of one personality—his own. Most men would have learned a lesson from his unasked suggestion of a few days earlier; but the loftiness of the pinnacle upon which he has placed himself cannot be reached by lesson or rebuff."

Most people will think this a very large gloss upon a very small text; and we quote it as a specimen of the style of writing which is being employed in the attempt to run Hamley down. In fact, Hamley's business with the Commander-in-Chief was very simple; but let him speak for himself: "After breakfast I saw him, and explained to him the situation at Alexandria, showing him a sketch-map with the works as they now existed." Coming direct from Alexandria, it was no more than his plain duty to inform the Commander-in-Chief about the position there. All the suggestions made by Hamley at Ismailia were

connected with his own division, nor can we think that a responsible General is presuming overmuch if he makes representations even to the Commander-in-Chief upon any point of detail that he deems likely to affect the efficiency of the men under his immediate command. And in fact Hamley had cause to complain. Sir Garnet seems to have treated the Second Division from first to last as if it had been designed to form a reserve and not to take an active part in the attack. "A force composed of miscellaneous troops and inadequate transport" was allotted to Hamley for the march to Kassassin. He was to have had a second brigade made up of his own divisional Rifle battalion and the Marines. Then the Marines were to be transferred to the First Division, and he was to get Macpherson and the Indian Contingent, with which he would have been well content; and finally, he was to be stripped not merely of the Indian Contingent, but of his own divisional battalion. Was there ever General in existence who would not have grumbled at seeing his command thus made such a convenience of and its efficiency thus impaired?

On the arrival of the force at Kassassin there was decided friction between Wolseley and Hamley, and the latter was compelled to remonstrate at the wholesale way in which his division was being stripped. Nor was he going beyond his rights in doing so. The services of a division were being expected of his command, and here he found that the intention evidently was to reduce his force to a single brigade. Who can say that Hamley was not justified in speaking out, even to the Commander-in-Chief, when he found his division thus denuded?

We extract from his diary the following report of a portion of the conversation he had with the Commander-in-Chief at Kassassin, which will serve to exculpate Hamley from the charge of undue assumption in pressing the state of his command upon Sir Garnet Wolseley:—

"I observed that my divisional artillery had not yet joined me. He said the divisional artillery was to be separate from the Division, massed with the rest under the brigadier. I then inquired when my divisional battalion would join me. He replied that the exigencies of the service required that it should act with the First Division. I represented that I was being deprived of everything except a single brigade—to which he replied again that the exigencies of the service required it, and went into his tent."

Hamley next sought the Chief of the Staff, and represented to him how great an injury would be done both to himself and the brigadier by leaving him with only a single brigade. These remonstrances induced Sir John Adye to consult the Commander-in-Chief; but he speedily returned with the not very courteous answer, "Wolseley says he has made his arrangements, and won't alter them." Hamley met this curt reply with sufficient dignity:—

"I renewed my remonstrances, said that I held the Queen's commission to command the Second Division—that I did not understand how my troops, in my presence, could act under any orders but mine, and that it would be supposed that there must be some reason for thus stripping me while the commander of the First Division retained a proper command."

"Sir J. Adye then explained," Hamley goes on to say, "the part of the plan of attack relating to the infantry—that the Highland Brigade was

to be followed by the Guards, and Graham's Brigade by the two divisional battalions (3/60th and 46th). I represented that from the position of the Guards' Brigade, placed in rear of the Highland, while it belonged to the First Division, and was not under my orders, it would be too far off to receive orders from its own commander. Adye observed that there was a reason (which he did not mention) for placing the Guards there. I then pointed out what a grave tactical error it would be not to have the supporting brigade in each case under the orders of the general who commanded the attacking brigade. Adye asked, 'What would you propose?' I answered, 'Reverse the positions of the two brigades acting in support, and then each Division will be entire, under the orders of one general.' There had never been any mention or hint on the part of Sir G. W. or Sir J. A. of placing the Guards under my orders—on the contrary, it had been assumed that I was to have only one brigade; and as General Willis could not command the Guards while thus separated from him, they would appear to have been meant to be independent (a most serious blunder), and to render them so, I was to have been deprived of my divisional battalion."

Sir William Butler makes a feeble attempt to excite compassion for Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, amid "the strain and stress" of the eve of a battle and "the exceptionally trying nature of life in the Egyptian desert in August and early September," had thus to wrestle with a refractory and pertinacious General, and thinks there will be little hesitation in awarding to Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his relations to Sir Edward Hamley at this time, "a very large measure of the angelic virtues." We make no such claim for Hamley; but he would have been either more or less than human if he had stood silently by and seen his com-

mand reduced to impotence without lodging a protest. Let the reader compare the extracts from Hamley's diary as given by Mr Shand with the Official History and with Colonel Maurice and Sir William Butler's articles, and evade the conclusion, if he can, that Sir Garnet Wolseley deliberately intended that the Second Division should take "a back seat" at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and that his calculations were upset only by the bravery and dash of Alison and the Highland Brigade. In the end, however, reflection convinced the Commander-in-Chief that he was going too far, and after a consultation with Sir John Adye a note was written to Hamley saying that arrangements would be made for giving him another brigade in support of Alison's Highlanders. To all appearances this concession was granted as a piece of justice that could not have been denied.

On the early morning of the 12th September, all the Generals met the Commander-in-Chief at Ninth Hill, and Sir Garnet told them that he intended to leave the camp that night and attack the enemy's works before daybreak. A plan of the battle was handed to each of the Generals, and General Willis and Hamley received verbal instructions to form line of half-battalion columns, and attack immediately they reached the works. Sir Garnet also told Hamley that if, after the front line had been penetrated, he found the enemy's camp defended, he was not to attack it until the First Division had worked round on its flank. Before leaving the ground Sir Garnet alluded to the concession of the additional brigade, and said aloud, "'I have changed my plan to please General Ham-

ley;” “to which I replied that I felt greatly obliged to him for having done so.”

At this point we come upon another of those dark accusations which Hamley's enemies hold out the threat of publishing, with the view of stifling further discussion of his case. It is to the effect that Sir Edward Hamley, on receiving the plan of battle, openly stigmatised it as an impossible operation, and refused to carry out the orders issued when asked for them by Colonel Twynam, his Assistant-Adjutant-General, declaring that it was the business of the Headquarters Staff; and that, unable to get any satisfaction from him, Colonel Twynam made the necessary orders in conjunction with General Dormer.

Let us examine this charge somewhat closely, and it will, we think, be found to rest upon very slender foundations. We have no doubt that members of Hamley's staff have been applied to for materials of impeachment. We are quite prepared to hear that Sir Edward Hamley frankly, if not forcibly, criticised the order of battle; but we have the statements of officers who must have been present on the occasion, and who testify that they never heard Hamley cavil with the orders. This, however, merely goes to prove a negative, but such a statement should not have been put in circulation unless duly vouched for by names; and if it ever finds its way into print, we shall be glad to learn on whose authority it has been originated. Lord Wolseley's followers have always claimed for him the privileges of a “Blessed Glendoveer,” and not a little of their rancour against Hamley seems to arise from the fact that he would not bring himself to accept the cult.

With regard to the charge that Hamley refused to carry out his orders, the evidence that he did carry them out is so overpowering that we are astonished so frivolous an allegation should ever have been hinted at. Colonel Maurice's immaculate “Official History,” Sir Garnet Wolseley's own letters and despatches, every newspaper correspondent's account of the night-march and battle, show that Sir Edward did himself command the Second Division, and did carry out what orders he had received. It is not difficult to understand why it should be convenient to make out that Hamley had refused to carry out Wolseley's instructions. From an early period in the march, even before the start from Ismailia, the Headquarters Staff had been interfering with the details of Hamley's division on its own account, and without reference to him as the officer commanding. At Kassassin on the 12th, we find Hamley writing in his diary as follows:—

“Either to-day or on the 11th, the chief of the staff had addressed to me a question, whether my two squadrons of cavalry were not distributed at that time in such and such localities? To which I responded that I supposed them to be so, but could not say whether they were or not, as any orders they might have received had not been transmitted through me.”

We hear much of Hamley's infringement of military conventionalities; but to interfere with the details of a command without reference to the responsible General or his staff was surely to throw military etiquette to the winds altogether. But the worst has to be told. After reaching Kassassin, Sir Garnet Wolseley took to communicating directly with Hamley's brigadiers without reference to

the General himself. Upon this subject Colonel Maurice is injudiciously explicit. He fails to see the invidious light in which his revelations place the Commander-in-Chief:—

“Before the battle Lord Wolseley had already discovered that Sir Edward Hamley had completely lost touch of the practical working of large bodies of men. . . . He could not have given or understood the mechanical orders necessary for the arrangements of men. . . . So little did Lord Wolseley trust his capacity for such an operation (a night-march), that his original intention had been to leave him behind in command of the camp at Kassassin. . . . Certainly, if ever divisional General was tied up in swaddling-clothes and nursed across a march, that General was Sir Edward during the night-march.”

If Sir Garnet Wolseley had honestly formed this idea of Hamley's military incapacity, his duty was clear. He should either have left him behind at Kassassin, as Colonel Maurice says he had originally intended to do, or, better still, he should have formally superseded him in his command before the night-march began. In the latter case an inquiry would have sifted the justice of the case, and if Sir Garnet had shown that he was right, the whole country would have applauded his firmness and resolution. But Sir Garnet knew better than to take such a heroic step. The less dignified course of dealing with Hamley in a hole-and-corner fashion was in every way much more safe and expedient, and an attempt was accordingly made to treat Hamley's command as merely a nominal one, and to bring his brigadiers immediately under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. Colonel Maurice unctuously observes that this arrangement was made “only” from “a kindly wish

not to injure Sir Edward's *amour propre*”; but if Sir Edward was the incapable leader the Wolseleyans now seek to make him out to be, Sir Garnet, as Commander-in-Chief, had no right to risk the safety of a division by leaving him even in nominal command. To the officers and men of the division, who knew nothing of the intrigues that were going on at headquarters, Sir Edward Hamley was their responsible commander; it was he whom they had to follow, to him they were responsible, and it was to his guidance that they trusted for the success of the division in the coming engagement. Such a consideration as this suffices by itself to ensure condemnation for the course the Commander-in-Chief followed.

Lord Wolseley is to be the new head of the British army, and his example is likely to be followed as a precedent by Commanders-in-Chief in the field. Is he prepared to alter our military discipline and tradition, so that for dislike or pique, or any other conceivable reason, a Commander-in-Chief can thrust aside the responsible divisional Generals and put the whole power into the hands of their brigadiers, leaving the General to bear the brunt of whatever blame there may be to bear? Suppose the Second Division had been repulsed or cut to pieces by Arabi, upon whom was the responsibility to rest, who would have been made the scape-goat? Hamley, whom Wolseley affected to treat as a nominal commander, or his brigadiers, to whom the Commander-in-Chief had committed the real responsibility? The question hardly requires an answer. Had disaster unhappily occurred to the Second Division, Hamley's “nominal” command would have speedily been

changed into actual responsibility. A practice so subversive of all discipline, so alien to our best military traditions, must be looked at with grave reprehension. We can only compare it with the course followed by the first French Republic during the Terror, when the Committee of Public Safety sent civil commissioners to control its generals in the field, the former having all the power, the latter bearing all the responsibility. The question is a very serious one, and worthy of the attention of Colonel Maurice in his next article.

Had Sir Archibald Alison been other than the perfect gentleman and true soldier all men know him to be, this divided responsibility in the Second Division must have resulted in the Wolseley-Hamley controversy assuming an entirely new form—one which must have necessarily led to an inquiry by the military courts. But the good feeling and perfect confidence that subsisted between Sir Edward and Sir Archibald happily obviated any friction. All available evidence shows that the two worked together in perfect harmony, and that Hamley, having complete reliance on Sir Archibald, never interfered with his command of the Highland Brigade, and that he consulted Alison about every detail of importance. The result was that, in spite of Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrangements, Hamley remained the efficient commander of the Second Division. If Sir Garnet provided the "swaddling-clothes" Sir Archibald certainly did not fit them on to his General, and Sir Edward remained for the time happily unconscious of the intrigues that were being directed against him. We cannot characterise too strongly the policy that postponed

these revelations until after Sir Edward's death. Had Colonel Maurice spoken out while he was still alive, we can readily imagine what the consequences would have been; but it is a much more simple matter to throw obloquy on a dead man than to enter into debate with a living one.

Colonel Maurice endeavours to make much of the fact that Hamley fell into an error in advising the Commander-in-Chief as to the hour for commencing the night-march. The matter is not of much consequence; but it may be considered as an illustration of the unfair quibbling of which Colonel Maurice's articles are mainly made up. After the alarm on the night of the 12th, caused by a stampede of horses, Wolseley and Hamley met, and after the former had given the General some final instructions — *query*, Were these "nominal"? — "asked me," says Hamley, "at what hour I thought the division ought to begin its march, supposing the enemy's lines to be five and a half miles distant and daybreak about five o'clock, allowing, he said, for 'possible *égarements*.' I suggested a little after half-past one, to which he assented." "If, therefore, even in his question," said Colonel Maurice, "Lord Wolseley had not allowed for Sir Edward's inexperience in such matters, we should have been an hour late, and the whole attack must have failed. We should have arrived at six o'clock, in broad daylight." Note that Sir Garnet Wolseley himself put his question incorrectly. The distance was not five and a half miles but 3 miles 1380 yards. Hamley knew this as well as Wolseley. He also knew that the hour of march was fixed at half-past one. Taking nonotice of the Commander-

in-Chief's slip, Hamley returned a correct answer; but in his hurriedly written 'Nineteenth Century' article he again repeats Sir Garnet Wolseley's mistake. Colonel Maurice charges Mr Shand with imagining that because "Lord Wolseley as a matter of kindly courtesy asked Sir Edward at what hour he thought the march ought to begin, therefore Sir Edward was allowed to fix the hour of the march." Mr Shand makes no such claim, neither does Sir Edward Hamley. All we have to ask is—Is this honest criticism?

With regard to the night-march on Tel-el-Kebir, Colonel Maurice's Official History is at direct variance with Colonel Maurice's indictment of Hamley in the 'United Service Magazine.' In the latter he is represented as a mere cipher in his division, as a General in "swaddling-clothes," who issued only two orders, both irrelevant, during the whole march. A few detached passages from the account of the night-march in the Official History will be sufficient to remove the impression that Colonel Maurice now so sedulously seeks to establish regarding Sir Edward's position in his division, *e.g.*—

"Sir A. Alison had received orders from Sir E. Hamley to form his brigade in the order in which it was to attack. . . . Sir A. Alison had clearly understood Lord Wolseley's wish that each battalion should attack in two lines. . . . With Sir E. Hamley's full approval each battalion was formed in two lines. . . . Sir E. Hamley had given orders during the night that the men should take ample room. This had tended to close up at intervals. Sir E. Hamley, who was between these two lines, realising a necessity which was sure to immediately arise, checked the advance of the rear companies of the Gordon and

Cameron Highlanders, and formed them into a support."

During this silent night-advance a singular incident occurred, highly characteristic of the perfect discipline of the men of the Highland Brigade. Those on the flanks of the brigade had come to step out quicker than those in the centre, so that the men, still keeping the touch, swung round inwards until both flanks actually met face to face. The situation was an awkward one, but the brigadier ordered the word to halt to be passed in a whisper up the ranks, and in a few minutes all was still. He then personally placed two files in the centre, exactly opposite the point they were to advance on, and a whisper was again passed up for the whole to fall back, keeping the touch inwards on the two centre files. This was done in perfect order and silence, and the advance was then resumed.

Colonel Maurice also misrepresents Mr Shand as claiming for Hamley the credit of having directed the night-march. An unfair construction has been put on Mr Shand's words, which are: "But as for Hamley himself, to whom fell the chief share in directing the extremely difficult operation of the night-march, who rode at the head of his columns, and made his way into the works with the leading stormers," &c. If the whole chapter in which these words occur be taken in connection with them, Mr Shand's meaning will be quite apparent. His words do not claim for Hamley the organisation of the night-march, which, of course, was the business of the Commander-in-Chief; but the duty of carrying out the operations fell upon the Generals of Division. What we understand Mr Shand

to mean is, that Sir Edward and the Highland Brigade, piloted by Rawson, led the night-march, and thus directed the course of the other sections of the force.

Neither by Hamley nor by any one else were many orders issued during the night-march, which necessarily had to be carried out as noiselessly as possible. But the above sufficiently contradicts Colonel Maurice's Magazine account, that Hamley only issued two orders, both of which he ridicules. Which are we to believe—Colonel Maurice the Official Historian, or Colonel Maurice the Magazine writer? If he has told the truth in his Magazine article, why should it not have been told in his Official History? Perhaps, like Sir Garnet Wolseley, he had "a kindly wish not to injure Sir Edward's *amour propre*." The balance of honour, however, inclines towards the side of offending a man's susceptibilities when alive rather than reviling his memory when he is dead.

The Official History states that it was about "five minutes to five when it became evident that the Highland Brigade was nearing the parapet" of Tel-el-Kebir. Colonel Heriot Maitland, who was with the brigade, gives 4.40 as the time when the Highlanders came under the enemy's fire, at a distance of 300 yards from the lines of entrenchment. The pace was only slightly increased until the brigade had covered about half the distance, when, as Colonel Maitland says, "the charge was sounded, and the men, fixing bayonets and giving a wild sort of howl, not a cheer, charged the works without firing a shot." All the evidence that we have been able to collect agrees in describing the dash made by the Highlanders

upon the works as instantaneous, and that they were actually storming the lines nearly five minutes before the time when the Official History describes them "as nearing the parapet." As the brigade had marched in the order in which it was to attack, there was no time lost in forming, as was the case with the other division.

When the attack began, Sir Edward and his staff were in the centre of the Highland Brigade, and he had halted the portion of the second line nearest to him, with a view to keeping it as a support. The ditch into which the Highlanders had at once leapt was about six feet deep, with a rampart commanding, up which they speedily swarmed under a heavy fire. For an instant the enemy's fire caused the Highlanders to recoil.

"The fire was so severe," says the Official History, "and the defenders held so resolutely to their ground, that even of the two centre regiments, the Gordon and Cameron, though some groups were able very soon to establish a footing within the works, others on the left were driven back from the parapet, so much so that Sir A. Alison himself, who had crossed to lead the advance, was by sheer weight of numbers forced back over the parapet again. Crossing again, he had his horse shot just as he had dismounted in order to lead the men, and in joining the advancing troops was very nearly cut off by a party of Egyptians falling back from one of the works. Even of those who held their own on the further side of the parapet, large numbers, exposed to the enemy's fire on three sides, began to give way. They turned about again, however, on receiving from Sir E. Hamley the word of command, 'Right about turn.' Sir E. Hamley had prepared for this very event by retaining in hand and in close formation part of the second line of both regiments. He now, bringing forward this new support, rallied upon

them the broken fragments which had not been able to make good their attack, and led the whole mass to the support of those who formed the advancing force on the further side of the front trench, and from this time forward Sir Edward himself led the advance. How completely dispersed such an attack becomes from the moment when it fairly breaks in upon the enemy may be judged by this, that a staff officer reports that there was a moment when he saw Sir A. Alison himself absolutely alone, his pistol in the one hand which previous campaigns had left him, advancing towards a group of the enemy, probably the party which nearly cut him off."

Hamley also pressed the advance of his second brigade under Colonel Ashburnham by several messengers; but the Highland Brigade had already been engaged a quarter of an hour before it came up at a run and joined in the attack on the redoubt.

Inside the works, Alison, revolver in hand, and followed by a few men, had run across the open to where a large body of the 79th and 75th, led by Colonel Leith, were gallantly maintaining a hard struggle with the enemy. The Egyptians were holding stoutly an inner line of works which came down at right angles on their outer line, and had a succession of small redoubts at every bend in it. Upon this line Alison led an attack, and having stormed the redoubt at its end next the outer line, proceeded to follow it up, clearing the outer line as he advanced, and storming the redoubts at the angles in succession. Arabi's men fought desperately. A dozen times Sir Archibald Alison joined the stormers when they rushed in and bayoneted the rebels. Hamley and his staff and Sir Archibald with the brigade staff were leading throughout the whole course of a confused and

mixed but desperate fight. All this was in the dim grey light of morning, when the Generals could see only indistinctly what was going on around them.

Hamley's bravery and coolness in action has never been impugned; but it may be well to quote the tribute which Sir William Butler, no friendly critic, pays to his bearing in the action:—

"But now, all at once, the moment, the spot, and the man came together; 'the reflux tide of men,' as it thundered backward upon the parapet, struck full upon a formidable rock of human granite, and its eddying surges of retrogression, caught in the grasp of a powerful personality, were stayed, gathered, and finally cast forward again into the centre of the enemy's position. When in the light of dawn, then just sufficient to reveal to all ranks the aspect of the battle-field, the tall figure of General Hamley was seen on horseback in the press of foot combatants, and his deep voice of command was heard above the confusion of the strife, as, seizing the broken bits of battle, he threw them again upon the enemy—he reached, if he did not surpass, the ideal of strength and efficiency he had so often, in his mental appraisal of self, previously attained."

Certainly, if Hamley marched across the desert in "swaddling-clothes," he had divested himself of them before the battle began.

At last they reached a redoubt on the top of the hill overlooking Arabi's camp, which lay stretched out at the bottom of it, and they could see his retreating troops busy getting out the railway-trains to escape. At this point a horse battery came up on the left—the only support the first line received that day. Though they had little more than 300 or 400 men of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders, the Generals determined to rush the camp. This

they succeeded in doing without meeting organised resistance, and dashed on to the railway-station, securing a number of railway-trains, Arabi's immense commissariat stores, and thousands of camels. By the time they reached the railway-station the battle was won. Arabi's troops were completely scattered, and were flying in all directions, and there was no organised force in front of our troops. Then, and not till then, was it that the cavalry came up and joined in the pursuit.

The Official History is very uncertain as to the time of the arrival of General Graham's brigade, which was the next to come up to the works. The writer of the Official History considered that Graham's brigade was some 800 or 900 yards from the parapet when the heavy fire opened upon the charging Highlandmen; that its attack was still further retarded by having to be thrown into attack formation; and that it carried the first line of works with a rush "about the time the Highlanders were beginning to push on to the interior intrenchments." Good evidence, on the other hand, goes to show that General Graham's brigade was about 1200 yards behind the Highland Brigade, and that it was broad daylight before it delivered its attack. There is absolutely no foundation for Colonel Maurice's Magazine statement that the fugitives from the Egyptian force routed by Graham rolled back the resistance which the rebels were offering to Hamley. The Second Division had already done the heavier part of the work before Graham's attack could have had the slightest influence upon its success. In his Official History Colonel Maurice says: "The history of the seizure of the

works for the first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight"—a very moderate computation—"is the history of the advance of the Highland Brigade." In his Magazine articles he seeks to minimise that admission by showing from the operations at Magenta and Königgratz that the fortune of the day is often decided by the latest comer. But no one knows better than Colonel Maurice that there is not the shadow of a parallel between Tel-el-Kebir and these battles, whose great names are simply dragged in to throw dust in the eyes of the reader. The Second Division had already made its victory secure while General Graham's men were still struggling with the enemy inside the parapet.

Thus the Second Division had done its work. It had stormed what was admitted by the Commander-in-Chief to be the strongest part of the works, it had routed all opposition, it had captured Arabi's camp, had seized his commissariat and transport, with no assistance save from the late arrival of Brancker's battery, and had occupied the railway-station, thus cutting off the retreat of the rebels by train. It is with no desire to decry the gallant conduct of the other troops engaged that we say that no other section of the forces could point to such results as General Hamley's Division achieved. If these did not constitute the essentials of a victory, we should much like to know wherein the essentials of a victory do consist.

We now come to the painful incident of the meeting on the bridge, which Hamley felt he had so just reason to complain of. Colonel Maurice quite corroborates Hamley's account of the rudeness with which he was received. Ali-

son had encountered Wolseley a little earlier at the same place, and had been very kindly congratulated on the behaviour of his brigade. It was some time before Hamley came up, and it is presumed that he had been engaged in drafting a report on his Division for the Commander-in-Chief. We shall allow Colonel Maurice to give his own account of this episode:—

“Lord Wolseley, completely absorbed in the work of condensing for telegraphic purposes the broad European fact of the battle, was writing in Colonel Swaine’s pocket-book. He knew that all England was waiting for that despatch, and that it was particularly important to his immediate masters, the Cabinet, that they should receive the first news. It was not a time to discuss individual merit in any way, and his one object was to describe the general circumstances of the action. There was no time to hunt about for any one who did not come up to report, and whilst he was thus absorbed in his work, Sir Edward Hamley arrived. Sir Archibald had appeared already, and had been congratulated by Lord Wolseley on the work of his brigade. He had been asked no questions, for none were necessary for the purpose of the telegram. Lord Wolseley had been right through the lines, and had seen all that was necessary for the summary. Colonel Swaine, being free, stepped forward to meet Sir Edward. Every one was in the best of humours—“exultant,” as Colonel Swaine puts it. No thought of jealousy had entered any one’s mind. Lord Wolseley, looking up for a moment in a condition of thought which ought to be familiar to any one who is in the habit of such absorption, without thinking who was there, said in an absent way, ‘How are you, Hamley?’ without stopping his work.”

This was not the sort of greeting that a General whose Division, to say the least, had had the largest share in winning a brilliant victory might have reasonably expected

from his Commander-in-Chief. Lord Wolseley is blessed with a short memory. “He himself,” Colonel Maurice assures us, “has wholly forgotten that Sir Edward came to him at the bridge at all, and can recall none of the circumstances.” Nor does he care to refresh his recollection. “He has never read a line of Mr Shand’s book, and never will,” is Colonel Maurice’s childish remark; and we think the determination is regrettable, in the face of his avowed faculty of forgetfulness. General Lowe questioned Hamley about his share in the battle, and Sir Edward “mentioned some of the chief incidents in Sir G. Wolseley’s hearing.” He also stated the facts to Sir John Adye. The only question asked by Wolseley of Sir Edward was whether he thought his losses were heavy, and Hamley, disgusted at such a reception, rode away. The telegraphic despatch which Wolseley was employed in writing on the bridge eulogised the attack of the Royal Irish Regiment, and completely ignored the services of the Second Division.

Colonel Maurice’s reference to the Commander-in-Chief’s “immediate masters the Cabinet” is not without significance. The Gladstone Government was then in office, immersed in Irish legislation, and already paving the way for the “union of hearts” and for Irish support in the Commons, which a Home Rule Bill was soon to be brought forward to cement. Sir Garnet well knew how a sole reference to the gallantry of an Irish regiment would at the time gratify his “immediate masters,” only he selected the wrong regiment, giving to the Royal Irish the credit which should have gone to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. It is quite evident from Colonel Maurice’s articles that Sir Garnet saw but little of the battle,

and took no trouble to inform himself about the details.

The Commander-in-Chief's conduct will appear all the more extraordinary if it be remembered that before the battle he had professed his great reliance upon the Highland Brigade's services. If we are not mistaken, Sir Garnet gave the brigadier of the Highland Brigade to understand that he expected it to be inside the lines before any one else; and so it was. The strongest position in the enemy's works had been successfully carried by the Highlanders, almost before the rest of the troops arrived, and Sir Garnet could see with his own eyes in their occupation of the railway-station how gallantly they had carried everything before them. Colonel Maurice has several very lame excuses to offer for Lord Wolseley, such as that, "at the moment and long afterwards Lord Wolseley supposed the First Division to have attacked earlier than the left," &c., &c. Why, then, did Lord Wolseley, when he learned the truth, never take an opportunity of correcting this misapprehension, which has caused so much heartburning and bad feeling? Credited or crediting himself with the success of the victory, and flushed with honours, he had a golden chance of showing himself magnanimous by a hearty recognition of the services of his subordinate generals. The whole matter, however, so far as Lord Wolseley is concerned, remains a mystery; and the public, we are convinced, will not be influenced by any explanations that do not come direct from his lordship himself.

We need not linger over the uninteresting details of the brief remainder of the Egyptian campaign. The injustice in Wolseley's telegram, which Hamley had re-

sented, was aggravated by the fact that in the despatch which followed it up his name was entirely omitted in connection with the services of the Second Division, and merely mentioned along with the other Generals in the formal complimentary closing paragraph, while the success of the Second Division itself was minimised by a comparison with other sections of the troops that had assuredly contributed much less to the victory. A third despatch, mostly dedicated to General Graham's services, still ignored Hamley. It was little wonder, then, that though he gave up endeavouring to obtain justice from the Commander-in-Chief in Egypt, he sought redress from other sources. He sent in a "Report" and a "Detailed Report" on the services of the Second Division in the battle to the Chief of the Staff, and they were promptly suppressed at headquarters. We shall not go into the controversy about the claim Hamley advanced to have these reports transmitted to the War Office. Considering the serious difference between the two versions of the battle, and the relations in which the two Generals stood to each other, a high-minded Commander-in-Chief would certainly have felt it incumbent upon him to send Sir Edward's reports to the War Office, qualifying them with an explanation of his own position. Had Sir Garnet Wolseley done this, the controversy might have been checked at an early stage. Silence is golden; but when carried too far it is apt to have a brazen appearance.

Colonel Maurice and other hostile critics have endeavoured to confuse the public as to Hamley's real grievance, by representing him as carping and finding fault with the whole management of

the campaign, and with the position assigned to himself in it. It is important to keep in view that the only complaint to which Hamley gave public utterance related to the injustice which the Commander-in-Chief had done him in ignoring the services of his Division. This was the only point on which he sought redress, and he sought it in vain. Lord Wolseley was the only one from whom it could have come, and he steadily continued to ignore the facts which had been put before him. The military authorities naturally felt that they had been committed by the Commander-in-Chief in Egypt, and it was hopeless to expect aught from them. We do not say that Hamley always acted judiciously in pressing his claim for recognition. He rushed too precipitately into print in his 'Nineteenth Century' article, and overlooked services on the part of some of his officers which, under circumstances of less haste, he would have amply acknowledged. It might have been better for him had he imitated the reticence of Sir Archibald Alison, to whose personal exertions more than those of any one else the success at Tel-el-Kebir was due, and whose services were kept in the background along with those of his brigade. Hamley's article and his reports went a long way to convince the public that there was something wrong; but Lord Wolseley was then the hero of the hour, and his despatches were received as infallible oracles. It was not until the appearance of Mr Shand's volumes that the public realised the treatment which Hamley had received in Egypt, and the grave injustice which had been done him by the Commander-in-Chief.

And now we have a tale to tell

so singular that it will scarcely be believed, and so painful to ourselves that nothing but an imperative sense of duty to the dead Hamley and his living friends would induce us to relate it. When Colonel Maurice's 'United Service Magazine' articles completely failed to bring about a reversal of public opinion upon Hamley's case, as presented by Mr Shand, an attempt was next made to tamper with the Biographer. By Colonel Maurice's urgent and persistent representations, the Biographer was injudiciously prevailed upon to have two meetings with him, the latter of which took place in the presence of friends. The question of the Duke of Cambridge's successor was pending in the balance, and it was felt that no time could be lost in extricating Lord Wolseley from the unenviable position in which he had been placed by the publication of Mr Shand's volumes. It is somewhat difficult to understand how the Biographer could have so blindly walked into the trap that had been set for him. After the insults Colonel Maurice had offered to Hamley's memory in his 'United Service Magazine' articles, the Biographer would have acted more prudently had he declined to hold any intercourse whatever with him. Or had he first consulted Sir Edward Hamley's representatives—as he was in duty bound to do—he would have been furnished with the information necessary for confuting Colonel Maurice, and have avoided compromising both himself and the Hamley family. Colonel Maurice held out the "most magniloquent threats" of what he would do to blast Hamley's memory, of the evidence he could adduce to show that Hamley had not acted as a soldier and a gentleman, and of the revelations

he would make unless the Biographer there and then consented to modify the opinions he had expressed in his book regarding the controverted points between Hamley and Lord Wolseley. The position was a sufficiently trying one for any biographer who wished to do justice and at the same time safeguard the memory of the dead friend who was the subject of his memoir. However, Colonel Maurice's bluster prevailed, and the outcome of the encounter was the following precious document, which we have no right to withhold from the public. We suppress only, out of regard for the gentlemen themselves, the names which are appended to it as signatories:—

“LONDON, 13th August 1895.

“With reference to the controversy which has lately been going on as to the Life of the late Sir E. Hamley, it is agreed that Mr Shand shall write a letter to the ‘Times,’ the draft of which has been approved by Colonel Maurice. Colonel Maurice shall also write a letter to the ‘Times,’ the draft of which has been approved by Mr Shand.

“After these letters have appeared, the controversy shall cease entirely, and that nothing shall be printed in public journals referring to the subject, unless other parties reopen it.

“We, the undersigned, are satisfied that Mr Shand has acted in perfect good faith, and that he is perfectly justified in accepting this compromise and agreement.

“A. B.
C. D.
E. F.”

Most people will think that the Biographer acted precipitately in attaching an unnecessary importance to Colonel Maurice's threats: for our part we feel that he was solely animated by a conscientious though mistaken desire to serve the memory of his dead friend. At all events, he had clearly no

right to enter into any concessions without laying before the Hamley family whatever statements Colonel Maurice had brought forward affecting Sir Edward's reputation. But what shall we say of the cause which requires to be bolstered up by such unworthy *ruses* as that to which Colonel Maurice resorted in the above instance? Can anything be more indicative of its weakness, or of the relentlessness by which it is sought to exculpate Lord Wolseley by running down Hamley? The following are the letters exchanged between the Biographer and Colonel Maurice through the columns of the ‘Times’:—

“THE LATE SIR EDWARD HAMLEY.

“To the Editor of the ‘Times.’

“SIR,—It is matter of deep regret that a book written to preserve the memory of an old friend should have provoked a controversy which has not been wanting in bitterness, and which I earnestly desire to see closed. The book was written on what I had every reason to believe was full information, and the proof-sheets were read and approved by those who, as I had reason to believe, were in full possession of the facts, and were entitled to pronounce an authoritative opinion on the matters dealt with in them. Within the last few days documents and facts not hitherto accessible have been submitted to me, in consultations with common friends, which put a different complexion on several points. Chief among those is the question of the credit of the night-march on Tel-el-Kebir—I alluded of course to the march of the Second Division—which I am now convinced was due to Lord Wolseley alone. At the same time, I may be permitted to maintain my general estimate of the life and character of a most distinguished man, and I believe Lord Wolseley and Colonel Maurice, the writer of the Official History of the campaign,

will agree with me that he was a most gallant soldier, a brilliant strategist, and one to whom England owes a debt of gratitude which perhaps has never been adequately paid.

"ALEX. INNES SHAND.

"CARLTON CLUB, Aug. 13."

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*"

"SIR,—In accepting fully Mr Shand's very handsome expressions of regret for his share in the charges which have been made against Lord Wolseley, perhaps you will allow me to add my strong conviction of the perfect good faith with which Mr Shand has acted throughout. I can only regret the circumstances which tended to mislead him as to the facts. I may further add that nothing can have been more painful to me than to be forced into a position in which I have been compelled to dwell only upon the weak side of one to whom every living English soldier owes a deep debt of gratitude as the 'father of modern English military thought,' and one of the most gallant and brilliant Englishmen who ever wielded sword and pen. F. MAURICE.

"LONDON, Aug. 13."

It may be remarked that Mr Shand in his generosity withdraws a claim for Hamley which he had never advanced. We have already seen the limited sense in which Mr Shand claimed for Hamley the credit of directing the night-march, a sense which will not bear the construction Colonel Maurice has placed upon it, or even that which Mr Shand has now conferred upon it by his retraction. It is true that Colonel Maurice endeavours to establish the impression that Hamley himself claimed credit for having directed the night-march; but he brings no proof to support the insinuation. It should be noted also, that in another letter to the 'Times' Colonel Maurice endeavours to prove that Mr Shand withdrew from "*all*" the charges against Lord Wolseley contained in his volume, and that

he was promptly rebuked for the assumption by the editor, who pointed out that Mr Shand's retraction was limited to only "several points."

It was preposterous to suppose that discussion on Sir Edward Hamley's case could be burked by any such agreement as that arrived at between Colonel Maurice and Mr Shand. With the publication of the Memoir the differences between Hamley and Lord Wolseley had become a public question, which neither of these gentlemen were in a position to withdraw, even if they had had the consent of Sir Edward Hamley's friends, of whom, however, they were acting quite independently. Their understanding was promptly challenged by Mr Edward Hamley, Sir Edward's nephew, in a spirited and sensible letter to the 'Times,' pointing out that the agreement was entirely personal to Colonel Maurice and Mr Shand themselves:—

"The threats which Colonel Maurice has allowed himself to make in the current number of the 'United Service Magazine,'" writes Mr Hamley, "and elsewhere are clearly more detrimental to Sir Edward's memory than could be any statement of the circumstances upon which they are supposed to be based. His accusations already made stand so far unanswered. Sir Edward Hamley's memory can by no means be allowed to bear even the appearance of stain, and I have never had any doubt as to what my course should be.

"Colonel Maurice will, I presume, proceed with his third article."

After the exposure of the shifty tactics which we have just made, Colonel Maurice would do well, however, to leave the protection of Lord Wolseley's reputation to other pens. His articles have already gone a long way to avenge Hamley, and to place Lord Wol-

seley in a still more odious attitude, which may well remind him of the familiar adage, "Heaven preserve me from my friends." Nothing that Colonel Maurice can say will alter the conviction of the greater portion of the public that a grievous wrong was done to Sir Edward Hamley, Sir Archibald Alison, and the Highland Brigade. Nothing will have any influence upon public opinion but a statement upon the subject from Lord Wolseley himself.

We need not dwell on the later years of Hamley's life. They were comparatively uneventful. With a seat in Parliament, the congenial society of the Athenæum, and with ample leisure to gratify his literary interests and pursuits, his life would have been a happy one could the shadow of Tel-el-Kebir have been lifted off him. He was returned to the House of Commons as Conservative member for Birkenhead in the general elections of 1885 and 1886; and his great authority upon military questions was from the first recognised, and secured attention to his speeches. His speech on National Defence, made in support of a resolution moved by him in March 1887, was his most weighty utterance in the House, and it made a deep impression on the country at the time, having been closely discussed in the press. This he followed up by a letter to Mr Stanhope on a scheme for the defence of England, formulated by Colonel Ardagh, which the Secretary for War had asked him to report upon, and which still remains one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of that subject. In that letter Hamley had insisted upon the important part which the Volunteer force must play in any attempted invasion. From the time when he

entered Parliament he had developed a great interest in the Volunteers, and there is considerable justice in Mr Shand's remarks that his return to Parliament "went far to give new life to the great national movement." He stood forward in the House as the champion of their well-founded grievances; and resolutely opposed a bill which sought to assimilate the Volunteer force more closely with the standing army. One of his best speeches was made in support of a motion for an increase of the capitation grant, which drew Mr Gladstone to his feet in vehement opposition to the proposal. Nor was his interest in the Volunteers confined to the House. He had accepted the honorary colonelcy of the 2d Middlesex Artillery, and took an active part in all the business of his corps. He had a seat, too, on the Council of the National Artillery Association; and his correspondence shows how industriously he endeavoured to gather the views of Volunteers in all parts of the country as to proposed legislation and "the minimum of outlay which could be safely reconciled with complete efficiency." His last achievement on behalf of the Volunteers was to put the Conservative Ministry in a minority on the question of a grant to the force.

Hamley's last literary work was a history of the 'War in the Crimea,' which, though not much more than an epitome of the 'Story of the Campaign'—without the picturesqueness that characterised the earlier narrative—is yet a very model of what a condensed military history should be. A copy was sent to his friend Kinglake; but the historian of the Crimea was then on his deathbed, and the summons was soon to come for Hamley himself. His health had begun to decline as early as

1890. in the
 and the doctors sent
 away to Bournemouth or Folke-
 stone. He fought stoutly against
 his malady, but continued steadily
 to lose ground. Cut off from active
 life and from Parliament, he found
 solace in reading, and Mr Shand
 tells us that the boxes from Caw-
 thorn & Hutt were constantly
 on the road between Folkestone
 and London, and in the interval
 he drew upon the resources of the
 local libraries. The end came sooner
 than had been expected. "The pa-
 tient courage had never failed," says
 Mr Shand, who writes very feel-
 ingly of his friend's last days; "to
 the last there had not been one
 word of murmuring. So it was
 something of a shock, though little

of a surprise, when the worn soldier
 passed away peacefully — on the
 morning of the 12th of August
 1893." It would be impossible to
 condense a correct estimate of
 Hamley's character within the
 brief space that remains to us.
 To understand his many-sided
 nature, in its nobility of mind,
 in its defects also, the reader
 must go to Mr Shand's volumes.
 The enmity which haunted him
 in life and has followed him
 even to the grave cannot de-
 stroy the monument which he
 had reared for himself in 'The
 Operations of War'; and poster-
 ity, classing him with Jomini and
 Moltke, will speak of him as a
 great British soldier who suffered
 grievous wrong.

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THE CHINESE NAVY.—II. THE SIEGE OF WEI-HAI-WEI.

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA.

THE fortified stations of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, facing each other from opposite jaws of the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, might have been expected to play a somewhat similar part in the operations of the war. Yet the sister ports stand at the opposite poles of Chinese warfare: their fate shows up the worst and the best that China can do, the one falling without a blow, the other making a notable though tragic resistance. What was it that differentiated them? That for China is the essential lesson to be learned from the war, and it is almost the only question which will repay the serious inquiry of foreigners.

Port Arthur is sometimes referred to in the papers as the "great arsenal" and so forth; but there was, in fact, no arsenal at

either port. Port Arthur had one dry dock, a deep-water basin able to contain the fleet, a set of workshops, and a small building-yard. Wei-hai-wei was a protected harbour, with torpedo-stations and the nucleus of workshops. No more.

Port Arthur is only memorable for the four days' massacre of its peaceable inhabitants. Wei-hai-wei will be famous for its exhibition of wasted, because unassimilated, heroism, and such a medley of treachery and devotion, of ineptitude and vigour, as a creator of incredible fiction would have hardly dared to group together. While the defence of the naval port brought the extremes of good and bad in the Chinese military character into direct embroilment, it was also an unmasked encounter between the Eastern and Western spirit, which, like the

commotion of opposing currents, threw up froth and wreckage, with mere neutralising effect. The artistic, the philosophic, the human interest of the whole war centres in Wei-hai-wei. Of military interest, in the proper sense of the word, the siege, like the rest of the campaign, was singularly barren. The conditions being unique, admitting of neither classification nor comparison, attempts to draw from it military lessons of any general application are likely to be futile. A correspondent of the 'Times,' for example, argues, from the comparative condition of the forts and of the Japanese ships after the bombardment, the great superiority of forts to ships—which nobody doubted; but the writer misses the equally valid inference of the bad practice made by Japanese gunners, which has been remarked wherever a test was available. This is but a mild specimen of the fallacies which quasi-professional students are sure to fall into, who try to extract from the recorded experience of Wei-hai-wei what formal records are unable to yield.

The battle of the Yalu had convinced both the foreign and the Chinese officers who were engaged in it—with whom the present writer freely discussed the prospects—of the futility of carrying on the war in the actual condition of the fleet. The foreigners left the fleet in Port Arthur and represented the case to the Government, urging them to set about immediate reorganising their forces or to make peace promptly. Unable to grasp the situation or to take any practical decision, the authorities continued to potter along in the old way; but none of the foreigners would return to the fleet, which, without them, was impotent. At this crisis Captain

John M'Clure, master-mariner, a man of courage and common-sense, was induced to accept the office of inspector of the fleet, in which capacity he did good service while the ships were in Port Arthur, not the least of which was to report to the Viceroy Li the desperate condition of the defence of that port, through the disagreement and incompetence of the military commanders and the disorder of their troops. M'Clure at the same time pointed out the folly of keeping the fleet shut up in that harbour. The order which confined them there was only rescinded on his representation, while the Japanese were on the march to Port Arthur.

Following the traditional habit of applying the remedy when the disease is past cure, the Viceroy Li offered to M'Clure the rank of Assistant Admiral with executive authority, with which commission in his pocket he joined the fleet, then hard pressed, for it was in the very week in which Port Arthur fell. Mr W. Tyler, a volunteer who had been in the Yalu fight, was also induced to rejoin, with the rank of Commander, and was the only foreign officer present at both battles. The fleet was then assembled in the harbour of Wei-hai-wei, where they lay during the winter awaiting the expected attack.

The first object of attention was the ironclad Chen-yuen, which had grazed a rock in entering the harbour and ripped her bottom. There being no dock at Wei-hai-wei, the resources of the port and of the staff were strained to the utmost to patch the ship up for harbour work. She rendered valuable service in the defence. Her commander, Commodore Lin-tai-san, had committed suicide in consequence of the accident.

A few additional foreign recruits had joined the fleet in Wei-hai-wei.

Among these were three gunners and one marine who had served in the British navy and had since been employed in the Chinese Revenue service, and one of the "Americans" who had been taken out of the French mail-steamer at Kobe in November on suspicion of having a plan for destroying the Japanese fleet.

Besides these, there remained of the permanent staff, Mr Schnell, the chief Artillery superintendent, who had had the supervision of all the land fortifications; Mr Howard, engineer in charge of the workshop; the harbour-master, Mr Kingsley; and Dr Kirk at the hospital on Liu Kung-tao island. The non-combatants were sent away as soon as the Japanese landed in Yung-cheng Bay, except Mr Howard and Dr Kirk, who remained to the last doing admirable service,

though deserted by their staffs. Mr Schnell it would be hard to classify as combatant or non-combatant. He left the place and returned to it, and seems to have played an interesting part in the final diplomacy of the siege.

On this motley fortuitous team, strangers to each other, without any common tie of devotion to a country or a cause, with no professional comradeship, or other bond of union, depended the final stand which the Chinese empire was to make before her enemy. Fate could not have contrived a more sardonic irony. Yet these seven men, engaged in a hopeless enterprise, on behalf of an alien country, showed themselves worthy of the best traditions of their race, proving for the thousandth time that, with men as with horses, it is "blood that does it."

THE DEFENCE.

The port of Wei-hai-wei is formed by an irregular semicircular bay about seven miles wide, protected seaward by an island, Liu Kung-tao, two miles long and running to a height of 500 feet, its sloping side landward and steep side seaward. The island leaves an entrance on either side, that on the east being wide and open, on the west narrow between the precipitous side of the island and the mountainous mainland. The two entrances were protected by forts on the mainland and on the island.

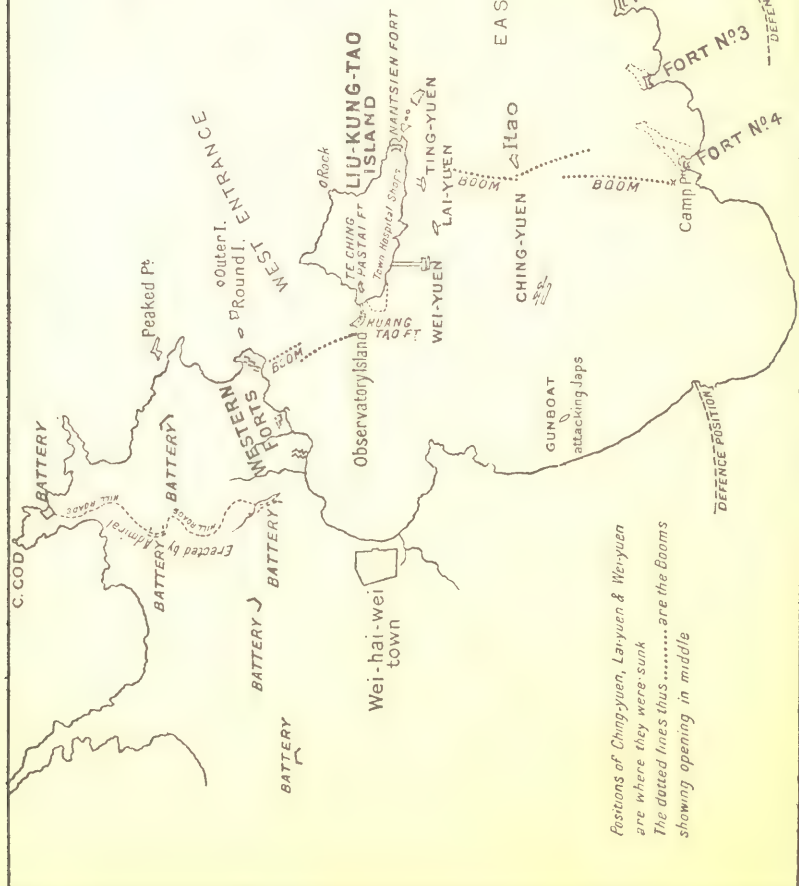
Besides these there is a small island fort situated in the middle of the eastern passage, about one mile distant from the mainland and from the island of Liu Kung-tao respectively. All the forts were armed with the best modern artillery, mostly in perfect order. Booms were thrown across, and mines were laid in both entrances.

For these there were two firing stations, both being on the mainland and in control of the military, which was one of the numerous mistakes of the defence, which did not, however, apparently contribute directly to any disaster.

The garrison cannot be precisely stated, but estimates and returns combined yield the following results: in mainland fort, east and west, 4000 men; on Liu Kung-tao island, 1200 men. The former were under the command of General Tai, who personally commanded the western forts, the eastern being commanded by General Liu, subordinate to Tai.

The quality of these troops differed greatly. Those under Generals Tai and Liu—with an exception, to be noted presently—were undisciplined, and their pay was several months in arrear. His soldiers had told General Tai

PLAN OF HARBOUR OF WEI-HAI-WEI, NORTH CHINA from Admiralty Chart.



Positions of Ching-yuen, Lai-yuen & Wei-yuen
are where they were sunk
The dotted lines thus are the Booms
showing opening in middle

plainly they would not fight for him—and they kept their word. The 1200 men on Liu Kung-tao were under the independent command of General Chang, an officer who had been trained under foreign instructors, and was a real soldier. His men were well drilled and efficient. He worked cordially with the admiral to the bitter end, bitter indeed for both of them. The fleet consisted of—

Ting-yuen ironclad, in fighting and sea-going trim; her sister ship *Chen-yuen*, fit only for harbour work. These were formidable ships for defensive purposes, though their armament was obsolete; their heavy guns, 30.5 cm., were of short range, and they were without their heavy shells, the only three which they had during the war having been fired away at the Yalu in September. They had no quick-firing guns. Their bow and stern pivot guns, of 15 cm., were, under the circumstances, more effective than their heavy barbette guns.

The *Ching-yuen* cruiser, armoured deck, carrying three 8-inch and two 6-inch guns.

The *Tsi-yuen* cruiser, carrying two 21-cm., one 15-cm. guns.

The *Ping-yuen* cruiser, carrying one big gun, 28 cm., two 6-inch: 12-inch armour, all under water.

The *Lai-yuen* cruiser, not repaired since the Yalu battle, where she was burnt to a shell: unseaworthy, and without her proper armament.

The *Wei-yuen*, old wooden training-ship, Chinese built, carrying seven 10½-cm. guns.

The *Kwang-ping*, small cruiser, put together in China, with three 12-cm. quick-firing guns.

The *Kang-chi*, small torpedo-depot ship, afterwards returned to the Chinese. Half a dozen small gunboats. A baker's dozen torpedo-boats, of which two only

were fit for war-service, and they much too slow for the enemy.

The crews numbered 2000 men. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Ting Ju-chang, a man of exceptional devotion to his country's service, and for whom a strong personal attachment quickly grew up on the part of the foreign volunteers, for like draws to like, and the brave appreciate the brave. The foreigners, in fact, grew so much to admire the admiral, that for him alone they were ready to risk their lives in the most desperate enterprises.

The forces of the enemy were—
25 men-of-war, lacking nothing.
15 armed transports.
22 torpedo-boats.

An army of 25,000 men—all in the highest discipline, and full of fight.

The first question to be decided, and it had to be considered more than once during the siege, was the disposal of the fleet,—whether to put to sea and force a battle, or remain in Wei-hai-wei and defend the place. It was easy for the Japanese and their news-agents to jeer at the Chinese admiral. One superficial critic said that Admiral Ting's "shrinking into shelter" was a "final refutation" of all that had been alleged in favour of the Chinese, as if the commander of a fleet were a schoolboy, to "come on" whenever and wherever it suited his antagonist to call. These nimble-penned journalists knew little either of the man they were judging or his circumstances.

It was only after much deliberation, summed up at a council of war on 20th January, that the admiral resolved to stay and share the fate of Wei-hai-wei. Among the reasons for this decision were these:—

1. The *Chen-yuen*, though useful in the harbour, was unseaworthy. The Japanese, with the Port Arthur

dock and ample appliances, have not been able, after four months, to make her safe to go to Japan. The Lai-yuen was in scarcely better plight. The speed of the fleet at sea would have been 5 knots. Only three ships, the Ting-yuen, Ching-yuen, and Tsi-yuen, were fit to run the gauntlet, with the two best torpedo-boats. All the rest would have had to be sacrificed before starting.

2. Where were the ships to go to? There was neither dock nor harbour for them where they would be any better off than at Wei-hai-wei, even if they escaped the enemy.

3. The departure of the ships would have been the signal for the immediate surrender of the forts, for the garrison was always on the look-out for the desertion of the fleet. The forts would certainly have fired on them, even at night, as they passed out, and thus have given notice to the hostile fleet outside.

4. It was well known to Admiral Ting, as it soon became plain to the foreign volunteers, that the fleet and the fleet alone would have to defend Wei-hai-wei.

No doubt on cool balance of the comparative values of fleet and forts, especially judging after the event, the fleet, even reduced to three fighting ships, was the more precious of the two.

But putting aside the important consideration that the Chinese Government could never have been brought so to regard the matter as to give its sanction to the voluntary destruction of the numerically larger portion of the fleet on the doubtful chance of saving the remainder, the probabilities of the ships escaping to any secure harbour were actually very small.

The problem was summed up practically by Admiral M'Clure in a telegram to Li Hung-chang

after the landing of the Japanese in Yung-cheng Bay, which was to the effect that, if the south-eastern mainland forts hold out, the position is absolutely secure; if the southern forts and guns are destroyed, Liu Kung-tao and the fleet will still be able to defend themselves; but if these forts should fall intact into the hands of the enemy, the position would be grave, if not desperate.

Thus the anxiety and the uncertainty were all on account of these mainland forts, whether or not their guns would be turned against the defenders themselves.

On one point there was no uncertainty whatever in the mind of Admiral Ting: he knew the soldiers in the forts would not fight; and his whole diplomatic strategy was consequently directed towards persuading the commanders to evacuate in good time. He represented to them that their forces were insufficient to garrison the forts and keep the open field as well, that it was most important to meet and stop the advance of the enemy, and that he would land a detachment of blue-jackets sufficient to garrison the forts temporarily. But the generals declined to avail themselves of this front door to desertion; they preferred the back exit.

The plan of defence was drawn up by M'Clure, discussed and approved by Admiral Ting and the captains, and every precautionary arrangement that their very defective appliances admitted of was made in the disposition of the fleet, and drills of all kinds were diligently carried out. The admiral took the business of defence wholly on his own shoulders. He alone saw the end from the beginning; yet with death confronting him, and the blind obstruction of the military chiefs thwarting his best efforts, he laboured night and day

as if engaged in the most promising venture.

To the mainland forts the admiral's attention was most earnestly directed. With the foreign volunteers he inspected the surrounding hills, studied the positions from the heights, and marked where the forts were exposed to attack from the land. The weakest side he seems to have judged to be the west, on account of an open bay which approached rather near where an enemy might land a force and surprise the forts. To guard against this, he established a line of redoubts on the high ground in rear of the western forts,¹ in which were posted seamen under officers from the fleet.

Batteries were similarly thrown up in rear of the south-eastern forts, which were found all exposed except No. 2, in front of which sandbag redoubts had been erected and practicable ground-mines thrown out.

The commanders of the forts were totally ignorant, and careless through ignorance of every military precaution, and all except the one refused even to listen or to learn.

One of these southern forts, Lung-miao-tsui (No. 4), was so badly placed that it was impossible to defend it with any available means, and from a height overlooking it the admiral marked it for early destruction.

On inspection, the internal condition of the forts proved equally deplorable. They were armed with modern guns well mounted, some of heavy calibre, and all in beautiful order; but the ammunition was in disorder. They were short of shrapnel, the kind of shell most wanted for defence against troops, though they had plenty of common shell. Many of those they had

were filled with a mixture of sand and powder. They had no material of which to make bags for bursting charges; no time-fuses for any gun.

The state of the garrisons was indeed hopeless, for the men had no drill beyond the mere loading and firing of their big guns. They had had no night-exercises, nor instruction in any kind of night-signals, and were entirely ignorant of every kind of emergency duty—in short, neither officers nor men had an idea beyond the working of their guns: there was not even a sentry beyond the gate of the fort.

One of the four south-eastern forts, Chao-po-tsui (No. 2), formed an unaccountable exception, for there Mr Howie reported the fort strongly garrisoned, with sandbag redoubts well placed all round on the land side and ground-mines well laid. Ammunition ample; armour-piercing, common, and shrapnel shell in plenty. The only defect was time-fuses for the shrapnel, which the gunner, Walpole, had repeatedly requisitioned, but without success.

It was thus a matter of extreme urgency to provide for the destruction of the whole of these forts, and the admiral set about this task with great energy. Mr Howie undertook the duty of preparing the explosives and appliances, while the gunners, Thomas and Walpole, who had been stationed at the southern forts, were intrusted with the task of placing everything in readiness for the expected emergency, and teaching the naval gunner stationed in each fort how to use the appliances.

The reception this party met with from the commandants of the forts was enough to drive the de-

¹ Though Fort No. 1 is shown on some plans, it seems never to have been erected.

spairing admiral to anticipate his suicide.

The western forts under General Tai refused to admit the sailors or the foreigners on any conditions, and the attempt to provide for the destruction of the guns there mounted was abandoned for the time being.

In the south-eastern forts the plans of the admiral were equally frustrated, though not in so direct a manner; for the general in command acquiesced in the necessity for the precautions, only when the sailors and foreigners attempted to place the apparatus in position they were opposed by the soldiers, who refused them admission to the forts, and even threatened their lives. On remonstrance with the general in the evening, he promised to smooth matters with his men, for there is much of the "one-man-one-vote" principle in Chinese military affairs; but on the party renewing the attempt on the following day, they received even worse treatment than before. The admiral had then no alternative but to recall the foreigners and set them to other duties. He did not, however, abandon the project entirely, but left small parties of sailors in charge of the explosives, with orders to wait for the flight of the soldiers, and then to blow up the guns, if there was time for them to do so, before the enemy entered. This was completed on 25th January, five days after the landing of the Japanese, and five days before they attacked Wei-hai-wei.

Having convinced himself by careful examination of the heights in rear of it that the fort Lung-miao-tsui (No. 4) was untenable, Admiral Ting persuaded General Liu to allow him to dismantle it. The crew of the Ching-yuen laboured at the task one whole day and night—23d January—

and had taken all the gear on board the Ching-yuen, shot and shell being brought to the jetty. But General Tai interfered—telegraphed to the Government that he could not allow the fort to be dismantled, as it would dishearten the men! The necessity for destroying these forts had already been explained, and was perfectly understood by the proper authorities; but official wheels within wheels, political currents, and what not, made them on this, as on so many less important occasions, yield to pressure against their better knowledge. General Tai had more influence at Court than Admiral Ting, and he therefore had his way. Admiral Ting was ordered to remount the guns, and another valuable twenty-four hours—25th January—was wasted in this cruel suicidal labour. Could human endurance bear up against such fatuity? The brave old man went on regardless of these fatal discouragements, well knowing that a sense of duty done was the sole reward that was to solace his last hours. This fort proved the most destructive to the defenders.

The firing-stations for the submarine mines were both on shore and in charge of the military. Every effort had been made by Assistant Admiral M'Clure to have them removed to Liu Kung-tao, the kernel of the defence, but the general resisted: one at least fell into the hands of the enemy.

Of the forts on Liu Kung-tao the two which played the chief part in the siege were the eastern and western (Observatory Island). Besides these, a powerful battery of two disappearing guns, placed to command the west entrance, did excellent service in keeping the enemy clear of that entrance. The Liu Kung-tao forts were well supplied and well served, and need no qualified commendation.

ITAO,

which the Japanese named Zhih. Hindered from making use of the foreigners on shore, the admiral assigned to the three English gunners, Thomas, Walpole, and Clarkson, the care of the island fort in the middle of the eastern channel. There the foreigners were welcomed by the commandant. The condition of this fort was actually worse even than the others: it was under the command of a nephew of General Liu, by whom the proffered foreign aid was welcomed.

The armament of the fort consisted of two 8-inch Armstrong disappearing guns, made in China, two 45-pounders, quick-firing, and four old 9-pounders. The guns, especially the 8-inch, had suffered seriously from neglect, and everything about the fort was in disorder, presenting a remarkable contrast with the mainland forts, whose Krupp guns were kept in the most perfect condition. The difference is explained by the fact that the Artillery Superintendent was a Kruppist, while there was no one interested in preserving the Armstrong guns. The mirrors for sighting had been removed, so that the guns had to be raised to the firing position before being laid, thus exposing both gun and men, and more than nullifying the advantages of the disappearing mounting. The guns were ten years old: the rings, which should have been removed at least once a-year, had never been changed at all, and the consequence was the breech-blocks worked stiffly, which

tired and disgusted the men. This defect was eventually remedied in the thickest of the fight by Mr Howard, who, crippled by rheumatism, in frightful cold, and under heavy fire, went off to the island fort, and with his own hands, for his assistants had all left, he put these breech-blocks in working order.

Of ammunition there were 104 rounds of common shell and 46 of armour-piercing. Of the former there were only four filled, and the nature of the filling deserves record. The first examined was filled with sand, the second was half filled with broken prismatic powder, the third was filled with sand and some fine-grain powder next the plug, the fourth was properly filled. One hundred were empty, and there was no flannel or other material for bags for bursting charges. The powder also was bad, perished. The gunners found by experience that for a range of 4000 yards they had to raise the sights to 7000, and that their effective range was practically reduced to the shorter distance. The time-fuses were also unsuitable.

The proper garrison of the fort was 80 men; there were only 40. The foreigners requisitioned for 40 more. There were only 4 rifles: another 76 were indented for: 15 only were sent, and no men. Admiral Ting had to supply the deficiency of men by detaching 25 sailors, which were reckoned as the equivalent of at least 50 soldiers.

The other deficiencies were eventually made good from the magazines at Liu Kung-tao.

THE ATTACK

began on 20th January by the landing of a Japanese force at Yung-cheng Bay, about thirty miles to the eastward of Wei-hai-

wei. They were unopposed, the Chinese soldiery flying headlong without firing a shot. On the same day a Japanese squadron

reconnoitred off Wei-hai-wei, keeping well out of range. The Japanese general took all the precautions which military science prescribes in a country where an enemy blocks the way, and the troops consequently took ten days to cover the distance between Yung-cheng and Wei-hai-wei. During that time the Chinese had ideal opportunities of obstructing the enemy's march: the nature of the country and the severity of the season were eminently favourable for defensive war; but absolutely no attempt was made to dispute the advance of the enemy. At last, on 30th January, the enemy appeared in the rear of the south-eastern forts, at Fort No. 4, the Japanese fleet showing itself at the same time off the entrance to the harbour, whence it fired at the mainland forts.

Though the Chinese soldiers, in forts or elsewhere, made no resistance, the admiral, in the Ching-yuen, with gunboats and torpedo-boats, retarded the onward march of the enemy by well-aimed fire, under which the Japanese advance suffered severely. The behaviour of the Japanese troops under the fire was perfect: they fell back in admirable order on their supports, as if on parade, and then returning in force, carried the position with a rush, the Chinese soldiers disputing nothing, but running as fast as their legs would carry them. The aspect of the two armies as observed from the ships presented a painful contrast,—the one moving in regular military formation; the other variously described by the spectators as being bowled over like rabbits or huddled like sheep. They were not allowed to run in peace, however, for the enemy hotly pursued them, two converging divisions disputing the honours of the chase. This led the Japanese along an

exposed plain accessible from the bay, of which movement Admiral Ting took excellent advantage. Taking a light-draught "alphabetical" gunboat close in-shore, he punished the Japanese severely with his machine-guns. As for the forts, they fell one after another into the hands of the enemy, the Chinese vacating them without the pretence of a struggle, and between 9 A.M. and noon the whole southern shore of the bay was in possession of the Japanese.

General Liu, who had kept a launch ready under steam for two days previously, escaped to Liu Kung-tao, while his troops took the highroad to Chefoo. It seems contrary to military etiquette for a Chinese general and his men to run in the same direction. It may as well be mentioned here that this gallant officer was subsequently condemned by Imperial decree to execution on the spot where he should happen to be arrested. But it is not always easy to arrest a culprit with due command of money.

The fatal hour had now come, which the admiral and his officers had been striving to avert, when their own splendid guns were to be turned on themselves. The Japanese began immediately to work these big guns, not skilfully at first, or with much effect, possibly owing to the fact that the occupants were infantry men. Still, first against the fleet, and next against Itao forts, No. 3 and No. 4, each with two guns, testified to the defenders, as well as to the Japanese fleet in the offing, that the southern forts had passed into the enemy's hands.

Gradually, in succeeding days, as the Japanese sailors, skilled artillerists, replaced the first captors, and the resources of Port Arthur, where similar material had been captured, were brought

into use, the fire from these southern forts became serious, and in the event decisive.

But the south-eastern forts did not all fall intact to the enemy. The No. 2 fort, where the intrepid naval gunner Li was waiting with the explosives, was silent. Then a terrific explosion, repeated a few seconds later, took place, and the fleet knew that this brave fellow had been as good as his word. He had promised the admiral that if he was prevented by the soldiers from destroying the guns at the critical moment, he would put a joss-stick into the magazine. Unhappily his own valuable life was sacrificed in the performance of this duty, for among the party of sailors brought off by the torpedo-boats which waited for them, the brave gunner was not found.¹ The sailors had not been so successful at the other forts, though they thought they had destroyed the guns on one of them.

As illustrative of Chinese character, the heroism of naval gunner Li deserves notice. A bargain was struck between him and the admiral, that he was to receive a large sum if he blew up the fort. Considering that he had reached the limit of his promotion, and had nothing to look forward to in the service, he was willing to risk his life for the promised reward, reflecting that if he perished in the attempt his family would be placed in comfort for life. Devotion to family is the one species of loyalty which can always be reckoned on in a Chinaman. But it is uncertain whether the admiral's promise will be fulfilled by the Government.

Admiral McClure then took the Ting-yuen over to bombard No. 4 fort, and from a distance of 2000 yards, the men working zealously,

they silenced three out of its four guns in about two hours.

And it was one of the coincidences of the siege that the destruction of the three guns was effected by five successive shots. The first shell dismounted the left of the three guns, second shot missed, third dismounted the right-hand gun, fourth missed, fifth shot smashed the centre gun of the three. The remaining gun defied all efforts to dismount it, and kept up its fire to the bitter end, reinforced by the 15-cm. guns which had been brought down from the hill-batteries in rear of the south forts, which had been abandoned by the Chinese. The battle was fairly begun.

Officers sent to report on Itao brought the news that the soldiers there had refused to man their guns. In the middle of the engagement, just when the fire from Itao was most effective, the men, with the exception of four, left the guns, saying the breeches were stiff and would not work: they went to their food, and were in no hurry to return. Here golden opportunities were lost. What was to be done with such a refractory crew? Only one thing, replace them by sailors, of whom a reinforcement of twenty was sent. It may be said, however, "in mitigation of damages," that it is the custom of the best Chinese artillerymen to go to dinner punctually as the hour strikes, even in the middle of an engagement. The better-disciplined sailors do not leave their guns, but they growl horribly if their meal-hour finds them unavoidably engaged. The men are cool enough to eat leisurely with shell flying round them.

But now the western forts had to be attended to. Would the fatuous General Tai have learned

¹ It is said that Gunner Li has since been heard of as a prisoner in Japan.

anything from what had just been enacted before his eyes? Would he now permit provision being made against his own defeat? To the competent hands of Mr Howie was intrusted once more the emergency duty of destroying the guns on the western forts; and the same evening he landed with Mr Mellows, gunner of the *Ting-yuen*, and Lieutenant Chu. On reaching the mining-station they found the military wild with panic, no assistance obtainable from them. But the mining-captain, Wong, himself lent valuable aid. After nine hours' labour, aggravated greatly by the want of convenient material, the charges were placed, and everything made ready for the explosion. On the next day the admiral went on shore at daylight to verify a report that the garrisons had fled, and it was thereupon decided to at once destroy the western forts. Mr Howie with Mr Mellows again undertook the task, and calling for volunteers among the crew of the *Ting-yuen*, nearly the whole ship's company came forward, from whom thirty men were selected. The Chinese sailors are under perfect discipline, and obey the orders of their officers with alacrity; but when any specially dangerous out-of-the-way job is on hand, they prefer a foreign leader. Him they will follow cheerfully to death—or elsewhere. On reaching the forts, the party found the whole previous night's work had been lost. The charges were in their place, batteries in position, and wires connected up; but the wires had been cut! Another link in the chain of evidence pointing to treachery coupled with cowardice. The difficulty of destroying the guns was thus immeasurably increased; but, thanks to the resourceful Howie, the task was accomplished in a workmanlike manner, not a single gun in the western

forts having been heard during the siege. The timely desertion of this garrison was indeed the only piece of good fortune the defenders enjoyed.

Before leaving the western side, the same party effected the destruction of the mining-station which was situated there.

On the heights above the western forts Admiral Ting had planted certain new batteries or redoubts manned by seamen, who all behaved nobly, not one having left his post until recalled. The conduct of these small detachments is an interesting minor feature of the war, because it is precisely in such isolated positions that the Chinese soldier is supposed to be utterly untrustworthy. In this trial discipline was shown to have done more for the men than for their officers, for several of the latter slipped away without leaving their address, while their men stood their ground. Of these officers, Captain Wu, who commanded the *Kwang-chia* at the *Yalu*, and took her out of action unscathed, only to wreck her on a reef in his haste to get home, had been educated in the United States, was the most eloquent man in the fleet, and was known along the China coast as "Yankee Jack." Lieutenant Wen of the admiral's staff was another of those who left his men without warning, and who ought to have known better. In brilliant contrast to their conduct was that of Captain Sa, next to Captain Yang of the *Chen-yuen*, the quietest man in the fleet, who held the post assigned to him until recalled, and who with a party of ten seamen brought back all the ammunition from the hill-batteries in the face of the enemy. Subsequently Captain Sa did heroic service in command of the naval detachment which was stationed on *Itao*, and his men were as re-

solute as himself. Thus do we find extremes meeting in this strange warfare, men educated and trained together, fed on the same traditions, facing opposite ways at the decisive moment, as if the same fountain could bring forth sweet water and bitter.

The winter climate of North China is known to be severe; and if one were to predict from averages the period of intensest cold, it would be precisely the last week in January and first in February. The winter of 1894-95 happened to be one of quite exceptional rigour, with strong northerly gales, and the time chosen for the attack on Wei-hai-wei was well calculated to test the endurance of the Japanese soldier and sailor. The cold was terrible, and the sufferings of men on the march in a rough mountainous country will never be known. The Japanese pushed on from the south-eastern forts towards the small walled town which gives its name to the bay. But they had received a sharp lesson from Admiral Ting, and would not trust again to the beach road. They made for the western forts by an extraordinarily circuitous march over a rugged and difficult country, where the troops were indeed under shelter,

so far as the enemy was concerned, but where they were exposed to the terrors of the sky, blinding snow, and an icy gale that cut into the bones and marrow. Many must have perished or been frost-bitten during the march, for it was the third day before they emerged on the western side of the bay, having fetched a compass of many miles to circumvent—nothing! The Chinese troops had made a clean and timely bolt two days before. Their general, as usual, did not accompany them in their retreat, possibly fearing the “Great Unpaid.” But what it is that Chinamen do fear is really a puzzle, for they court the King of Terrors himself whenever they are non-plussed. General Tai committed suicide at Liu Kung-tao on the night of February 1, setting a lamentable example, which was followed by men of a nobler mould than this peculating poltroon of a mandarin. Had the poor man not made away with himself, it was said the admiral would have had him beheaded, his authority now extending even so far as that. Nevertheless, posthumous honours were showered on General Tai from the fountain of honour, as if he had been the one hero of the war.

THE SIEGE.

The Japanese now held the whole of the mainland, the eastern horn of the bay with heavy guns, the western without guns. The defence was reduced to the forts at the extremities of the island of Liu Kung-tao, the small island-fort Itao in the eastern channel, and the fleet; the latter playing the most active part in the war, which raged from the 3d to the 13th February.

On the 2d February, Admiral McClure, with the Tsi-yuen and

Lai-yuen, Commander Tyler accompanying, steamed within 2400 yards of the south-eastern forts, and bombarded them. After a few rounds the forts ceased firing. At the same time Admiral Ting was in the Kwang-ping on the west side, shelling small detachments of Japanese which were moving between the forts there, which they had just occupied. Two sailors were allowed to land in the dingy to capture a Japanese flag seen flying on a battery, and they

brought back two, earning the small pecuniary reward which is the usual incitement to Chinese deeds of gallantry.

Japanese newspaper critics have remarked, and this time with truth, that the Chinese lost a great opportunity in not landing promptly and recovering the south-eastern forts, while they were as yet occupied by only a small force of Japanese. Such an obvious movement was not overlooked on the Chinese side, and a plan of attack, proposed by Admiral Ting and approved by the officers, was intrusted to Commander Tyler, assisted by Mr Howie with seamen volunteers. As always, more came forward than were required—in fact, nearly the whole fleet, including stokers, offered themselves for this storming-party. The scheme failed through the start being made too late in the day, which was owing to the want of proper co-ordination in the arrangements, which again was a natural consequence of the heterogeneity of the force employed. The Japanese, perceiving what was intended, rapidly reinforced the garrisons, and when the landing-party had got half-way to the shore, they were recalled by signal from the admiral. There could, of course, have been no idea of taking and holding these forts against 25,000 men; but if they could have been destroyed, or the guns disabled, it would have been a most telling achievement for the Chinese side, as it was the guns from these forts that inflicted almost all the injury sustained by bombardment.

The Japanese throughout the war had never allowed themselves to be hurried, and at Wei-hai-wei the same policy of extreme caution was observed, with a view to the economy of men and material. Having at all points and at all times an overwhelming preponder-

ance of force, they could afford to follow any scheme of strategy they pleased without compromising the results of the campaign. Their carefulness was especially marked in their naval operations; and considering the work done, the weather encountered, and their close investment of Chinese ports, the casualties in the Japanese fleet have been singularly few.

The time had now come, however, for the navy to act. The generals had conquered their element, and waited for the admiral to show himself master of his. The first attack was made by the Japanese fleet on 3d February, the whole twenty-five ships joining, sixteen with eight torpedo-boats at the east entrance, the remainder at the west. The eastern attack was in four divisions of four ships each. The divisions attacked in succession, steaming in towards Itao in column line ahead until they came within 4000 yards, when they turned to port and delivered their fire. This was returned by Itao and the fleet with spirit. The southern fort No. 3 did much more damage than the Japanese fleet, many men, both afloat and ashore, being killed and wounded by its fire. The Japanese fleet retired about 3.30 P.M., the Chinese employing the remainder of the daylight in steaming over and bombarding the No. 3 fort. During the day the western entrance was guarded by the Chen-yuen battle-ship: her crew, spoiling for fight, sent a long shot at the Naniwa, about 8000 yards distant, and hit her in the stern; but the Japanese were very circumspect in their approaches to the west entrance, and gave few opportunities to the Chinese ships or to the heavy guns placed to command that entrance. It was observed throughout the siege that the Japanese ships were especially

wary about coming within range of the two Chinese ironclads, possibly thinking the ships must now have a supply of the heavy shell which were wanting at the Yalu. These shell, however, were lying in Shanghai, having arrived from Europe too late to help the fleet.

The net result of the day's work was probably not particularly encouraging to the assailants, and perhaps neither side expected much from games of long-bowls. The thunder and smoke of great guns do not appal those experienced in war. It is the silent invisible force which is feared. The attack on Wei-hai-wei was essentially a torpedo affair, as was well understood on both sides. Unfortunately for the Chinese, their torpedo fleet, excepting two, were fatally deficient in fighting qualities. Only two of the boats were well armed and had any speed, and even these were too slow for the enemy, while the noise they made when in motion would have scared a flock of wild-fowl two miles away. Dashing things would have been done on the Chinese side: there were the men to do them, but the instrument always failed. The Chinese torpedo-boats, for these reasons, were never able to get near the Japanese ships.

From the beginning of the siege a diligent patrol was maintained during the night. For this duty the torpedo-boats were specially adapted, and they were kept very hard at work every night. The ships of the fleet likewise did patrol duty. The Itao fort was also a useful watch-tower, and it was from there that the first alarm was given of the insidious designs of the Japanese torpedo-flotilla. During a lull in the bombardment—which was continued *de die in diem*—on the

4th February the admiral learned from Itao that on the previous night the enemy's torpedo-boats had been heard chopping at the end of the booms. The fort had fired in the direction of the noise, when the torpedo-boats made off. The attack was renewed the following night with disastrous effect, and the second grand calamity—the first being the loss of the southern forts with their guns—was added to the record. On the setting of the moon in the morning of 5th February, between three and four o'clock, the Japanese torpedo-boats got inside the boom, and three of them were observed approaching the flag-ship Ting-yuen, one on each quarter, and one on the port-bow. In the darkest night the swift motion of the torpedo-boat betrays itself to the experienced eye by the faint white line of phosphorescence it leaves in its wake, and at a distance of 800 yards or so the boat cannot be concealed. The Ting-yuen's fire was turned on her assailants, her heavy guns throwing shrapnel, while from all her machine-guns a hailstorm of projectiles was poured on the daring foes. But they proceeded on their deadly mission, regardless of a fire that ought to have annihilated them. Their escape is attributed to the wild shooting of the Chinese, and most other gunners, at moving objects in the dark. The men do not adjust their sights to the varying distance of the object. It is a lesson in the advantages of night-exercises, and proves the necessity for electric night-sights. A further difficulty in the way of the Chinese gunners was the smoke from their own guns, which helped the enemy to fix the position of the ship, while concealing him from the gunners, who must either cease firing till the smoke clears off or

blaze away at random. In the face of this ring of fire, the Japanese boats with perfect precision steamed to their proper distance, turned deliberately, and shot their torpedoes. One of these boats was undoubtedly sunk in that attack and never seen more; two others were disabled, and found next day with all their torpedoes discharged. There seems to be some doubt as to which torpedo actually struck the Ting-yuen, some of the officers observing one and some another, but it was a fatal blow to the ship. The effect is thus described by Commander Tyler:—

“*5th Feb.*—About 2 A.M. we heard the Japanese ships bombarding the forts. It was a bright moonlight night. The moon set about 3.30 A.M. Shortly after, alarm-rockets went up from the south of Itao. Presently firing took place from some of the ships, and afterwards we ourselves opened fire, though I could not myself distinguish an enemy’s boat. After a while we ceased firing, and just then I saw with my glasses a dark object about half a mile away, on our port-beam. Fire was opened on it, and I ran up the standard compass erection to get a better view. I saw a torpedo-boat approaching us, end on. When about 300 yards off, she turned hard-a-port. Just then I saw one of our shot take effect, a cloud of steam rising from the boat. A few seconds after she turned, her torpedo struck us. It was a loud dull thud and a heavy quivering shock, a column of water dashed over the decks, and a faint sickly smell of the explosives. Within a few seconds the bugle had sounded ‘water-tight doors.’ It was the routine that certain doors should always be closed at ‘man-and-arm

ship,’ the remainder to be closed by bugle-call. The torpedo evidently burst into a storeroom under my cabin. The floor of this storeroom is the armoured deck, and I think the damage must have been inflicted about the edge of that deck. Within a minute of being hit I was down below. The water was bubbling up from one of the water-tight hatches, and there was about a foot of water in my cabin. The ship had listed slightly almost immediately. I saw the water-tight doors above the armoured deck were carefully closed, and then went to the engine-room. There I was shocked to find that port engine-room was filling. The routine in the engine-room was that all water-tight doors there should be closed at 9 P.M. (evening quarters), and there was no doubt in my mind that they were closed. I asked the engineer whether the circulating pump had been turned on to the main drain, and he assured me that it was so. The water-tight doors in the engine-room are ‘wedge-doors.’ I know that they were in working order and were kept clean. They were all leaking badly, however, and the engineers were trying to shore them in.

“At that time I thought the torpedo had hit and damaged the skins in the vicinity of the after-bulkhead of the engine-room, or rather this is the conclusion I came to, when I found the port engine-room filling. Very soon, however, the door in the fore-and-aft bulkhead began to leak badly; then the door between engine-room and stoke-hole. Presently, too, water began to leak through door of the starboard middle passage. How water managed to get there I cannot imagine, except on the supposition that the bulkhead gave way. And so the sad busi-

ness went on, the water gradually flowing from one compartment to another. The starboard stoke-hole kept clear of water for some time, and of course as long as there was steam, and as long as the circulating pumps could be worked, they were worked. I expected these pumps to be able to keep down in the engine-room such water as leaked through the water-tight doors, but this was not the case; the water rose steadily.

"To go back to the beginning. When I saw the port engine-room filling, I, as I said before, came to the conclusion that the damage inflicted was very great, and although the idea of trying to close the hole did enter my mind, I came to the conclusion that it was quite impossible. In any case, however, we had not the gear. There were no collision-mats, nor were there any sails on board—all gear had been put on shore.

"As soon as we had been struck we weighed anchor. Ting had no idea of the seriousness of the damage inflicted, and gave orders for the ship to be taken to the south side of Itao to guard the entrance. This is comparatively deep water. As soon as I found the extent of the flooding, I told him that the ship would not float, and that he ought to beach at once before she increased her list any more."

The torpedo-boat, which was believed by Commander Tyler to have done for the Ting-yuen, was found next day with her crew of four scalded to death. The bodies were carefully coffined by the Chinese sailors and decently buried on Liu Kung-tao, with precautions against any chance indignity on the part of the soldiery there.

The destruction of the Ting-yuen was a worthy objective of the Japanese, for not only was

she the only real fighting ship in the fleet, but there were ordinarily on board Admiral Ting, Assistant Admiral M'Clure, Commander Tyler, Mr Howie, and, in short, the brain and soul of the defence of Wei-hai-wei. On the night in question, however, M'Clure was on board the Lai-yuen.

Few things are more chilling to the nerves than a torpedo-attack. From the time the boats are descried approaching through the gloom, during the fateful two minutes of convulsive effort of gunners to beat them off, till the deadly messenger is shot whizzing into the water, thenceforward beyond the power of man to arrest, the strain is agonising. The Chinese sailors on the Ting-yuen proved their manhood under the ordeal, betraying no trepidation, working with a will, and maintaining perfect discipline. The foreign officers declare no seamen in the world could have acquitted themselves better.

Having once discovered the way in, the enterprising Japanese followed up their success with vigour. And here it seems not amiss to say, that the cautious handling of the Japanese fleet when nothing was to be gained by precipitancy but big butchers' bills was counterpoised by the utmost audacity when the exigencies of the service called for it. The perseverance of the torpedo officers had eluded the vigilance of the Chinese patrol, otherwise the assailants could never have got through the booms. Nor are the Chinese officers to be too severely blamed for their somnolence, for the torpedo-flotilla had, like the fleet generally, been overworked, kept incessantly on the go, without proper sleep, working night and day without relief.

Such a strain might be borne for

a couple of days, but at length Nature asserts her claims. And so it happened with the Chinese harbour patrol. Its fate was only part of the general collapse, due to the inadequacy of force and of means to sustain such a siege.

On the morning of 6th February another successful torpedo-attack was made, the victims on the occasion being the cruiser Lai-yuen, the training-ship Wei-yuen, and a large launch, all near the jetty at Liu Kung-tao. The torpedo-boats entered under the fire of the ships, which was, however, wild and ineffective in the darkness. The scene which daylight revealed is described as sickening. The Lai-yuen was bottom up, the Wei-yuen sunk, a lighter loaded with ammunition from the Ting-yuen was wrecked, and the sea-bottom was thrown up over the jetty.

The effect of these accumulating disasters was depressing to the sailors. Their losses from the sinking of the ships and the fire of the south forts during the 5th and 6th February were reported at 200 men. This was followed by a heavy attack by ships and forts on the 7th, which put many more *hors de combat*. A general feeling of weariness and discontent began to show itself in the fleet. The Ting-yuen was sunk up to the main-deck; the men complained, not unnaturally, of being left on a wreck, and something had to be done with them and the ship. Heavy guns were ordered to be disabled, and light guns removed, officers and crew sent ashore to assist at the forts. The foreign officers lost everything on board the Ting-yuen, and got wet besides. Their condition, with a temperature scarcely endurable with the comforts of a house, was not enviable.

But in proportion as the besieged

were disheartened, the besiegers were elated. A heavy attack was kept up during the 6th from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M., when the enemy's fleet retired. The hospital was now full, the staff had taken leave, and Commander Tyler was detached to assist Dr Kirk.

On the following night—*i.e.*, morning of the 7th—two Japanese torpedo-boats were observed to enter from the eastward, and Mr Howie was told off to sweep the harbour for them. The Chinese lieutenant commanding proposed to give chase with the two torpedo-boats which were serviceable, and endeavour to capture or destroy the enemy. The Japanese boats declined the challenge, and as the Chinese boats were slower, as well as noisy, the enemy had little difficulty in escaping. Up to that time Lieutenant Choy (or Tsai) had enjoyed a first-class reputation, which he strangely belied on the very next day, heading the desertion of the whole torpedo-flotilla. In the Chinese character there are many enigmas, and their motives of action are often past finding out. Of course Lieutenant Choy by his conduct marked himself traitor and coward, a character inconsistent with his previous record. Such contradictions meet one at every turn in intercourse with Chinese. Even among the mandarins, who are bywords of financial corruption, one comes now and then unexpectedly on deeds which indicate a high order of courage and apparent disinterestedness.

The loss of the torpedo-fleet was more nominal than real. The boats had proved of doubtful utility, had not been able to keep the harbour clear, and the conditions of the night-patrol were such as to neutralise their services to a great extent. The risk of their being

mistaken for the enemy was always great; indeed, the more daring they were in the performance of their patrol duty, the more likely were they to be so mistaken in dark nights. Even the Lai-yuen cruiser on night-duty was so mistaken and fired on, with Assistant Admiral M'Clure on board. In truth, the more delicate branches of military and naval service can only be safely undertaken by picked and thoroughly trained men, commanded by officers and working with consorts, all strung up to the highest pitch of efficiency. The absence of this homogeneous training, intimate knowledge, and vital confidence both in motives and measures, was one of the causes of the fall of the naval port. This was shown in every misadventure that happened in Wei-hai-wei.

The fatal success of the two torpedo attacks was due, among other things, to the absence of torpedo-nets on board the ships. Only when the destruction of the whole fleet was threatened it was found, under pressure, that one net actually existed, in store on Liu Kung-tao, but without booms; nor were the ships fitted with sockets. When the net had been dragged out of store, it was lashed on spars supported on junks, which were moored so as to form a barrier for the Chen-yuen, the hulls of their sunken consorts being utilised by the other ships as auxiliary defences against the torpedoes.

The heaviest attack during the siege was the 7th February, when the whole Japanese fleet and the south forts commenced an energetic bombardment at daybreak on the eastern fort of Liu Kung-tao and Itao. The Japanese, it was observed, let no advantage, great or small, slip throughout the siege, during which they must have gained valuable experience in the

conduct of a campaign. As an illustrative detail they opened fire from the ships at sunrise, perceiving that at that hour the sun was in the direct line of sight of the Chinese, who could not lay their guns. The Chinese fleet was consequently forced to retire out of range until the sun was sufficiently high to admit of their sighting their guns. The fleet drew eastward again as soon as they could aim with effect at the Japanese ships, and a severe bombardment continued throughout the day until 4 P.M. Twice the Japanese torpedo-boats attempted to reach the Chinese ships, but were both times repulsed. Admiral Ting was on board the Ching-yuen, M'Clure on the Chen-yuen, the various ships moving from one station to the other as the danger threatened. The south forts having now five guns at work, did heavy damage both to the ships and to Itao fort, the fire of the Japanese fleet having little appreciable effect either now or at any stage of the siege. Indeed it was afterwards observed that the Japanese ships had suffered a good deal more than the Chinese, although they had always the choice of distance and position.

Of the Chinese losses this day, 50 were sailors in the eastern fort of Liu Kung-tao. The Japanese losses will of course never be known. At 1 P.M. one of the 8-inch disappearing guns, so much exposed in the loading, on Itao was put out of action by a shell from the south forts; and an hour later the shell-magazine—placed in a too exposed position—was exploded by the same fort. The little island was no longer tenable.

The few remaining soldiers on Itao had been escaping whenever a chance boat drifted near them, and they "rushed" every boat

that came with food or messages. After the experiences of the 7th, the sailors also grew weary of the fight, particularly when the soldiers drew their attention to their comrades on Liu Kung-tao deserting their guns.

It was hopeless to carry on the struggle. Captain Sa and his men had continued to fight the 9-pounders, though they could not reach the enemy, and when the "No. 1" at the remaining 8-inch gun declared he would rather drown himself than lay the gun once again, Captain Sa got thirty volunteer sailors to man it. They, however, also broke down during the night, and began telephoning for a boat. Captain Sa himself then telephoned the real state of affairs, and received orders to destroy the guns, which he did, and the garrison was taken off on the morning of the 8th. The English gunners, as they left, chalked up on the gate, "Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap? We used it thirteen days ago, and since then have used no other."

The state of matters on Liu Kung-tao now began to look ominous. The soldiers had, to put it briefly, mutinied, and abandoned their forts. The admiral landed with the General Chang, and was besieged by soldiers and civilian inhabitants, imploring them to save their lives. After the firing was over for the day, the soldiers, armed, proceeded in a junk to the Chen-yuen and requested to be taken on board, which was refused. The admiral succeeded in pacifying the men. It now became necessary, however, to man the eastern forts of Liu Kung-tao entirely with sailors, and the men of the wrecked Ting-yuen formed a convenient

force on which to draw for this purpose, the Western Island forts being still left to the soldiers.

Beyond the nightly torpedo attack, which, owing to the advanced age of the moon, had now to take place after 4.30 A.M., and which was repulsed, there was no bombardment on the 8th.

The 9th, however, was another heavy day. After the usual prelude of a torpedo attack, the Japanese fleet and forts opened a heavy fire upon Liu Kung-tao fort and the Chinese fleet, which was replied to with great spirit by ships, gunboats, and eastern forts. During this engagement the Ching-yuen, with Admiral Ting on board, was struck by a 28-cm. shell from one of the south forts, fired at a high angle, which struck her on the starboard side, penetrated her torpedo-room a few inches above water, went through the steel deck (2½ inches), bursting the watertight bulkheads, and passing out on the port side under the waterline. She sank in thirty minutes,¹ drowning sixty men. The discipline on board this sinking ship was splendid. The admiral and Captain Yeh were the last to leave her. Admiral Ting seemed to select every dangerous position, as if courting a soldier's death; and as men were falling round him, he pathetically complained that the missiles "had no eyes." The sailors, divining what the admiral was seeking, represented to Captain Yeh that rather than be killed by their own guns, the admiral should go out in the Ching-yuen and seek a more glorious end in an engagement with the enemy's ships, in which they would all willingly share. Sincere, no doubt, but with a touch of oriental hyperbole.

¹ Captain Yeh thinks the ship would not have sunk could her water-tight doors, &c., have been properly refitted after the shaking they got at the Yalu.

The sailors who had manned the eastern fort on Liu Kung-tao suffered terribly that day; but they stood to their guns, filling up the ranks as fast as they were emptied, without the least flinching, and earned unqualified praise from the foreign officers.

The Ting-yuen was now blown up by Howie, assisted by gunners Thomas and Mellows, with two 250-lb. mines; and as the job had to be done under a heavy fire, it was most creditably performed.

The 10th offered a slight novelty. From the western side of the bay field-guns opened with shrapnel, and continued from day-break till noon; the Japanese fleet bombarding at the same time from both entrances, doing a good deal of damage, seventy men being reported killed and wounded. On the 11th, after the daily torpedo attack from both entrances, the whole Japanese fleet in five divisions made a resolute attempt to

break into the harbour, supported now by both south forts and the guns placed on western entrance. The ships approached closer than heretofore. The Chinese sailors at the eastern fort on Liu Kung-tao fought bravely, though they were suffering severely. Both heavy guns on that fort were hit—one on carriage, the other on jacket—by shell from south forts. This was succeeded by a night-bombardment from the western side, where field-guns had been mounted, which shelled the town on Liu Kung-tao from sunset till midnight, causing much commotion at the hospital and among the crockery. It was the finale of the unequal struggle.

To have beaten off the powerful fleet of the enemy for ten consecutive days, while keeping down the fire of the heavy shore-guns, and warding off torpedoes, with the inferior means available, was indeed no small achievement for the defenders.

THE MUTINY.

Forces more potent than ships and guns were now working for the reduction of the stronghold. Soldiers and sailors, worn out with fatigue,—no man could have slept for two consecutive hours for thirteen days,—depressed by their losses and sickened by the hope deferred of promised relief, were ripening for revolt. The admiral had repressed the rising feeling by his personal exertions and splendid example, and by promises of relief which in his heart he must have felt to be a forlorn-hope. He promised 30,000 troops, which cost no more than if he had said 10,000, and was worth precisely the same.

The miscarriage at Wei-hai-wei was largely attributable to the admiral's lowered prestige, conse-

quent upon the senseless action of the Imperial Government in calling him up for punishment in December. The Governor of the province, joined by Generals Tai and Liu, had denounced the admiral for alleged crimes and misdemeanours. Their false report was indorsed by an imperial spy named Hsü, who had got himself commissioned to report on the fleet, he being as ignorant of naval affairs as his own chair-bearers. His real objective was, as usual, money, and it would seem Admiral Ting had not responded to his overtures in an adequate manner, and had indeed sent him his final reply in quarter-deck language. The spy, therefore, joined the governor and the incompetent generals—perhaps traitorous also—in the

noble enterprise of ruining the only competent commander the war had produced. The foreign officers protested against the imperial insanity, and the sentence was stayed in execution. But every man knew of it, and the authority of the admiral was destroyed.¹

It was the business of the provincial governor himself to have led an army to the relief of Wei-hai-wei. In the beginning he promised to do so, but not a man was ever sent, and at midnight, on 11th February, the admiral received a

message from the Viceroy Li to say that no reinforcements were at hand, and ordering him to take the fleet out to some other port! In that fatuous order the admiral read his doom, which indeed had been traced in smoke and blood from the beginning.

The soldiers had mutinied in a body on the 8th, and the sailors refused to fight on the 9th. The admiral appealed to their loyalty, promising relief within three days; and the men agreed to continue to fight another two days, which they actually did. But their feelings

¹ The imperial resentment against Admiral Ting was not satisfied even with his death, as the following Imperial Decree, published in the 'Peking Gazette' of 10th April, will show:—

"Li Ping-heng, Governor of Shantung, sends us the following report of the officers who died at Wei-hai-wei before and subsequent to the surrender of that stronghold to the Japanese. He states that 'Liu Pu-ch'an (Liu Poo-chin), commodore of the right squadron; Chang Wên-hsien, brevet commodore; Yang Yung-lin, acting commodore of the left squadron; and Huang Tsu-lien (a returned American student), expectant first captain of the first class and second captain of the right battalion of the Tap'ing brigade at Canton, had shown themselves able to lay down their lives heroically in a crisis of danger so as not to bring disgrace upon their Imperial master.' Such loyalty and heroic determination are worthy of our sincerest admiration, and we therefore command that the said deceased officers be granted extraordinary Government aid and posthumous honours as if they had died fighting gallantly on the battle-field. As for the already degraded Ting Ju-ch'ang, the cashiered admiral of the Peiyang fleet, his conduct as chief in command was a series of egregious failures from first to last. Previous to his death we had already decreed that he should be sent under arrest to Peking to answer for his faults, and the punishment he merited for them was to have been of the severest. On the present occasion, although he is reported to have died in the hour of defeat and disgrace, in consideration of his faults there is no necessity for granting him any posthumous honours or Government aid to his family and heirs. Let the Boards concerned take note thereon."

"*Note.*—Huang Tsu-lien, the returned American student named above, was killed before the surrender of Wei-hai-wei by Admiral Ting. He was first lieutenant of the Peiyang cruiser Tsi-yuen, having succeeded the late Shen Shou-ch'ang, another returned American student, who, it will be remembered, was killed while commanding the Tsi-yuen in the first naval action of the late war at the mouth of the Yashan river, Corea (July 25, 1894), owing to the cowardice of his subsequently decapitated captain, Fong Peh-kien. During the fighting at Wei-hai-wei, last January, Lieutenant Huang Tsu-lien was badly wounded, and was therefore advised to leave his ship and go to Chefoo for treatment. This he resolutely refused to do, declaring that 'his duty to the Emperor demanded his remaining at his post.' After having had his wounds hastily dressed, the late lieutenant went on with his duties on board, although he had to be supported by an attendant in doing so. Shortly afterwards a shot struck his thigh, but still he refused to retire, remaining with his guns. A few minutes afterwards a shell from the enemy's batteries almost annihilated the gallant officer."—*Translator.*

underwent curious fluctuations; they hardly knew what they would be at; their minds were unsettled. One day, the 10th, they promised the admiral they would behead the first man who spoke of surrender, next day they were all in revolt. The officers were much discouraged; only the admiral himself maintained his natural gaiety to the end, though in his retirement his brave spirit was wont to seek relief. The foreign officers were much affected by the griefs of the admiral. He had won their hearts, not alone by his courage but by his kindness and urbanity. The last thing he did before taking the mortal dose was to send wine and cigars to the foreign gunners. He never failed in such amiable attentions.

It is a natural question to ask, Why was it that on this particular occasion officers and men changed places? for in Chinese warfare it is usually the leaders, with their superior intelligence and wider outlook, who make the first move from a place of danger to a place of safety. The explanation is interesting; the Chinese troops had in fact learned a lesson of civilisation. A foreigner had been

expounding to them the ethics of capitulation, the kindness of conquerors to captives and all that—truths which would not have hurt robust students in a military college, but were like new wine to the babes and sucklings of a Chinese garrison. When the men had fully realised that their lives were to be spared if they surrendered at once, they saw no advantage in continuing the fight, and they refused to fire another shot. A similar process was gone through with the sailors, with somewhat slower effect; the men listened, however, and wavered. Up till then neither men nor officers in the fleet had any thought but of fighting to the last, but the leaven of disaffection spread rapidly, and, like a fire, soon got beyond control.

During the last three or four days of the siege the admiral had not only to resist the enemy's fleet, to fight off incessant torpedo attacks and engage the forts, but to run to and fro between ship and shore, soothing and coaxing the men.

When at last they refused absolutely to fight, the gallant officer yielded to his fate in the orthodox fashion of his countrymen.

THE CAPITULATION.

No doubt it was a case for capitulation: when the men refused to fight there was no possible alternative; and even if the men had stood to their guns, surrender could be only a question of time, and from a military point of view there was little to be gained by merely prolonging the hopeless resistance. How the surrender was actually effected is curious but not clear. A letter was sent to Admiral Ito in the name of Admiral Ting; but it seems uncertain that the admiral was still

alive. If not dead he was moribund, and his seal was used by a self-constituted commission, none of the members of which are particularly anxious to claim the credit of the proceeding.

The commodore, Liu, who must have been on board, but made no figure in the siege, had also sought the last refuge of the Chinaman at bay. The brave and good Commander Yang of Chen-yuen put a pistol to his head. The General Chang, who commanded Liu Kung-tao, had also resorted to the sweet

narcotic. There was here, though it was in China, "a noble fellowship of death."

The capitulation was carried out by the Taotai Niu, with the irregular advice of the foreigners; but the want of a responsible head was felt. The ships and guns were surrendered intact, apparently from the necessity of the case. Perhaps with a living head to negotiate with the victor, the conditions of surrender might have been different.

The garrison were to march out with the honours of war, the foreigners to be released on parole not to take up arms again during the war. These conditions were faithfully observed by the Japanese admiral, except in the case of one foreigner, who was suspected, unjustly it is said, of having broken a previous parole, and who was detained a prisoner in Japan until the conclusion of the treaty of peace. The remains of the five suicides, treated with marked respect by the Japanese admiral, were conveyed to Chefoo in the small Chinese vessel *Kang-chi*, rendered back for that service.

Among the contributory causes of the loss of Wei-hai-wei it would be difficult to assign its proportionate merit to the element of treachery. It is the one thing perhaps which both parties, even after the conclusion of peace, would feel bound in honour to conceal. But as the Japanese have not neglected to avail themselves of every, even the minutest, advantage in the conduct of the war, it would not be creditable to their sagacity to have overlooked the predominant incentive of the Chinese as a factor in the struggle. It is money. Services which are elsewhere classified as those which money cannot buy are in China rewarded by nothing else. Hence the rarity

of heroism. But if a soldier will in certain cases face danger for money, how much more easily will he be induced to seek safety for the same consideration! This species of traffic has been by no means uncommon in Chinese civil wars, of which fact the Japanese were not ignorant.

Treachery, therefore, being antecedently so probable, proofs of its operation on a small scale warrant the suspicion of its having been actually practised on a large scale. Boats and junks had been frequently observed to sail out of the bay without known destination, and more than once the enemy's torpedo-boats were seen to meet them outside the harbour. These things, when pointed out by the foreign officers, were either ignored or excused, on the free-and-easy system that prevails in China. The refusal of the soldiers to permit precautions for destroying their guns is explicable on other grounds; but the cutting of the wires of the charges that had been placed in the west forts almost necessitates the theory of a service performed for the enemy. The accidental discovery of a system of night-signals from Liu Kung-tao, in which fourteen sailors belonging to the Lai-yuen were implicated, corroborates the theory. It was on the 10th February that four of the culprits were caught. They were so promptly executed that the fullest details of their system were not obtained. Chinese were observed on board the Japanese ships after the surrender, and the Japanese spoke freely of having had their agents all over the place; for, said they, every Chinaman is ready to sell his country cheap. The plan of the harbour, with the positions of mines and firing-stations, booms, &c., found on board the Japanese torpedo-boats, were

superior to any in the possession of the Chinese admiral.

That attempts were also made to seduce high officers from their allegiance is certain. One letter, indeed, from Admiral Ito to Admiral Ting has been published, making the proposal in undisguised terms. Captain Yang is said to have declared with his dying breath that dishonouring proposals had been made to him also, and by an agent who should have known him better. If such things were done in the green tree, what was not done in the dry? Naval officers of unsullied repute were not likely to have been the first or the only officials to be tempted.

What may be positively asserted is, that enough has come to light to prove that treachery was not wanting as a factor in the loss of Wei-hai-wei, and it would have been passing strange if so obvious an ally had been neglected by the astute Japanese, who knew how to be liberal in the use of money, China eventually paying for all.

Might not our narrative be fitly concluded by the classic formula Q.E.D.? The best and the worst of Chinese military service have been exposed in close interaction—the best very good, the worst very bad. The siege was a kind of spectrum analysis applied to a politico-military organisation, whose component parts have been thrown up in sharply contrasted lines and bars. These are of similar nature to the ingredients of other national systems—the deserving suffer, while the unworthy are covered with honours; Court influence

outweighs merit; cowardice, corruption, and treachery flourish side by side with heroism and self-sacrifice of the highest order. These are elements which enter into the composition of all social organisms. But as in chemical combinations the same materials may produce food or poison according to the apportionment of the ingredients, so it is in the relative measure of the beneficial and the detrimental qualities that the difference consists which divides China from more efficient States.

One point is especially worth noting. Fine military qualities are not wanting to the Chinese race, but remain latent until called out by training, treatment, association, and leadership. The conduct of the sailors at Wei-hai-wei, as contrasted with the soldiers, seems conclusive on that head. But the live coal which is needed to kindle their enthusiasm is, unfortunately for the Chinese, an exotic product. Their military strength waits for a foreign stimulus, as iron waits in the ore for the skilled hand to transmute it into a cutting tool.

The burning question at the present moment, which may not improbably lead to a fresh international struggle, is virtually this, Who shall eventually wield the latent force of China—Russia or Japan? Time was, indeed, when such a question might have been thought to concern deeply the British empire; but neither Parliament, press, nor people seemed to comprehend what it meant. Do they now?

IRELAND REVISITED.

WHEN, after making acquaintance with Ireland in the Spring of last year,¹ I ventured to express my admiration of its scenery, its climate, and its people, and confessed to a keen desire to revisit them as soon as might be, some of my English friends said to me, "Leave well alone. Doubtless your experience was an exceptionally favourable one. You went in May, when the whole world is beautiful. Perhaps you had an agreeable travelling companion, and were hospitably entertained in various parts of the island. Possibly, you had some fine weather. But remember the fate of the Hebrew Leader, who struck the rock twice, and was excluded from the Promised Land. What you saw was new to you; and conceivably you took with you a temperament uncritically alert to fresh impressions. You have had the good fortune which happens to few in later life, to foster a new illusion. Take care to keep it. If you go to Ireland a second time, it will vanish."

Well, I have been to Ireland a second time; and if the conviction that its mountains, lakes, rivers, bays, fiords, are unsurpassed in picturesqueness and fascination; that its climate has all the charm of vernal caprice, for Spring never quite leaves Ireland; that its people, when approached in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry, and not in the temper of the drill-sergeant, are singularly engaging; and that its ways, though in many respects not our ways, repose on a theory of life, a conception of Here and Hereafter, not to be brushed aside by a fine air of material

superiority,—if this conviction was an illusion, it is an illusion that has been not weakened, but confirmed, by a second experience. Last year I visited Ireland in Spring. This year I was there in late Summer and early Autumn. On the former occasion, I was for the most part in the south and south-west. On this, I was mostly in the north-west. But the effect produced was the same in both instances, and I own to being as much delighted with Connemara as with Killarney, with Achill almost as much as with unequalled Glengariff.

The London and North-Western, that *primus inter pares* of the best English railways, enables you to go to Ireland either by day or by night; and, having travelled by day on my first visit, this time I tried the less agreeable method. As I stood on the platform of the Euston Station, I almost felt as if I were already in Ireland; for there was everything to remind me that Ireland is the poor relation of the British Family. The trains to Holyhead are most commodious, and the service, though it might be expedited somewhat, is reasonably good. But, to the left of the platform stood the Irish Mail, and on the right the Mail to Scotland. What a contrast! Of course, the Mail to Scotland was to start the first. Scotland has precedence, as though it will always be soon enough to get to Ireland. The Scotch Mail consisted of every conceivable kind of railway carriage, each a model of sumptuous, almost ostentatious, comfort; and the occupants gave like indications of opulent ease. Footmen, valets,

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September 1894, p. 309.

and ladies'-maids moved to and fro with dignified obsequiousness, instructing porters solicitously to please as to the disposal of gun-cases, fishing-rods, and dressing-bags. Pointers, retrievers, and lapdogs were the object of the most sedulous attention; and the young men of Messrs Smith & Co.'s bookstall carried none but the smartest editions and the sixpenny Society papers to the carriage windows. A quiet signal; and with equal quietness the glittering train glided away. We were not to start for another ten minutes. But, simultaneously with the departure of our plutocratic kin, the bookstall was closed. I suppose it was not worth while to keep it open for humble folk who were only going to Ireland. There are so many Irish grievances already, I hope no one will think I am inventing another. If there were no dogs in our train, no gun-cases, and only here and there a fishing-rod, with whom lies the fault? From dogs to guns, from guns to valets, from valets to ladies'-maids and footmen, from valets and ladies'-maids to their masters and mistresses, the transition is natural, logical, and necessary. But, below the dog again, are the grouse and the black-cock; and the fishing-rod reposes on a plentiful substratum of trout and salmon. Your Scotchman preserves, or suffers preserving. Your Irishman poaches; and, being himself perhaps still a little *ferus nature*, he looks askance at your keepers, your watchers, and your beaters. And so our train was a humble one. The poor relation refuses to amend his poverty on the conditions offered him by his richer kin. Perhaps he is right. But it would hardly be fair to manufacture a grievance out of the consequences of his independence.

On any other steamboat service

with which I am acquainted, should you wish to have a private cabin it is not always to be had; and, if you are allotted it, it is rarely very spacious, and you invariably pay for it. On the Irish steamers between Holyhead and Kingstown, if you take the ordinary precaution of writing to Dublin in good time, you are sure of a private cabin, both large and commodious, and no charge is made for it, though you will do well, of course, not to forget the steward. I look on the arrangement as a foretaste of that Irish hospitality that has passed into a proverb. By a blunder of my own, my heavier luggage had been labelled at Euston only as far as Westland Row, though I was going on to Kingsbridge, and indeed farther, without breaking my journey. But, on explaining my mistake to the luggage-porter on board the boat, describing the things, and telling him they all bore a label with name and address written on them, he begged me not to give them another thought, for he would find and re-label them in the course of the transit, and I might count on their being at Kingsbridge Station. The civility and attention shown to travellers by the servants of English railway companies could not be surpassed. But, while they seem to be performing a duty, though performing it most cheerfully, in Ireland a similar service appears as if it were an act of personal politeness. Fine manners are surely some test of civilisation; and if that be so, Ireland is not altogether barbarous, while we ourselves, as a community, cannot boast to be, in every respect, supremely civilised. At the Kingsbridge Station I breakfasted as well as I should have done in any railway refreshment-room in England; and again I noticed a personal desire that I should have everything I wanted;

being treated as a living creature with individual tastes and peculiarities, not merely as one of a number of insignificant travelling units. But then, in order to receive this agreeable deference and discrimination, I suppose you must yourself manifest something of it, and exhibit some interest in those who are good enough to find you interesting because you are a human being.

But the Irish are so casual and inaccurate. Perhaps they are. I wanted a ticket to Ballycumber. The ticket-clerk asked me if Ballyhooley would do for me. Naturally, I said it would not; which evoked the exclamation, "It's Prospect you're going to." Which it was, only the ticket was stamped to Prospect and the station itself is inscribed Ballycumber. I remember that, at Westport, on asking why the train did not start, seeing that it was a quarter of an hour after the time named for its doing so, the answer I received was, "The engine's gone cold"—doubtless during a warm conversation between the driver and some of his friends; and a lady who was in the same compartment with me, and overheard the remark, told me that on the previous day a station-master had said to the driver of a locomotive as he steamed in and drew up at the platform, "Where's your train?" The man had come without it. I suppose these casualties cause inconvenience sometimes, but they contribute diversion to irresponsible travel. Moreover, one sometimes reaps advantage from a free-and-easy system of locomotion. When going from Galway to Recess by the new light railway, I wanted at Oughterard to look at the river, but feared I should not be able to do so in the time allowed for our halt. "Sure, we'll wait for you," said a porter; and they did. In

Ireland people like waiting. What they do object to is being hurried. They dislike "tedious haste."

Perhaps the fact that this light railway from Galway to Clifden was then but newly made, and scarcely yet in working order, rendered this obliging act of civility more feasible. What constitutes a light railway I do not know, for the one I speak of, though consisting of only a single line of rails, apparently resembled all other railways, save in so far as its stations and the buildings connected with them are exceptionally good. The gratitude expressed by the inhabitants of the district for the boon secured to them by Mr Balfour is very striking. They declare, and are never tired of declaring, that "he's the only man who ever did anything for this country"; and they wanted to know if there was any chance of his coming there again, for "would he not have a fine reception?" and when it was explained to them that his brother was now Chief Secretary, they hoped he was "the same sort of gentleman." During the next fortnight I had to hear the changes frequently rung on this theme; so that when I got farther into the land, I could not help thinking what is known as "Joyce's Country" might not inappropriately henceforth be called "Arthur's Country."

The admiration of Ireland which 'Maga' gave me an opportunity of expressing, more than a year ago, had brought me characteristic offers of gratuitous hospitality from the landlords of certain inns in Connemara. But my steps were not quite in their direction, and my first halt in that part of the world was at Recess, a first-rate headquarter for any one who wants to combine fishing with beautiful scenery. The Irish Tourists' Association and the Irish

railway companies, acting together, will in due course endow the most picturesque parts of Ireland with the conventional model hotel, and I have no doubt they are wise in their generation in doing so. I have observed that many people, in travelling, are anxious, above all things, to meet with a reproduction, as far as possible, of the circumstances and conditions they left at home. That seems odd, since I should have thought absolute novelty was the chief charm of travel. Moreover, the best hotel is necessarily but a bad imitation of domestic comfort; whereas a good or even an indifferent inn atones for inferiority of accommodation by freshness of sensation. There is no necessity for dogmatism in this matter; and I do not doubt that the hotels of Parknasilla, Kenmare, Waterville, Derrynane, &c., recently established, will both attract and satisfy numbers of visitors to the exquisite scenery of Kerry. In Galway, and in parts of Donegal, similar accommodation for tourists will be provided. Only I should like to say a word in favour of the Inn, as against the Hotel, at least in the more primitive localities. It has always seemed to me there is the same difference between an inn and a hotel that there is between hospitality and entertaining. One is at home in an inn; one is not at home, one is on sufferance, in a hotel. It may not be easy to hit the exact distinction between the two; but I should think the proprietor ought, like Phaethon, to take the middle course, and that most people would rather, when among the mountains or by the ocean-cliffs, stay or abide at a rather primitive inn than at a strictly modern hotel.

Yet perhaps it is dangerous to offer advice of this kind; for I perceive an indignant tourist

writes to the 'Times' because the milk for his tea was brought to him in Ireland in a cup instead of in the orthodox ewer, and he accordingly counsels holiday-makers to avoid that country! Fancy missing magnificent scenery for such a reason! I do not think he can have travelled much in Italy, to say nothing of Greece.

The inn at Recess—which I believe will, before next spring comes round, be replaced by a more pretentious one—was primitive in its service, but otherwise not open to criticism save of the fastidious and carping sort. You must not look for division of labour in Ireland. It is everybody's business to answer your bell—supposing there to be one—to clean your boots, or to bring your hot water, and therefore it will sometimes happen that it is nobody's business. But you will never be wrong in asking anybody to do anything for you, and in time it will be done; and I can never understand why people who seem, in the course of the day, to have so much time on their hands, should be in such a hurry to have their needs of the moment responded to. If honest joints properly cooked, plain puddings, stewed fruit, good bread, good butter, good bacon, eggs without stint, and tea made with boiling water, do not satisfy people's appetite, they had better not go for change of air and scene to the Twelve Pins. The water for their tub, of a morning, will be brought them in instalments; but it will be brought. If you desire anything more dainty than I have named, you need not fear to invade the kitchen and take counsel with Miss Mullarkey. For in Ireland, as in Italy, the kitchen seems open to anybody, and you meet people there who have nothing on earth to do with the establishment. I suppose they bring news

or gossip, have a fowl or a fish to sell, are the sixteenth-cousin-removed of the great grandmother of the landlady, or perhaps they too want a little change of air and scene. The English idea expressed by the words, "No entrance here except on business," is unknown in Ireland. Everybody has business that has anything to say; and everybody has something to say. The English, being a self-satisfied, self-sufficient, and quietly contented race, and not in the least terrified by the Universe, whose laws they have bitted and bridled and made to drudge for them, are sufficiently happy in remaining silent. They do not require the society of their kind, save for the purpose of helping to lift a load or overcoming *vis inertiae* somewhere. But the Celt, the Irish Celt at least, when left to himself and the resources of his own nature, is oppressed and appalled by the vast unsympathising silence of things, and falls into lethargic melancholy. He wants to talk, in order to break the dumb spell of the surrounding mystery, to forget that he is a lonely segregated unit in a world of infinite indifference, and to intoxicate himself for a time with the idea that he is part of a goodly company, a protected member of the great human tribe. Moreover, it is part of his politeness, of his urbanity, to talk; and the taciturnity of the Saxon seems to him inhuman.

The fisherman can hardly do better than make Recess his headquarters, for he has, within driving distance, Lough Orid, Lough Inagh, Lough Derryclare, Lough Ballynahinch, and the rivers that connect them, at the disposal of his rod. On this subject I speak rather as a novice than as an expert, and express the opinion of others, gathered on the spot, rather than my own. But I

received the impression, both from personal experience and from surer sources of information, that the fishing is, for the most part, not so good as you would expect it to be, either from the look of the water or from the price you have to pay for the privilege of enjoying it. A day's salmon-fishing costs fifteen shillings, independently of what you give the boatmen; though, for a second rod in the same boat, you are charged but seven-and-sixpence. The charge for trout-fishing on the same conditions is seven-and-sixpence and two-and-sixpence. No charge is made for the boat, but you have to pay the boatmen. As a rule, you have to drive some distance to reach your "stand," and thus a further addition is made to the expenses of the day. I think it right to say all this, lest any one should imagine he will get sport for nothing. No doubt, there are loughs, and I daresay streams, that are free. But they are less accessible, and therefore entail either a considerable amount of pedestrianism, or still larger outlay on conveyance. I believe the enthusiastic fisherman will fish the air rather than not fish at all, and considers no distance too great, if he can only cast successfully at the end of it. His motto is, "*Nulla dies sine linea*,"—let no day pass without casting a line somewhere.

To the profane outsider, like myself, fishing is valued less for the contents of the creel at the end of the day than for the lake and mountain, light and shade, sunshine and storm, river-song, wind-melody, and cloud-architecture, that are the circumambient accidents of the so-called gentle craft. I fished, for a long day, on Lough Orid, and for a short one, on Lough Inagh; both days of ideal summer weather, by which

I mean windless days, warmed and enlivened by sunshine, of which you are not too conscious, since tempered by a few stationary clouds that lay their grey shadows softly on the green hillside. Every now and then there was a rise from a sea-trout, more frequently a bite from a brown one; and then, for some minutes, the serenity of Nature was forgotten for the excitement of wearing out and capturing a pertinacious adversary. The boatmen, who themselves are of course expert fishermen, and who spend the dead months in watching their spawning-beds in lake and river, manifested the liveliest interest in each fresh catch,—the primitive man never losing his zest for simple pleasures. Thus for him life never palls, so long as there is a fin in the wave or a feather in the air. Yet these companions were very tolerant of one's long fits of absence from the matter in hand, of one's purposeless listening to the lapping of the water on the lake-boulders, to one's lending an attentive ear to the rustle of the ripening river-reeds, to one's empty-visaged gazing at the silvery veil that ever and anon came athwart the face of the purple mountain-side. On the quietest days there is nearly always some little wind on a large-sized lake; and, while I craved for no more, they kindly regretted there was not more curl and a darker colour on the water, so that the basket might be better filled. But the days were not always of that tranquil, transparent complexion. I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere; and, if the truth must be told, I like rain, so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day." Irish weather is

not so much capricious as coquetish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night; and lo! the next morning, Ireland is one sweet smile, and seems to say, "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah then! I'll rain no more." And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone-walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven; and just won't your Honour buy the stoutest pair of home-made hose from a barefooted, bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings, with eyes like dewdrops, and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse. If, on such mornings as these, you do not lose your heart to Ireland, it must be made of stern, unimpressionable stuff indeed.

It takes some time, in ordinary weather, to fish driftingly from one end of Lough Inagh to another; but, when you have done so, the boatmen bend to their oars, row you back again, and you reel out a long line on the chance of your crossing the path of a greedy gullet. Then, as skill has nothing whatever to do with the result, you can surrender yourself without compunction to the contemplation of that Nature which some people, with an odd vocabulary of their own, call inanimate. I should have thought they were the more inanimate of the two. Look! the mountains blush and blanch with deep abiding pulsations of their own. Listen! the pebbles, fingered by the fringe of the miniature billow your keel has created, give forth Orphic music, whisper-

ing intimations from the under-world and the over-world, as twilight noiselessly draws its curtain of mist around the sleepy hills, and one bright star looks out of heaven to see if it be night. Dewy and damp! damp and dewy! Homeward now on the outside car that has been patiently waiting for you. The very evening for four-year-old mountain mutton, a just quantity of the "craytur," and endless stories of how this salmon was landed and how that trout broke away! How Horace would have enjoyed it! As it is, we must make shift without him, save by apt citation, at which my travelling companion, notwithstanding thirty years of administration in India, is a good deal quicker than at hooking a seven-pounder.

The drive from Recess to Leenane lies along the shores of Lough Inagh and the banks of the river Erriff, a fretted framework of mountains, in which the Twelve Pins form the most noticeable feature, accompanying you nearly all the way. Why do not English artists take their easels, their sketch-books, and their umbrellatents, to Ireland? I have heard some of them complain that, though English scenery may be very "nice," and amply supply subject-matter for the poet, it is too "picturesque" for the painter, who must therefore perforce cross the Alps in search of what he needs. Then let the picturesque-hunting artist go to Ireland, to Galway, to Mayo, to Donegal, to Sligo, and he will find endless variety of form and attitude in the lofty and irregular hills. If he be in search of colour, I think he ought to make Ireland his home. The writer is fairly familiar with Italy, and Greece and the Ægean are not unknown to him. He once passed a month at Perugia gazing at the lights and shadows in

heaven and on earth, on the mountains, in the sky, on the plain, which the great Umbrian painters have tried to reproduce in the background of their altarpieces. But the colouring on mountain crag, mountain slope, and mountain gully, on lake-shore and lake-island, on wood and plain and bog, in Ireland, in intermittent hours of sunshine, would have shown even Raphael something more, and imbued the landscape in Perugino's frescoes with yet more tenderness. It is as though all the rainbow hues of Nature, that fail to find in the uniform sea and sky of the wide Atlantic a fitting and sufficiently sensitive canvas, discharged their iridescent loveliness on the mountain-brows of Connemara and the ocean-fronts of Achill. There Nature works her own colours on her own palette with her own dew,—the moisture of the atmosphere renders the task so easy. Often, no doubt, she seems dissatisfied with her work, blurs all the picture with mist, or even, as it were, effaces it altogether with discontented hand. But that is only in order to perfect her conception on the morrow; and, meanwhile, he must have a very exclusive and intolerant vision who cannot gaze on the white veil hanging against that purple mountain without wishing that it would lift.

Go where you will, too, the music of rambling water is never out of your ears; and the tawny crests of the turf-fed runnels go bounding along, hither and thither, untamed streams that rejoice in the pathless indiscipline of their going. I am told the Irish are not a water-loving people, either for inward or outward application. Perhaps they think meanly of water, because there is so much of it. It falls upon their thatch; it beats against their windows; it

drips from their turf ; it flows past their door ; it splashes over their bare feet ; it slashes and scourges their bellowing granite coasts ; it has been known to fall for more than forty days and forty nights, yet no one dreams of building himself an ark. Hercules cleansed the stables of Augeas in a single day by turning the rivers Alpheus and Peneus through their stalls. But Augeas had but three thousand oxen, and nothing is said of pigs ; and the stalls had been left uncleaned for only thirty years. How many head of cattle Ireland has, I suppose we should know by looking at 'Thom's Directory.' But, though it must be nearer three thousand than thirty years since Ireland was subjected to a good swilling and scrubbing, it is not, like Elis, comparatively waterless ; and it has a thousand streams as copious as Peneus and Alpheus. Let us not, however, expect the Hibernian Hercules, should he arise, to make Ireland clean in a day. Still, could not the operation be taken in hand ? The days when dirt was synonymous with devotion have passed away with the Hermits of the Desert ; and Roman Cardinals and Monsignori are pictures and patterns of the cleanliness which is next to godliness. I trust I shall not give offence to those who, from their sacred functions, are entitled to every one's respect, if I venture to ask if it be not a little surprising to see men who are engaged in the service of the House of God, and to whom the care of the very Altar is committed, going about unshaven and uncomely, and setting their flocks an example of what they should surely be enjoined to avoid, as far as their condition and occupation will permit ? Could not a privately communicated Pastoral correct this

unseemly spectacle, and sow the seeds of perhaps the most needed reform in Ireland ? Indeed, only two things are needed to make Ireland the most attractive country in the world : a love of cleanliness, and a love of flowers. It is distressing to see cottage after cottage, from one end of the island to the other, without a creeper against its walls, without a flower in its precincts. I made this observation to an intelligent Irish commercial traveller in the coffee-room of the hotel at Westport, where I had to make an hour and a half's halt ; and he ingeniously pleaded that any indication of prosperity on the part of a tenant, which a cared-for garden enclosure would be, would only lead to an advance of rent on the part of the landlord. I pointed out that, even if this could once have happened, it cannot occur now, and has been rendered impossible for several years past. I suppose he did not like to allow that love of beauty, and the artistic sense generally, are not noticeably Irish qualities. Nor can it accurately be pleaded that the struggle for bare existence carried on by Irish peasants is so severe that they have no leisure to consider even the less costly refinements of life. Their methods of cultivation unfortunately leave only too many unoccupied hours on their hands, and they have far more time than an English or Scotch labourer to devote to the refining recreation of gardening. Another apologist for the flowerlessness of Irish peasant dwellings explained to me, triumphantly as he thought, that it would be worse than useless to attempt to grow creepers against the walls, for the cow, the pig, the donkey, and even the ducks, would make short work of them. But what are the donkey and the pig doing there ? Why is not a little

space enclosed, in front of the house, into which cows and ducks enter not? Think of the labour and the cost of material. What cost, what labour? Heaven has placed the materials for stone walls all over Ireland, and they are quickly run up where oats or potatoes have to be protected against invasion. How readily the typical Irish cottage, or hut if you will, lends itself to the courteous company of flowers, any one may judge who has happened to come across a smiling exception to the surly rule of midden-heaps and duck-ponds. Driving one day from Moate to Ballycumber, I suddenly called to the driver, "Stop! stop!" There was a hut of the ordinary pattern, with rough white-washed walls, and a roof of yellow thatch. But crimson roses and golden nasturtiums were clambering up its face, and marigolds, ten-week stocks, and pansies, were in full blow in the midst of a carefully mown piece of turf enclosed by an unmortared wall. Who does not know the sensation of suddenly coming across some humble rustic home, that makes one exclaim, "Here could I live, here die!" I had that sensation on gazing on this comely dwelling. Who lived there? I asked. A retired pensioner I was told. There it is! Its owner had been drilled and disciplined. He had been taught order and seemliness, and from these the advance to some sense and love of the beautiful is easy, natural, and almost certain. As it is, the only flowers one sees near Irish cottages are wild-flowers; and at the time of year in which I lately saw them, they were almost wholly ragwort and purple loosestrife. These are everywhere; in the potato drills, in the cabbage furrows, among the oats and the barley, under the walls, on the walls, and on the slope of many a

roof. They have a certain accidental beauty of their own, but they are wild-flowers in the wrong place, and therefore fail wholly to please. Still, dirt and desolation are less offensive in the open country than in narrow, confining streets. I shrink from dwelling on what these are in some urban parts of Ireland, and prefer to remember that its inhabitants would probably say like Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona":—

"These shadowy, desert, unfrequented
woods,
We better brook than flourishing populous towns."

Wild-flowers are plentiful in Ireland, but they are less various than in Britain, by reason, I presume, of a more uniform geological surface formation. But for garden flowers Ireland would seem to be made, both its soil and its climate singularly favouring their growth; and once again, in August, as before in May, I had more than one occasion of admiring, and almost of envying, the terraces and the flower-borders of cultivated and refined Irish homes. Every lady in Ireland seems to be an expert in the art of making and tending a garden; its cultivation there not being remitted, as too frequently happens in England, to the hired service of men who regard orchids and pine-apples as the crowning triumphs of horticulture. In Ireland, to admire is to receive; and I believe I might have brought away with me all the herbaceous plants I saw, could I have carried them on my back. Efforts are being made here and there to imbue the peasantry with a love of flowers; but I did not observe many indications of success. A sense of beauty is a plant of slow growth in rudimentary bosoms.

Once in the country through which I kept driving, you cannot

go wrong, if you are in quest of beautiful scenery. You may drive between Lissoughter and Derryclare, by the valley of Lough Inagh, to Kylemore, or between the Twelve Pins and the Naam Mountains, with the Atlantic in front of you, or to Letterfrack, and round to Killery Bay. But indeed the excursions that may be made are endless in number; and cars are always at hand. If I am asked, does my liking for Ireland extend to outside cars, I cannot say that it does. Irish people will tell you, if you talk of its unfriendliness, that it is "Cupid's own conveyance"! But as the God of Love is not always the driver, and the Graces are not invariably one's companions, one has the choice of being unsociable if there happen to be two of you, by sitting one on each side of the car, or of being uncomfortable by both of you occupying the same seat. When luggage likewise has to be carried, the space left for the traveller becomes yet more limited; and, in a good prolonged downpour, it requires some ingenuity to protect yourself against a wetting. It is to be done, however, as I proved, one afternoon, when we drove to Kylemore, and it rained in that dogged universal manner that leads you to feel it is going to rain henceforward evermore. But I had faith in the fascinating caprice of Irish weather, and won my companion over to my proposal that, the rain notwithstanding, we should not return to Leenane, then our headquarters, by the same road we had already traversed, but follow a new if longer one by Letterfrack, Sal Ruck Pass, and Lough Fee. For a while I feared to be reproached for my obstinate ambition, for one could see no farther than the whalebone of one's umbrella, and I gladly accepted the suggestion

that, while our horse had his mouth washed out with oatmeal-and-water, and the driver refreshed himself with something more potent, we should enter a good-sized cottage, and cheer ourselves at the turf fire we should be sure to find. There it was, sure enough, with the caldron of potatoes steaming over it, a shock-headed young boy curled up asleep on a bench close by it, and the mother and two pretty shy young daughters going about the household work. It was not their business to give us anything; but they boiled water, and gave us tea, and offered us far more than we wanted from their larder. Resuming our journey, we soon caught the sound of the sea leftward, and followed for miles the corroded and indented cliffs that confront the full shock of the Atlantic. The rain softened to intermittent showers, and then these gathered themselves up and retired into the deeper hills, and the sun came out anew, and over little lake after little lake ran the wind, gleaming and glittering. At the head of Killery Bay, which is ten miles in length, and which, when the tide is not running in, looks rather a wandering and widening river than an arm of the sea, are the hamlet of Leenane and Mr M'Keown's hotel, than which no English inn could be managed in a more business-like manner. Not having notified him beforehand of our coming, I had to put up with a bedroom of somewhat narrow dimensions; but I was speedily reconciled to it by the characteristically optimistic observation of the housemaid, "Sure, you'll be nearer to your things." Even in parts where the tourist is now beginning to penetrate, the native humours of the land still linger. One morning, while at Leenane, I went fishing for two or three hours in the river Monterone, which, if given

its full quota of syllables, sounds as though one were in Italy; and, curiously enough, Delphi is hard by. On returning from the expedition, I asked the waiter what I should give the youngster who had accompanied me. "Eighteen-pence" was his answer. "Give him two shillings," I said. He returned directly, saying, "Please, sir, it's half-a-crown." I daresay some people would attribute this odd trait to an extortionate spirit. I interpret it quite differently. The Irish temperament dislikes accuracy, and at the same time wishes to please. He imagined he would please me by naming the smaller sum, and then that he would please the boy by naming the larger one, though he might just as well have done this at first. But he and his kin prefer a round-about road to a straight one. It is more entertaining, and fills up more time. Do not the roads in Ireland travel circuitously, in order to go round the bog-land, and the minds of its people journey in much the same fashion. I have sometimes thought they look on inaccuracy as a form of politeness, and would regard it as English rudeness and dogmatism to pin you down at once to a precise fact. When, a few days later, on going from Achill Sound to Dugort, I asked the boy who was driving me what age he was, he answered, "Fifteen or sixteen;" courteously leaving me a latitude of choice. I remember, too, that when, at Recess, I wanted, for my own arbitrary preference, to alter an arrangement in regard to the fishing that had been made for us overnight, and was feeling my way as to whether I was face to face with a law of the Medes and Persians, receiving the answer, "Sure, *you* must be pleased," first. That seems to me to be the sentiment that animates every one in Ireland. Is it not

conceivable that we impregnate the air of the places where we live with our own characteristics, our virtues, defects, and foibles? That would explain why Irish scenery and the Irish atmosphere feel so kindly. They are inhabited by an amiable people.

Grouse-shooting, that used not to begin in Ireland till the 20th of August, now commences, as in England and Scotland, on the 12th; and so, at Westport, I lost my travelling companion, and went on to Achill alone. The day, a goodly portion of which had been spent in driving leisurely from Leenane to Westport, had been one of exquisite beauty; but as I drew nearer, towards sundown, to the island of which I had heard so much, a melancholy mist began to suffuse, without hiding, sea, shore, and mountain-ranges. Diminutive island after diminutive island bulged out of the ocean like green amphibious megalosauri, half embedded in the sand and mud, half indolently inhaling the moisture of the air. Stone walls, white huts, and potato-patches, illumined by the ubiquitous yellow ragwort, looked drearier than ever in the gloom of the dripping gloaming; and, gazing out on the formless and pastureless expanse of inextricably blended mountain and main, one felt that here at last was *Ultima Thule*, the very end and desolate boundary of things.

At Achill Sound one quits the railway, and approaches the island across the iron bridge which spans the narrow creek that here separates Achill from the mainland, another of the boons conferred on this part of Ireland during Mr Balfour's Chief Secretaryship. I was bound for Dugort, some nine miles distant, to the north of the island, and was vigorously competed for by the driver of a long car belonging to Mr Sheridan of

the "Slievemore Hotel," and by a young boy—the same who declared himself to be fifteen *or* sixteen—with an outside car belonging to Mr Sheridan, a brother of the former, of the "Sea View Hotel"; and, as the youngster offered to take me and my luggage for the same fare I should have paid on the long car, I closed with his offer, and away we went. He was driving a mare only three years old; but by dint of incessant "Git an, out o' that!" he managed to get her over the ground, though I should think the nine miles were made twelve by the serpentine nature of her progress. How it rained! But I got to Dugort with a dry skin an hour before the long car, whose passengers, I afterwards heard, had been less fortunate. The Celt always prefers the more sonorous word, and therefore the two little inns at Dugort are Hotels. But at the one where I descended I met with an inn-warm welcome, and discovered the next morning that various kindly little offices had been performed for me, on my arrival, by a comely looking girl who had no call to see to my wants, since she was the nurse-maid of some guests who had arrived the day previously, but to whom it seemed perfectly natural, at my request, to lend a hand to my better comfort. On my apologising for my mistake, she only said, "Sure, I'd only be too pleased to do anything for you." She afterwards told me she came from Ballina—pronounced Ballinà—which I had at one time hoped to see in the course of my visit, for, as she said, and indeed I had already heard, it is charmingly placed on the river Moy, three miles above Killalà Bay, and affords first-rate fishing. The last thing I heard at Dugort, when I drove away, was from this obliging handmaiden, as, dandling in her arms the youngest of her charges,

she made the morning musical with the speeding words, "Come to Ballinà!"

There was a broken pane, provisionally mended with brown paper, in my bedroom, and the rain slashed it all night long, without, however, penetrating farther. But the room was spacious, the bed perfectly clean—perhaps the floor was not equally so—and, by sunrise, the storm had blown and beaten itself out, and day broke and broadened with the clearness and brightness of Irish eyes. I have never had better fare, of the simple sort, than at Dugort; and London epicures now know no such mutton as was served me both there, at Achill Sound, and at Westport. Mrs Sheridan was in Dublin, invalided for the moment; and the cooking was done by her daughter, a girl in her sixteenth year, and everything she did, she did carefully and to perfection. So much for my experience of the alleged happy-go-lucky slovenliness of Irish inns, in one of the most primitive parts of the country. Nor was I less agreeably surprised by the aspect of its inhabitants and its fields. It is true that everybody said the crops were the best known for fifteen years; but the present condition of the people is necessarily the result of many bygone seasons, and I saw no traces of destitution during my brief sojourn on the island. It is only twenty miles in its widest part; and I both drove and walked over much of it. The morning after my arrival I went to Keem Bay, and met hundreds of men, women, and children on their way to Mass. The chapels are not in the villages, but at some solitary spot equidistant from a certain number of these, and at a convenient distance from them all. All the people I met were well dressed; some were on horseback,

a man and his wife or daughter riding pillion-fashion, and some being conveyed on private cars. I talked with an old fellow who had been, he said, twenty-seven years with Captain Boycott, when the latter lived in Achill; and he still chuckled over his recollections of the actions for trespass—"many's the law I've seen," was his way of putting it—at the Westport Assizes, and over the manner in which he got the better of the great lawyers when giving his evidence. He bore spontaneous testimony to the material improvement that has taken place in the condition of the people in his time; and, like many another of his class that I talked with in the course of my visit, whose testimony, however, would be more valuable but for their racial wish to be agreeable to the person they happen to be with, he averred that people no longer want Home Rule—one woman called it "that dirty thing, Home Rule"—and that until lately they had "not quite understood it." "What 'ud we do without England?" he said. "Sure the English I've seen are as good as the Irish—and better." He had been called on to pay half-a-crown "cess," in consequence of the shocking and yet remembered outrage in the island; which he recognised as perfectly just, but felt to be a most unwelcome tax. Every now and then there waxed and waned a silvery shower, from which we took efficient shelter under some overhanging rock along the mountainous coast foot-track: and then the ocean laughed into dimples again, running up to suddenly seen creeks and bays of yellow sand, and weltering more austere round remoter islands—Innisturk, Innisboffin, Ben Mullet, and many a nameless ait and promontory. Well could I believe that somewhere among them,

though now by enchantment rendered invisible to the eye of man, is the beautiful island, flowing with milk and honey, where Saint Brendan and his companions dwelt happily for seven years, and which will yet again some day surge above the waves.

A more perfect place of holiday resort than Dugort it would not be possible to imagine. There are firm yellow sands, where children may make their mimic dykes and fortresses; mountains of moderate height, Slieve Croghaun 2500 feet, Slievemore of only 2200, for the young and vigorous to ascend; easy hill foot-tracks for the weaker brethren; fishing either in smooth or in rolling water for those who love the indolent rocking or the rough rise and fall of the sea; precipitous and fretted cliffs carved with the likeness of some time-eaten Gothic fane by the architectonic ocean; rides, drives, and walks, amid the finest scenery of the kingdom. "I think she prefers Brighton," said a stranger to me of his companion; and if one prefers Brighton, one knows where to go. But if Nature, now majestically serene, now fierce and passionate, be more to you than bicyclettes and German bands, you can nowhere be better than at Achill, and starting from London you can be there in less than twenty-four hours. If you elect to sleep in Dublin, two easy journeys in full daylight will take you there. On the morning of the day I with reluctance quitted it, I went out with my landlord and two fishermen to the caves of the Seals, letting out, as we glided silently over the water, a long line baited only with a hook and a feather, and ever and again dragging in a pollock. It was with difficulty I could persuade myself I was not in the *Ægean*. Nowhere else have I seen atmosphere, sea, promontories, and islands, so like

the natural framework of the Odyssey, and I could almost hear the musical words—

τοῖσιν δ' ἔκμενον οὐδρον ἔει γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ἀκραίῃ Ζέφυρον, κελάδοντ' ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόν-
τον.

"There's a seal!" I exclaimed, but was quickly corrected by one of the rowers. "No, that's a muck-morrough," a word that was new to me, but which meant a porpoise—*muck* in Celtic signifying a pig. Thereupon one remembered that "running amock" means charging like a wild-boar, after a Hindoostanee word for that animal; and one pondered on the kinship of language in the two far-apart extremities of Britain's imposing empire. A moment later we saw seal upon seal, surging, diving, and disporting in the water, while puffins, grebes, and the larger and smaller gull revelled in their unchallenged dominion of shimmering sea and spacious air.¹

It is easier to write of a country when you are moving from inn to inn, than when you are the guest of private hospitality. But one of the charms of Ireland is the heartiness of the welcome extended to one, not only by relatives and friends, but by others to whom, before one's visit, you were almost a stranger. I hope we are not inhospitable in England; but our hospitality is, as a rule, and perhaps by virtue of the very conditions under which we conduct our lives, measured and formal. From "Saturday to Monday," or from "Friday to Monday," has become an English country-house

institution. There are no days in the week for coming or going in Irish country-houses. Their denizens are most eager to welcome the arriving, most loth to speed the parting guest. Indeed, I should be disposed to say, "Do not go to an Irish country-house if you are likely to be in any hurry to leave it;" and you will never be made to feel that you have stayed too long. In Ireland, to have is to give, and hospitality there consists in making you free, not only of all that your hosts possess, but of their time, their thoughts, their interests. You are made, in no conventional sense, thoroughly at home by people who have all the refinement, all the travelled experience, and perhaps something more than all the intelligence, of English folk. Their interests seem somewhat more elevated and less personal. I was driven to such reflections last year, when visiting on the Blackwater, and in Queen's County. They were forced on me afresh this year, when staying near Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. What is so pleasing is to find persons who, not long ago, experienced cruel and ungrateful treatment from a peasantry inflamed against them by malevolent agitators, and who now find their incomes materially reduced by English legislation, expressing themselves in no harsh language concerning either, and cherishing towards the former the most intelligent indulgence and the tenderest sympathy. I was glad, too, to find landowners, while prepared for legislative proposals

¹ In a letter I have since received from Mr Sheridan, dated September 23, he says there had been a great influx of visitors during the preceding days, the weather having been very fine, and he pleads for State assistance for the construction of a pier at Dugort. It would perhaps be more to the purpose, and likewise more within the purview of State help, to encourage the construction of a light railway from Achill Sound to Dugort, whereby the catchers of fish on the northern and western coasts of the island would be brought into more rapid communication with its consumers.

that will probably leave them the owners only of house and demesne, harbouring no intention, in that event, of ceasing to live in Ireland for the greater part of the year. Any economic or agrarian legislation that deprived Ireland of the softening and civilising influence exerted by such persons would be to inflict on it the direst of injuries. It is difficult enough already to induce any save those who are rich enough to use the island as an occasional happy hunting-ground, or those who are too poor to shift their tent at all, to give it the benefit of their presence and their expenditure. When I speak to my friends of the natural charm of Ireland, I am reminded of the difficulties that there attend the education of children, of the necessity of sending boys to English schools and English universities, and of the expense and inconvenience of despatching them backward and forward at vacation and term time. This is one of the considerations, for there are others, that must, I fear, continue to deter cultivated persons of moderate means from living in Ireland, notwithstanding the many attractions it presents. But for the holiday-maker and the tourist, Ireland is already almost an ideal country, and will be absolutely such when the various new hotels, now in process of construction, are open.

No one need wish, and certainly I do not, that Ireland should be made a feeble and ineffectual copy of Great Britain. *Opposuit Natura*. It is, and always must remain, an agricultural country. I do not know that it requires alteration in more than one or two respects.

I have already pleaded for cottage-gardens, and a more copious use of water.¹ One would like to see Separatist agitation disappear, and it is at this moment beginning to subside, for lack both of audiences and of subject-matter. It is for English statesmen to see that the latter vanishes altogether. No one can read the history of the economic relations of Great Britain with Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, without feeling, if he has any sense of justice, that reparation is due to Ireland for the monstrous commercial fetters in which it was then for so long a period bound; and any assistance wisely and discriminately given to Ireland for the purpose of stimulating material amelioration will be neither a bribe nor a dole, but the restoration of something owing. Nor can it be other than a reproach to British statesmanship that there should not exist a reasonably friendly understanding between the Imperial Government and the priesthood of an eminently Conservative Church. An incident was related to me, while I was in Ireland, by a connection of my own who was out with his battery of Horse Artillery during the Manœuvres held by Lord Wolseley in Queen's County as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, on the eve of his leaving it for a yet higher post. He had lost a pair of valuable field-glasses, on which was no name, having, in the course of the day's exercises, stupidly left them on the top of a wall. "Go and ask the priest," some one said to him, "and you will probably get them back." He followed the advice, and was at once told that Widow So-and-so—

¹ It has been observed with truth that Advertisements are one of the indications of the character and habits of a nation. I noticed, in the Irish railway-stations, repeated advertisements of whisky, saddlery, and everything appertaining to horse-flesh, but rarely, if ever, those panegyrics of rival soaps that meet the eye so frequently in England.

I forget her name—had found them, and would give them to him on personal application. She had taken them to the priest, who, I suppose, had told her she must hand them to the owner, if he could be found, and that in default of such discovery she might keep them. What sagacious statesman, indeed what man of sense, would quarrel more than he could help with so valuable an intermediary?

Irish ideas are not always the same as English ideas. But in so far as they do not conflict with the moral law, or with the fundamental constitution of the Realm, they surely are deserving of consideration—in Ireland. On the excuse being offered for a tailor who had made a badly fitting suit of clothes, that the customer in question was a very curiously built man, the answer came swift and sharp, "Sure, he should have followed him wheriver he wint." Irish ideas may seem to some of us curious—Englishmen have rather the habit of regarding all ideas other than their own as curious. But, since we have to fit Ireland with what is necessary for it, is not that a reason why we should take extra pains in the performance of the duty?

I had to leave on the very eve of the great Dublin Horse Show. But I saw a Horse Show at a little place called Moate, which however once gave a night's shelter to Cromwell, at which I was greatly impressed not only by the lepping—*Anglicè*, jumping—but by the quality of the animals, the horsemanship of the riders, and the extraordinary interest and enthusiasm displayed by the company, which consisted for the most part of gossoons, sitting in their hundreds on a stone wall that girt the enclosure, and giving forth a Celtic yell as the

horses shirked, cleared, or missed their jump. There was one handsome and likely looking mare that, no doubt from want of due preparation for this particular kind of trial, was among those who elected the first course. Her name was Dairymaid; and I overheard the observation behind me, "Dairymaid, is it? Ah, well! she'd better go home and make bootter. She's no good here." In Ireland, every one can ride, and every horse can go. What a Reserve of Light Cavalry Ireland might furnish us, and, I trust, some day not far off will, when all Irishmen know and recognise what is for their peace. In England young colts at grass are nearly always out in smooth pastures. In Ireland they are among rocks, and stones, and broken and sloping ground, and thus acquire a better use of their legs betimes. Possibly the lime in the subsoil is good for their bones; and assuredly the soft moist climate is all in their favour. Irish horses have better tempers, and therefore better manners, than English horses, in consequence no doubt of the gentler and more patient treatment they receive. But as one who knows them well reminds me, "When they *are* bad-tempered, they are the —."

In an old-world garden in Westmeath, tended by wise and happy old-world folk, I was admiring an *Osmunda regalis* that seemed to me of amazing dimensions, and was told of the Irish Princess who once escaped her pursuers by hiding under one of these spacious and graceful ferns. Is she not crouching there still, fearing to come forth? And will she not now leave her emerald lurking-place, and bring with her the crowning virtues of loyalty, moral courage, and truth?

ALFRED AUSTIN.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MONA MACLEAN.'

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning,—"
 —WORDSWORTH.

I.

"THIRD-CLASS, if you please," he said brusquely. "A working-man with a family can afford no kick-shaws."

"No," said the young widow, looking up in the rugged face with a tearful smile; "and that is why he can afford to come all these miles without a fee, to visit a sick child!"

"Tut, tut!" he answered shortly. "Will corbies pick out corbies' een? That wasn't much to do for poor Tom's boy—and yours. Now, don't fret. The child's all right. Keep up his strength, and don't be afraid of fresh air. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, scarcely lowering her voice as much as he could have wished. "God bless you! You are—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!"

The train was moving slowly out of the station, and the doctor hastily clapped the pockets of his baggy old ulster in search of his daily paper. Its columns had already received much closer attention than he could, as a rule, afford to the claims of politics; but a newspaper, like most good things, serves many purposes.

What a fuss that girl did make about nothing to be sure! She always was a neurotic, fusionless, anæmic thing. He had told Tom so before the marriage, and he remembered still how indignantly his old chum had replied, "All right, old boy, many thanks; but I leave it to you to choose your wife by

the number of her red blood corpuscles!" Tom was a fool, of course. Next to a meek and quiet spirit, what did a woman want more than plenty of red blood corpuscles? Latin and Greek and piano-playing were a poor business in comparison. Ah, well! with all her faults, and with all his ill-luck, poor Tom had at least had a devoted wife. What was it she had said as the train was moving off? "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Stuff and nonsense! And yet, perhaps, it was only fair that someone here and there should look at a man through rose-coloured spectacles. That didn't happen too often now that one was growing grumpy and middle-aged, with no gift for making pretty speeches, and no belief in the universal divine mission of women!

The doctor folded his paper with a grunt, and looked almost defiantly at the other occupants of the carriage.

There were only two. An old lady was nodding comfortably in the other corner on his own side; and opposite her sat a young girl gazing intently out of the window.

"Another neurotic specimen! thought the doctor almost indignantly, "white lips, and muscles all on the strain! What is the race coming to? And no doubt, if one only knew it, some young fool is daft about her, and declines to concern himself with the number of her red corpuscles!"

As if in response to his gaze, the girl turned her head, and an unconscious, shuddering sigh revealed yet more clearly the tension of her nerves.

"Or is she in love with him?" went on the merciless critic. "If so, it looks as if he *had* been wise in time,—and this is the result. Rough on her, poor little goose! Would Ethel have looked like that, I wonder, if Tom had taken my advice? Poor Ethel! When all is said, she is a plucky little soul,—considering that Nature never meant her to face the world alone,—and least of all with a delicate child on her hands."

The train drew up at a station, and the old lady, awaking with a start, proceeded hastily to collect her chattels.

The young girl rose with automatic courtesy. "If you will get out first," she said, "I will hand you the things."

But the step was a very high one, and the old lady hesitated.

"Wait a bit," said the doctor gruffly, "I'll go first."

He helped her out carefully, landed the parcels, and then returned to his corner.

"Well, she can't say we're not polite!" he remarked with grim humour, as if half ashamed of the trouble he had taken.

The girl smiled in the same absent, preoccupied way. It seemed as if outward things could not penetrate beyond the extreme surface of her mind.

The doctor began to be interested in his companion from a professional point of view. Hers was a striking face, now that he got a good view of it,—not so pretty as Ethel's, but intellectual, cultured; and the poise of the dainty head on its slender neck reminded him irresistibly of one of his own Scotch bluebells.

But surely there was something

more amiss even than the want of red corpuscles! Either the girl was on the eve of an illness, or she was in a state of almost unbearable nerve strain. Instinctively the doctor laid his hand on the pocket that contained his clinical thermometer.

For she was not an ordinary hysterical subject by any means. He noted with quiet appreciation how she controlled every muscle when the express whizzed shrieking past; such perfect inhibition was not acquired in a day; and he waited expectantly till he saw the pale face turn a few shades paler when the noise was over.

"Perfectly ridiculous that she should be knocking about the country by herself!" he thought. "I'd like to know what her people are thinking of."

The girl let down the window at this point, and leaned forward to get the full benefit of the sharp air.

"Much better lie down, if you are afraid of fainting," continued the doctor, still to himself. "If I had any voice in the matter, I'd pack you off to do light work on a dairy farm for the next six months. Little goose!—overwrought and underfed to such an extent that she is scarcely responsible for her actions."

He began to wish that she was not so supremely unconscious of his existence. He would have liked to enter into conversation, and to give her the benefit of the wholesome advice that was drifting about in his mind. Overworked country doctors are not often guilty of such weakness, and our friend was far from being an exception to the rule; but the consciousness of his own generosity in making this journey at all, and the pathetic gratitude of the poor little widow, had kindled his mood into an unusually mellow glow.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The words reminded him of the dreams of his youth, of the hopes and aspirations that had floated through his mind when the great man spoke such thrilling words on Graduation day. Heigho! Life was a great disillusioner—as no doubt the great man knew—but speeches had to be made!

"The shadow of a great rock." Not many of his patients would be disposed to apply those words to him nowadays. They thought him rough and unsympathetic, and rather keen about his hard-earned fees. But then, on the other hand, women had ceased to care about shadow in these times. They preferred the glaring, merciless, all-revealing sunlight. Not Ethel! Ethel was never one of that sort, bless her! Perhaps poor old Tom had not made such a bad choice after all. Heigho! When all was said, they were a poor lot, women, a poor lot,—always excepting, of course, his own little sonsy-faced lassie, who had hated the country, and hated his work, and who lay now asleep in the dreary, unbeautiful kirkyard.

"The shadow of a great rock." Involuntarily he glanced again at his companion, and to his amazement he saw that a complete change had come over her mood. No longer unconscious of his existence, she was gazing at him with such a hungry, searching look that his own glance fell before it. Her eyes were like those of a hunted animal. "Is this a haven," they seemed to say, "or only another snare?"

His curiosity was thoroughly roused now, and in another moment he turned to her with a preliminary cough.

But she saved him the trouble of breaking the ice.

"You are a doctor, are not you?" she said, controlling her voice with

a painful effort, and coming nearer to where he sat.

"I am."

"I wanted to ask you," she went on, struggling to speak dispassionately, "what you would do with me if—if anything should happen to me before I get to my journey's end?"

"What should happen to you?" he asked abruptly.

She did not answer.

"Do you feel ill?"

"No. I don't think so—not exactly ill. I feel"—she seemed to be gathering her forces for a desperate effort—"as if—as if I were going mad."

Well, this was a plunge into the depths! Fortunately the doctor was an experienced hand, so he held his breath and waited quietly till he came to the surface again.

"In the first place, let me set your mind at rest," he said gruffly; "you are not going mad—this time. In the second place, do you mind telling me why you did not eat a proper breakfast this morning?"

He half expected that she would be angry, but she was obviously too much in earnest for that. A faint smile strove vainly to relax the tension of her face.

"I can't eat," she said shortly.

"That's what fools say. When a wise woman can't eat, she rings the bell and asks for a glass of milk. Did you do that?"

"No." He had succeeded at least in arresting her attention.

"So I thought. And you have given up beef and mutton, haven't you?—such gross, brutal diet! All very well for mere *men*! But a cup of tea fits one so much better for work, doesn't it? That is one of the great economical discoveries that we owe to your sex."

She was almost laughing now, though rather resentfully.

"I suppose I have given you the right to assume that I am a silly

girl; but it is scarcely the case. I am a working-woman."

He bowed. "I am not surprised. It seems to my old-fashioned eyes that the one class shades imperceptibly into the other nowadays. My friends in town tell me that every ballroom *coryphée* is either absorbed in some East End mission, or is working up for what she is pleased to call the 'Higher Locals.' Let me own up at once! If you begin to quote Greek, I am lost: and, as for Latin, I don't believe I could write a prescription without abbreviations. Be merciful! I am only a very dull, very humdrum, stupid old country doctor."

"Oh *don't* mock me!" she cried, a rich colour rising into her delicate cheek. "I don't know any Latin and Greek. I thought once I could paint,—and—and other people thought so too; but it is all gone. I am a drone—a drone!"

So this was all, was it? She couldn't paint! Was the moon really out of reach, pretty dear? What a shame!—Well, well! He had patients in the workhouse asylum who had gone off their heads for less assignable reason than that. Patience! Let her quiet down a bit and then hear her out.

"I suppose," he said abruptly, "you would think me a boor, if I asked your leave to smoke?"

"I wish you would!"

He produced a well-seasoned old meerschaum, looked at it caressingly, and then held it out to her.

"Isn't that a beauty?" he said.

She smiled. "It's a fine bit of colour."

"So I think." He nodded approvingly, filled the bowl, lighted it deliberately, and drew a few appreciative whiffs.

"Yes," he said, arranging himself more comfortably in his corner, "it's an old friend, and one of the

best I've got. It has helped me over many a fret, and at times—not too often—it has shared a bit of honest pleasure. It was given me by a college chum—he's dead now, poor fellow!—the husband of that lady who was with me."

"I know," she cried involuntarily,—“the lady who said you were——”

"Ay," he interrupted grimly. "Her child has been ill, poor thing! She'd have said anything just then. And that reminds me, I am bound in honour to eat the sandwiches she gave me. You'll help me, won't you?"

The very thought of eating made her throat feel like red-hot iron, and the sandwiches—produced from a battered, professional bag—smelt strongly, she fancied, of antiseptic bandages; but, conscious as she was beginning to be of how completely she had given herself away, if he had asked her to eat the bandages themselves, she must needs have attempted it.

"Take a mouthful of sherry," he said kindly. "That'll help it down. Feel better now?"

Her answer was an indirect one.

"Oh," she said, rising and walking to the opposite window, "what an utter, *utter* fool you must think me!"

He knocked the ashes from the bowl of his pipe.

"It never does to be in a hurry," he said slowly, "when you're judging which of your fellow-creatures are fools. So much depends on how you look at them. I *don't* think—I have quite made up my mind yet whether you are a fool or no."

She smiled—a wan wintry little smile.

"Oh, I *am* a fool!" she said. "It is past hiding so far as you are concerned. And yet—you are a doctor—you ought to understand. For days past I have been so hor-

ribly afraid of going mad. Whenever people looked at me, I fancied they noticed something odd about my actions. Only yesterday—I had gone into a field to gather some coloured berries—not that I cared to have them!—and two men were carting brushwood, and they stopped and watched me—oh——” she pushed away the foot-warmer with a force of which he would not have believed her capable, “——it is too ridiculous!”

“Ay,” he responded gravely, “it is ridiculous; but I’ve no doubt it was real enough at the time.”

There was silence between them for some moments.

“What put it into your head that you could paint?” he asked suddenly.

She smiled again. A man like this was an entirely new fact in her experience.

“I don’t know,” she said, “except that I always was painting from the time I could hold a pencil. They all opposed me, my people at home. I mean, they thought I should be content to paint watery landscapes and Christmas cards and useless terra cotta plaques. ‘So nice to be able to give pleasure to your friends!’ they said. As if at my time of life—I was only a girl then,” she interposed naïvely, with a seriousness which tried his gravity almost beyond endurance—“as if at my time of life I had any right to be content with work that led nowhere, that was an end (God forgive the word!) in itself! As if, indeed, any one short of an idiot would rest content with producing rubbish like that!”

He nodded with real appreciation. From widely different starting-points they had arrived at what was probably their one foothold of common ground in the domain of Art.

“However,” she continued more brightly, little guessing how narrow the foothold was, “I got my way in the end.” And she told him a story of earnest effort, of eager delight in work for work’s sake, of divers small successes, culminating in a definite result which even his unskilled ears could roughly appreciate.

“I hope you don’t think,” she said with sudden shyness, “that I am giving you the opinion only of admiring friends. I was never afraid of criticism. I used to think—then—that there was no delight on earth like standing by, while some one not only told me, but *made me see*, where I had failed. And I think people knew that, more or less, and were honest with me. They told me, of course, that my work was crude; but they thought I had ideas, and an eye for colour, and even some force in my own small way.”

She paused in some confusion.

He nodded gravely. No doubt there was an undercurrent of profound amusement in his mind; she took herself and her Art so seriously, this overstrung child,—as if, forsooth, there were not pictures enough in the world! But, as a case, she was interesting; and there was a curious charm about every movement of the harebell head; and—a pathetic little woman had told him only an hour before that he was “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

So he nodded gravely, and the girl felt herself lifted, like a stranded boat, on the wave of his strong personality.

“And so,” she said, “I seemed all at once to find myself in the running, don’t you know? And they told me if I would only undertake a serious bit of work, I should make my mark. I really began to believe myself that I

should, and that was a new experience for me! I had never before realized that anything I did was good till one or two people had assured me of it, and I had come to look at it with their eyes. But now I was full of hope and confidence. I chose my subject—I believe I flattered myself that it ‘came to me!’—and, after I had made a lot of studies, I ordered a big canvas and began.”

She broke off with a sigh that was almost a sob.

“Oh, I can’t talk of it!” she said. “I worked hard—tremendously hard, and at first everything seemed to go on as usual. Then I began to feel that there was something inherently wrong; but I had felt that so often before—and just when I was doing what proved to be my best work—that I thrust the idea aside, and worked harder than ever. I knew I was applying myself too constantly, but I could not rest. I felt I must have my fate decided one way or the other. And all the time the feeling that something was wrong kept haunting me, as it had never done before.

“I saw very little of my friends in those days. When they came to the studio, I either did not show them the picture, or I did not encourage anything more than conventional comments.

“But at last one day a friend came in, with whom I had a sort of tradition of mutual honesty. He was a good deal my senior, and he had helped me often, and—I knew he would not find it easy to lie to me. I can’t tell you how I felt, how I longed to escape, or hide the picture or anything; but it was too late. There I was, stripped of my defences, and my day of wrath had come!”

The doctor’s eyes had been fixed for some moments on the hurrying line of trees above the railway bank,

but now he turned and looked sharply at his companion.

Yes, she was thoroughly in earnest. The eager, quivering face bore ample evidence to that; but, apart from the pathological aspect of the case, how supremely ridiculous the whole thing was! What if he should begin to talk about his *Dies Irae* when a fracture failed to unite, or a patient complained of the effect of a prescription? Nay, he might suggest the expression to his little Polly as a relief to her feelings when her doll’s gaudy millinery turned out less satisfactory than usual!

Fortunately the rugged face was but a poor index to the passing thoughts that came and went behind it, so the girl went on—

“He stood behind my stool without speaking for what seemed to me an eternity. Not that there was anything new in that. It was always his way before he criticized anything. The strange thing was that this time he seemed to be struck by his own silence, and he began hastily to praise the pose of this, the drapery of that,—any detail that pleased him. I missed the genuine ring in a moment, and I pushed back my seat from the easel, and threw aside my palette. ‘In other words,’ I said, quietly, ‘the thing is a failure!’ It was hard on him, I know; but I was past caring for him. It was life and death to me. I don’t know what he would have said if I had given him time. As it was, he hesitated, and—at least he knew me well enough to see that after that no half-hearted assurances would be of the smallest use. ‘The fact is,’ he said, ‘you’re done up. You have been sticking at it too closely. Go off home for a bit and take a rest. You’ll make a success of this yet some day.’”

“Excellent advice!” said the

doctor, glad to be able to approve of something at last.

"Excellent advice!" she repeated bitterly, "and, like most excellent advice, utterly useless. Rest! How can I rest when I am haunted by the conviction that I have begun to—*decay*? Don't you see—I have staked everything on this? If it fails, I have nothing left. Rest! Oh, how I *could* rest, if I could only do one little bit of good work first!—Just enough to give me one little ray of hope for the future! But, try as I will, I can't; and, if I can't do it to-day, what reason have I to hope that I shall be able to do it to-morrow, or next day, or any day?"

Her companion did not answer. Inured as he was by long discipline, to the constant involuntary self-sacrifice of a country doctor's life, he was almost appalled by the supreme naïve self-absorption of the spoilt child before him. Fortunately her next words struck a chord that vibrated in his being too.

"But the last few days," she went on in a lowered voice, "even that fear has been lost in the other awful fear I told you of. You may guess what it must have been before I let myself be driven to speak of it—even to you!"

There was a long silence. The neuroses of modern life did not bulk very largely in the good doctor's practice; and, when cases did occur, he was apt to classify them under rather unflattering names. If any one else had consulted him about this girl—her mother, for instance—he would have made very short work of the case; a few rough sentences and a brief prescription would have been, in his estimation, amply sufficient to meet its exigencies; and, assuredly no notice of it would have appeared among the meagre and occasional

jottings in his case-book. But she was so obviously ill, as she sat in front of him there; her misery was so real to her; her faith in him so pathetic; and, above all, she had so much spirit and pluck in her own odd way,—that, in spite of his utter want of sympathy with her aims, he found himself making a clumsy effort to approach her plane of life and thought.

The train rushed shrieking into a tunnel, and he waited till they emerged into daylight again.

"I suppose you can still draw a straight line?" he asked abruptly.

Her reply was a quivering laugh.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't like to be too sure. Straighter than most people, I suppose."

"Well then, give a hand to the folks behind you! There's a village school in your parts, I suppose? Why not go and teach the bairns to draw? I don't care much about pictures, but many's the time I have felt the want of not being able to make a bit of a diagram. Why, there are times when a few straight lines save a world of words, and that's a good job, if nothing else is. Depend upon it," he went on, warming to his work as he felt the ground firmer beneath his feet, "you'll never be so badly placed but what you'll find some bit of work at hand that you can *do well*. That's enough to keep any man sane, I take it. If you probe your trouble to the bottom, you'll find you are fretting yourself to death because you can't do the thing you want to. Well, you must just make up your mind to that. Neither I nor anybody else can help you there. The work you want to do won't go undone, never fear. Somebody else is sure to do it for you. Your business is to come down a step, and do the thing you can. God bless my soul, child!" he broke forth impetuously, "who are you

that you should pick and choose? Don't you suppose we've all had our dreams?"

There was no answer, and he did not seem to expect one.

"For the rest," he went on, drawing down his brows more grimly, as if a disagreeable duty had to be got over, the sooner the better,— "for the rest, your artist friend was quite right. You've got the glass of your telescope all smudged and begrimed, and here you are (yes, in that respect you *are* a fool, no doubt!) straining your weary eyes to see through it! You'd be better employed if you'd rub up your lenses a bit, and let the stars take care of themselves!"

She looked up half-puzzled, but with a dawning smile of appreciation; and he smiled too, in spite of himself, well pleased that she understood.

Then he put away his pipe, and,

frowning, shut the shabby bag with a snap.

"Quite beneath the dignity of a great astronomer, I admit," he said, "to see that his glass is kept clean, but his work won't be good for much if he doesn't! Well, here I am! Do you go much farther? Hallo, what's up?"

The quiet wayside station was a scene of unwonted excitement, and almost before the train had stopped, the station-master opened the carriage-door.

"There's been a terrible accident at the pit, sir," he said, "and everybody is crying out for you. Your man has the gig at the gate."

Without even lifting his hat, the doctor was gone; and so it came to pass that the little girl with the head like a Scotch bluebell passed out of his mind almost as completely as if they had never met.

II.

The rain had almost ceased now, but a drenching white mist enshrouded everything, making its way into many an unsuspected crevice. The day was darkening fast, and the wheels of the doctor's gig splashed heavily along the muddy road.

"Shoe loose, sir!" exclaimed the young groom.

"Well," growled the doctor, "I suppose I have ears as well as you!"

Poor old doctor! You will see that his temper had not improved in the last ten or twelve years.

The lad looked injured. *He* was wet and hungry too.

"We're so near the smithy, sir," he said, with the air of a man whose wisdom and foresight are not adequately acknowledged by his contemporaries.

"Confound the smithy!" was the surly reply. "That's the man who lamed Darby a month ago. I said then I'd never go back to him, and I won't. Darby will get home all right. I'll take Joan out to-morrow."

But, even as he said it, the horse began to limp unmistakably.

"Just get down and look at his foot, will you? It's the off hind. What like's the shoe?"

The lad dismounted as quickly as his stiff cold limbs would allow.

"There's a nail come loose, that's pricking him, sir; and I can't get it out without the pinchers."

"And where the deuce are the pinchers, I'd like to know? Bless my soul! I might as well bring a tame cat out with me for all the good you are! Pull off the shoe, and look sharp! He'll go well

enough without it for all the distance."

The lad stared in amazement.

"Hall right, sir," he said; and a moment later he added cheerfully, "There's a lot of metal on the road, sir."

"Light the lamps," said the doctor, pretending not to hear the last remark. "We'll be having an accident next."

In another minute they came in sight of the smithy, which stood some distance back from the road. The blacksmith's quick ear had caught the false ring of the loose shoe in the distance, and he stood now, expectant in the doorway, his figure forming a fine silhouette, with the ruddy glow of the furnace behind it.

When the gig had rattled past, he returned to his forge, with a scowl that gave way to a smile.

"Anybody else 'd 'a bin glad to warm hisself at the smithy fire on a night like this,—were't nought else," said he; "but the doctor's the doctor. Well, he'll find that two can play at that game! My missis must just make shift wi' the new man when her time comes round. They say he's clever, for all he's so young."

Meanwhile the doctor tossed the reins to his companion, and resigned himself, as he had so often done before, to passive, hopeless endurance of his discomfort. There were worse troubles after all than rain and wind and cold, and—and Ethel had been more ailing and fretful than usual that morning. Polly would be at home, to be sure,—bless her sonsy face! If only she and he could have a quiet hour together by the study fire! But what would Ethel say to that?

Poor thing, poor thing! It was a shame to find fault with her. What wonder, with her ill health, that she was jealous and peevish?

If she could only get to Bournemouth for a month or two, with that spoilt boy of hers, it would do her all the good in the world. But, alas, the moon itself was not less attainable than Bournemouth just now, when there seemed to be no prospect of paying the butcher's bill, let alone the school and college fees that were rapidly becoming due!

The doctor leaned forward with a groan, and, as he did so, a stream of water from his shabby umbrella made its icy way inside his soaked woollen comforter; but he did not flinch. What mattered one small discomfort the more? Darby was dead lame now, but at least they were at home.

"Let him stand with his foot in a pail of cold water," said the doctor. "He'll not be much the worse."

"Yes, sir," and the lad shrugged his shoulders in the darkness.

"Oh, dad, darling!" cried Polly's eager voice. "Come in quick! There's a lovely fire in the study, and all sorts of things warming for you. I'll go and see about dinner while you change. Nonsense! I shall kiss you if I choose." There was just the least suggestion of pathos in her laugh as she added, "My poor old frock won't hurt."

The doctor paused for a moment outside the sitting-room door. He knew he ought to look in, and say just a word to his wife, but he *could not do it*, so he tramped on to his own room.

The warmth and glow cheered him in spite of himself, and a quarter of an hour later, when he went in to dinner, he stooped to kiss the pale woman on the sofa.

"Well, old lady," he said with gruff kindness, "how do you feel now?"

Poor Ethel! She had thought of him so much all day, when she

heard the rain pattering against the window-panes; but now that she had listened to Polly's eager greeting in the hall, her own kind words froze on her lips.

"It matters little how I feel," she said.

The doctor was sorely tempted to say that it mattered a good deal to *him* how she felt, when he came in at night worn out and longing for rest; but, with a mighty effort, he held his peace. He knew her well enough to be quite sure that she would have given a good deal not to speak those chilling words; but he knew too that the remorse she felt would not prevent her from doing the same thing again and again and again, though all the time she was acutely conscious that such words were daily widening the breach between her husband and herself.

Fortunately Polly came in at this moment. When she was at home she never allowed the slatternly maid-of-all-work to wait on her father. As soon as she had left the room with the empty soup-plate, Ethel tried to say something kind. It would not have been possible for her to say it in Polly's hearing. It was always so easy for the bright attractive idolized girl to trump her stepmother's ace.

"You must be very tired," she remarked gently. "I hope you won't be called out again to-night."

"I'm sure I hope not. Has anybody been? Somebody said Mrs Steele's boy was ill."

His tone did not respond to her advance, and she answered coldly.

"Yes, Jane saw Dr Maxwell's carriage at the Steeles' door."

"Nonsense! Not Mrs Steele's!"

"Yes."

"She must have known I was away, and got frightened——"

"No," continued Ethel firmly.

"Jane spoke to the coachman, and

he said Mrs Steele had mentioned in her message that she wanted Dr Maxwell to attend them for the future."

"Shows what a confounded cad the man must be to undertake it without a word to me. I'll see myself far enough before I help him out of a——"

The doctor stopped short. With all his faults and misfortunes, he had not sunk so low as that. So he changed the line of attack.

"I wish to goodness," he exclaimed, "that you would forbid your servants to chatter all over the place. The wonder is that I have any patients at all, with all this backstairs gossip going on."

"Pray ring the bell, and give any orders you choose. It is two months now since you asked me to put a stop to Susan's gossiping—or was it Mary Ann then? I did my poor best, with the result that each tit-bit was flavoured with, 'Now mind you don't let on as I told you. They'd be that mad if it got talked about.'"

To show an angry man that he is wrong is rarely the way to pacify him; but Ethel had not finished her say.

"As to Mrs Steele," she continued, with a bitter little smile, "I have been expecting it all along. There are not many eligible men in this place, and her two eldest daughters are getting on!"

He might have said the same thing himself in a cynical moment, but he could not stand it from her.

"Well, of all the women who belittle their own sex," he exclaimed angrily, pushing his chair back from the table, "you are about the worst! I don't wonder Polly calls herself a 'woman's rights woman'!"

"Nor do I," was the quick rejoinder, "when her father gives in

to every whim she has. If it were poor little Algy now——”

“I am *so* sorry you have had to wait, father dear!” said Polly, entering the room with a tray, her bright face flushed with her unwonted culinary experiments. “I was showing Jane how a steak *ought* to be cooked, and she says my way takes longer than hers!”

She set down the tray, and looked up with a smile at her own expense; but the smile vanished in a moment when she saw the faces of the other two. Things had never been so bad as this when she had been at home before; and now, of course, it was not to be expected of human nature that she should see both sides of the question.

“Oh, *poor* Father!” she said, leaning her head wearily against the wall when she had left the room, “and there will be no end to it—no end—no end!”

“Well,” said the doctor, when the door had closed behind her, “you were saying something, I think. If it were Algermon——?”

“*There!*” exclaimed Ethel indignantly. “It all lies in that one word—*Algermon*. You have your own Jack and Polly. Would you speak of a son of your own as *Algermon?*”

“God forbid,” said he devoutly, “that any son of mine should come by such a name! But”—he attacked the steak vigorously—“I’m blest if I know what you would have! I’m rough enough with my tongue at times, God knows! But I’ve never said a rough word to him.”

“Precisely!” she answered bitterly. “You have said plenty of rough words to Polly.”

“Look here, Ethel,” he said, forcing himself to speak calmly. “We’ve been over this ground a hundred times; but, if it will give you any satisfaction, we’ll go over it for the hundred and first. My

bairns have faults of their own, and, as you say, I’ve been down on them sharply enough; but at least I have some idea *what they would be at*. Your son I simply cannot understand. His mother thinks and plans for his welfare night and day, but he never gives her a thought in return; with infinite trouble we get him on the foundation at Charterhouse, and — *after being warned*—he gets himself expelled. No doubt I’m old-fashioned and out of date, but I frankly confess that a lad of that kind has no place in my reckoning. I ventured once or twice to say a word, a word meant in all kindness; but you know what the result of that was. I don’t want to be hard on any one whose nature is a complete enigma to me, so I simply give him a wide berth.”

“Poor little Algy!” she sobbed. “I sometimes think it would have been better for him—if—if—you had never made that journey twelve years ago, and saved his life!”

The doctor smiled grimly. So he and his wife had one thought in common after all.

“And no doubt you think the next journey I made in the same direction might also have been omitted with advantage?”

She sobbed outright. “Oh, I know you only did it out of pity! and I have been a terrible drag on you ever since! If it were not for Algy, I should pray God——”

“Oh, drop that!” he cried savagely; and then he was ashamed of himself.

“Look here, Ethel,” he said, rising and sitting on the sofa beside her. “Can’t you see that I am dead-tired, and sick at heart? Don’t hit a fellow when he’s down!”

She was genuinely sorry for him, and strove to forgive the bitter words. “Well, dear,” she

said, stroking his rough hand, "you know you have brought a double day's work upon yourself, because Polly plagued you to take her to town to-morrow. And then—if you *will* give your son and daughter an expensive education—why do you stay on here? You are only losing one patient after another. What chance can you possibly have against an unmarried man with £300 a-year of his own? The butcher has been here again to-day——"

He sprang to his feet with an oath on his lips, and just then Jane opened the door.

"If you please, sir," she said, "that's Jim to know if there's any more orders."

"No," said the doctor shortly. "You said no one wanted me?" he added, turning to his wife.

"No," she answered. "Mrs Napier sent to ask if you would look in to-morrow or next day."

The doctor sighed. "Good soul!" he said wearily.

"No doubt," said Ethel quietly; "but I think it would puzzle you to name her complaint. If I had a face like a winter-apple I'd be ashamed to have a doctor dangling about me continually. Talk of fancies!"

"Ay," he said sternly, splitting a large coal with a neat thrust of the poker. "She's given to fancies, and she's taken a mighty queer one at present. She thinks she sees the wolf approaching the door of an old friend, and she's minded to ward it off if she can. The simplest thing would be to send him a cheque for £20 or so—upon my soul, I don't know that I'd refuse it!—but she thinks I'd be insulted, so she puts herself to infinite trouble and invents no end of imaginary ailments. She must know that I see through it all; I don't think she ever took me exactly for a fool; but she knows too (God help me!)

that I can't afford to charge her with it."

He shook himself like a great dog, and strode out of the room.

"Polly!" he shouted recklessly. "Come and have a chat in the study!"

Polly needed no second call. In another moment she was seated on the rug, with her head on her father's knee—in one of those easy, unconstrained attitudes that bespeak long habit.

He lighted his precious old meerschaum, and, for a time, they sat in silence.

"Heigho, Polly," he said at last. "It's a weary world!"

She drew a long breath of relief. She had wanted so much to speak.

"I've been horribly selfish, Dad darling," she said, "but indeed it was sheer stupidity. I did honestly think that a day in town would be a sort of a holiday for you too!"

"And so it will, my bird," he said, striving to speak cheerfully; "you won't ask me to look at pictures *all* day, will you?"

"Poor bullied old Dad! I'll tell you my plan. We'll go straight to the Academy, so as to see the pictures in some peace before the crowd comes; and you and I will trot round for about an hour. Then the Trelawneys are to meet me,—I shall be so proud to show them my noble old Dad, with his 'crown of glory'!—and in due season they will carry me off to lunch. You will be under oath to get a good lunch too, and then you shall spend the whole afternoon with your cronies. You always have so much to say to them."

He winced. The main thing he had to say to them next day was that he must borrow money somewhere! But there was no need to tell Polly that.

"Then," she continued, "the Trelawneys will conduct me to the

station in the evening to meet you——”

“Ay,” he said, “in a carriage and pair, with a footman to wait on my Polly. Poor little Cinderella! and it has all got to turn into a pumpkin again!”

“Now that is exactly what I want to speak to you about. It ought never to be anything but a pumpkin. I hate to drive in state while my grand old dad goes on the top of the bus. I only come by my smart friends because you insist on sending me to a first-class school. My honours are earned by the sweat of your brow, and they’re too dear, —a world too dear! I won’t have it. No, no, Dad! My education is finished. Once for all I am on strike. *I won’t go back!*”

He did not speak immediately.

“Polly, lass,” he said at length, “you know it’s an old-fashioned fad of mine that my bairns should do as they’re bid; but I’ll give you my reasons for this. I have often told you that your grandfather and grandmother were quite common folk—as this world reckons commonness; but they were proud and Scotch, and they made up their minds that their son should go to college. So they stinted and well-nigh starved, and in due time I took my degree. My Mother was never given to wearing her heart on her sleeve, but when she saw me capped, she sobbed out loud, so that all the people round could hear—‘That’s him noo! That’s oor Jock!’ As if it was me all the folk had come to see!”

He stopped and bit his lip.

“They’ve both been in the kirk-yard this many a year,” he said; “but I can’t bear to think that my Mother’s saving and starving should all have been for nought.” He paused and broke in eagerly upon his own thoughts. “It wasn’t for nought, Polly, lass,” he cried. “It

wasn’t for nought! No doubt I’d have done better at the plough, but I can at least give a lift to my bairns; and it was for them she saved, Polly, not for me. Don’t you see?”

But Polly saw nothing—with her bodily eye at least—save a blazing blur of flame through a blinding mist of tears.

“I once made sure you’d marry,” he went on after a pause; “but it’s astonishing how a man’s notions change; and at least I won’t have you driven to do it. You are just the sort of lass who could make her own way, if you were so minded; and your education isn’t going to prevent your taking the right man if you find him.”

There was another long silence before he continued—

“You’re so nearly through, now, both you and Jack, that I’d be loath to give it up. I may be driven to it, but I’ll live on oatcake and brose first! Such a little would do it! I only want a lift for the next year or two. I don’t deny that there’s some difficulty just now, but I can’t think but what we’ll get past it somehow. I’ll be honest with you, Polly, because I know you won’t make a fuss when you see it’s for your father’s sake as well as your own;—when you know that the education of his bairns is your poor old dad’s main stake in life nowadays. I lost some hundreds this winter in an investment. I’ve aye been over canny with my money, so Dame Fortune turned her back on me when I lippeden to her for once. And then—although this new man hasn’t taken many of my patients, he has taken some of the ones that pay best. You see he lives in style compared with me; and it’s something worth paying for to have a carriage like that stop at one’s door!”

This was the first time the sub-

ject of the new doctor had been broached between father and daughter.

"I can't think how they can be such *fools!*" cried Polly indignantly. "A whipper-snapper like that! And, Father, if you only *saw* how he bandaged Joe Simpson's leg! I am sure *Darby* could have done it better!"

"Ay," said he. "He's one of the kind they turn out in plenty nowadays; all theory and no grit. I am told he laughs at what he is pleased to call my 'exploded ideas'; but give us an epidemic or a pit accident, and I'd like to know where he'd be! I can't think that it'll last. I've taken his measure pretty well, and surely other folks will do the same in time. They may want to marry their daughters, as Ethel says; but they can't want to *bury* them. The fact is, he's the fashion just now, and it's mainly my own fault. I have been so crabbed and

cross-grained at times, and folk couldn't know all I had to worry me."

Polly did not answer. Her father had never taken her into his confidence like this before, and her words would not come.

"But you mustn't blame Ethel," he continued presently. "God knows it's more my fault than hers! The truth is, we've seen too much of each other lately. If she could only get away for a change, we might both make a fresh start; but of course that is out of the question. Well, good night, little woman! You should have been asleep an hour ago."

She rose and kissed him. "Oh, if only everybody knew what a hero my daddy is!"

"There, there!" said he smiling. "He's a poor grumpy old fellow; but you can tell the folks he wants no pity as long as he's got his lass!"

III.

Truly a fickle goddess is this weather of ours! After days of rain and wintry cold, the sun rose into an unclouded sky, and the gay toilettes on the steps of Burlington House were a wonder and delight to happy Polly.

"Don't get a catalogue, Dad," she whispered. "We don't need it a bit."

The next moment she could scarcely believe in her own tactlessness; but her father was in no mood to take offence.

"All right, my bairn," he said kindly. "It isn't a shilling catalogue that will make me or break me."

So they got their catalogue, and made their way into the great galleries, feeling lost and bewildered, as well they might; but, before

they had gone far, a friend of the doctor's came up to them with outstretched hand.

"Well," he said quietly, when the conversation came to a natural pause, "did you sit for the portrait?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

His friend looked at him in amused scrutiny.

"It was not taken yesterday," he said, "nor yet last year. Now that I see you the resemblance strikes me less; but it is certainly *there*. One of the pictures of the year, too, by Jove! But there! Go and see it for yourself,—241."

Polly hastily turned up the number in her catalogue.

"The Shadow of a great Rock," she read out.

"*What!*" exclaimed the doctor.

He had not forgotten the day when Ethel spoke those memorable words.

Polly repeated the name; and, without another word, they made their way up to the picture.

It was well hung; and the pleasant balancing of light and shade, together with the warm broad harmony of colour, would have struck an art critic who saw it from the other end of the room; but it was not such things as these that interested the doctor. Unless the anatomy of a figure, or the general perspective, was gravely at fault, he saw little in a painting beyond its subject, and a certain ill-defined quality which he called "life-likeness." In other words, so far as his criticism went, it was good.

And certainly there was nothing to jar on him here.

The picture represented a garret, with a poor bed, on which a sick girl lay apparently asleep. The doctor stood by her side, in a stream of light from above, his whole being absorbed in observation and profound thought, one hand resting on the patient's wrist so gently that she did not stir, the other held up quietly to prevent the eager mother, who had just rushed into the room, from awakening her.

A number of artists were discussing the technical value of the picture; but, from the point of view of the public, its great merit lay in the doctor's face.

It was not that of the ideal Christ, as painters have loved to picture it under all conditions: there were too many hard lines in it for that. It was rather—if one may be allowed the comparison—the face of Jehovah, as He might have appeared to a devout Jew in the days of Isaiah,—all-seeing, resolute, self-contained, yet with strangely tender lines about the mouth. One felt that the brain behind that face had grasped the

situation down to its minutest details, though not a ripple of emotion was allowed to appear on the surface; and, on gazing, one became conscious of a sensation of infinite rest; one ceased to ask what was the matter, or whether the girl would live or die. It was enough that a man with a face like that had taken the burden on his shoulders.

"It is an inspiration," said one gazer, with tears in her eyes. "She can never have seen a face like that!" and, though the speaker unconsciously turned to the doctor as she spoke, it never occurred to her to think, "She saw it here!"

And yet it was like him, though the difference was greater far than the resemblance. It was his face etherealized, with the querulous lines of irritation wiped out, and something kindled behind it purer, nobler, truer, than the poor old doctor's dim ideals.

"I am free to confess," said their cicerone after a long silence, "that it is somewhat idealized, but you see the resemblance, don't you?"

"It's not a bit idealized!" said Polly indignantly. "Of course he doesn't look like that when Jane lights the fire with the *British Medical*, but if you sat on the rug at his feet as I do in the evening——"

"He would doubtless say, 'Get out, you beast!' but I daren't even picture to myself how he would look!"

The doctor had not been listening to them. "I can't see an atom of resemblance," he said quietly. "Who painted it?"

"Miss Beauchamp. She has been coming steadily to the front for years, but there is no doubt this is her *chef d'œuvre*. She told a friend of mine she had had it in her mind for years. If you don't mind waiting, I may be able to point

her out to you! She's not above the pretty weakness of listening to the criticisms of outsiders. She has had a number of good pictures in the Academy, and my friend says the success of her studio is astonishing. She has a perfect genius for teaching,—or perhaps an 'infinite capacity for taking pains'! I believe she can't take half the pupils who want to come to her. There's a fine tocher awaiting the happy man when he comes along, but they say she's quite content as she is. She's not young either,—not so young as she looks. Here she comes,—watch!"

They did watch, with the result that the approaching lady's attention was attracted in a moment. She glanced at all three, but she only *looked* at the doctor, and—as the look deepened into a gaze—a wonderful, spontaneous smile and blush swept over her sweet, frank face.

"Oh," she cried impulsively, holding out both hands, "how I have longed to meet you again!"

The doctor was no society man at the best of times, and now he was more completely taken aback than he had ever been in his life before. He was profoundly conscious of the faintly perfumed presence of a beautifully dressed woman, in whom the lithe slimness of girlhood was giving place to the matronly curves of middle life; but his amazement and perplexity were so great as scarcely to leave room even for regret that so charming a greeting could not possibly be meant for him.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, madam," he stammered out with an awkward bow, "but I'm afraid you have made a mistake."

"Oh, no, that is impossible! But if I had not been taken so completely by surprise, I should not have forgotten that you could

not possibly remember me. Shall we go over to that settee—people will stare so if we talk in front of my own picture—and I will tell you all about it?"

She leaned back with the air of a woman accustomed to luxurious surroundings, while the doctor sat bolt upright, prepared to take himself off at a moment's notice, so certain was he that this curious interview must come to a speedy end.

"Do you happen to remember," she began slowly, wondering how she could best open the subject, "a journey you made from Longhurst to Eastdean some eleven or twelve years ago? A lady in mourning came with you to the station——"

"Yes," he said; and he added gravely, "The lady is now my wife."

"Ah!" she answered brightly, "then you are sure to remember it. And—do you think you can recall a sickly nervous girl who happened to be in the same compartment, and to whom you were surely kinder than ever stranger was to stranger since the days of the Good Samaritan?"

He looked at her hard for a minute or so.

"God bless my soul!" he began, almost inaudibly. "You were never her?"

She smiled.

"It seems to come back to me that I have seen you somewhere," he went on with characteristic honesty, forgetting to remove his trying gaze. Years had taken from her something of the dainty, harebell effect by which he could best have recalled her. "But I'd never have recognized you. And yet I don't know how I could forget a face like yours. I remember all about it now——" He laughed softly, as he might have laughed with Polly at the remembrance of

some childish folly she had long outgrown. "——You were vexed because you couldn't paint!"

The words were out before they struck him as having any connection with the present circumstances; and now, as the idea rushed tardily into his mind, the hot blood rushed into his face.

"I haven't the least recollection what I said to you," he stammered, "but of course I had no notion that you were capable of the like of that."

"I suppose that is why you did me so much good," she answered quietly. "You see I had been frightfully spoilt by my artist friends. I cared for nothing but pictures and music. I hadn't even read Carlyle! You seemed to me so *big* in your scorn of my gods. You took me out of myself as I had never been taken before; and then you reminded me that each of us is responsible first of all for being a *human being*. If in addition to that we chance to be poets or musicians or painters, the added responsibility is entirely a secondary one, and may never for a moment justly usurp the place of the first."

"It seems to me," said the doctor, "that you are still mistaking me for some one else. I have no doubt that what you say is true; but I never thought it, much less said it, and indeed I'm not quite sure that I even understand it!"

She laughed pleasantly. "We won't argue about it," she said.

"As long as my life endures,
I feel I shall owe you a debt,
That I never can hope to pay."

If you have forgotten all your good deeds, as you have this one—what a pleasant surprise you will get when you follow after them to judgment! I suppose," she added, half wistfully, after a pause, "you are engaged to lunch?"

"No," he said, turning to Polly for the first time. "My daughter is, but I am not."

Miss Beauchamp's soft laugh had a curious break in it, that might almost have been a sob, but for her beaming eyes. "My lucky star must indeed be in the ascendant to-day! Is this your daughter? I hope we shall be good friends some day, and I hope you will let me make the acquaintance of your wife too!"

Polly had been waiting for an opportunity to introduce her father to Mrs. Trelawney; and now, after a few friendly words, the two parties separated.

"I had no idea you knew Miss Beauchamp," said the great lady to Polly. "I wonder if your father would say a word to her for Alice? Miss Beauchamp refused her as a pupil on the ground that her number was made up; but your father's influence might make a difference,—he seems to know her well."

And Polly, who had been wondering greatly what might be the meaning of the morning's proceedings, answered discreetly—

"I will speak to him about it this evening."

Scarcely a word passed between the artist and the doctor, as they made their way to her home, a fine roomy house, in a green unfashionable square. Fortunately the doctor was quite unaware of the effect of the spring sunshine on his shabby Sunday coat; and he could scarcely have believed that it wellnigh brought the tears to his companion's eyes.

"These are the two studios," she said brightly; "one for my pupils and one for myself. I pay them a visit more or less often, according as Jekyll or Hyde gets the upper hand. No, no! You didn't think I meant to take you round! I am

sure you have seen pictures enough for one day. Come to my den!"

"And now," he said, when lunch was over, and they were comfortably installed in the most beautiful room he had ever seen, "I want to hear all about it. Did you get safe home that day?"

"Oh yes! Fortunately I got a touch of pleurisy on the way down, and, as soon as the doctor could give it a name, of course I didn't care what befel me. It was a long time before my strength really came back to me, though I 'rubbed up my lenses' to the best of my ability. But it was the other part of your advice that came to me like a tonic when I was getting stronger. I could not paint, of course; but it was perfectly true that there was always some simple thing at hand that I *could do well*; and indeed I soon learned that, if you do a thing just tolerably, people are only too ready to recognise it and to say 'Go up higher!'

"Do you remember telling me to teach in the village school? It was a long time before they would let me, but I got my way at last." She laughed at the recollection. "Poor little chaps, I am afraid it was sore drudgery for most of them. I hadn't many Raphaels or Angelos, but a number learned enough to be useful, and I think one or two may 'live to be hung'!"

She rose from her low easy-chair, and, kneeling on the soft white rug, began absently to brush up the hearth.

"By the way," she said, trying to speak lightly in spite of the colour that rose to her face, "you must meet all sorts of people in your practice. If you come across a struggling genius, it would be a real kindness to let me know. I am simply rolling in money." Her voice shook slightly, and the movements of the hearthbrush became

more aimless and uncertain. "It is not only my pictures; they bring in a windfall from time to time; but my studio is the fashion just now, and—with my quiet ways—I don't know what to do with all that comes in. Comfort, and even beauty, cost so much less than show!"

The colour had been rising steadily in his rugged face too. Was this his chance? No, no! Not her! Not her! Think of presuming on a fanciful claim like that, when he had not even recognized her!

It was a minute before he spoke, and then it was only to say very gruffly,

"Well, I'm sure it is time I was going!"

"No, no!" she said desperately, and, as she spoke, a vivid mental picture rose before her of Polly's faded frock. "I have more to say to you first."

With a mighty effort she threw her nervousness to the winds. "Listen," she said, turning to him with a pretty, girlish smile that became her well. "I owe you so much, that I have a right to ask a favour. Twelve years ago, when you were a total stranger, I took you into my confidence, as I never took man or woman before or since. God knows I have had no cause to regret it; but I don't need to tell you that there have been depressed and cynical moments when I have called myself a fool, and have wished with all my heart that I had given myself away less completely. So you see you have it in your power to be very generous now. You can take away such thoughts for ever. *Give me back what I gave you then!* Tell me about your life! It is not for nothing that your face is so worn and your hair so white."

There was silence for a moment, and then he opened his lips to

speak, but a great sob broke from him unawares. He made haste to cover it with a cough, but the attempt was a failure. The sob remained a fact; it seemed to go echoing on in the room long after the actual sound must have ceased.

So, as soon as he could regain control of his voice, he told her—with such reservations as a husband or wife must make—the story of his life since they met, of his worries and frets and disappointments and trials.

She listened with breathless interest. “And do you mean to say,” she said at last, “that *you* want money?—only money!”

“Mainly,” he said grimly. “Money is a good deal to some of us.”

“Oh,” she cried, “what a pity I did not give you my name that day! Perhaps you would have seen—that I was getting on; and it might have occurred to you that the mouse’s turn had come!”

“No doubt I should have seen your name,” he said, smiling in spite of himself, “but I am at a loss even now to know what the poor old beast did for the mouse! I wonder what it was I really said?—Some platitude, no doubt, out of which you have been weaving all sorts of pretty things.”

“Perhaps it was a platitude,”

she said musing. “Most things are till the right moment comes, and the right lips speak them.”

“And the right ears hear them.”

“And the right ears hear them!” she admitted. “To me what you said was simply the key of the universe. It came just at the right moment—at the turning-point of my life, when I was just beginning to be wise enough to take it in.”

“I am afraid I can’t take credit to myself for that.”

She smiled.

“Your credit is your affair: my debt is mine. I can never repay it, you know. I shall wear my shackles proudly and thankfully all my life. And yet——” She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands behind her, unconscious of the tears that were raining down her cheeks. “——do you know, I can scarcely believe in my own happiness? I didn’t deserve it a bit. Are you sure it isn’t a day-dream?—a castle in the air?”

She dropped her hands again, with a long sigh; and it seemed to him that the soft sweet curves of childhood had taken possession of her face as she went on, “I shall never even ask to paint a good picture again! I have had my share of happiness for this life,—‘full measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over’!”

A TRIP HEAVENWARD.

BALLOONING AS A SPORT.

IN theory no experience that we poor non-flying mortals can enjoy is more fascinating, more ideally charming, more poetically sublime, than a trip heavenward in that curious, unnatural, and yet extremely simple apparatus—a balloon. To soar aloft, rising up and up without rocking or vibration. To glide o'er the country, above the tree-tops and houses, perfectly noiselessly, perfectly at ease. To gaze on distant views, on glorious cloudscapes, and have the earth laid flat beneath one's feet! Surely one's wildest dreams can conjure up no more perfect mode of motion. Even the very notion of rising up out of this world of busy hurry, to remain for a time quite beyond the reach of man, and then to return somewhere—no one can say where! Is not there a poetic charm about even this glorious uncertainty?

But, as usual with all mortal joys, we have to look to the practical as well as the theoretical aspect of the question. And of what does our balloon journey consist? Usually we are first confronted with the prosaic monetary and business questions. We have perhaps to make our arrangements with a professional aeronaut, and he is probably not much less grasping than any ordinary inhabitant of the earth. Then the chances are we cannot choose our own time and place, but have to be packed into the very crowded-up basket, with two or three strangers, at an appointed time. And, above all, comes that great bugbear to all our unalloyed happiness—the fear of danger. We can only throw

ourselves on the hands of the aeronaut in charge, trust all to him, place our life in his keeping, and simply hope that he is trustworthy.

On the other hand, there *are* more pleasant ways of accomplishing our object. Soldiers may go in for military ballooning, and during their course may go many a free trip without such inconveniences as just described. Or again, after we have gained some slight experience, and have confidence in ourselves, we may, if we can afford it, buy a balloon of our own, and go up when we will.

Personally, I have tried all three methods, and though of course the last is by far the best and most enjoyable, one or other of the other two is a necessity, in order that we should be able to manage our own vessel.

I think, too, that several trips must be undertaken before we can thoroughly enjoy the experience. Those who have made but one or two balloon ascents can hardly, unless they be of an extraordinarily calm and careless nature, realise the enjoyment of a trip when all such adverse elements as fear and trepidation are eliminated from the pure sense of enjoyment. And it is indeed not easy to be entirely rid of a nervous anxiety under the circumstances of a balloon journey. It is a feeling natural to man to be afraid of being up at any great height above the ground. Be he ever so firmly secured to ever so strong a support, he will be apt to feel an inward shrinking if there is noth-

ing except his fastenings between him and the earth, some hundreds or thousands of feet below. And when this feeling is present, nothing but familiarity with the position can master it. But there is also another sense of danger, of a more mental and reasoning origin. The novice will ever be questioning himself as to the strength of the ropes which support him, the chances of the balloon bursting, of the bottom of the car falling out! and though he may soon convince himself that if only the balloon is thoroughly sound and well made, there can be but little danger, yet he will recall to mind accounts he has read of numerous terrible balloon catastrophes; and it is true there is here good food for reflection. For undoubtedly many serious accidents have taken place, and, moreover, many in proportion to the number of ascents. Hence people think the pastime (or business) a dangerous one. But it is not so black as it is painted. If we inquire into the balloon accidents of the past, we find that, with perhaps two or three exceptions, every serious accident has been caused by gross mismanagement, either from ignorance or carelessness.

Again and again we read the same sort of story. Some uneducated, ignorant man, probably through utter lack of capacity to get on in other walks of life, announces himself as professional *aéronaut*. Not usually having any very large credit lying waste at his banker's, he economises by purchasing his outfit at the lowest possible figure, which means that either he buys some old balloon in a very doubtful state of soundness, or he sets to work to try and manufacture the article with his own inexperienced hands. Then, with flaring announcements of most daring and

sensational feats, he starts his show. A few times he may succeed, but what is more probable than that sooner or later he will have some accident? and this has occurred over and over again.

I can relate a curious little bit of history, illustrative of this, which has only lately come fully to my knowledge. Some years ago, I bought a balloon from a professional *aéronaut*. Though not a new one, it was sound enough for my purpose. I used it for several ascents, knocked it about a good deal, had it patched and altered, and finally stowed it away for some months in a cellar. After that I knew it was probably not trustworthy, and therefore determined to get rid of it. I asked the maker to buy it back as so much old material. Of course he was only too ready to agree that it was utterly worthless as anything else, and so I parted with it for a few pounds. Some time afterwards I happened to hear that this very balloon had made another ascent, and I therefore ventured to remind the *aéronaut* of the exact nature of our transaction, recalling the fact that the price he paid me was not the market value of a serviceable balloon, and I presumed to advise him against the risk of trusting his life and limbs to such utterly worthless old material as he had described it. Then, it seems, he took the matter to heart, and, like me, thought it best to be rid of the thing. So he sold it (history breatheth not whether as "old material" or not) to another professional named Dale. This man, emulating the magician in *Aladdin*, had a great invention for converting old balloons to new ones. He took the old "*Eclipse*" and put it in the pot, and boiled it down with soda and other

chemicals, till all the varnish had disappeared, and left a mass of snow-white cambric, as clean (if *not* quite as strong) as it was on the day it was born. He varnished the stuff afresh, and then turned out a splendid-looking balloon, quite unrecognisable from the good old "Eclipse," which had its name in "life-sized" letters painted on it. Some years after, a young naval reserve officer in India became possessed of some idea with regard to balloons and parachutes for military purposes, and with the idea of putting his theories to a test, sent home for a balloon. Dale had the very article for him, and shipped it off at once. Poor Mansfield made his first ascent at Bombay; but ere he had attained an elevation of 200 or 300 feet, the balloon burst asunder and fell to the ground, the unfortunate aeronaut being fatally injured. Meanwhile poor Dale doubtless thought he had found the elixir of life for balloons, and prepared a second old balloon in the same way, and, what proves that he did not realise the danger or intentionally commit so awful a blunder, made an ascent himself in it, accompanied by his son and others. This balloon acted in just the same way as the first, bursting ere it was clear of the Crystal Palace grounds, and dashing to earth its human freight, Dale and one of his companions being killed, the others dreadfully injured.

Ballooning is so little understood by the general public that accidents of this sort are vaguely attributed to the danger of the practice, without any inquiry as to the exact cause. Aeronauts and their balloons should both be officially certificated, or not allowed to ascend. If this were done, as it is with ships, we should be less often

shocked by accounts of appalling disasters.

Of course the practice *is* to a certain extent dangerous, and accidents *will* happen in the best-regulated balloons. But, then, are not the streets of London dangerous? There have been many cases of quiet, cautious persons being seriously damaged and even killed by hansom cabs and vans. And the best proof of my contention that there is no such very great danger about properly managed ballooning is in the statistics of the ascents of the most reliable aeronauts. Old Green, who made in his day some 2000 ascents, probably a greater number than any other man, never met with any serious accident. Coxwell, a good second to him, and a man of quite a different cut to the average professional, remains intact and uninjured to this day. Then, take our military school of ballooning at Aldershot, than which no better regulated establishment of its kind has probably ever been organised. Here many hundred ascents have been made without any mishap of more than a trivial nature. Exception might possibly be taken to this statement, in the case of a military captive balloon being struck by lightning last year at Aldershot. But the same injuries might have been caused by the utilisation of a church steeple, or any other elevated post, as an observatory. It cannot be classed as a purely ballooning accident.

A balloon trip may be divided into three phases—the ascent, the journey in mid-air, and the descent—of which the last is by far the most dangerous.

On a calm day a balloon will rise straight up without any difficulty if a proper amount of "lift" has been provided. On a windy day there is more danger. It may

be (and often has been) blown against a tree-top, or, worse still, a house-top; but this (which is not, as a rule, dangerous to the aeronaut) would be entirely due to misjudgment. The careful aeronaut knows that on a windy day he *must* have plenty of spare lift, and *must* have a clear space for some way to leeward. With a sufficiency of these he cannot come to grief in the ascent.

Somebody once said he didn't mind falling from ever so great a height. All he minded was bumping against the ground at the bottom. Just so; but it may quite seriously be said that there is little to fear from ballooning while up in the air: it is only the descent to earth wherein the danger lies. A balloon might, under certain circumstances, burst in mid-air; but such a contingency is not likely to happen to a well-found and well-piloted machine. And if it *does* happen, it may surprise some people to hear that not only is it by no means sure to end in disaster, but that it is not even likely to. Balloons have constantly burst in mid-air, and the shattered envelope, supported by the network, has formed itself into a parachute and let the aeronauts down gently to the ground. Indeed so sure is this result that an American aeronaut, Wise, used on many occasions to ascend and purposely burst his balloon at a great height, by way of giving a novel sensational exhibition. It is true that this result cannot be depended upon if there were less than a couple of hundred feet or so to fall (as in the accidents just referred to), as the material would not have time to arrange itself to resist the air; but then the only cause for a balloon to burst *should* be owing to the rarefaction of the air at a great height.

Nothing much else can happen

to a balloon once risen clear of earthly obstructions. Such notions as falling out of the car (which need no more occur than falling out of a boat, indeed not so much), the ropes or netting breaking away, &c., may all be put aside as beyond the range of practical and properly regulated ballooning.

It is a vast pity that the most dangerous time for the balloon traveller is at the end of his journey. The knowledge of this is apt to haunt his mind all through the air, and detract greatly from the free enjoyment of it. And yet as often as not the descent may be accomplished with the greatest of ease. On three or four different occasions I have been hauled to the ground by throwing out a rope to those below, while gently floating along above their heads, and thus have come to ground without the slightest concussion or danger. On other occasions, when it has been blowing rather hard, or on descending very quickly, I have purposely landed in a tree-top, the twigs of which act as buffers, and from which it is very easy to extricate the balloon when its "way" has been taken off.

There is a simple appliance attached to some balloons called a "guide-rope." It is nothing more nor less than a long rope, anything up to 1000 feet in length, suspended from the car. When the balloon descends, the end of this rope trails along the ground; the lower the balloon comes the less is the weight of rope to be supported by it, which is therefore equivalent to the discharge of so much ballast. If the balloon is inclined to rise again, it has to lift off the ground more weight of rope, and thus the height of the balloon is automatically regulated. If only this

could always be used, it would both increase the "life" of the balloon—that is, the length of time it can stay up—and greatly lessen the danger of the descent. But unfortunately it can seldom be used, being apt to damage property on "earth beneath." I have sometimes run some miles across country with a trail-rope, keeping, say, between 10 and 50 feet above the ground. It is a delightful sensation to travel along at a rapid pace, skimming over hedges and ditches, across roads and rivers, and conversing casually with passers-by. One might travel thus for miles and miles, and could make a balloon journey last very much longer than is usually the case, since there need be but little loss of gas or ballast. But unfortunately this system can seldom be practised in England. After a few miles one always comes across a house, a farm, a line of telegraph, or some other obstruction, which necessitates our discharging ballast and rising above all earthly ties. On one occasion I passed over a farmhouse with a 1000-foot guide-rope trailing below. I was unable to rise sufficiently fast to avoid striking the house with the end of the rope. The surprise of the inmates on hearing the raps on the walls and windows, and the rattling of the rope on the roof, can well be imagined, though I believe no further damage was done.

As I have said, the guide-rope renders a descent much more agreeable and safe, since, if travelling fast, the friction of the rope trailing on the ground acts as a brake, and with greater power as the balloon gets lower, and a greater length of rope rests on the ground. And then, when it is desirable to stop, the rope can be seized by men below, or the grap-

nel let down the rope, and the balloon be brought gently to anchor.

And this leads me to discuss the uses to which balloons have been and might be applied.

They that go up in the air in balloons do so, or say they do so, for certain various reasons. There is the really scientific man, who ascends with some fixed purpose to ascertain empirically some undetermined question of science. There is the soldier, whose object is to practise looking out from his exalted observatory for an enemy, or to note the features of the country before him. Then there is the ordinary amateur, the man who goes up chiefly with the object of being able to say he has undergone the novel experience. Finally, there is the professional, whose main object, as already intimated, is generally the acquisition of filthy lucre.

As for the first of these, he is rather a *rara avis*. Specimens have often been seen. Everybody has heard of Glaisher and his purely scientific ascents, which have been of the greatest value to meteorological science, and much still remains to be learnt by the careful observations of instruments at great heights above the earth. But meteorology is not the only science that may be furthered by this means. Jules Verne's stories all savour much of prophecy; but none is more probable, or rather more possible of attainment, than the journey across Africa in a balloon which he describes so well. Balloons have been suggested, too, as a means by which to reach the North Pole. And, indeed, it seems to me, if there really is any desirability in arriving at that much-sought-for locality, the air is *the* road. A properly equipped balloon (and here is a chance for our

guide-rope!) ought, provided only there is favourable wind, to make certain of getting somewhere near the desired goal. And with what is just as important, a certainty (bar accidents) of getting back, since whichever way the wind blows the balloon would be borne to warmer and more hospitable climes.¹

Then as for the military use of balloons. Of course their usual rôle will be to be led about captive in the neighbourhood of the battlefield. It is remarkable that just a hundred years ago military balloons were much used in actual war; yet only within the last ten or fifteen years, although no very special improvement has been introduced, every great military Power, without exception, has suddenly adopted them as a regular and necessary part of its equipment, and has been employing them extensively in its manœuvres. However, captive work is very different from the free ascents about which I am now more particularly writing; but there are occasions also when such trips would be of much use in war. The escape of numerous balloons from besieged Paris (although scarcely to be included as pure military ballooning) proved of great importance. As an instance of what might be done in military reconnaissance in war, I will relate what I saw myself at the commencement of our autumn manœuvres last year. Two battalions were supposed to be marching down from London to join a mixed force at Chobham, and these combined were to act as an enemy advancing on Aldershot.

The whole division from the latter place marched out one morning and engaged some of the enemy near Pirbright; and after the field-day, during which the balloon had done good captive work, it was decided to let it go free. The wind was blowing from the south-west, so that the balloon would be likely to pass over Chobham and proceed in the direction of London, and thus valuable information might be gained, for at present we knew (or were supposed to know) nothing except that the enemy had retreated northwards, and that some body of troops was supposed to be marching from London to their support. Everything went well. Ascending slowly, we soon got within sight of Chobham, passed directly over the town and near to the camp, in which not only could every tent be counted, but I was able with the aid of field-glasses even to distinguish the differences of uniform, so that it was possible to give pretty exact details of the men, horses, and guns in the camp. Then onward we went towards London, not only the main road, but every lane in the neighbourhood, being carefully examined to see any column of troops on the march; but nothing was seen till we got near Hounslow, where a second camp was seen, with its ant-like masses of soldiery, showing clearly that a battalion had just arrived in the camp. But how, it may be asked, could the news be conveyed back to Aldershot? This might, of course, be a difficulty; but as the balloon can be brought down at any desirable moment, pursuers can be

¹ Since writing this article I have heard accounts of M. Andrée's project of going polewards in a balloon. It is said that the wherewithal has been already subscribed, and that the apparatus is being made ready for a start next year. Success be with him!

easily avoided, the *aéronaut* may jump out, and even let go the balloon, which would continue its voyage, luring on the pursuers. Meanwhile the *aéronaut* with his report may have a difficult, but by no means hopeless, task to find his way back, eluding the enemy, which in a case like this, when they are on the march along main routes, should be easy. He will have noted, while in the air, farm-houses or other places where he may be able to obtain a horse, or may even have marked a friendly farm-cart on a road near by. And then he could return with the fullest possible report of the progress of the enemy. In a friendly country free balloon trips might thus often be of the greatest value.

I must now refer to the third great object of balloon trips, which is *pleasure*. I might even call it a sport. It has become a sort of fashion, I don't know why, to always refer to a balloon trip as something scientific. The professional *aéronaut* has a way of dubbing himself "professor," and if a man crosses the Channel or performs any other hazardous feat which might be called foolhardy, he always maintains that it is done purely in the interests of science. I never heard of ballooning being called a sport. Yet it is very like yachting and boat-sailing, with a dash of mountaineering, and even the latter is now often included under the heading of sport. And I maintain that, among those sports in which the object is not the pursuit of game, it stands pre-eminent. To travel miles and miles across country, skipping o'er hedges and ditches, skimming up hill and down vale, continually encountering new glimpses of rural scenery, occasionally, perhaps, having a brush through a tree-top or

a bump on the ground,—is not this as good as hunting? To drive along before a fresh breeze high in the air, to employ all the skill one can, by plying ballast-bags and valve-line, to prolong the journey and rise or sink as we desire,—is not this as good as yacht-sailing? Then, if only two balloons are to be got, what grand sport can be had by combining all this with the excitement of a race! For a good deal of dexterity is required to pilot a balloon so as to take advantage of the fastest wind-currents, or those moving in the required direction. As a sport, it is fascinating, health-giving, mind-elevating, requires skill, and has a sufficient dash of danger about it to render it truly exciting.

As for ballooning as a profession, I think I have said enough. I am not prepared to say whether there is any opening for a good man to go in for it; but I suspect it is a limited business, and there are some good men, such as Messrs Spencer, already well established.

But now, after all this preliminary talk, you—that is, you who have never undergone any experience aloft—will perhaps be anxious to try for yourself what it is all like. Or, on the other hand, it may be you would rather not; for I find that people nearly always are either very anxious to go up or else would not try it for any money. Well, if you like to try, come along. Here is the balloon ready. The men are just taking off the last of the bags of ballast which have been hooked on to the netting to keep the machine down during inflation. Already the little basket in which we are to spend the next hour or two is being attached by its few stout cords to the wooden hoop where all the strings of the net-

ting concentrate. And now your aerial steed stands before you ready for the fray. The light breeze gently sways the amber-like globe about its car, which is held fast to the ground by stalwart hands and by the weight of many sand-bags which have been piled into it. Now all is ready. Don't be nervous! It is time to get into the car. The valve-line is all right, for we have looked up the open neck at the bottom of the gas-bag, and have seen it leading down from the valve at the very top. We have got its lower end, and have now roughly secured it to the hoop. Now clamber into the car. Come! that's not very graceful, knocking your hat off among the ropes, but no matter, so long as you are in. Sit down on the wicker seat. Yes, it is quite strong enough. Now, stow away your belongings. You seem to have a lot of them. Never mind; they can be thrown out as ballast! Take hold of a sand-bag, but don't do anything more till you are told. Now, then, everything ready? "Let go!" We are off! All the rocking motion, the creaking of the car, the various excited voices—all these have ceased. The earth sinks away from under us. Instead of a few people struggling close around us, we see a multitude of upturned faces. We have risen to a level of the house-tops—ay, and more! For look at the view which is now spreading out around us; we can see miles in all directions. Well-known buildings and places are recognised as they might be from the top of some tower, and yet we are still going up! Look at the place we started from *now*! It has grown quite small. There is the little crowd with the circular space whence the balloon ascended. Do not mind that peculiar crackling in the ears; you will soon get accus-

tomed to that. How still and peaceful it all is! It seems quite hot, since there is not a breath of wind noticeable to us. But now let us arrange the car. Oh, don't mind my moving about. The car *does* creak and tilt slightly, and it does seem rather as if the bottom might drop out; but you need not implore me to keep quiet, there is no danger. So never mind, but look at the view. We have travelled away from our starting-place, and are skimming over comparatively unknown country. See the roads, white and straight, the fields of green and brown, the clumps of trees, the country-houses in their well-planned grounds—all as in a coloured map. Now let us see what the aneroid says. It has fallen nearly 3½ inches, equivalent to a rise of 3000 feet. See how this hot sun has expanded the gas. The balloon is as tight as a drum. But no matter; it can stand it. How curious it is to hear the dogs barking, the children crying, and the many trains whistling! For we can hear every loud noise that occurs within several miles. We are still rising upward. See how faint the country appears to the north, and now it begins to appear so all over—it is all blue and misty. Why, it seems all to be dissolving! It is gone! Nothing is visible anywhere except greyness. We are in the clouds. It gets comparatively dark, and soon the balloon above our heads begins rustling and looks loose. Bits of paper thrown out mount upwards, showing we are falling faster than they are. Well, we don't want to come down yet; we will go above this cloud. What! you say you *want* to go down? Oh, it's all right. We'll just discharge a little ballast—half a bag, that's enough. See, we are already checked, and are rising again. It is getting

lighter. A dim sunlight strikes us. Suddenly we realise we are in bright sunshine again, with fleecy white clouds below us, and a deep blue sky above. Look at the shadow of the balloon on the clouds! See the light prismatic colours like a halo around the shadow of the car. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering up on all sides, a snowy-white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! what bliss! Horrors! what's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense; keep still, it's only a fold of the stuff nipped by the netting being suddenly released, that's all. Well, we are falling again, for see the bits of paper apparently ascending. And we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas-bag shrinks and writhes, and loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upwards, against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say, 1000 feet a minute, which is the same thing as if we were going along ten miles an hour sitting in a dog-cart. Not quite the same, you say? you'd sooner be in the cart. Well, perhaps if the horse were going straight at a wall, without the possibility of being able to stop him, you would think otherwise. But look! there is the earth appearing again, so out with your ballast. Go on! pour out plenty, there's no good economising. See how the sand seems to fly upwards,

showing how rapidly we are falling. We are already nearing the tree-tops. We are into them, what's more! Hang on now! and mind your hands or they will get scratched. Hish! the green twigs come in all around us, we crash among the branches, stop dead, and then the balloon, as if suddenly thinking better of it, lifts us with a tug right up again, and we are soaring away over a field. A little more ballast. That's it. We are just going over a farmhouse—see the ducks and chickens flying in all directions and making such a cackling. "Come down, come down!" we hear people shouting. "Come up here!" we shout in reply, though we have already passed over the house and are skimming along now pretty close to the ground, for a big open hill has appeared before us. We glide up the side of it and pass over its top. But now we will not, as you imagine, continue at this elevation; no, the wind will curl us down the far slope to the valley below. How curious it seems to be gliding swiftly along thus, without the slightest noise, when even the rustling of the wind in the trees can be heard! Look at that covey of partridges flying along just underneath us. Oh no! they are some rabbits scuttling away as fast as they can run. To us aeronauts, ground game and winged game appear much the same. But see, there is a large village ahead of us. We must rise again, else some damage may be done to the chimney-pots. There is the town now laid before us—there is the church, then the main street, and the big mill in rear. What place can this be?—I haven't followed the map sufficiently carefully. We'll ask. There is a man standing in the High Street looking up at us. "What town is this?" we shout at the top

of our voices. It is immediately replied to by a perfect chorus of voices, each obliterating the other. One forgets that though you ask the question of one man, every person in the village, of whom the greater part are looking up at the balloon, hears one equally well, and all shout back in answer. Well, see! there is the railway, and it is time we were getting down. So we will come down as near to the station as we can. Now, put all your maps and instruments and things away—and look out. Remember to hang on tight in case of a bump. Don't stand stiffly upright, or you may jar your spine; so keep your knees bent, and crouch down so as to avoid branches, &c. And, above all things, *don't* be thrown out. Now open goes the valve and down we go. We are falling a little too fast, so out with some ballast. Hear it spattering on the trees below! There is a nice open field just beyond those trees. We are

nearly in the tree-tops; but out goes the grapnel, and relieved of its weight, we shall just clear them. The grapnel falls into the trees, where it is bound to hold, and we sink gently into the field. How different it all looks! Labourers and others come running up and lay hold of the car. But stay! don't get out just yet. We must let a little gas out, or the balloon would shoot up when relieved of the weight of a person. There, now, she is getting faint from loss of gas (for the valve is being kept wide open), and so now you can step on to *terru firma* once again. How confined it all does seem! No view—nothing visible except trees close around; one cannot see the village, the railway, or anything! One longs just to rise again, if only to see the way; but already the balloon is being rolled up and packed away into its car, to be born off like a dead thing to the station and taken home.

B. BADEN POWELL.

“WHEN THE ALMOND-TREE SHALL FLOURISH.”

OPEN the window—for the night is hot;
 Outside the winds are blowing fresh and cool;
 And many a mile away I know a spot
 Where moonlight sleeps upon a silver pool
 Whose waveless surface mirrors the clear sky,
 Wherein a thousand stars like flowers have burst
 In sudden vivid glory—would that I
 Might see, and slake my thirst!

Here four confining walls, there boundless space
 Where Nature moves in ordered freedom sweet;
 Here the fierce strife for foothold, pride of place,
 The crowded human lives that throng the street:
 There voice of mellow waters, rustling leaves,
 Or that full silence that is balm to pain—
 Here party-cries, or the light laugh that grieves,
 And life's continual strain.

Day after day the heavy hours pass
In languor that is neither peace nor ease,
O! for a resting-place in the soft grass
Beneath an arching canopy of trees:
I am afraid to sleep lest I should dream
Of sunny orchards pink and white with bloom,
Of primrose paths beside a woodland stream—
And wake in this dull room!

The thought of this great city seems to press
Upon my brain its weight of toil and sin;
I am weary of my weariness—
Of self and of my world and all therein:
Like some caged bird that beats against the bars
My spirit frets beneath its load of ills;
O! just to stand once more beneath the stars
Upon my native hills.

Yea, these things are a burden unto me,
The grinders cease, the music sobs and wails,
Now is the flowering of the Almond-tree,
When the doors shut and all desire fails:
Would that the tedious day were fairly done
When I shall ease me of my long complaint,
And be no more weary when I run,
And neither fear nor faint!

Yet if I keep the nature worn of old
When 'neath my feet are set the starry skies,
'Tis not the City with the streets of gold
That I shall look for with expectant eyes;
Till my tired heart grow stronger and serene,
He will be patient with me—for I know
That He shall lead me where the fields are green,
And where still waters flow.

There is a river that all thirst can slake,
Even this burning fevered thirst of mine;
I shall be satisfied when I awake
Not in this likeness, but in one Divine:
O Earth, that God Himself hath made most fair,
Still fairer are the Islands of His Rest—
Surely He keeps, in His Eternal care,
Unto the last His Best!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

THE VILLAGE OF PERFECT HEALTH.

LEYSIN - SUR - AIGLE.

ALL Swiss travellers know of the health-resorts at Villars, at Chesières, at the Diablerets, in Canton Vaud, above the valley of the Rhone ; but it is comparatively few who have heard of one of the most remarkable, Leysin-sur-Aigle, for the very sufficient reason that the doctors have only lately discovered it, and only lately has the road from Aigle *via* Sepey been constructed, which would enable a sick man to reach it.

Here, on their upland plateau overhanging the "Valley of the Great Water," 4150 feet above sea-level, and running east and west, so that it was blest with fullest sunshine from morn till eventide, dwelt, in their little cluster of one hundred *châlets*, the rude forefathers of the hamlet. Each had his share in the great grass-meadow of the plain, and in the three little pine-groves that bordered it on the south ; and each had a particular interest in keeping up the dark forest that rose from the slope at the back of the village towards the north, for except for this friendly fence of pine the avalanche in winter from the heights of "La Rionda" would have swept them out of being.

They were a simple industrious set of men, very independent and very thrifty. The younger sons emigrated, made fortunes, and came back to die. The elder sons inherited the savings of generations ; and as there were no shops or chance of spending money nearer than Aigle in the valley of the Rhone, and that meant a walk of one hour and a half down, and two hours and a

half up, and as they drank nothing stronger than a little of the white Yvorne wine, they became as wealthy as they were healthy. So wealthy, indeed, that still, though they go to the fields, live on very simple fare, and work hard from youth to old age, there is at Leysin no poverty at all ; and boys are pointed out in their little corduroy trousers and rough jackets who, it is whispered, will be "millionaires"—that is, worth a million francs or more,—as the saying goes in Switzerland.

But, except that it was noticed that people who lived on all their days at Leysin, though their chief food was only pork and potatoes, had no fevers, no rheumatism, no croup, no scrofula, no cretinism, and died in extreme old age ; while, on the other hand, as sure as fate, if a family from Leysin descended into the Rhone valley, it became decimated, and if a daughter went to service in Lausanne, she was soon obliged to return to recover lost health,—the dwellers up at Leysin were not aware that they were specially blest in living in an air where disease could hardly exist, and where all the conditions for human life were quite remarkably favourable.

It remained for a certain Dr Bezencenet of Aigle to note that cretinism was increasing in the Rhone valley, and had invaded Aigle, so that in 1828, out of a population of 1600, there were forty idiots. He further observed that if he sent children who were becoming idiots up to Leysin for a year or two, they came back bright, and apparently sharpened

up in wit. He was induced then to send rachitic and scrofulous children up to Leysin, with marvellous results, and from this he began to try Leysin as a cure for phthisis. The disease was unknown at Leysin; and though he could not say that all his patients were cured, he could affirm that at least four of them, in whose case pulmonary consumption was hereditary, and who had not a day to live when they went there, were quite cured; and that in all cases there was great amelioration of the disease. He noted also that the effects of winter residence were more marked than those of summer.

The medical world was much interested in hearing of these facts, and after sufficient trial, a company of medical men was formed to acquire from the Leysin Commune a plateau called Feydey, 600 feet above the village, open to the south and to the sun, but entirely sheltered from the north and north-east by the great pine-forest. There they have built a huge Sanatorium, with every possible hygienic contrivance for ventilation, disinfection, warmth, and the like, large bedrooms and balconies, air-galleries, sun-huts, &c., and now await results.

The results, so far, seem to be, that while the English doctors have not heard of Leysin, and continue to send their patients a very much longer journey, to Davos, the Russian, the Italian, and the French medical faculty has assured itself that in hygro-metric conditions, in freedom from wind, and in abundance of sunshine and warmth, this plateau of Feydey, above Leysin, compares favourably with Davos in all months except the month of March. In consequence, the Sanatorium is filled, and the sun-boxes and air-galleries are never without their

occupants. People who come out for wintering are told they should bring wraps with them and snow-spectacles, for the treatment demands that even in mid-winter they should be lying out all day in the air-galleries. In the summer they seem to pass the night as well as the day out of doors; but such is the abundance of sunshine during the day and the dryness of the air at night, that colds are not caught, and chills are almost unknown. A skilled medical man superintends the care of the patients in the Kurhaus, or Grand Hotel as it is called, and it seems that for the amount of conveniences obtainable, the charges are not extravagant.

The charges vary from 15 francs to 8 francs a-day, according to room and storey; an extra charge of 2 francs a-week is made for the use of the air-gallery. The doctor's name is Burnier, the manager's name Bossi. It seems that they do not allow cases too far gone in consumption to be inmates of the hotel. All their air-cure arrangements are for people whose lungs are just touched, or who are in the early stages of phthisis, and who must have a calm dry sunny air at mountain altitude in winter to ensure chance of recovery.

One was struck, not so much with the phthisical cures one heard of, as by the effects of the Leysin air upon people who had been crippled by rheumatism and influenza. A well-known lady-doctor, who is staying at Leysin for her third visit, informed me that the result of Leysin air upon her continued attacks of most painful rheumatism has been this, that instead of suffering agony for six weeks she is now sure of throwing off the attack in four days. Speaking of influenza, she affirmed that, coming

to Leysin a perfectly helpless wreck, she found herself in six days walking up to La Profondaz, and able in a fortnight to go down to Aigle and back, which is equivalent to a walk from the top of Skiddaw to Keswick and up again, without fatigue.

The first view of Leysin was a disappointment. Climbing by the very steep mountain-path from Aigle, up through the sweet-scented vineyards and the rose-bordered butterfly-haunted woodland lane, one saw the little brown chalets round their white dwarfed church-tower, an insignificant cluster in a hollow of a featureless plateau. Up above the village, on its sunny slope, beneath its background of dark pines, stood the Sanatorium in all its ugliness of square boxlike building, and below and adjacent, sadly out of place, a kind of miniature mixture of Crystal Palace and Gatti's restaurant, which we were told was the new Kursaal or Casino, built for the amusement of the invalids, who, many of them being foreigners, demand such fierce excitement of the chase as can be got out of the "race-game" and the like.

Away to the left, above the pines, shone out the silver-grey bastions of the limestone towers of La Rionda and Geteillon, Tour d'Ai and Tour Mayen ; eastward, Mont d'Or and the Peak of Chaussi rose above the upland plain ; south-east, the pine-draped Chamossaire shut the view of the Diablerets, but allowed us a peep of the Grand Muveran and Dent de Morcles ; behind us to the south the Dent du Midi stood up in perfect splendour, its feet wrapped in vines, its head crowned with snow ; while the eyes that followed the grey Rhone, where it issued from the gates of Bex, were irresistibly caught up to the white

glory of the glaciers of the Trient range, that filled the interspace between Dent du Morcles and the Dent du Midi.

We entered the village to find that "he who smoked in this village would be fined 8 francs," a needful precaution, seeing the chalets were wooden.

The chalets, all built on one pattern, had as a feature a long low balcony running across the front, to which the puzzle seemed how approach was possible, till one observed that the balcony could only be entered from inside the house. A lesser balcony was built above this lower one, and the whole family life seemed to be lived in one or the other. Beyond a little green-and-white cross-hatching with paint, and painting of green shutters, of ornament there was none. It was plain that the fear of God had not passed away from the minds of the villagers as late as 1856 ; for in that year, and earlier, the inscriptions on the house-fronts told that it was "By the succour of the good God, and under the protection of the Almighty Providence, that citizen — and his wife — had built this abode." By the same succour of divine help the municipality had evidently built the village school. Whilst on one more important house-front a Latin inscription copied from the former building, of the date of 1688, addressed the birds of the air, the swallows that built beneath the eaves, and bade them to know that they might, if they pleased, build for themselves ; but that those who raised this house had another provided for them "eternal in the heavens."

We passed on, turned to the left by the quaint little squat church, with its conical witch's cap of silver-shining tin, and its

two eyes, a nose, and a mouth, made by the windows in the tower beneath its cap, that seemed almost human. We heard its clock strike twelve, then pause a minute and strike it again. That is the accommodating way of many of the church clocks in these vales. We watched the beldames, in their short petticoats and close white caps, washing their lettuces at the village pump-trough, and then went up towards the Sanatorium terrace of Feydey in quest of the Pension Reitzel.

It was not till one saw the view from this terrace, or from the shady balcony of this homely house of rest and health, that one realised where Peace was to be found. Each dawn the Dent du Midi shone more fair, each sunset a rosier hue flushed the snow fast fading on its glorious crown, and kindled into lovelier crimson the cliff of Chamossaire. The meadows, that had been filled with the St Bruno lily in mid-June, were sheets of purple crane's-bill, golden picris, and lace-like mountain-parsley, when the mower came, in the last June days, to cut and carry to the chalet-barns their fragrant wealth of herb and flower.

But one climbed beyond the pine-forest to La Rionda's height, and there, were multitudes of gentian dewy cool, there, still grew the fair St Bruno's lily. As one went a little farther afield and walked up to the adjacent peak of Geteillon, to feast one's eyes on the splendour of the rocky towers that flank the Lac d'Ai, or to gaze south to the Weisshorn and Diablerets, or out east to the blue Gumfluh, or north to the Lake of Geneva and the grey Jura hills beyond, one could fill one's hands with white Alpine anemone, *Anemone narcissiflora*, and Alpine rose, and add to one's

bouquet, as one returned home, orchis and purple aster and such forget-me-nots as English meadows never gave for blue and brilliancy.

The evening walk at Leysin is surely to La Profondaz. Thither whoever at sunset cares to go, past the Sanatorium, up through the pastures filled with the hum and clang of the cattle-bells, will find the great Rhone valley laid in dusky twilight at his feet. The river, a dim silver serpentine thread, moving on by villages that sparkle like clusters of glow-worms, on under the purple misty hills of "Les Cornets" to the silver-shining flood of Lake Lemman. The last thrush sings in the pine-wood far below. The growing darkness cannot stop his heart's content. The cow-bells chime in most harmonious chords of sound, from dewy pastures lost to sight; away over the Jura hills faint bars of purple stretch across such orange-saffron as one only sees in the valley of the Nile, and ere its reflected splendour dies from the bosom of the glimmering lake the stars are out, the July moon has risen.

The chief view-point within easy reach of Leysin is doubtless Tour d'Ai. Thither whoever climbs must be prepared for a three hours' walk, must have a good head, and had better go to the shoemaker who lives below the Sanatorium for nails in his boots, and for a faithful guide. With these precautions the Tour d'Ai can be ascended, and if the ascent is made at dawn, it will repay one richly. From that height the Bernese giants are visible, and from the Doldenhorn to Mont Blanc the southern horizon is filled with wonder, whilst all the purple waves of mountain and valley from Lucerne to Lemman seem breaking at one's feet. It is not a fatiguing

ascent either. The long grass shoulder slopes pleasantly enough from the huts at Lac d'Ai to the crowning escarpment. It is only in the last twenty minutes of rock-work that one's climbing powers or nerves are at all tested. Many people know the kind of view from Chamossaire. It is not to be spoken of in the same hour with the glorious surprise that is in store for those who dare the path along the ledges of the golden-grey Tour d'Ai.

But the fact is that there is no need to move a yard from the balconies either of the Grand Hotel, the Hôtel Mont Blanc, or any other of the houses or chalets on the terrace of Feydey. The swift changes of light and shade from morn to sunrise in the Rhone valley; the purple gleams and golden glory in the Val d'Illier or on the valley of the Ormont-Dessus; the shifting sunshine upon the Pic Chaussy or the glitter on the village spire; the flood of noon upon the flowery fields; the growth of shadow at evening upon pine-clad Chamossaire,—conspire to keep one sitting still, or at work in the open air, with pauses for lifted eyes and admiration of the beauty that is breathed forth from the landscape. When England is burnt to a bone, here all is freshly green; and such amethystine colour mingles with the green, such peacock-blue overlays the far-off slopes of emerald, that it would appear that the hills must ever in the sultriest time be "in verdure clad." The bird-life is not, it is true, abundant. The magpie chatters below us, and the redstart sings and flutters and

frolics close by, the cuckoo calls, the thrush and ring-ouzel flute in the woods, the Alpine chough screams and chatters round the towering heights above, and the lark sings in mid-air; but the warbler is seldom heard, and the nightingale stays in the valley.

The music of the upland plateau is the well-tuned clashing of innumerable bells. This ceases in winter, for a heavy snowfall hushes all the scene. Then, instead of song of bird or ringing chime of the cow-bell, may be heard the shouts of the tobogganners and the jingle of the sleigh-bells. Then fun is fast and furious. After ten o'clock in the morning the air is almost as warm as summer, for the sunshine sent through calm thin air is powerful. The invalid lays aside his cape, the lady dons her snow-skirt and gaiters; and all the way from La Prafondaz, down past the hotel and the houses of Feydey; on past the Disinfecting House near the village of Leysin; on over the fields, go the toboggan sleighs and their riders—away, like lightning, down the sloping snow-plain, till they pull up at Sepey, three miles and a half below. Then the horses jingle back with the toboggans, and the folk who flew down come slowly back, only to repeat the same inspiriting experiences, and to wonder why it is that people huddle in their houses in the valley and speak of winter as cold and comfortless.

Truly may Leysin-sur-Aigle, in winter as well as summer, be called the village of certain sunshine, the village of perfect health.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER LVIII.—ENTERING THE TRAP.

THE — Hunt Ball had taken place on a Monday, and it was on the following Thursday that Phemie had agreed to go to Laird's Hill, where, according to Mr Hamilton's proposition, she was to spend Thursday and Friday night, returning to Blushwood on the Saturday.

Mr Hamilton had arranged to meet her at Edinburgh, as he did not deem it expedient to be seen travelling with her at a smaller station; but in order that there should be no possibility of mistake, it had been agreed between them that Phemie was to send him a telegram on Wednesday afternoon, stating by which train she intended to travel on Thursday morning.

"Do as you please," said Chrissy, shrugging her shoulders, when Phemie at the luncheon-table on Wednesday had unfolded her plans regarding the projected excursion next day. "I think it is extremely foolish of you to run the risk of lacerating your feelings in this wholly unnecessary fashion, but some people seem to find a pleasure in such refined self-torture. I never could see it myself. Mr Woolfield is a dreadful snob, from all I hear, and you will pay dearly for your visit by having to swallow such a compound of purse-proud vulgarity as he is said to be. Of course he will be delighted to be able to boast of your visit to him, for it is the object of his life to elbow his way into society, and I am told that he is ready to eat any amount of dirt in order to compass his end. As to his taste and education—well, you will be able to judge for yourself, but I warn you that he has succeeded in transforming the place

into something very nearly as vulgar as himself. Why should I wish to see it again?"

"That is because you don't understand. To me dear old Laird's Hill could never be vulgar. The old trees are there still, and the rooms are the same in which we have lived as children. I should not feel happy unless I had seen them again."

"Our old nursery has been repapered with bright pea-green, I am told," said Chrissy, with a little grimace, "and poor papa's library has been metamorphosed into something terrible and wonderful to behold—all gilding and stucco."

"Oh, I daresay Mr Woolfield's taste is not exactly unimpeachable," returned Phemie, "but one must just take people as they are, and not always seek to pick holes everywhere; and since they have been polite enough to send me this invitation, I really don't see why I shouldn't accept it."

"What sort of a note does Mrs Woolfield write?" asked Chrissy. "Does she express herself in tolerably educated fashion?"

"The letter was from her husband," returned Phemie, shortly.

"Why, I fancied the Woolfields were still in Paris," now put in Mr Blushwood, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. "Colonel Ashton, who has just returned from abroad, mentioned having come across them at the Hippodrome last week. Are you quite sure that they have really returned?"

"Of course they are back, or how else could they have written to invite me?" said Phemie, testily.

"The fact is sufficiently self-obvious, I should imagine."

Mr Blushwood shrugged his shoulders, and there was nothing more said on the subject until later in the afternoon, when Phemie came into her sister's morning-room attired in hat and jacket, and announced her intention of walking to the station to send off a telegram.

"Ah, you are wiring to the Woolfields about your visit?" said Chrissy, half interrogatively, as she looked up from a note she was writing.

"I thought it was better just to make sure," replied Phemie, evasively.

"Quite right, but why need you go yourself in this terrible weather? Don't you see that it has begun to rain. Just give me your message and I shall send it by a groom."

"Oh no, thank you," exclaimed Phemie, preparing to beat a hasty retreat. "Indeed I much prefer to go myself. A walk will freshen me up, and get rid of the headache I have been having all day."

The walk to the station was not much more than a couple of miles, but Phemie took nearly an hour to perform it, for she walked in a lagging uncertain fashion, and several times came to a dead standstill in the middle of the muddy road, almost as though she were thinking of turning round and giving up the object of her walk. Even after she had reached the little station, and was standing before the door of the telegraph office with her hand almost on its handle, she had another final movement of hesitation, and drew back a little as if to gather strength, although it was certainly not the pace at which she had walked that was causing her breath to come so short and fast.

Not that Phemie was directly conscious of the gravity of the step

she was taking in having consented to meet Mr Hamilton secretly, and travel alone in his company, but she was uneasily aware that she had got into a labyrinth of intrigue and mystery, from which there was apparently no escape, no issue but to suffer herself to be guided by the man into whose power she had fallen. The visit to her old home, which had served as ostensible pretext for the present situation, had now faded away into comparative insignificance by the side of other stronger though unacknowledged influences. When she had first spoken of revisiting Laird's Hill, Phemie had certainly not foreseen all that the accomplishment of her desire would entail, and looking back now upon the chain of circumstances which had led her up to the present conclusion, she heartily wished that her desire had remained unspoken. A more independent-minded woman might even now at the eleventh hour have boldly shaken herself free of an influence which instinct told her was leading her astray; but Phemie had never been an independent woman: she had always found it easier to let herself be guided than to assume the initiative in any situation, and it required a specially strong moral impetus to force her so to say, to think, and act for herself. In the present instance it had been a combination of ulterior motives and considerations which had placed her so completely at the mercy of a bold and unscrupulous man, who thoroughly understood how to use his advantage without pity or remorse. Some genuine compassion for the hopeless attachment of whose authenticity Mr Hamilton had succeeded in convincing her (and what woman is hard to convince on this point?), was here complicated and intensified by a little lurking un-

acknowledged fear of her admirer, so skilfully had he contrived to make her feel that she was in his power, and that his honour alone stood between her and the breath of scandal. The seemingly careless allusion to the sprig of red horse-chestnut, which, as she knew, he carried in his pocket-book, had filled her with a nameless unreasoning alarm, and she told herself that she must get back that compromising token at any price.

After a furtive glance around, to convince herself that she was unobserved, Phemie entered the telegraph office very hastily, anxious to put the decisive step between herself and all further power of retraction. Snatching up the nearest pen that lay to hand, she filled in the telegraph form presented to her with feverish energy :—

“Waverley Station, ten twenty-five.”

In the golden days of our childhood our blood has often been pleasantly curdled by tales of luckless mortals who signed away their souls to the Evil One in characters traced on parchment with their warm life's-blood. Now that we have grown wiser, we laugh at these morbid inventions of a fantastic story-teller's brain. The devil does not think of troubling us by a late evening call; parchment has gone out of fashion; and who would be at the inconvenience of tapping his arteries when ink is to be had everywhere at a penny a bottle? Yet these silly old legends were true after all: the process remains unaltered, although the ceremony be no longer invested with the grim solemnity of which we read in German fairy-tales; and souls are signed away every day on innocent-looking little scraps of violet-

scented notepaper, or between the cut-and-dry lines of a telegraph form.

When Phemie regained the house about half an hour later, she was met by the news that Lady Nevill had been there, and had gone away much disappointed at having missed Baronin Wolfsberg, for whom she left her card, along with a bundle of newspapers.

“She sat here for quite an hour in the hope of your returning,” explained Chrissy, “but had to give you up at last in despair, as it was getting dark and she could not keep the horses waiting longer. It was awfully tiresome of you to be out just to-day. If you had taken my advice, and sent a groom to the station with the telegram, this would not have happened.”

“I am sorry to have missed her, but I had to go out,” returned Phemie, who was more disappointed than she liked to show, and with an undefined feeling that this woman, towards whom she had been so powerfully attracted on the occasion of their first meeting, might have been able to throw a little daylight into the chaos of her thoughts. “What else did she say, and where are the papers you speak of?”

“She said that you must contrive to pay her a visit at Morton Hall before returning to Austria; and here are the newspapers,” concluded Chrissy, stuffing a rather large bundle of loosely tied-up papers into her sister's hand. “She mentioned something about the account of a ride which you were to be sure to read, but I did not exactly catch her meaning. I just glanced at the papers after she was gone, but find that I have so utterly forgotten my German that I could not make head or tail of anything. After all, it is certainly more con-

venient to live in a country where with one language one is set up for life."

"Much more convenient," echoed Phemie, mechanically; then she took the bundle of papers under her arm, and went up-stairs to her room. But she did not attempt to read the account of the *Distanzritt* that evening, for she had many

more important matters to think of, and must see about packing her things for her two days' trip; so she merely rolled up the 'Fremdenblatts' a little more tightly, and stuffed them away at the bottom of her travelling-bag. The papers would serve to beguile the monotony of to-morrow's railway journey, she thought.

CHAPTER LIX.—THE 'FREMDENBLOTT.'

In order to reach Edinburgh at the hour specified in the telegram, Phemie had been obliged to make a rather early start, and it was considerably before the usual breakfast hour at Blushwood Hall that she took her solitary cup of tea by way of preparation for the journey. She took it without much appetite, for she had slept badly, and had left her bed that morning with a distinct feeling of reluctance not at all in keeping with the anticipated realisation of a long-cherished desire. Moreover, a solitary breakfast is a cheerless arrangement at any time. Neither Chrissy nor Mr Blushwood had yet left their bedroom, and as the post-bag would not be due for another hour, Phemie had not even got a letter to enliven her solitude. It was now nearly a fortnight since she had received Leo's last communication, for their correspondence had been growing more and more constrained of late, at least on her side. She punctually answered her husband's letters within a day or two of receiving them, but she never wrote spontaneously, and had ceased to yearn and hope for his letters as in the first few weeks of their separation. Each of Leo's letters now was but a fresh disappointment, for none of them contained that which her heart was set upon. Though nothing direct had passed between them

on the subject, it had now come to be a tacitly acknowledged trial of strength between husband and wife. She told herself over and over again that nothing would persuade her to return home till Leo had, by at least one word, asked her to do so; while he on his side was evidently as firmly resolved not to speak that word.

The weather was raw and bleak as Phemie started on her journey. It had poured all night, and the rain had evidently no thought of stopping just yet. The plate-glass windows of the railway-carriage in which she was seated were obscured as with a filmy veil, and Phemie had to wipe them clear with her pocket-handkerchief in order to obtain a view of the landscape outside.

For some time she contented herself with gazing rather vacantly at the landscape through which the train was moving at a somewhat jog-trot pace, although there was but small amusement to be extracted out of her surroundings to-day. The few figures that were to be seen on the country roads were trudging along ankle-deep in mud, half obscured beneath gigantic cotton umbrellas; while the cattle in the fields, huddled together for warmth, though bearing their troubles with that beautiful resignation which so favourably distin-

guishes the brute from the human species, looked sadly in want of umbrellas as well. The few remaining leaves on the trees, deprived by the rain of all independence of character and of outline, hung in limp dejected attitudes, while the ground beneath them was brown with dark decaying layers of the great majority that had gone before. All the country bore a sullen sodden appearance, like the face of a person who has forgotten how to smile; and Phemie, having come to the conclusion that there was nothing worth looking at, turned away from the window with a little sigh, and at last bethought herself of the newspapers in her travelling-bag.

There were four 'Fremdenblatts' altogether, their dates ranging between October 26 and October 30, containing a series of articles relating to the great distance-ride between Berlin and Vienna, which during the past month had been forming the all-important subject of conversation and controversy in German and Austrian military circles. These articles, which, though unsigned, were understood to have been penned by one of the most noteworthy Austrian generals, who had every right to be considered an authority in all matters relating to the cavalry, were admirably written in a tone of cool-headed and sober criticism, calculated slightly to damp the state of overweening exultation into which the victors, deliriously triumphant at having performed the heroic action of riding a few poor brutes to death, had thrown themselves and others. Viewed in the abstract, this international ride had no doubt its poetical and even romantic aspects. It was extremely gratifying to learn with what open-armed cordiality the Austrian officers had been received in Berlin, how warmly

they had been kissed on both cheeks by their Prussian brothers, what pretty speeches had been made to them, and how superlatively delicate had been the nourishment provided for the restoration of their mortal coils. But what, after all, did this amount to in the end? What practical or valuable result, from a military point of view, had been obtained from all this sacrifice of money and horse-flesh? It was true, indeed, that the fastest rider had performed the hitherto incredible feat of covering a space of 575 kilometres in seventy-one hours and a half; but was it not equally true that the horse in question had given up the ghost soon after its arrival at Berlin? The technical importance of the horse in a campaign did not, in the writer's opinion, consist in the vain attempt to rival the speed of a carrier-pigeon; and the actual space of ground covered in a given time was a secondary question in comparison to the condition of man and beast on reaching the goal. What possible advantage could be obtained from the arrival of a set of riders so exhausted that in many cases they had to be actually lifted down from off their mortally-stricken horses, while of the surviving animals there was scarcely one that had not carried off some lifelong blemish as memento of the ride? Now that gradually the dense clouds of incense, so lavishly offered up by a blindly-admiring audience, were beginning to clear away, impartial judges were gradually arriving at the conclusion that this brilliant *tour de force* was in reality but a brutal and inhuman action, thoroughly incompatible with the spirit of an age which has thought necessary to organise special institutions for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The distinguished writer, after dwelling

at some length upon this aspect of the question, went on to demonstrate how, in his opinion, a really fair test of the respective efficiency of two cavalry bodies could alone be carried out. Let an entire Austrian squadron, thoroughly armed *de cap-à-pie* as in the field, ride to Berlin, and *vice versâ*: that one of the rival commanders who, at the end of the journey, could produce his men and horses ready for action in the soundest and healthiest condition would, in his opinion, deserve to bear away the palm.

Phemie yawned once or twice during the reading of this article, which occupied the *feuilleton* columns of two successive numbers of the 'Fremdenblatt': just at that moment the Austrian cavalry and all that concerned it seemed strangely far away from her, and her thoughts were more taken up by the prospective meeting with Mr Hamilton. Still, as there was nothing else to do by way of amusement, she read the article through to the end, and after that went on to another number of the newspaper, in which some other writer, venturing to disagree with his illustrious precursor, had unfolded his views upon the same subject. After having thoroughly exhausted the subject of the *Distanzritt*, she turned to other matters, and found a faint interest in idly scanning some of the isolated paragraphs grouped together under the general heading of *Tagesneuigkeiten* (news of the day). In the latest number of the paper, bearing the date of October 30, some of the pages were still uncut, and had to be ripped open with a penknife before she was able to proceed.

Phemie had just finished reading the rather comic account of a quarrel between a Viennese market-woman and a hackney coachman, and there was still a smile of amusement lingering on her lips,

when her eye was attracted by the heading of the next paragraph—

"Duel between two cavalry officers."

With only a passing feeling of curiosity to learn whether either of the persons concerned was known to her by name, she began to read as follows:—

"A Hungarian correspondent telegraphs to us the account of a pistol duel between two officers of the—— Hussars regiment stationed at Hermaunstadt,—Colonel Farkas, commander of the said regiment, and Rittmeister Baron Leopold Wolfsberg. Two shots were discharged on either side, the second shot of the Colonel's pistol piercing through his adversary's right lung. It is understood that Baron Wolfsberg's state is precarious. Professor Billroth has been summoned from Vienna to extract the ball."

What she read here was so unexpected, so utterly unlooked for, that in the first moment its effect was more stunning than alarming. Like a sudden blow on the head—whose pain is not felt because of the unconsciousness produced—Phemie's first impression was one of simple bewilderment. Unconvinced and still uncomprehending, she read the paragraph a second time in a stupid mechanical way. Rittmeister Baron Leopold Wolfsberg—Colonel Farkas—how strange and unfamiliar their names appeared here in print; somehow they would not look real at all. And what preposterous story was that about the duel? Impossible! it could be nothing but a ridiculous mistake; and Phemie, being alone in the railway-carriage, tried to laugh out aloud, just in order to convince herself of her utter disbelief in the absurd report. But the attempted laugh broke off into a strangled sob, and in the next moment she had

sunk on her knees with a wild despairing cry—

“Oh Leo! oh my husband! Wounded! dying perhaps, and I so far, far away from you!”

Alas! there was no possibility of mistake, no loophole left for a conceivable confusion of identity. Though there were two Barons Wolfsberg serving in the Austrian army, there was but one who answered to the present description, and that was Leo. Likewise, as Phemie knew only too well, the feud with his colonel had been slowly but surely ripening to a breach during the past months and weeks—although she never could have foreseen such a portentous and fatal development. Bitterly she now upbraided herself for her own blindness, her own selfish torpor in not sooner having taken alarm at what, now, looked at by the light of this terrible revelation, had so clearly been written between the lines of his letters all along. The newspaper bore the date of October 30, so the duel must have taken place on the 28th or 29th—and to-day was the 3d of November. For five whole days, therefore, Leo had been lying mortally wounded, while she, all unconscious of his condition, had been amusing herself over here. Why, only two days ago she had danced all night at the — Hunt Ball, never guessing that her husband was meanwhile stretched on a bed of pain, perhaps with no one to nurse him, and calling vainly on the wife who could not hear his voice.

“Oh, what a miserable contemptible wretch I have been!” she sobbed in an agony of futile self-reproach, while the train flew on through the dull murky landscape, and the pattering rain-drops on the window seemed trying to mingle with her tardy impotent tears.

Then to the first agonised burst

of helpless grief succeeded a period of calmer reflection. She must keep her senses together, she must not suffer herself to go mad, in spite of that terrible pain which had suddenly sprung up in her head and seemed to be cleaving it in twain with the force of an iron hatchet. All her thoughts, all her energies, must now be concentrated upon one single object. Leo needed her; and how to reach him, how to find her way to Transylvania as speedily as possible, was the one thought which had taken possession of her mind. Transylvania was away over there, far down in a south-eastern direction, almost at the very other end of Europe, a long dreary space even on the map, how much longer and drearier in reality; and as she thought of it with an involuntary shudder, Phemie suddenly realised that all the time she was travelling northward in a diametrically opposite direction, every jog of the train taking her farther away from Leo instead of towards him, for of course the fastest route to Germany and Austria lay over Dover and Ostende. Mechanically she got up and took down her umbrella and bundle of wraps from the network above, and stuffed back the newspapers into her travelling-bag, so as to be ready to get out at the next station. It was not long in coming, for presently the speed began to slacken, and “Prestonpans!” was shouted out in that peculiar staccato voice which no other mortal but a railway guard has ever been known to possess. Phemie was the only person to get out here, but there was a group of third-class passengers on the platform, consisting chiefly of workmen and market-women, some of whom had apparently been waiting for the arrival of this train, which, having taken them up, moved off almost directly.

“Now to inquire for the next

train going south,' thought Phemie, and she was about to move across the platform in quest of some railway official who could give the desired information, when she became conscious of a sort of whizzing buzzing sound which, rising and swelling suddenly, took the place of the monotonous drip-drip of the falling rain.

"Stand back!" now shouted a loud voice in her rear, and as she still stood hesitating, bewildered, and uncomprehending, a blue-frocked workman laid his hand on her arm with rough but well-meaning familiarity—

"Canny, miss, canny—stand back a wee. 'Twill be the London express, I'm thinking," he explained, as he drew her back not a moment too soon from her perilous vicinity to the edge of the platform. In the next instant the express train thundered past, shaking the rickety wooden building to its very foundations and deafening the bystanders' ears with an overwhelming roar, bringing along with it a powerful blast of air which seemed to be caused by the sweep of an invisible pair of mighty pinions. The rate of velocity made it impossible to distinguish the single carriages as they flashed past, all blended into the form of one dark monster, with a tongue of fire and a tail of smoke—a monster which was carrying away in its entrails a wholesale assortment of human virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, fears and hopes; hundreds of warm pulsating hearts, each one of which was living out a life of its own, and was being hurried away towards some special object whether of business, duty, pain, or pleasure. Whoever they were and whatever their object, those unseen and unknown mortals who had shot past her tantalised eyes like a mocking phantasmagoria, not one of them could there be, she

felt sure, whose mission was so terribly, desperately urgent as her own. With an involuntary gesture she had stretched out her arms towards the fugitive express, as though she would have called out, "Take me with you! Help me to reach my husband, who is perishing perhaps for want of his wife!" But express trains being mainly constructed of iron, have hearts too hard to be touched by any human agony, however deep; and so the Flying Scotchman rushed by, with just one long-drawn fiendish shriek by way of answer to the mute appeal, and was presently lost to sound and sight.

"What train is that?" asked Phemie, as soon as her ears had recovered from the momentary deafness produced by the overwhelming noise.

"The Flying Scotchman, miss; reaches London at 6.30."

"And when can I get another express train to London that will bring me in time to reach the Dover boat? I must catch it to-night."

The station-master, to whom this question was addressed, shook his head, acknowledging his incapacity to answer it. Express trains never stopped here, and so he rarely had occasion to study the subject in connection with Continental steamers. If the lady had thought of getting out at Berwick instead of here, why, she might then have easily managed to be picked up by the Flying Scotchman; but since she had not done so, her best chance now would be to go on to Edinburgh by the next up train, which would be passing through in about twenty minutes. At Edinburgh she would have no difficulty in obtaining all the information she required regarding Continental packets, and might possibly still manage to reach Dover in time to cross by the night boat.

Phemie groaned aloud. Another

precious twenty minutes gone, and then this torturing uncertainty as to whether she would reach London in time to catch the Dover-Ostende steamer. However, there was nothing for it but to resign herself to the inevitable, and for the next

twenty minutes she wearily paced the little platform, with the feverish mechanical motion of a caged wild animal, listening to the melancholy drip, drip of the falling drops, and the disconsolate gurgle of the rain-pipes.

CHAPTER LX.—A BURST BUBBLE.

Mr Hamilton, waiting on the platform of the Waverley Station at Edinburgh, had felt considerable surprise and annoyance when the train had come in without bringing the person he had so eagerly been expecting. No, it was not possible; and yet it was clear that among the stream of passengers issuing from the train his eyes could nowhere discern Baroness Wolfsberg's slender willowy figure, nor the dark-green Styrian felt hat, adorned with a drooping tuft of chamois beard, which she usually wore for walking or travelling. Still refusing to believe the evidence of his senses, he walked down the platform, peeping into every carriage as he passed it, with still a lurking hope that Phemie might have loitered behind collecting her wraps, or possibly arranging her hair and putting some last touch to her dress, in view of the expected meeting; and Mr Hamilton, as this idea occurred to him, smiled ever so slightly under his moustache—the self-confident smile of a man who has often seen fair women strive to make themselves yet more fair in order to find favour in his eyes. The smile, however, died away when a thorough investigation of the carriages showed him that they were empty beyond doubt—for as this was a local train, which did not go beyond Edinburgh, the passengers had all got out. With a puzzled frown he drew out the telegram to see whether there was any possibility

of mistake there, but it was quite explicit—"Waverley Station, ten twenty-five." Clearly, therefore, some unknown obstacle had intervened to prevent her starting at the hour agreed upon: perhaps she had missed the train, or else, maddening thought! perhaps she had lost courage at the last moment, and suffered herself to be dissuaded from the journey.

"And yet I felt so sure of her," he said to himself, reflectively. "That last waltz was an unmistakable surrender, or else I know nothing of women!"

Just, however, as he was about to turn away from the platform, provoked and uncertain what to do next, his eye was caught by an object which seemed to wake some chord in his memory. It was a solitary trunk, which, deposited there from the luggage-van of the last arrived train, had apparently not yet found its owner. Perhaps Mr Hamilton's eye may have been attracted by something unusual and foreign-looking in the appearance of this trunk, or else he may dimly have remembered having seen something like it on some previous occasion. This vague impression soon became a certainty when, on going nearer, he read the initials E. W., surmounted by a seven-pointed crown, executed in dark-blue paint upon the drab-coloured waterproof linen covering the lid of the basket-trunk. Undoubtedly this was Phemie's box. Mr Hamilton now

remembered having seen it upon a former occasion, and there could be no possibility of mistake, as it did not in the least resemble the usual run of English travelling-trunks. Evidently, therefore, Phemie must—true to her plan—have started in the train which had just arrived, but had been forced to interrupt her journey for some reason or other utterly unintelligible to him. At all events, his only course was now to wait here on the platform to see whether none of the subsequent trains would bring an explanation of the riddle.

He had not waited above some twenty minutes when the next train from the southern direction came steaming in enveloped in a dense black cloud, for the heavy murky air did not permit the smoke to rise, and it swept the platform in long irregular puffs like trailing fragments of a ragged black pall. Then, as the smoke cleared away a little, he caught sight of Baroness Wolfsberg advancing towards him, and his heart beat high with a fierce and unholy joy.

She had not yet caught sight of him apparently, for her eyes had a far-off, almost vacant expression, and she would have passed him without recognition had he not arrested her by his playful exclamation—

“Madame la Baronne! Where are you going? Are you running away from me?”

At the sound of his voice she turned round quickly and came up to him with an eager gesture.

“Oh, Mr Hamilton, how glad I am to see you! What a lucky chance to find you here!”

There was unmistakable pleasure and relief in her tone, but yet her manner puzzled him slightly. It was scarcely like Phemie, generally so shyly reticent, to show her feelings so openly, and he had not been

prepared for this sudden breaking up of the ice which had taken so long to thaw.

“Of course you knew I would be here to receive you,” he said, with a smile of gratified vanity. “But why are you so late? I expected you to have arrived half an hour ago, and the time of waiting has seemed interminably long.”

Through his tone of playful familiarity there pierced a slight, almost imperceptible new accent, in which only a very keen psychological analyst could have detected some latent tinge of authority—something rather of the master’s tone claiming his dues than of a diffident suitor craving a boon.

But tone and smile alike were lost upon Phemie, whose mental vision was now fixed upon one single agonising point, to the exclusion of every other idea.

“Yes, the waiting has been terrible,” she said, with a little shudder. “I thought those twenty minutes would never come to an end. But now there is no more time to be lost. You must find out for me when the next train starts, for I must be off at once.”

“At once!” The masterful smile was now more decidedly accentuated. “Surely there is no such desperate hurry about that, my dear Baroness; and you must now be content to give yourself up entirely to my care, and leave all arrangements in my hands. Take my arm and come with me to the Royal Hotel, where I have ordered luncheon, during which we can discuss our further movements. There will be plenty of trains to suit us later on in the afternoon.”

“Later on! But do you not understand that I must start at once, and that you must help me to find out the quickest way of going? I must start for home immediately,” she repeated a little im-

patiently, as he did not at once reply.

"Of course you shall go home," he assented, more and more puzzled by her manner; "but do you not think that it would be time enough if we reached Laird's Hill by six o'clock or half-past?"

"Laird's Hill! What do I care for Laird's Hill? I am not going there."

"Phemie, I don't understand you. Have you not come here for the sole purpose of revisiting your old home? and can you have been capricious enough to change your mind since you sent off yesterday's telegram?"

"Ah, the telegram!" said Phemie, passing her hand over her forehead as though to recall something long forgotten. "Yes, I remember now; but that was before I had received this terrible news. My husband is dangerously ill—wounded in a duel—and I must go to him at once. Oh, Mr Hamilton! dear Mr Hamilton! help me to get away! help me to reach home!"

She had now taken hold of his arm with both her hands, and was looking up in his face with agonised entreaty in her eyes. He was conscious of a strange electric thrill as he felt her clinging to him thus helpless and tearful, yet for all her agitation he was surprised to feel how strong and firm had suddenly become the touch of those slender fingers.

"You are asking me to help you to rejoin your husband," he said, slowly and significantly. "Yes, I will help you, but not until you have kept your promise to me. Come with me to-day to Laird's Hill, and I swear to you that to-morrow you shall be free to go."

"To-morrow!" There was a world of scorn in Phemie's clear girlish voice as she said the word. "By to-morrow morning I must have

crossed the sea and be on my way to Austria. As if I could voluntarily delay a single hour, a single minute, in starting!"

"And do you imagine that I am the man to be played fast and loose with in this accursed fashion?" he exclaimed fiercely, seizing hold of both her hands with an unexpected movement and holding them tightly imprisoned. "I love you, Phemie, to distraction, and you have known it all along. By consenting to meet me here you have given me rights which I do not choose to relinquish. I have loved you for years, and now I claim my reward!"

Goaded to madness by seeing that his carefully prepared scheme was now likely to be thwarted by an almost unprecedented coincidence, he had lost all power of self-control, and with the frenzied instinct of the gambler who hurls down all his remaining gold upon one solitary card, he suffered the expression of his brutal passion to escape him in all its hideous nakedness.

But scarcely had the words passed his lips than he regretted them, for he saw that he had played his last card and played it in vain. A little while ago Phemie would have blushed and trembled beneath the fire of his eyes and the vibration of his deep bass voice, but now it was with unmoved stony face and perfectly self-possessed manner that she replied coldly and a little wearily as she drew away her hands from his grasp—

"You are talking nonsense, Mr Hamilton, and you don't seem rightly to have understood me either. I tell you that my husband is dangerously ill, and that he requires me, and you keep wasting my time by talking of other things that have nothing to do with him, instead of helping me to find out by what train I should start. How

can you imagine that I can give a thought either to you or to any one else when he is in question?"

Mr Hamilton now gazed at Phemie in genuine astonishment. In all his varied and miscellaneous experience of the other sex he had never yet come across a woman who, under the circumstances, had behaved in precisely this fashion. Sweet surrender and indignant virtue had been common enough features within his range of knowledge, and sometimes the latter had been but a mask wherewith gracefully to veil the path which led to the former, but this was something totally different. A woman who did not even pay him the sorry compliment of being offended by the disclosure of his illicit passion, but who calmly put it aside as something utterly worthless and insignificant, was a new and curious study. Scarcely did she seem to have heard his burning delirious words, or at all events they had left no more mark than dewdrops upon a cabbage-leaf. He looked at her again more scrutinisingly, doubtful yet whether after all this abnormal behaviour were not the perfection of acting. But no, another glance at Phemie's unconscious face convinced him of his error. Reluctantly he was obliged to concede that for once he, Hamilton the Invincible, was a mere nobody in a woman's eyes. The mere thought of another man far away had sufficed to efface the impression he had succeeded in producing by weeks of stratagem and intrigue.

"The game's up," he muttered between his teeth; "she cares for nothing but that d——d foreigner after all!" Then as the surface polish of the gentleman instinctively reappeared, in order to mask the man's brutal instincts a moment in the ascendancy, he now said aloud in a tone of such perfect courtesy that few indeed would have detected

therein the latent tinge of bitter sarcasm—

"Of course you are the best judge of your own movements, Baroness. Very likely you are exaggerating the cause of your anxiety; but if you have really made up your mind to start at once, you have only to command me,—I am quite at your service."

Phemie expressed her wishes shortly and concisely. Taking a £5 note from her pocket, she handed it to him with the request that he should get her ticket to London by the next available train. And Mr Hamilton, rather to his own surprise, dropped into the ignominious post of submissive servant meekly and tamely,—for such is the power of a strong all-absorbing emotion that it not only sweeps away all obstacles, but likewise makes contrasting characters assume inverted parts in curious and unexpected fashion. A little while ago he had believed that he held this woman securely in his grasp, and now here he was obeying her orders like the merest schoolboy—taking her ticket, looking up time-tables, and seeing about her luggage with the same careful exactitude as though the main object of his life had now become to get rid of his charming companion as rapidly as possible. Even when all the arrangements were completed, and Phemie established in the seat of the railway-carriage that was presently to bear her far away out of his reach, Mr Hamilton did not seem to have recovered his power of independent speech and action, but stood near the open carriage-door silent and uncomfortable, acutely conscious that never in his life had he cut such a pitiable figure before.

"Are you sure that you have sufficient money for the journey?" he said at last with an effort, just as

doors were beginning to be banged and departure seemed imminent. "Pray use me as your banker for the present if I can be of any use," he added, drawing out his elegant Russia-leather pocket-book, not without a certain grim sense of the ironical humour of the situation. After all, since he had registered her luggage and taken her ticket, there was no reason why he should not push the matter to its bitter end by lending her money to enable her to rejoin that confounded foreigner as rapidly as possible.

Phemie looked into her purse and hesitated for a moment. After paying her ticket to London there remained but £7 altogether and some loose silver pieces. Would this suffice to bring her to Hermannstadt? she vaguely wondered. Yet an invincible feeling of repugnance made her unwilling to accept the loan of money from this man, although she had not yet wholly grasped the baseness of his character.

"Thanks," she coldly replied, shutting the steel clasp of her purse with a sharp little click which had a final and decisive sound in his ear. "I am well provided."

"Then can I do nothing more for you?"

"Nothing."

The carriage-door had now been closed, and the last words of this conversation were spoken through the open window. Mr Hamilton, standing outside on the platform, was still holding in his hand the Russia-leather pocket-book which he had taken out with the intention of offering the money. The sight of this pocket-book, which she had seen once or twice before, suddenly aroused another chord in Phemie's mind, and rising to her feet she bent out over the window-sash.

"Yes, there is something else

which I had forgotten," she said imperiously; "you must give me back that flower which you pretend to have got from me five years ago. You know that you have no right to keep it."

Still feeling incapable of resistance, Mr Hamilton hurriedly opened the pocket-book, and took from it a somewhat crushed and soiled envelope, which he handed to Baroness Wolfsberg just as the starting-bell began to ring.

"Of course I must obey you," he said hoarsely; and then, with a last desperate effort to regain at least some of the lost ground, he added, "But you misjudge me cruelly; indeed you do. In taking from me this flower, you deprive me of the last precious thing which life contained. If you could only guess what that flower has been to me during all these years, you would not be so cruel as to——"

His phrase was cut short by a mocking peal of laughter. Phemie had meanwhile opened the envelope, and was gazing at something inside which seemed to be provocative of irrepressible mirth even in the midst of her absorbing agitation.

"You are a bad man!" she said, leaning out of the window, and accentuating each word with painful distinctness. "I only guessed it before, but now I know it. There, take the keepsake that you prize so highly!"

Stuffing back the contents into the envelope, with a scornful gesture she tossed it out of the window, where it fluttered down on to the platform at Mr Hamilton's feet just as the train began to move off. A sudden jet of steam from the adjacent engine rose up and curled round the carriage-window in fantastic curves, through which Phemie's face looked mockingly out at her discomfited lover. Never before had she appeared so bewitch-

ingly seductive as at that last moment, when she was being spirited away from his tantalised vision; and yet, although it was undoubtedly the face of a very beautiful woman that looked out at him across the floating vapours, there was something in the disdainful curve of her lip and in the flash of her hazel eye that strangely reminded him of the insignificant little girl who had boxed his ears fourteen years ago.

When the train had quite disappeared, Mr Hamilton bent down and picked up the envelope that Phemie had so contemptuously cast aside. The clue to her abnormal mirth was not long to seek, for on

opening the paper enclosed within the cover there came to light, instead of the supposed horse-chestnut blossom, a rather greasy curl of coarse black hair, tied with a bow of flaunting tartan ribbon, and embellished by the following inscription, executed in a large irregular handwriting: "*From your faithful Sally, in token of true love.*"

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Mr Hamilton, striking his forehead angrily; "to think that I could have been such a duffer as to have given her the wrong envelope! Why, that is a still worse mistake than the one made ten years ago with the Marquise Aquaviva!"

CHAPTER LXI.—FROM DOVER TO OSTENDE.

Phemie had a close shave to catch the London mail running in connection with the Dover night-boat; but yet she did contrive to catch it by the inside of a minute, thanks to a frenzied drive at a break-neck pace from one station to the other, further complicated by a slight veil of fog which had sprung up towards evening. The promise of liberal remuneration to the driver of a hansom-cab had induced him to achieve almost an impossibility; but a sharp turn at the crowded corner of Oxford Street dislodged the trunk placed insecurely on the roof of the vehicle, and caused it to roll heavily to the ground between an omnibus and a dray-cart.

"Never mind! go on!" called out Phemie in an agony, seeing that the coachman was about to draw up abruptly—"I cannot afford to lose a minute. A sovereign—thirty shillings—anything you choose, as long as you reach Charing Cross Station in time."

And reach it they did, just as the starting-bell was ringing. There

was no time to think of taking a ticket, no time but to scramble into the train already in motion while her bag and wraps were being pitched in by the window, bruising her elbow severely in the act, and causing a long ungainly rent in the skirt of her serge gown at the place where she had tripped up over it in getting in. But what did it matter, what did anything matter, as long as she had caught the train? It was now past eight, and by eleven o'clock to-morrow forenoon she would have reached Cologne and be fairly on her way to Austria. She scarcely felt the pain in her elbow, and the loss of her trunk did not trouble her. Rather, perhaps, she was conscious of a certain feeling of relief at having got rid of it. Having no luggage to think of decidedly simplified matters.

By half-past ten Dover was reached and she was on board the Ostende boat. As she went down the staircase into the large centre cabin she became conscious of a strange empty feeling in her head; the long row of

velvet benches which ran round the space seemed to be alternately advancing and retreating from her in a crazy intoxicated sort of fashion, and the gold-framed mirrors placed at regular intervals between the port windows were twinkling weirdly with the irregular flicker of Will-o'-the-wisp lights. She put up her hand to her head. What could it be, this strange sensation that made her feel as if her senses were slipping away from her control? The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and the ship had not yet weighed anchor, so it could not be seasickness. Surely she was not going to fall ill or go mad, just now when she required all her strength of mind and body to accomplish what was still before her? The odour of food coming from the adjacent kitchen solved the riddle, and as she saw a dish of broiled ham being carried past her, Phemie suddenly remembered that she had not tasted food since leaving Blushwood Hall that morning. Of course she was hungry—how stupid not to have thought of it before! and eagerly she called to the steward as he came back past her empty-handed and told him to bring her a similar dish of ham. The ten minutes or so which had to elapse before the food made its appearance seemed to her interminably long, and every time she saw another dish of ham or of fried fish carried past her, she glanced at it with famished eyes, just as though it required all her self-control to keep her from springing up and intercepting the dish on its passage. At the same time she became aware that a pair of solemn blue-spectacled eyes were gravely watching her from the opposite side of the table.

When at last her own portion of bacon was placed before her, she fell upon it so ravenously that in

less than two minutes the dish was empty, and yet she did not feel the pangs of hunger to be perceptibly appeased.

"Another dish of bacon," she ordered—"and some tea, please, and toast and butter."

But here the owner of the blue-spectacled eyes, an old gentleman with a long tangled grey beard, but with no hair worth mentioning on any other part of his face or head, suddenly interposed. He laid down the pamphlet he had been reading and looked across at Phemie with a disapproving shake of the head.

"You do unwisely to eat so rash," he said with a strong German accent. "The stomach, he supports not such hasty unthorough work. Everything must be well grounded and considered, or else it will not be welcome to him."

"I am very hungry," said Phemie, simply. "I have not eaten since this morning."

"That excuses not your foolishness," returned the old German, with uncompromising severity. "The bacon he is too fat for you, and the tea he is good for nothing at this so late hour. Likewise the butter, she is a perfidious creature; do not touch her to-night. What you want is an egg-dish and a glass beer."

In her secret heart Phemie would much have preferred a cup of strong tea, but feeling too weary to resist, she meekly ordered a glass of ale and a dish of scrambled eggs at the bidding of the imperious stranger, who, however, betrayed no further sign of interest in herself or her nourishment, but had meanwhile resumed the perusal of his pamphlet, whose contents seemed to be of a peculiarly absorbing nature.

When she had finished her supper, Phemie lay down on one of the sofas, with her bundle of wraps

as a pillow. The passage to Ostende would last over four hours, so perhaps she might manage to get a little sleep in the interval. At first this seemed impossible: she tossed and turned about restlessly from one side to the other while the day's events flitted past her eyes in a sort of wild phantasmagoria; but presently the regular throb of the steamer's screw acted as a soothing lullaby. The thought that each turn of the revolving wheel was bringing her nearer to Leo was soothing and comforting, and imperceptibly she passed into slumber, deep, peaceful, and dreamless.

When Phemie opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her to have been but a few minutes, she was surprised to feel that the steamer was no longer in motion; the cabin lamps were still burning, looking red by contrast with the pale uncertain yellow light streaming in from the port-holes. She sat up and rubbed her eyes, still scarcely understanding where she was; then, as the reality of her position rushed over her, with the full consciousness of all its agonising details, she hastily pulled out her watch and saw that it marked close upon eight o'clock. It must have stopped last night without her perceiving it, was her first instinctive thought. But no; she held it to her ear and heard its ticking, which, together with the light streaming in at the windows, left no further doubt on her mind that this was not night but morning. Eight o'clock in the morning, and they had been due at Ostende at 3 A.M.—five hours ago! What could this mean? Was it possible that she had overslept herself and missed the landing?

In a moment she was on her feet, and then she saw that everything in the cabin bore a calm settled appearance, as though the idea of

leaving the steamer was the very last thought in every one's mind just now. The old blue-spectacled German was sitting bolt-upright at the self-same spot as on the previous evening, still plunged in the perusal of his precious pamphlet, and the steward was going down the side of the table laying the places for breakfast in a leisurely fashion.

"What is the matter? Why are we not at Ostende? Why did no one wake me in time to get out?" were the impulsive questions that burst from her lips.

The steward paused in his occupation, with a bundle of forks in his hand, and looked at her critically.

"We are at Ostende," he returned laconically, thinking perhaps that it was as well to economise his answers, and only reply to one question at a time.

"Then why have we not gone on shore long ago?"

"Because of the fog, miss; the steamer cannot get into harbour."

"But I must go on shore at once," said Phemie; "I tell you that I cannot even wait to have breakfast."

The steward, an unwholesome-looking pock-pitted individual, seemed to be possessed of a certain grim sense of humour, for he smiled a sickly sort of smile as he returned—

"I'm thinking, miss, that you will have time enough to enjoy your breakfast, and your dinner too if it comes to that."

"What do you mean? I do not understand."

"Just that we may consider ourselves lucky if we get into port at all to-day. At present that does not seem over likely. I've been in the service a matter of fifteen years, and this is about the heaviest fog I ever set eyes upon."

"Oh, but there must be some mistake about the matter," said Phemie, imperiously. "Fog or no

fog, I cannot possibly suffer my journey to be interrupted in this ridiculous fashion. Where is the captain? I must speak to him at once and tell him that he is to put me on shore directly."

Some of the passengers who had already begun to take their places at the breakfast-table looked up in surprise at this pale slender young woman who was capable of assuming a tone so much at variance with her appearance; but the steward's sickly smile reappeared again as he returned—

"The captain's up yonder on deck, miss, and of course you can please yourself by telling him whatever you choose. It will make no difference to me any way, nor to any one else, I'm thinking."

A minute later Phemie was on deck, and her heart sank within her as she began to realise the state of matters. The fog that she had spoken of so contemptuously was a real substantial thing, neither to be ignored nor argued away. It was so dense that one could not see across the length of the ship, the figures of the man at the wheel and of the captain pacing the deck appeared like far-off gigantic phantoms, and scarce half-a-dozen yards of water round the ship's edge could be descried in any direction by the keenest eye. What lay beyond that murky yellow curtain was shrouded in mystery, not to be pierced or guessed at. Like a monster extinguisher the fog had descended in the night and seized hold of the ship in its treacherous stealthy grip, enclosing it in a secure prison, which, though built of fleeting intangible vapours, was yet stronger than adamantine walls. Though scarce a stone's-throw from the bar of Ostende, they were virtually as isolated as though becalmed in the centre of the Pacific. The boards of the deck, as well as every piece

of woodwork about the ship, were wet and slippery with the all-pervading moisture, and the doleful howl of some unhappy dog imprisoned somewhere down in the hatchways mingled dismally with the blowing of the fog-horn, which kept sounding at intervals.

The captain listened to what Phemie had to say with great courtesy. Usually a short gruff man in the exercise of his professional duties, he had nevertheless a keen eye for a pretty young woman, and his manner towards her just now had a touch of paternal benevolence. It was the manner of a sensible grown-up person listening kindly and indulgently to the foolish illogical arguments of a sweet but ignorant child.

There was nothing to be done—really nothing—as he informed her with extreme politeness, but just to wait till the fog lifted. He could not possibly say when this might be—twelve hours perhaps, or possibly twenty-four. Ships had sometimes been detained to his knowledge for thirty-six or even forty-eight hours before the harbour entrance; but these were extreme cases, to be sure, and there was no reason to suppose that it would be quite as bad as that. The chief point upon which he was very positive was that he could not possibly risk his ship and the lives of his passengers by attempting such a crazy feat as to move a single inch in the present state of the atmosphere; and even when Phemie, with clasped hands and eyes that might have melted a heart of stone, implored him to let her be put on shore in a little boat, promising unheard-of sums as reward of the service, he was equally firm in resisting her entreaties.

What she asked was a sheer impossibility, he said, and he could no more put her on land just now than he could have her conveyed to the

moon—no, not even were all the gold in Christendom to be reaped by the act. She must just be content to accept the hospitality of his ship a little longer, he concluded

gallantly. For his part, he could scarcely regret the fog which procured him the enviable privilege of detaining such fair prisoners on board.

CHAPTER LXII.—FOG-BOUND.

With white face and haggard eyes Phemie returned to the cabin. After this one effort to break through the chain of fate, no further word of murmur or complaint passed her lips, and with the impulse of a mortally-stricken creature that seeks to hide its wound, she rolled herself up in her reserve so tightly that no one felt tempted to intrude on her confidence. She could not have borne to speak of her miserable secret to any one of these strangers, with whom chance had thrown her together for a time. No doubt there were kind hearts and sympathising spirits among them, but what could their pity or their sympathy have availed her just now? No one on earth could help her to bear the burden that had fallen on her so unexpectedly. She must carry her cross for herself.

She scarcely seemed to realise the presence of her fellow-passengers, in whom the male sex greatly predominated. Most of these appeared to belong to the class of commercial travellers—robust, assertive-looking individuals, whose sharp direct glances, and brisk unexpected movements, conveyed the impression that the greater part of their lives was spent in elbowing their way through dense crowds; a florid Belgian couple, with an improbable-looking allowance of small children; a rosy-cheeked young English governess, setting forth apparently in the very highest of spirits to seek her fortunes abroad; while a sallow and

depressed-looking German girl, only some years her senior, was evidently returning to her native land, having failed to find luck in England. There was also a tall athletic Englishman, encumbered with an invalid wife and a superfluity of luggage, amongst which two gun-cases and a bundle of fishing-rods figured conspicuously.

After breakfast had been cleared away, most of these various individuals settled down to whatever occupation happened to be most congenial to him or her. Some of the gentlemen went up on deck for a little constitutional exercise up and down the reeking slippery boards, some few of the commercial travellers remaining behind in order to utilise these hours of unexpected leisure in bringing up arrears of business correspondence. The Belgian mother was endeavouring to keep a certain number of her children quiet by telling them a fairy tale; while the father, with a choice selection of the elder ones, had gone up on deck, promising to show them the steamer's machinery. The Englishman with the invalid wife had likewise disappeared, in order to assure himself of his pointer's welfare, while she had lain down flat on one of the sofas, and was preparing to cut the pages of Ouida's latest novel. The English governess and the German one had struck up an acquaintance, and were exchanging confidences on the subject of their respective hopes and disappointments, in a corner of the cabin. The old German who

had spoken to Phemie on the previous evening, but had not since appeared to notice her existence, was again engrossed in his pamphlet, whose subject was a treatise upon the most efficacious method of breeding the cholera bacillus, and of the conflicting arguments in favour of rearing those interesting microbes upon gelatine or slices of raw potato.

Phemie alone had nothing to do but to take out again the ominous newspaper, cause of all her anguish, and to read and re-read again, till her eyes ached, the fatal paragraph, although she knew every word of it already by heart, yet hoping each time to discover therein some hidden meaning not discernible at first sight, some latent clue to the riddle which might possibly be construed into the semblance of hope. But no, the printed words were as obdurately fixed to-day as they were yesterday, and turn and twist it as she might, there was no possibility of extracting aught from the paragraph but that her husband had fought a pistol duel with his colonel, and had been severely wounded.

The strained relations which had existed between the two men during the last few months must therefore have culminated in some terrible quarrel—terrible, indeed, it must have been, for nothing short of that could justify or explain a pistol duel. It was maddening to think that such a seemingly trifling cause of difference as a few fat or thin horses could have led to such fatal results.

What, however, remained yet unexplained and inexplicable to her mind was why no one had thought of telegraphing at once for her. Was it possible that Leo himself was too ill to dictate her address? or else, a thought almost equally torturing, had he himself

expressly desired that his wife should not be sent for? Guiltily conscious that their correspondence of late had been of the coldest and scantiest, Phemie felt this latter contingency to be far from impossible. What more likely, in fact, than that Leo, feverish and irritated in consequence of his wound, should have forbidden his friends to send for the wife who had shown so little anxiety to return to him of her own free will? Then she fell to vaguely wondering whether, in default of her presence, Poldi had been summoned from Vienna to attend on his wounded cousin. Not that Poldi would be of much use in a sick-room, she said to herself a little contemptuously, but at least it would have been clearly his duty to take upon himself the responsibility of telegraphing for his cousin's wife with or without Leo's knowledge. But with a harum-scarum fellow like Poldi, to be sure, it was impossible to calculate upon what he might or might not have done under the circumstances. As likely as not he might have forgotten to despatch the telegram after it had been written out, or else it might have been sent to a wrong address. Thus on and on her thoughts revolved in a feverish weary circle, from which there was no issue. The torturing questions that were crowding upon her could not be answered until she reached her journey's end; and what then would be the answer, she dared not clearly ask herself as yet. Mechanically she turned back again to the newspapers, and scanned each page in turn with close attention, submitting every separate column, down to the very advertisement sheets, to a minute investigation, with yet a lingering undefined hope of finding something—she scarcely knew what—that might bear, if ever so distantly, upon the point in question.

But search as she would—and by the time she had exhausted the contents of the four papers, Phemie would have been able to stand a rigid cross-examination as to their contents—she was able to find nothing. Beyond the articles upon the *Distanzritt*, which she carefully re-read, the only other reference to Austrian military matters was the fragment of the latest ‘Army Gazette’ containing the names of those officers who had received a step in rank in the half-yearly promotion—the November “Avancement,” as it is called in Austria, although in reality the ‘Gazette’ generally appears during the last week of October. Most Austrian newspapers reproduce this gazette in instalments, for the benefit of the general public, and this particular number of the ‘Fremdenblatt,’ bearing the date of October 28, had apparently brought the conclusion of the list, as it gave only the names of those cadets who had recently been promoted to the rank of lieutenants.

Phemie, of course, read this part of the paper with particular attention, and actually discovered therein the name of an acquaintance, Istvan Szyrmay, the brother of her friend Irma Boldalagi, who, as has been previously mentioned, was serving in the — Hussars, in Leo’s own squadron.

“How pleased Irma will be to think that her brother is actually lieutenant,” thought Phemie, with a passing movement of interest; and then, having finally exhausted the contents of all the newspapers, she folded them up again and replaced them in her travelling-bag.

That nothing so surely binds people together, or so rapidly promotes intimacy, as the endurance of a common misfortune, is a platitude so self-evident as to require no elucidation. By the time that

dinner had been partaken of, the German and the English governess had reached the stage of calling each other by their Christian names; the English sporting gentleman had discovered some point of contact with the Belgian paterfamilias; while some of the younger men of business were proposing to get up a round-game which was to include the Belgian mamma and as many of her children as could be got to understand the rules of the game. The young man who took the chief part in arranging this form of social amusement, after having succeeded in gaining round most of the available passengers to his wishes, approached Phemie with a polite request that she would join them at the long table where cards were being dealt out and counters arranged; but she scarcely seemed to have understood his question, and only replied to it by a glance of such deep unspoken misery that he fled precipitately, feeling as though he had done something as fearfully sacrilegious as requesting a corpse to dance with him.

Nor was he the only person who had been struck by the tale of an unknown grief so plainly written on her young face, for Mrs Tattle-monger, the invalid lady previously alluded to, after having skipped through the first volume of Ouida’s novel, had come to the conclusion that, paradoxically enough, although decidedly improper, it was yet exceedingly dull, and being a lady who was fond of strong sensational emotions, she fancied that perhaps for once in a way real life might be more amusing than fiction. That young woman’s story—for it was evident she had one—might possibly serve to while away an hour or so of this weary interlude, she thought. Perhaps her lover had died, or else she had been jilted by him? or possibly her parents had turned her

out of doors because of an imprudent attachment? Whatever it was, she was determined to find out. Crossing the whole length of the cabin with a firm step slightly at variance with her previous attitude of elegant exhaustion, Mrs Tattle-monger sat down deliberately by Phemie's side and opened conversation by saying—

"I am afraid you are having a very dull journey if you are traveling alone. Perhaps you would like some books to amuse you? I have a whole packet of the latest novels in my bag."

Phemie first replied by a long stare, and then answered frigidly—

"Thank you, I do not care for novels."

"I suppose you find your own thoughts more interesting," went on the other, unabashed. "So do I—sometimes." This was scarcely true, but Mrs Tattlemonger had an ingenious power of self-persuasion which stood her in good service whenever she had any particular object to gain. "Real life is so often more curious than fiction. Now, if I were to tell you my story of how and where I first met my husband—that is he in the grey stalking-cap—I am sure you would say that it would make a capital novel."

Here she paused, hoping for some response; but as Phemie's face expressed nothing but the most complete indifference as to whether Mrs Tattlemonger had met her fate in a balloon or a diving-bell, at Jersey or at Jericho, she proceeded—

"Yes, it was a strange story, and that is, I suppose, what makes me so quick to feel sympathy with other people when I see them in trouble. Now, the moment I saw your face this morning I said to myself, 'Something very sad must have happened to that young lady.

I wonder what it is, and whether I can be of any use to her?' Now confess—have I not guessed aright?"

Phemie, who during the latter part of this speech had been sitting with head half averted, now turned round suddenly on her interlocutor—

"Do you not see that you are torturing me by your foolish questions?" she said almost fiercely. "If you really want to do me a kindness, the only thing is to go away and leave me in peace. I cannot bear to talk or be talked to."

Disappointed, offended, and a little frightened, Mrs Tattlemonger withdrew, feeling perhaps that after all it was safer to confine herself to fiction for the study of sensational emotion. The expression of real human agony, when thus actually brought home to her, divested of the drapings of conventionality, was a little too crude and violent to be thoroughly enjoyable. She preferred on the whole to go on with Ouida's novel.

It was only much later in the day that it suddenly occurred to Phemie that she ought to prepare some message for her sister, who would otherwise be naturally surprised and alarmed at her non-appearance on Saturday afternoon. No one but Mr Hamilton was aware of the reason which had caused her to leave England, and after the terms upon which they had parted it was not likely that he would take the trouble to reassure the Blushwoods as to her fate. She would write a few words of explanation, to be posted at Ostende whenever they landed; although just now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, there seemed as little chance as ever of this being effected.

As she took the writing materials

from her travelling-bag and began to write, Phemie became aware that her right arm was stiff and painful from yesterday's fall in getting into the railway-carriage at Charing Cross Station. It was only with extreme difficulty that she contrived to write a few lines in a weak scrawly hand, having frequently to pause in her occupation because of the smarting pain caused by the slightest movement. Just as she was terminating the address she was startled to hear a voice saying at her ear—

"You have harm done to your arm, and he is paining you."

Phemie looked up, and saw that the old German was standing beside her, looking down at her with grave inquiry in his spectacled eyes. In his right hand he still held the precious pamphlet, with his forefinger keeping open the place where he had just broken off its perusal.

"Oh, it is nothing," she answered, confusedly, still actuated by the instinct which made her desirous of hiding away all wounds from strangers' eyes.

"I am a doctor," he said, with calm authority; "come with me, and I will see what can be done for him."

Feeling unable to resist, Phemie suffered herself to be led away to a private compartment by the imperious old man, and having bared her arm for inspection, it proved to be greatly bruised and swollen. A strip of skin fully three inches long had been taken right off between wrist and elbow, and the congealed blood had caused the sleeve of her serge bodice to adhere tightly to the wound.

The action of a sponge with warm water, and then a layer of cotton wool held in place by strips of sticking-plaster, soon produced a certain amount of relief; and when the doctor had finished enclosing

the arm in a tight encasement of linen bandage, which he disposed with the exquisitely accurate touch of a skilled adept, he said abruptly—

"You far have got to voyage still?"

Phemie explained that after landing at Ostende it would still require about two days and a half to reach her destination.

On hearing this he looked at her doubtfully for a moment, and then plunged his hand into the depth of a capacious pocket, from which he drew out a small medicine-case. Selecting half-a-dozen powders wrapped up in paper, he gave them to her, saying—

"This is Brom. Natron. He is the best one for tuning down the system and diminishing the soul-ache."

"But I don't want anything to be tuned down or diminished," protested Phemie, feebly.

"You will take two powders daily, morn and evening. Without these you will never be able your home to reach. The reaction she will at any rate produce herself before long."

Without waiting for her answer he turned away abruptly, and had presently resumed the reading of his pamphlet, which during the operation of putting on the bandage had been laid face downward open upon a shelf. He was now going through this fascinating work for the third time, adding pencil annotations of his own on the margin of the pages as he went along—sometimes smiling to himself a little grimly as he thought of some crushing arguments to produce against those benighted beings who were advocating the employment of raw-potato slices. He felt quite happy and contented, and did not greatly care how long the vessel remained fog-bound in her present situation:

with such a captivating companion as the cholera bacillus to occupy his thoughts, the time could not possibly hang heavily on his hands.

And so the long weary day dragged on towards evening. Dusk had set in without bringing any prospect of a change in the situation. The dull gloomy voice of the

fog-horn was still heard at intervals warning other ships off their track, and being responded to by far-off voices as dull and gloomy as its own, all blending together into a sort of weird concert, through which the tethered pointer's dismal wail occasionally pierced, like a melting tenor voice rising above the sullen tones of a demon choir.

CHAPTER LXIII.—GIPSY MUSIC.

The rest of the journey passed like a terrible nightmare, in which, through ever shifting scenes, one dark spectre was always by Phemie's side, sleeping or waking. It had peeped out at her through the yellow fogs surrounding the ship at Ostende, and she found it again waiting for her on the pier, when, after being detained for nearly twenty-four hours, they were able to touch land at last. She met it face to face in crowded waiting-rooms, and saw it from the carriage window whenever she gazed out at the landscape, whether it happened to be hills or valleys, rivers or villages, that the train was passing by. It lay down with her at night whenever she was able to snatch a brief period of slumber, and its icy touch roused her at daybreak, bidding her arise and resume her burden of pain. Great mental agony, when protracted for any length of time, is apt to fall into a fixed routine like everything else; and after the first twenty-four hours Phemie seemed to have lost all sense of her previous identity, and had subsided into a sort of insensible automaton, which some hidden internal force was propelling towards a fixed goal. Mechanically she got in and out of trains, asked questions and received information, took her ticket and changed money, like a person in a dream.

Mechanically, too, she took food whenever nature demanded it, never knowing what she ate, and scarcely realising the presence of those chance companions assigned to her by fate for longer or shorter intervals. She had thrown away the German doctor's powders, after a brief trial, for she found that they made her sleepy, whereas her chief object was to keep as wide awake as possible. She could not risk the danger of oversleeping some important signal regarding the departure or arrival of a train.

She had likewise long since abandoned all attempt to grapple with the mystery surrounding the accident that had befallen her husband. Her head was no longer strong enough to take in any abstract views of the case, to reason out the situation, or to form conjectures. She had only just sufficient strength of mind remaining to grasp the simple idea that she must reach him at any price, and that she must keep herself alive and sane in order to compass this end.

She had left Dover on Thursday night, and owing to the twenty-four hours lost by the fog, it was not till eight o'clock on Sunday evening that she reached Buda-Pesth. Here there was somewhat more than an hour to wait—just time enough to have supper and

take out her ticket to Hermannstadt. Oh, what a relief it was to think that this would be the last time she would have to go through this process that had become so hatefully familiar during the past four days! The ticket first, thought Phemie, as she turned her steps towards the ticket office; and it was then only that, on opening her purse, she made the rather startling discovery that besides a little loose copper there now remained but nine florins altogether in her possession. How much would the ticket to Hermannstadt cost? She could not exactly remember.

Since reaching Germany Phemie had travelled second class; nor was she conscious of having committed any glaring piece of extravagance. She could not, therefore, at all comprehend how it was that her money had vanished so suddenly during the last twenty-four hours, for up to the present moment she had felt convinced that there must be a blue ten-florin note lurking somewhere in her purse. Was this a mere delusion, or had she dropped the note, or else given it out unguardedly instead of a single-florin note, which it in colour resembled? She really could not say; her head felt too weak to form any conjecture on the subject. Anything or everything was possible. The only thing that remained clear to her mind, after turning her purse inside out, was that with these nine florins she must find her way to Hermannstadt. Would this suffice to pay for her ticket? she asked herself wildly; and hastily going up to the ticket-office, she put the question with blanched lips and voice so uncertain that the man in office had to request her to repeat the phrase somewhat more distinctly. Her heart seemed to stand still as she waited for the answer.

"Second class to Hermannstadt,

did you say, madam? Eleven florins."

Eleven florins! and she had only got nine remaining. Regretfully she thought of the dinner she had eaten that day, and of the cup of coffee to which she had treated herself a little while ago. Rapidly she calculated that if she had contented herself with dry bread all day she would just have had sufficient money left to pay for her ticket.

"No, no, not that!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand instinctively to arrest the official just as with a brisk business-like movement he was about to stamp a pale-green ticket for her benefit. "I only made a mistake—it was third class I meant to say. How much does a third-class ticket cost to Hermannstadt?"

"Seven florins forty-five."

This time the man made no movement to stamp the ticket. He was looking curiously at the pale young lady with the large dark rings round her eyes, and wondering whether she was not just a little cracked. She did not seem exactly to know her own mind.

"Seven florins forty-five," repeated Phemie, with a sigh of intense relief. "Yes, that is all right. Give me the ticket," and she eagerly held out her hand to receive it.

"You really want a third-class ticket?" asked the man, with still a little lingering wonder, and with a decided emphasis on the adverb. "The night trains are apt to be extremely crowded, and I am afraid you will find it very uncomfortable. If I might presume to advise——"

But Phemie cut him short by saying, with great decision—

"Thank you; but I wish to travel third class. I do not mind the crowd, and I am quite accus-

tomed to it. Give me the ticket at once, please."

To persons accustomed to travel in England there is nothing positively repulsive in the idea of going third class. Ladies desirous of avoiding contact with the other sex can easily secure privacy for themselves, and a journey of this sort entails neither positive discomfort nor loss of social prestige to those who undertake it. But in Austro-Hungary—more especially in the latter country—the case is very different, and it requires something like heroism in a refined and delicate woman in order to make her face the trials and discomforts inseparable from the situation. She must be prepared to sit cheek by jowl with the scum of the population, to be half suffocated by clouds of coarse tobacco, and sickened by the odours of reeking spirits and rancid cheese or butter; her ears may be scorched and her delicacy shocked by profane oaths and the ribald songs of drunken soldiery.

But Phemie scarcely felt or perceived any of these discomforts. She had passed a sleepless night, sitting bolt-upright between two Puszta shepherds, whose shaggy sheepskin coats exhaled an overwhelming perfume, and was hardly even conscious of a sense of relief when they got out at Grosswardein towards daybreak, letting in a great whiff of crisp frosty air through the open carriage-door. The weather, which from Ostende to Cologne had been dull and rainy, had gradually changed its character, and long before Vienna was reached the last lingering traces of fog had disappeared, to make way for a flawless blue sky and brilliant winter sunshine. The first peaks of the Transylvanian mountains, wreathed in virgin swathings of new-fallen snow, now appeared on the horizon, a long row of glittering silver crests flung

across the boundary of the plains like the flash of a diamond necklace.

At Klausenburg most of the passengers got out to take breakfast. Phemie did the same, but she did not venture to treat herself to more than a roll of bread, just as her supper on the previous evening had merely consisted of a couple of apples and a piece of bread. After paying for her breakfast there remained now but one single-florin note and eight copper kreuzers altogether in her purse.

Since embarking at the Buda-Pesth station last night, the persons who shared the third-class compartment of the carriage in which she travelled had shifted like the shadowy figures in a magic-lantern. Besides the shaggy Puszta shepherds who had appeared in divers varieties and editions, there had been numerous Slovacks with snub noses, wide flapping felt hats, and shabby leather satchels decorated with brass nails; wary-looking Armenian traders, who stealthily counted their money when unobserved; a solemn Turk, who saluted the rising sun according to the prescribed rules of his religion; and after the Transylvanian frontier had been passed, the chief contingent of third-class passengers was made up of well-fed Saxon farmers with short pipes and ponderous watch-chains, and melancholy Roumanian peasants with classical profiles and supplies of boiled *mama-liga* meal tied up in linen rags.

At one of the intermediate stations between Klausenburg (Kolosyvár) and Kis-Kapus, whence a small branch railway leads off to Hermannstadt, four gipsy musicians got in and seated themselves opposite Phemie,—swarthy thick-lipped individuals, like most of their species, whose dark rolling eyes had something of the characteristic glitter that belongs to a half-tamed

animal. The only other occupant of the carriage just then was an elderly Saxon matron attired in the stiff Noah's-ark-like costume of her nation, holding on her knee a small sickly-looking child about a twelve-month in age, which she held wrapped up in a woollen shawl with a steady unflinching grip indicative rather of care than of tenderness.

For a considerable time the gipsy musicians seemed to take no cognisance of their travelling companions, and found apparently sufficient amusement and occupation in quarrelling among themselves in some unknown jargon; but when after a while the small Saxon child set up a steady continued wail which refused to yield to the arguments of its caretaker, or even to the seductive bribe of a piece of raw sausage to suck, one of the gipsies stretched out his arm for the violin-case which lay in the network above, and taking out the instrument began to play.

What he played at first was a sort of lullaby, a cradle song, sweet and soothing as murmuring woodland springs, or as the wood-pigeon's soft complaint to her absent mate. The Saxon infant stopped crying in order to gaze in round-eyed perplexed wonder at the magician who was producing these sounds, which resembled nothing it had heard yet in its short life. By-and-by a drowsy contented smile settled down on the sickly sallow little face, the eyes twinkled sleepily, and presently it had gone off into a profound slumber.

But the Tzigane musician did not stop playing, only the character of his melody had gradually changed, and now instead of the slumbering infant it appeared to be addressed directly to Phemie, who sat opposite to him. With his dusky eyes fixed full on her face he poured forth the

music into her ear, into her soul as it were—or rather it seemed to her presently by some strange trick of fancy as if, instead of the violin, it was her own naked bleeding heart that he held in his hands, causing it to vibrate with all the alternating scale of suspense, hope, remorse, and despair. Whence has the untaught musician learnt the art of probing the soul's darkest corners, and stirring up thoughts and feelings of which we ourselves are often unconscious? That is the gipsy's secret, which none may fathom. What he played just now was a wild fitful strain, borrowed from the voice of the tempest perchance, or stolen from whispering reeds. The plaintive minor notes of the adagio appeared to be expressing a vague sighing and yearning, a craving for undiscovered bliss—or perhaps it was a coronach for lost joys and happy days gone for ever? then gradually becoming faster and more agitated, the voice of seething passion seemed to burst from its chords; the instrument sobbed and groaned between the brown hands that grasped it so tightly, producing sighs as ethereally tender as the rustle of unseen angels' wings, notes of anguish as deep as the remorseful upbraidings of some lost doomed spirit. Unconsciously the other three musicians had joined in on their several instruments, catching up and following their leader's inspiration—the deep bass tones of the 'cello playing a droning accompaniment not unlike the resonance of pine-stems touched by the wind, while here and there the cymbal struck in with a suggestion of silver chimes.

As the music came suddenly to an end with a wild abrupt note that seemed to be the hopeless sob of a broken heart, Phemie's tears were raining thickly down her cheeks. The gipsy stretched out

his hand towards her, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, she opened her purse and drew out her very last florin, which she handed to the Tzigane leader.

He accepted it with the professional bow of an artist who is accustomed to such manifest recognition of his talents, and then, almost directly resuming his bow,

he launched forth into a wild *Csardas* that was like the delirious expression of a joy too great for words—one of those intoxicating Hungarian melodies that run through the veins like living fire, and would seem to have power to make the dead arise from their graves to tread the measures of a frenzied Sabbath dance.

CHAPTER LXIV.—CERTITUDE.

The Tzigane musicians got out at the next station, and Phemie now found herself alone with the old Saxon woman, on whose knee reposed the softly-slumbering infant.

It was Monday forenoon, and past eleven o'clock. In less than an hour she would have reached Hermannstadt, and would know her fate. Since Thursday forenoon she had been travelling with her terrible secret locked up in her breast, betraying it to no one, and with instinctive self-defence warding off all stray attempts at sympathy that came in her way. But now, of a sudden, she felt as though she could endure her solitude no longer. Whether it was the gipsy music that had melted away the barriers of her icy reserve, or else the consciousness that the next hour must bring the answer to the question that had been torturing her all these long days and weary nights, she knew not; but speak she must, at any price, to some human being.

She looked across at the old Saxon matron occupying the opposite corner of the carriage. Her expression was sour and forbidding, and the stiff angularity of the old-fashioned dress which the Saxon peasants in Transylvania have worn unchanged for seven centuries gave to her appearance something of the grotesque angularity of Noah's wife just issued from a sixpenny toy-ark.

But what signified her unprepossessing exterior just now? She was at least a creature of flesh and blood, and might therefore be supposed to possess some sort of fellow-feeling for the suffering of another mortal.

Phemie got up abruptly and seated herself beside the old woman.

"Tell me," she began without any preamble, "have you ever been in trouble, great trouble, about some one you loved very much?"

The old Saxon woman glanced suspiciously at the young stranger lady, whose dress and manners were so obviously at variance with this economical mode of travelling.

"What for makes you ask that?" she said at last, in a harsh rasping voice which at any other time would have pierced Phemie's ears like the grating sound produced by a saw upon coarse-grained wood.

"Only because I am very unhappy," returned Phemie simply. "My husband is dangerously ill, and I do not know in what state I shall find him when I reach Hermannstadt."

"Will it be the *frir* [fever] that he has got?" asked the Saxon matron, relaxing a little from her defensive attitude as she saw that the stranger lady had apparently no intention of appealing to her purse-strings. "If it is the *frir*, then there is no better remedy than to

cover him up, when the shivering fit comes on, with nine different articles of clothing, each of a different colour and material. Some people, to be sure, prefer to place an egg, a handful of salt, and a copper farthing on the nearest cross-way, but I myself have less faith in this recipe."

"But it is not the fever at all," said Phemie, who was experiencing, nevertheless, a strange sort of relief in hearing again the sound of her own voice, although to all intents and purposes she and the Saxon woman might as well have been speaking two totally different languages. "He has been wounded in a fight with another man, shot by a pistol through the breast."

"Then if it is the murderer you want to find out, the best way is to make all the persons who are likely to have done the deed come in to the room where the corpse is laid out. The wound will begin to bleed afresh at sight of the guilty man."

Phemie shuddered. What dreadful visions was this terrible old woman conjuring up before her brain! She felt almost sorry now that she had entered into conversation with her, but having once begun to talk, something impelled her to go on.

"You do not understand me," she said, laying her hand on the old woman's sleeve with timid entreaty. "He is not dead—of course not—how could he be? the mere idea is absurd!—only ill, very ill, and I have been travelling day and night in order to reach him. I have come all the way from England."

"England! Oh, but that is far away, farther yet than our own country, than Germany, I'm thinking, and it must take a terrible lot of money to go there. Why, I have had myself to pay three florins forty

kreuzers to go from Hammersdorf to Schässburg, where I had to fetch my grandchild; and who knows whether the money will not be wasted after all, for the child looks as if it had not another month to live."

"Is that your grandchild?" asked Phemie, bending over the slumbering infant, and touching the thin sallow little face with one finger. "It looks very weak and delicate, to be sure; and why does it not remain with its parents?"

"The mother is dead," said the old woman, with a frown. "She was only laid in her grave last week, but she has been dead to us for many years, ever since she chose to leave our village and take up with a stranger."

"And you were angry with her because of that?" said Phemie, for a moment forgetting her own trouble in sympathetic interest for other human woes.

"Surely. Is it not a shame for any Saxon maiden to leave her own village and her own kinsfolk in order to go away and wed with a stranger? God has punished her folly as it deserved, for her husband was a drunken vagabond who beat her till she was black and blue, and she lost all her children except this one poor feckless thing."

"How very sad! But at least it must be a comfort to you to have been able to forgive her on her deathbed."

"I never saw her again, and had no wish to do so. Even if I had wished it, her father would never have permitted me to answer any one of the letters she wrote us during the last three or four years. But when we heard that she was dead, my husband and I, we said to each other: 'Shall our well-built roomy house, the finest in the village, stand empty after we are gone? or shall it be given over to strangers?'

for we have no other children since our only son was taken from us last year by sunstroke. Then we be-thought ourselves of Annamaria's sole remaining child, for, after all, is it not our own flesh and blood? and that is why I went to fetch it. The father was glad enough to be rid of the bairn, and if it lives we shall make of it a good Saxon woman, better than its mother has been."

Having concluded this sober and prosaic exposition of her family affairs, the Saxon matron proceeded to open a bundle tied up in a checked blue linen handkerchief containing provisions of a somewhat miscellaneous character. Smoked sausages, half a loaf of brown bread, some cold potatoes, a hunch of rather highly scented cheese, and a good-sized piece of *Paprika Speck* (raw bacon prepared with red pepper). After cutting a slice of bread from the loaf, and covering it with narrow strips of the raw bacon, she began to eat with such evident enjoyment and relish as abruptly to arouse all the dormant pangs of ravenous unsatisfied hunger in poor Phemie's empty stomach. All her self-control proved insufficient to suppress the expression of what she was feeling and suffering, and try as she might, her eyes would remain obstinately fixed upon each morsel of bread and bacon that the elder woman carried to her lips. Her expression was too self-evident not to be read aright, and presently the old Saxon paused between two mouthfuls in order to put the question—

"You are hungry? Perhaps you might care to eat a piece of bread and bacon, or else a couple of these sausages? I made them myself; they are from our last pig-killing."

Phemie assented eagerly. Yes, she would be glad of the sausages and a piece of bread if her neigh-

bour could spare them, for she had tasted nothing but one cup of coffee since daybreak; whereupon the old woman proceeded to cut another slice of bread from the loaf, but before handing it along with the sausages to Phemie she paused in the act—

"In the town they sell these sausages for twenty kreuzers the half-pound, and what they will give you there are not as good as these; but I will let you have the pair for fifteen kreuzers, along with the bread, which is also home-baked."

She paused again, holding out her hand for the money; and Phemie, fumbling in her purse in some confusion, drew out the eight copper kreuzers which now represented the whole of her stock-in-funds.

"This is all I have got left," she explained, lamely. "But I do not require to eat; indeed, I can do quite well without."

The Saxon matron stared at Phemie for a full minute without speaking, then shook her head with grave disapproval—

"You had been better guided had you kept your money to pay for a bit of honest food, I'm thinking, rather than throw it away to those gipsy rascals for their trashy swindling tunes," she said, severely.

"I could not help giving him the florin," said Phemie in a low voice, her eyes filling with tears again at recollection of those marvellous tones which had so strangely bewitched her senses; "but never mind about the food. I do not require it, and can quite well wait a little longer without eating," she concluded, with an exhausted sigh which decidedly belied her words.

The old woman did not answer at once, she seemed to be having a hard struggle with herself before she said, pushing the bread

and sausages almost roughly into Phemie's hand—

"There, take it, and never mind about the money either; only, another time, when you go a-travelling by yourself, do not be so foolishly extravagant as to waste good paper florins upon those gipsy vermin."

The last station before Hermannstadt had now been reached—Vizkana, the site of some old Roman salt-mines to which Phemie remembered having made an excursion along with Leo and some other officers of the regiment. From this point on, every feature of the landscape was familiar to her; she recognised every group of trees, each solitary hut on the wayside, and the mountain outlines were the same that she had seen from her windows every day.

The train slackened speed as it passed over the old rickety bridge, notoriously known to be so insecure that it was only a wonder that some hideous wholesale catastrophe had not occurred here long since to give it a historical interest. Phemie had always passed here in fear and trembling, and had insisted on Leo keeping tight hold of her hand all the time; but now it was not for her own life she trembled, but only lest an accident should happen to postpone her arrival.

The bridge was now past. Now, oh, now at last she would know her fate! a few minutes more would bring the answer to the riddle she had come all the way from Scotland to seek. The train stopped, and people began to get out in a leisurely fashion. There was no occasion for hurry, since the railway came to its terminus here.

Phemie looked wildly about her in search of some familiar face, perhaps an officer of the regiment who could tell her what she desired to know. There were, however, no

uniforms on the platform to-day. But there was the station-master. She knew him by sight, although not personally acquainted with him. Going up quickly to where he stood in conversation with another official, she put the question, Surely he must have heard of the duel that had taken place ten days ago between two officers of the — Hussar regiment, Colonel Farkas and Captain Baron Wolfsberg?

The duel? Of course the station-master had heard of it. Why, the whole town had been full of it ever since. A very sad affair—most melancholy indeed.

"And do you know, perhaps"—Phemie was experiencing an inexplicable difficulty in forming the words with her lips—"do you happen to know how is now the one that was wounded; is he still laid up with his wound?"

The station-master now looked at Phemie with more attention than he had hitherto done, and was struck by some peculiar expression in her eyes, as well as by the colour of her complexion, which had blanched to an ashy pallor.

"Have you not heard?" he asked slowly.

"Heard what? I have heard nothing. I have been travelling since Thursday, and have only just arrived."

"They buried him on Saturday. It was a grand funeral, I hear, and all the town turned out to see it."

"A funeral! Whose funeral? Perhaps you don't understand me rightly. I was asking about Baron Leopold Wolfsberg, Captain in the Hussars, the one who was wounded in the duel."

"Yes, Captain Leopold Wolfsberg, that is the name, and it is his funeral that I was speaking about. Poor young man! Such a fine officer, I hear. It is very melancholy."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

EDINBURGH during the present century has seen three eminent men whose figures were familiar to all its citizens, and whose striking presences never failed to arrest the eye and arouse the interest of the stranger. The sight of Sir Walter with his stately brow, and face with its mingled shrewdness and benevolence, limping sturdily along from the Court of Session to the "cabin that was convenient" in Castle Street, made all men turn their heads. Scarcely less striking was Christopher North, as with swinging stride and Jupiter-like aspect he took his daily walk from the College to Gloucester Place *via* the Old Saloon. To these demi-gods succeeded the lithe, active, plaid-girt personality whose flowing white locks crowned by soft felt hat easily inclining to the side, finely cut mobile face always turned well sky-wards, stout cudgel—no mere ornamental walking cane—freely flourished in moods of inspiration or excitement, and springy almost jaunty gait, scarcely needed the whispered information to tell the visitor "That's Blackie." The last of this trio has in his turn departed, and Edinburgh yet looks the emptier for his absence.

And Blackie having departed, it follows of necessity that his life has to be written and published. Far less notable men cannot in the present day escape paying this death-due to the interest or the curiosity of their surviving fellows. But to cramp and compel a man like Blackie to the uses and ends of biography appears on first thoughts a daring experiment. The

meteor is a celestial phenomenon that still defies the astronomer's best calculations as to its nature and course. And there was a meteor-like uncertainty in Blackie's career here below that generally left the observer at fault. To express his movements in ethical and social formulæ was a formidable task for any biographer to undertake. Upon which of the many forms of this latter-day Proteus was the biographer to seize with the assured conviction that it would turn into the real Blackie and prophecy truly? Was it to be as a philosopher, a poet, a scholar, a patriot, a reformer, as a Celt or a Saxon, as a man with earnest purpose underlying his life, or an impetuous whirlwind rushing in wherever the atmosphere left an opening, that the memory of Blackie was to be preserved for a posterity that knew him not? In any one of these guises he was susceptible of an interesting and picturesque presentation, which must have offered strong temptations to the biographer. But it is only in the just co-ordination of these attributes, and by determining their relationship to Blackie's moral and mental nature, that we can get at the spirituality which burst forth upon the world in so diverse aspects and such multifarious pursuits. We are glad to think that Blackie has been fortunate enough to find a biographer who has studied him on the inductive principle, and has traced his work as the natural and spontaneous outcome of the

man himself; and in so doing Miss Stoddart has as nearly as possible succeeded in solving the problem of a life which was a riddle to not a few of its contemporaries.

In laying down the lines of her excellent life of John Stuart Blackie, Miss Stoddart has wisely chosen to present facts rather than the results of analysis. Her book is therefore a memoir in the truest sense of the word, recording whatever was characteristic and notable in the Professor's career, and identifying his acts and opinions with his inner individuality. She has thoroughly known and justly appreciated her subject; with the higher and more ideal side she notes also his little foibles and humanities which made up the more obvious side of his character. It was these genial foibles, "Blackieisms" we can only call them, the sallies and outbursts of a kindly and buoyant nature that endeared him to his generation, more we fear than the solid qualities of which he possessed abundant stock. Miss Stoddart does well to dwell on the mere human side of Blackie's disposition, for he was very human: a "human document" not always easily decipherable except by those who possessed the key. She has set forth the Professor with much conscientiousness both in his strength and in his weakness. If her work has any fault, it is that it reflects too faithfully the somewhat heavy atmosphere which denomination-alism induces upon the Scottish capital. Her opinions are not unfrequently restricted by narrowness of view, and tinged with distinctions which lose their intelligibility when transported south of the Tweed.

The student of heredity finds food for study in the mixture of

Covenanting and Jacobite blood which enriched John Stuart Blackie's veins. It is only among the Scotch that strains so alien can be mingled harmoniously without losing their distinguishing characteristics. Blackie could throw his soul as heartily into the "Bonnie House o' Airlie" as into his own immortal ballad of "Jenny Geddes." The ballad remains, but who, alas! shall sing it as he sang it? The Blackies were Borderers of a century-and-half's standing on Tweedside, and Blackie's grandfather followed the calling of a wine merchant in Kelso. There also was settled Dr Stuart, whose aristocratic and Highland prejudices rose against the idea of giving his daughter to a vintner. The couple solved the difficulty by an elopement; but the world did not go well with them, and on Mr Blackie's death, his widow and orphan, who was to become the Professor's father, found a home with her brother, Dr Archibald Stuart, who brought up his nephew and saw him safely launched into the world.

We gather an impression of the elder Blackie as being a man of business ability and sterling worth rather than of intellectual power, to say nothing of genius. Blackie himself says of him: "My father was a man of great vigour both mentally and bodily, made mainly for action and enjoyment, but with a discursive turn for philosophical speculation and freedom from all narrow ideas." And this estimate is well confirmed by the liberal but at the same time practical course which he followed in the somewhat difficult task of educating his gifted son, and starting him on a career in life. The mother was Helen Stodart, a

Lanarkshire lady, descended on the maternal side from a family of Naismiths, commemorated in Covenanting annals. "A tall and graceful girl," Miss Stoddart describes her as being, "dark-haired and dark-eyed, her face beaming with kindly smiles, a great reader and a cheerful talker. An old servant described her as a 'pairit saint.'" She seems to have been a very cultivated woman, with an education in advance of her day. She carefully studied the character of her boy, but it was beyond human prescience to foresee the evolution Blackie's mind was to go through. "If it is good, I expect to see him a fine young man, pushing and fond of money, but not with much religion about him," was Mrs Blackie's forecast when John had not as yet entered on his teens. We, however, who have seen him in his later years, recognise in his boyhood traits which are associated with our recollections of the Professor, such as the singing of his lessons as he marched up and down the house, and the exercise of his infantile oratory upon a domestic audience from the top of a chest of drawers. It was just like the future Blackie when the precocious child shouted to his sire, in anticipation of the doctrine Carlyle was to preach a score of years afterwards, "Father, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, I tell you there is nothing like uncommon strength."

Soon after Blackie's birth in Glasgow, his family moved to Aberdeen, where his father had been appointed manager of the Commercial Bank, and where his mother died when he was ten years of age. Aberdeen was not an intellectual centre in Blackie's

young days. Whatever there was of culture and learning was cloistered away in the Chanonry and the Bounds of King's College in the Old Town. In Marischal College, where Blackie was educated, with the exception of Principal Laurence Brown none of the professors were men of more than local mark. The controversy between the Moderate and Evangelical parties in the Church had already commenced, and was casting its blight upon the colleges. Miss Stoddart's recant over Aberdeen moderation pleasantly recalls to us the plaintive utterances of ancient dames away back in the forties over their tea-cups, "anent" the Erastian backslidings of the land. But, as the authoress admits, it was from a Moderate that John Blackie got his best and most lasting lesson.

When Blackie was about fifteen, immediate contact with death brought home to him deeply the realities of life in their connection with the idea of an eternal and immutable future. He had seen his favourite younger brother called away from him; he had seen, too, a friend of the family cut suddenly off in the midst of youth and health, and his impressionable mind was impelled towards religious melancholy and asceticism. As in most middle-class Scottish households of the day, the devotional library lay on the drawing-room table; and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Boston's 'Fourfold State,' and Blair's 'Sermons' constituted the chief spiritual nourishment that lay to young Blackie's hands. His favourite poets, the national songs and ballads that he loved so well, were all discarded as unedifying reading, with the result that he seems to have made himself thoroughly miserable—no very

easy matter in the case of a youth with a light heart and soaring spirit such as Blackie had. The popular theology of the day, in which the terrors of the Law entirely overshadowed the promises of the Gospel, must have done much to aggravate his despondency. But his was not the mind to yield to such oppressive influences. Every mental phase with him was but the prelude to action, and it was quite in accordance with his new conception of life and its duties that he should give up the Law, to the practice of which he had been already apprenticed, for the sake of seeking a career in the Church. It says much for the father's faith in Blackie's abilities that on this, as on subsequent occasions, he humoured his desires, which to the practical minded man must have seemed unstable, and aided his aims with an assurance that sooner or later his son would find his proper sphere of action.

Blackie went to Edinburgh to pursue his studies for the Church, but his mental condition, tormented by spiritual difficulties springing from Calvinistic dogma, seem to have prevented him from making much of his opportunities. He had imbibed the belief inculcated by the Evangelical school that he must be conscious of the specific moment at which he was "born again," whereas he lacked any positive assurance that he had been born at all in the theological sense. There is something very touching in the picture of young Blackie at this time, groping, striving, and praying, as he vainly sought for a sign. He sought "light in service," and began patiently to visit the sick and miserable in some of the darkest dens of Edinburgh.

Returning to Aberdeen in much

the same morbid condition as he had left it, he applied himself to theological studies, apparently finding but little illumination in the lectures he attended. But the influence of Dr Laurence Brown, the Principal of Marischal College, and one of the profoundest Humanists of his day, stirred up his enthusiasm for Latin, the study of which must have proved a healthy distraction to the tension to which his religious perplexities were subjecting his mind. "Once more the house in Marischal Street began to echo to his voice. High-sounding quotations from Cicero, transposed and paraphrased, bore witness to his diligence, and orations in imitation of his favourite author were delivered in the retirement of his room against a bed-post grovelling in sedition or a wardrobe which revelled in impious luxury and crime." *Declamavit: salva est res!* Blackie, we can see, is growing himself again. But neither Latinity nor dogma could minister to his mind an efficient cure. He seems to have been in much the same spiritual condition as George Fox was when the clergy recommended him to "drink beer and dance with the girls." George, as is well known, found relief in a pair of leather breeches, while in Blackie's case the simple prescription of "a wider jacket" was attended with not less satisfactory results.

Going one day to see Dr Patrick Forbes, one of his father's friends, who was minister of St Machar's Cathedral, as well as Professor of Humanity in King's College, where his memory was long kept green under the name of "Old Prosody," Blackie took the opportunity of asking his opinion of Boston's 'Body of Divinity,' which he was seriously thinking of taking as a lamp for his path. The old "Mod-

erate's" answer was very much to the point:—

"What have you to do with books of divinity by Boston or any other? Are you a Christian? What should a Christian read before his Bible? Do you know Greek? Whence should a student of theology fetch his divinity in preference to the Greek Testament?"

This proved to be the word that Blackie needed to free him from the trammels and terrors of dogma, and start him upon a freer course of religious inquiry. And when Dr Forbes advised the father to "send John to Germany; his jacket wants widening," he indicated the precise change of mental air which the young man most needed. The reader of Miss Stoddart's book must be struck with the idea that Blackie at this period of his life had a narrow escape from spiritual shipwreck. The season of trouble was, however, not without its use. He emerged from it a graver and more earnest man, with a clearer perception of his position in the universe and his relationship to the Infinite. He could patiently look back upon the discipline he had undergone, and the use it had proved to him.

"I was not happy, I was not wise," he says, speaking of this period; 'but I did not go astray after vanities. . . . All my spiritual troubles were, as I afterwards found, only a process of fermentation, out of which the clear and mellow wine was to be worked. With all its sorrows, a youth spent in Calvinistic seriousness is in every way preferable to one spent in frivolity.'"

Blackie's *Wanderjähre* in Germany and Italy were also his *Lehrjahre*. His life - education really began in Germany. He had left Scotland crude and uninformed, knowing little of himself and less of the world, and

wearing "a jacket" which he had visibly outgrown. But he recognised his own imperfections, and was resolved that neither insular prejudices nor national prepossessions should prevent him from acquiring the best culture that Germany could offer him. He remained abroad from 1829 to 1832, thoroughly mastering German, attending lectures on Theology and Philosophy and Greek, and dabbling not a little in many other subjects besides. He had quite recovered his lightness of heart, and seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of German student life, the blithesomeness of which he made in after years a not very successful effort to transplant to the Scottish Universities. He wandered in the Hartz and the Black Forest clad in waggoner's smock, mixing with the people—especially the miners,—geologising as he went; and making intellectual pilgrimages to Weimar and Wurtzburg. At Göttingen, Otfried Müller and Heeren the historian seem to have influenced him most. At Berlin, whither he next went, he studied under Schleiermacher and Neander, to the latter of whom he was much attracted, and whose teaching appears to have had much to do with broadening views that were of themselves already stretching far beyond their originally restricted confines. Neander once startled his disciple by remarking, "You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to the observance of the Lord's Day." Blackie, who still considered that "Scottish theology and Christianity were convertible terms," was staggered by the assertion "that one of the most significant observances of Scottish religiousness was not Christian but Jewish." But the Fourth Commandment

was too deeply imbedded in Blackie for him to be swayed by such reasoning. He continued to spend his Sundays after the Scotch fashion; and, says he, "I never had cause to regret my conscientiousness—'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"

But if Blackie clung to his Sabatarianism, there were other of the Kirk's "fundamentals" that were rapidly slipping from his grasp. Already he was discerning that the Confession of Faith presented obstacles to his entering the ministry of the Church of Scotland which he could not hope to conscientiously surmount. Again his father had to be applied to for permission to choose another profession, and we can imagine the worthy man devoutly hoping that this was the last change of mind on his son's part which he would have to encounter. The period of John's sojourn in Germany was a time of anxiety to the Blackie family; anxiety not less about his expanding views than about the state of his health. But when we read the delightful letters Blackie wrote to his father, full of depth of purpose and self-revelation, we are not surprised that he could wait in hope and patience until his son could reach safe anchorage. We should have gladly quoted from more than one of these interesting letters, but our space compels us to refer the reader to Miss Stoddart's book.

What seems to have impressed Blackie most deeply during his student days in Germany, was the immense superiority of the instruction in the universities, to the courses followed in the colleges of his own country, which were rather schools than universities, drilling boys where they should have been stimulating men, and maintaining a standard of attainments that

was "prominently puerile" and "lamentably low." "I burned with indignation," he says, "when I thought of these things, and from that moment became a University reformer." It was the strong views he held on this subject that first impelled him into print. He wrote an account of the German system of University teaching for the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal,' edited by Mr Glassford Bell, the cultured and accomplished author of a 'Life of Queen Mary,' and of poems not yet forgotten, and thus prefaced the movement for the reform of the Scottish Universities, which he himself practically began in Marischal College, and in which he did not cease to bear a prominent part all his life through.

His Continental education was wound up by a sojourn in Italy of over twelve months, during which he chiefly resided in Rome. His studies there seem to have been more of a distraction than anything else. He dabbled in antiquities and art, but these were subjects which Blackie's mind did not very readily assimilate. He did not appreciate the Italians in the same way as he had taken to the Germans, and he did not like the shadow of the Church of Rome which hung over all. But his stay in Rome was serviceable in enabling him to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Bunsen, who was then the representative of Prussia in the Eternal City. In Blackie, Bunsen found unquestionably a kindred spirit, and the influence which he exercised on Blackie's mind was of a lasting character. In Rome, again, Blackie relapsed into one of his moods of religious depression, due to his inability to accommodate his mind to any fixed system of doctrine, "visions of death, judg-

ment, and eternal perdition filled and paralysed his mind."

"On one occasion Bunsen took him to his own study and questioned him about his religious convictions, urging him with such tender earnestness that John Blackie burst into tears. Another time, when in a scoffing strain he alluded to the doctrine of eternal damnation, Bunsen called him sharply to order, reminding him 'that the duration of other men's damnation was no business of his, that he would find enough to do attending to his own personal religion, and that damnation of some kind or other was sure to follow on all unrepented sin.' The older man, matured and ennobled by Christianity, was displeased to find this clever youth, in whom he took an interest, wasting his energy in 'boggling among dark theological questions of no practical value.'"

By the time that Blackie returned to Scotland it was obvious that no gown fashioned in Geneva would cover his now amply widened jacket, and no pulpit fenced in by the Confession of Faith would be open for his utterances. Debarred as he thus felt himself from entering the ministry, he had had to think of a career in some of the secular professions, and among them a Classical Chair in one of the Scottish Universities possessed for him the greatest attractions. His studies in Rome had been mainly undertaken with a view to qualify himself for such a post. But a classical chair in Scotland does not fall vacant every day, and it became necessary that he should in the meantime provide himself with a profession upon which he might fall back if his hopes of University teaching were frustrated. He accordingly came to Edinburgh in the spring of 1832, being then in his twenty-ninth year, and commenced his studies for the Scottish Bar. In the congenial lettered society

which still lingered in Edinburgh, Blackie's high spirits, genial humour, and manifold accomplishments, made him a favoured guest. Sir William Hamilton and Professor Wilson and the first William Blackwood were among the hosts at whose table he was welcomed; and among his coeval associates were Aytoun, Theodore Martin (not yet migrated to London), James Moncreiff, John Gordon, Horsman, Campbell Swinton of Kimmerghame, and Robert Horne, afterwards Dean of Faculty. There were pleasant symposia at Blackie's lodgings in Dublin Street, where oysters and a "rizzard haddie" proved a proper preface to the tumblers and toddyladles, and the evening would pass in old-fashioned decorous joviality and talk, enlivened doubtless by one of Blackie's own songs, such as "Give a Fee," a ditty in whose chorus his briefless audience would join with heartfelt sincerity, or the "Song of Good Fellows," which pleasantly hit off the characteristics of the Juridical Society, the singer to be sure not sparing himself:—

"Then B—keye, strange jumble of non-sense and sense,

A thing half a song, half a sermon;
I believe that the fellow is made of good stuff,

But his noddle is muddled with German.

Our wits he'd fain daze with his big foreign phrase,

His cant of 'immutable reason,'
To bray like an ass, while for gods they would pass,

With your German *savans* is no treason."

They were pleasant days those in which Blackie followed the pursuits of Themis, clouded only by a well-founded fear that he would never be able to overtake the goddess. And so it proved, for

though in due time he put on gown and wig, it is recorded of him that two briefs were the only business that ever came into his hands.

But if Blackie lagged in law during these years, his energies found a sufficient outlet in literature. The time of his studentship, and of the few years he vainly struggled for existence at the Bar, was the time of his greatest literary activity, and in our opinion of his best literary work. He first broke ground with translations. His version of the first part of Goethe's 'Faust' was published by the Blackwoods in 1833, and was very favourably received, holding its ground until it was supplanted by the more finished and accurate translation of the whole poem by Sir Theodore Martin. It earned Carlyle's commendations, whose acquaintance Blackie had made in Edinburgh, and who, with his characteristic contempt for all his contemporaries' undertakings except his own, pronounces 'Faust' to be "but a small poem, perhaps the smallest of Goethe's main works; recommending itself to the sorrow-struck, sceptical feeling of these times, but for Time at large of very limited value!" Carlyle's opinion of 'Faust' must have undergone a rapid change, for we find in letters to Goethe and Eckermann, only a few years before this, that he was anxious to undertake a translation himself. When Blackie was called to the Bar the allowance made him by his father ceased, and he had now only his pen to depend upon; and he became a constant contributor to magazines and reviews, especially to 'Maga' and the 'Foreign Quarterly.' Looking back upon the articles contributed by him to the former magazine be-

tween 1835 and 1842, we may convince ourselves that Blackie never did more thoughtful and vigorous work than his essays and reviews, chiefly on German subjects, during these years. It is true these articles were essentially "pot-boilers," but a writer, who is still comparatively unknown, has to put forward his best efforts to get the pot to boil at all, and is not likely to have the same allowance made for his work as if he were an author of repute. If Blackie, in his later years, took higher flights, and wrote with the authority of a recognised oracle, we miss the deliberation, the freshness, and withal the modesty that lent a grace and a charm to his earlier publications.

While his fortunes were thus overcast, and rendered still more gloomy by his attachment to his cousin, Miss Wyld, which did not meet the approbation of her family, the first ray of sunshine came from Aberdeen, where the University Commissioners had resolved upon reconstituting a Chair of Humanity in the Marischal College, where there had been no special professor of Latin since the days of the Restoration. The appointment rested with the Crown; and Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Whig member for the city, and a friend of the elder Mr Blackie, had influence with the Russell Ministry, which he was willing to exercise in Blackie's behalf. The appointment was not unchallenged, for Dr Melvin, of the Grammar School, was unquestionably the best Latinist, not merely in Aberdeen but in Scotland, of his day. There were murmurs of a "Whig job," and the critical attitude assumed by the Aberdonians towards the new nominee became more acute when it was discovered that he was attempting to break through

the religious tests imposed upon the Scotch professorate. He could not sign the Confession of Faith as expressive of a belief in its contents, and he was advised to make his signature the result of a mental compromise, to sign "simpliciter," and then declare his attitude.

Most people will agree with the late Dr Pirie and the majority of the Presbytery, that the declaration should have preceded the subscription. Blackie was practically taking up the same attitude towards subscription as had been assumed by the extreme Anglican party in Oxford a few years previously, where Newman had spoken of subscribing the Articles in their literal and grammatical sense, and Ward had argued that they might even be subscribed in "a non-natural sense." We do not see that Blackie's contention differed much from these views when he signed the Confession "not as my private confession of faith, nor as a Churchman learned in theology, but in my public and professional capacity, and in reference to University offices and duties merely." The Presbytery were reluctant to raise any difficulties, and there would have been none had Blackie been content to let the matter rest there. But he claimed that his explanation should be put upon the Presbytery's minutes, which could not be done, Dr Pirie very liberally saying that the Presbytery "had nothing to do with any gentleman's mental reservations." He aggravated his case by injudicious letters to the papers, which roused a public protest among Churchmen, and compelled the Presbytery to take guarded action with respect to his admission to the Chair. When cited before the Presbytery, he gave in a more ample version of his original explanation, with an alternative de-

claration of the reverend court's jurisdiction. The Presbytery acted very temperately in the matter. It might have annulled his certificate of subscription; it contented itself with reporting to the Senatus of Marischal College that "Mr John Stuart Blackie has not signed the Confession of Faith as the confession of his faith in conformity with the terms of the Act of Parliament." The Senatus resolved to take no action in the matter of induction; and Blackie raised an action of declarator against them in the Court of Session, where Lord Cunninghame, before whom the case came, showed the same fine indifference to the ethics of subscription as the Duke of Wellington is said to have exhibited some time before when called upon to sign the Articles,—“Forty, if you please,”—on his appointment as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The judge held that "the Presbytery had no title to appear, their duty in the matter of witnessing a subscription being ministerial only." Reviewing the circumstance, we cannot escape the conclusion that the difficulty was purely of Blackie's own creation. But there was a fine wrong-headedness about him which generally led him to do what proved to be right in the long-run; and Blackie's case was not without influence upon the abolition of the theological test for the Scottish secular chairs, which was effected some ten years after he succeeded in making good his position.

In time the Gilston family relented and allowed the marriage of their daughter, Mr Wyld in the end acting with much magnanimity; and John Blackie and Eliza Wyld were happily united in Edinburgh on 19th April 1842, among the notables present being Sir William Hamilton, Theodore

Martin, Dr John Brown, and Lord Cunninghame. Blackie had many successes in his life, but upon none had he more reason to congratulate himself than on his marriage; and we are grateful to Miss Stoddart, to whose volumes we must refer the reader, that she has given the details of the Professor's romantic love-story with its happy ending, as all love-stories ought to have. We seem to know Blackie better and like him more since we have thus been let into his familiar confidence.

Opinions vary as to Blackie's success in his Humanity chair in Aberdeen, and the comparatively short period which he occupied it prevented him from leaving a lasting impress upon classical education in the north. His teaching was in a great measure experimental, and so different from the use and wont of the Aberdeen universities that his students listened with doubtful curiosity, not unmixed with amusement, to his erratic lectures. The constitution of Marischal College did not lend itself to the assimilation of German university methods, and his sphere was too small to enable him to gratify his ambition of making the Marischal Humanity chair the nucleus of a general reform of university teaching in Scotland. But all the while that he was in Aberdeen, Blackie was constantly addressing himself to a wider audience than that of his class-room. He continued steadily to contribute to the magazines and reviews; he broke ground as a public lecturer in Edinburgh with an address on "The Principles of Poetry and the Fine Arts," and he had made his first appearance as a pamphleteering reformer of university tests and university teaching. Already he was beginning to make himself felt as a public force, and his views were readily taken up by advo-

cates of educational progress, who endorsed his pleas and proffered their friendship.

It is one of the enviable privileges of a Scottish professor that he is able to take a six or seven months' holiday every year; and while at Aberdeen he began the series of Highland raids which he regularly carried on as long as his strength and bodily activity enabled him to undertake long walking tours—that is to say, to within a few years of his death. Years before he had explored on foot the shores of the Forth, the country most associated with the struggle for Scottish independence in Stirlingshire and the Lennox, and the soft and placid scenery of the Ochill hills. It was in the Highlands that Blackie seems to have first come under the influence of nature in scenery, and year after year he sought her, in her Highland fastnesses, to drink in inspiration and strength from her ever refreshing aspects. While in Italy he seems to have been indifferent to the grandeur of the Alps, the gentler beauty of the Apennines, or the charms of the Bay of Naples or Sorrento. His delights were, as he says, "with the sons of men." "The veriest rag of humanity was more interesting to him than the finest landscape, and he regarded the latter as but a fitting scene for the action of the former." Even in his mature poetry there is to be noted an imperfect vision of the intrinsic beauties of nature, which requires the human figure or associations with humanity to provide it with a focus. Yet he revelled year after year amid the wild beauty of the Highlands, in the great solitudes of its moors and forests, and on the breezy summits of its "Bens," as he used to call the mountains. But we are not sure that more than half the attraction

did not lie in the people, when he had learned to know them and to find his way to their hearts in their own tongue; and the hot Celtic blood repaid his regard with full interest. Warm impulsive nature, fiery enthusiasm, and impatience of restraint, supplied a bond of affinity between Blackie and the Highlanders; and his genuine sympathy with their grievances, whether real or imaginary, made his following turn to him for guidance and direction. If he did not always lead them right, he never placed before them low ideals, never put forward the base bribes of the agitator, but preached to them the doctrine of natural rights and inherent freedom,—although it is to be feared his Celtic friends put less stress upon these principles than upon the practical account to which they might be turned.

It would take more space than we can give to enumerate even barely the manifold interests into which Blackie plunged himself during his Aberdeen years—popular lecturing, touring, educational reform, and special classical studies. His translation of ‘Æschylus’ into English verse was, however, the most important work of this period. He had been engaged on it off and on for some ten or twelve years, and it appeared in 1850. We have always considered ‘Æschylus’ to be Blackie’s most successful effort at translation. Something, to be sure, is wanting occasionally in delicacy of rendering; sometimes he fails in catching the dramatist’s exact shade of meaning; but for conveying to the non-Grecian reader an idea of the fierce and fiery vigour of the original, the spirit that breathes in the “Prometheus” and the “Agamemnon,” we are not certain that Blackie’s version has as yet been superseded.

Blackie is best in his rhymed choruses, which if not always those of Æschylus, are yet powerful outbursts of song. He was devoting himself to Greek during his Aberdeen years with the view to exchanging “Latin for Greek, copper for gold”; and an opportunity was formed for the gratification of his wishes when the Greek Chair in Edinburgh fell vacant in 1851. The patronage of the Chair lay to a considerable extent in the hands of the Town Council, who looked not so much to the qualifications of a candidate as to the kirk in which he worshipped. “Excellent and useful citizens as they were,” says Miss Stoddart, “they had their prejudices; and these were the prejudices of men to whom the decent externals of broadcloth and a rigorous observance of Presbyterian formulas, and preferably of the U.P. or F.C. Presbyterianism, represented the whole duty of man. A very natural objection to genius was involved in these prejudices, and especially to genius that eschewed the Sabbatic surtout, and which arrayed itself in checkered trousers and plaid.” He had to contest the prize with strong competitors—men like Dr Hannah of the Edinburgh Academy, and Dr Schmitz of the High School, Bonamy Price from Rugby, and Dr William Smith of “Dictionary” celebrity. Blackie conducted the campaign *more suo*, and would probably have ensured his own defeat had not a body of devoted friends been constantly on the watch to obviate the effects of his precipitous and boisterous canvas.

“The Professor issued his first batch of testimonials, and made the initial mistake of forwarding them to the patrons without prepaying the postage. This oversight inevitably detracted from their impressiveness, and

Professors Gerhard, Brandes, and Ritschl testified in vain. His next blunder was to come to Edinburgh at Christmas-time habited in the obnoxious tartan. He called on all the thirty-three Town Councillors, and dissipated his immediate chance of securing the promise of their votes. It must be conceded that his own manner was his worst enemy in the circumstances. Five minutes of jaunty, reckless discourse, an attack on the narrow-mindedness of the patron under appeal, a sudden shake of his shoulder and a shove, and a burst of laughter for farewell, were not reassuring to a civic dignitary perspiring with responsibility. They were not evidences of scholarship, although mayhap of genius, and only proved the eternal fitness of genius to starve. Besides, the legend of the Tests, whose true history had suffered change in a decade of years, shed a sinister lustre on his repute, and his aggressive defiance of sober inquiry fed the lurid flame."

His friends endeavoured to persuade him to keep himself in the background, and one of them writes him in these shrewd and frank terms: "Do not come up till the election is over; it is a pity you came up last time—some of the tailor electors were quite scandalised at your costume. If you do come just now, for any sake bring decent clothes with you."

The Bailies "cannily" sent a representative to Aberdeen to inquire into the repute in which Blackie was held in that city, and returned with reassuring reports of him as an instructor and as an observer of the Sabbath. But the voting was very close, and when the final vote was taken, Blackie only gained his chair by the casting vote of the Lord Provost.

We shall not dwell upon the class-room side of Blackie's career: the glimpses we get of him in the greater world, outside the univer-

sity, where his genius was less held down by trammels, and where his full nature found freer scope for its exercise, are much more attractive. It would be to open up the whole system of university education if we were to seek to form an estimate of Blackie's teaching. However sound his views may have been about Greek pronunciation, it must be admitted that he placed both himself and his students at some disadvantage by his insistence upon them from the outset of his professoriate. He hated "grammar and all such dry formalisms," but the stage at which his students reached him scarcely admitted of the structure of the Greek language being altogether relegated to a second place. The frequent "excursus" which he was wont to take in his lectures, increasing in number and variety during his later years, roused, and not unfrequently amused, the student; but they were not always directly, or even remotely, connected with the subject in hand. The unconventionality of his character, and the exuberance of his spirits, lacked the repose of the university don, and may have been occasionally reflected in his students with more than desirable intensity. But, on the other hand, Blackie divested the Greek chair of all the dulness that so often accompanies the teaching of a dead language. He made Greek a living literature to his students, and the Greeks themselves not mere eidola, but living, thinking, and energising personalities. And the rare gifts which he possessed of making his enthusiasm contagious told above all upon the brighter minds among his students. The aim of university teaching is not to perfect, but to prepare; and it must have been the fault of students themselves if they did

not come out from his teaching thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek history and literature, and with minds permeated by its influences. Nor must we forget to add the service which he did in expounding the importance of a study of the Romaic as a living aid to the mastery of ancient Greek, although, in this case also, he was prone to push his theory to extreme conclusions. In his personal relations with his students we find some of the pleasantest aspects of Blackie's nature finely exhibited.

"He identified himself with the students in a thousand ways, calling on those whom sickness kept from the class; saving some from ruin by his wise interference; supplementing the work of many by instruction at home; assisting the poorer with books given or lent; watching the development of the more hopeful with solicitude; understanding all except the irredeemably shallow; patiently bearing foolishness, boisterousness, even horseplay, as one who knew that boys must learn to be men through experience of the futility of ignorance and presumption.

"He was present whenever it was possible at their gatherings,—often the only professor there,—and his arrival was the occasion of acclamation. He dedicated books to them,—'Musa Burschicosa' and 'Messis Vitæ'; he supported their magazine, and constantly contributed song, sonnet, or paper to its pages. He secured the co-operation of Sir Herbert Oakeley in the arrangement of Scottish songs to be sung at their concerts; he helped forward the production of a 'Book of Student Songs' for the Scottish Universities, and wrote its introduction. He was one with them, as he had found the professors at Göttingen and Berlin to be; and this beautiful relation outlasted his retirement and characterised him to the end. His reward was great, for the students loved him. No torchlight procession was complete that did not wind up at Blackie's door; and when

he appeared at lecture or theatre, he was received as a king might be amongst them, going to his cab at the close between two ranks of cheering youths."

A letter from one of his old pupils, Professor Cowan of Aberdeen, thus sums up the relations of Blackie with his class: "The Professor was both popular among and respected by his students—the few exceptions being those whose sense of humour was defective, or who confounded the efficiency of a professor with that of a schoolmaster."

Edinburgh received the Blackies with open arms; and by the circle of friends whom he had made during his sojourn at the Bar, and to which his writings and reputation had made numerous additions, his advent was heartily welcomed. The frigidity and stiffness which characterise a contracted society that has seen better days was relaxed in Blackie's favour. The words which Landor puts into the mouth of Aspasia—"Euripides has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated"—carry with them a claim of privilege which was unanimously pronounced to be relevant in Blackie's case. Wherever men of culture and eminence were gathered, be sure Blackie was in their midst. He was even sought after for the baser use of being exhibited as a lion; but wherever he was, and in whatever society, his personality and spirit pervaded the company. By the time that he settled in Edinburgh his reputation had far extended beyond Scotland. The friendship of all the foremost literary men of the day, from

Carlyle, Froude, and Tennyson, downwards, was extended to him, and his letters and notes present delightful sketches of his flying visits to all the great celebrities of his time, and of the genial and appreciative, though always shrewd, opinions he had formed of them. From his *pied-à-terre* in the Edinburgh University he expanded his influence far beyond his immediate sphere in a way that would have been impossible, even for him, under the more restricted conditions of Aberdeen life. And when we come to search for the source of the potent and popular influence which he became, it would be difficult to lay a finger upon any particular trait or special characteristic that made Blackie so much of a popular force. It was not his scholarship, which was varied rather than profound, nor his writings, though these presented sense and sound sentiment in an attractive guise, nor could it have been his verse, for it was only occasionally that his genius found a powerful expression in poetry. Nor could it have been altogether his public appearances, his lectures, and speeches, though he rarely missed his mark with an audience. If the secret is to be sought for, it must be rather to his pervading personality that we are to look—to the breadth of mind which enabled him to place his aims on a plane with the views of those whose minds he was seeking to sway, whether by writing or by speaking. His absolute sincerity, too, carried with it confidence that Blackie always was speaking from his heart, and served to secure for him a kindly reception even when he was airing fads and foibles. But he was not a man to seek popularity by bating an inch of his own standpoint. Time after time he would turn

upon a refractory audience and tell them in unqualified terms what he thought of their intelligence and conduct. It was these little outbursts, his own sudden revelation of some phase of self-consciousness, or the quick turn which he would give to his discourse towards something which probably had nothing whatever to do with the matter under consideration, that kept his auditory always in a state of pleased and curious expectancy. And if he had nothing pleasant to say to an assembly, was not the Professor ever ready to soothe its ruffled feelings with a song of his own making, which always came as oil upon troubled waters?

People who were unacquainted with the Professor were apt to jump at the opinion that his idiosyncrasies of manner and speech were indulged in for the sake of attitudinising and for posing before the public. How far this view was a mistaken one was sufficiently obvious to those who best knew him. Blackie cared too little for the opinion of the world to seek to attract it towards himself, even by offending against the conventionalities. In his earlier days he had defied the decorum of Aberdeen by his unshorn locks and German-student attire; he had perilled his chances of winning both his wife and his Chair by his aversion to tailed coats and tall hats; and in his older days he continued to set the same defiance to orthodox costume. "When I walk along Princes Street," he once said to a lady, "I go with a kingly air, my head erect, my chest expanded, my hair flying, my stick swinging. Do you know what makes me do that? Well, I'll tell you—just conceit." But the garb was really only an outward and visible sign of the

picturesqueness of the interior Blackie. How striking was his figure as he flitted about his domestic hearth with straw hat ornamented by a gay coloured ribbon, and waist bound by a red sash in which one naturally expected to see a skean-dhu or at least a Greek dagger stuck! and how obscured did Blackie seem as he entered a drawing-room in the evening dress of civilisation, until once his personality began to assert itself, which it was seldom long in doing.

The gatherings of the "Hellenic Society" and the "Blackie Brotherhood," the legitimate successors of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," resemble in their combination of learning and sodality more the Edinburgh unions of kindred spirits in the last century than symposia of our own day. A Hellenic Society had been inaugurated in Aberdeen by Blackie during his occupancy of the Marischal College chair, which numbered such distinguished scholars as Sir William Geddes and Dr Donaldson among its members. Soon after his appointment to the Edinburgh chair, Blackie became the moving spirit of a similar society, and one of his first acts was to lay in a supply of Greek wines, an act that we fear must have been more benevolent in intention than in effect. We must quote from Miss Stoddart's pages a description of one of these "Attic Nights" by Mr Burness, one of the Hellenists:—

"Professor Blackie was seen at his very best at the meetings of the Hellenic Society. These were held fortnightly during the winter months in the houses of members by rotation. It is impossible to give any one who never saw him on these occasions any idea of the versatility of his talent, the brilliance and readiness of his wit, or the exuberance of his animal spirits. I was admitted in 1859, and among the members at that time

were Dr Lindsay Alexander, Dr John Brown, Lord Neaves, Robert Herdman, Professor Gairdner, Dr John Muir, Celt Nicolson, Professor Bayne, Dr Donaldson, and the Rev. Alexander Webster. We got through a good deal of Greek, but the great feature of the meetings was the *symposium* which followed. As the hour drew nigh, the Professor became conscious, as he said, of a *knisa* (Gr. κνῖσα) which, ascending from the dining-room, gradually became perceptible in the drawing-room, where the readings were held. When the tables were cleared, the Professor generally quoted in paraphrase the motto of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ':—

'This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no
silly days;
Meaning, "'Tis right for good wine-bibbing
people
Not to let the jug pace round the board like
a cripple,
But gaily to chat while discussing their
tippie."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock
'tis
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.'

Then fixing his eye on the symposiarch, he rose to propose the health of that gentleman, first commanding the removal of any epergne or ornament which obstructed his view. 'This he did in the historic phrase, 'Remove that bauble!' His speeches were simply inimitable; but they were surpassed by his songs. I question whether anything he has said or written will survive 'Sam Sumph' or 'Jenny Geddes.' The only other regular toast permitted was that of the *Despoina*, unless there happened to be a distinguished stranger present, when a similar compliment was paid to him. If the unfortunate man happened to be from Oxford or Cambridge, the honour done him was almost neutralised by the torrent of abuse with which his University was at the same time assailed. Alas! 'Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?'"

The "Blackie Brotherhood" was more intimate and less classical in

its constitution, being composed of the Professor's familiar friends,—authors, painters, theologians, scholars, representing the salt of Edinburgh cultured society. They met at least once a-year in one of the Princes Street hotels, and though their conviviality was worth recording, Miss Stoddart has not been able to recover more than a couple of Sheriff Nicolson's excellent songs, one of which deals with the Professor's platform encounter with Ernest Jones the Chartist, on the Democracy, which ended, like most of such controversies, in leaving the subject exactly where they found it.

The incessant labours of the Professor in education, in literature, and in politics, are written in Miss Stoddart's pages, and to enumerate even the bare names of them during the years from 1852 to 1895 would almost require the whole space we can give to a consideration of his career. We cannot, however, pass over the great feat of the autumnal season of his life,—the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the Edinburgh University, for which he undertook the raising of the necessary funds almost single-handed. He threw himself with all his pristine vigour into the task of raising £12,000, which was the sum proposed for the foundation. He levied his contributions wherever a Highlandman was known to exist with money in his sporran, in America even and in our most distant colonies; he successfully attacked the purses of every nobleman and laird connected with the North, and raided every nook of the Highlands, from the Forth to the Pentland Firth, for subscriptions, extending his ravages even into Celtic Wales and Saxon London. His vacations were spent in delivering lectures, the proceeds of which went to the

fund. Never before had Blackie found such an outlet for his combined energies of mind and body, as in his exertions for the new Chair; and his enthusiasm, while it called forth due admiration, was also the cause of much pleasantry and witticism, which the Professor may well have borne with equanimity as he gathered in the cheques. The interest of her Majesty the Queen had been enlisted in the undertaking, and he was summoned to the Royal presence at Inveraray to give an account of his success. He had even a chance of appearing before her Majesty in the costume of the Gael, for his own dress-clothes had gone astray, and were only procured at the last moment by the intervention of "a friendly wheel-barrow." The subscription to the Chair was completed within four years of its inception, and it now stands in the Edinburgh University as the greatest permanent monument to Professor Blackie's energy and enthusiasm.

His release from his official duties at the University merely gave him more time and scope for exerting his active energies in the work which he had been all the while carrying on concurrently, lecturing and writing. His appearances on public platforms were much more frequent, and his *répertoire* of subjects embraced to a greater extent public questions and topics of the day. He ventured upon less safe ground than when confining himself to his own proper domain of culture and the problems of life, and as he never troubled himself about the prejudices or prepossessions of those whom he was going to address, he sometimes paralysed his auditory by Balaam-like cursing them when they expected his blessing. When a body of teetotallers thought they

had caught him and secured him as president for one of their meetings, he horrified them by his first utterances. "I cannot understand why I am asked to be here," he broke forth. "I am not a teetotaler—far from it. If a man asks me to dine with him, and does not give me a good glass of wine, I say he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, and fools water." As likely as not his lecture would deal with any or every subject except that on which he had been announced to speak, and would depart altogether from the lines of the manuscript spread out before him. Although he sometimes cautioned his hearers to "mind Blackie's sense and not his nonsense," we fear that an expectation of some lively sally, some outburst of half-humorous, half-savage denunciation, had a good deal to do with drawing together the audiences that crowded to hear him. Certainly his friendly enemies the reporters made much more of his wit than of his wisdom, as he could not but perceive; and on one occasion when he had made a telling speech, more to the point than usual, he suddenly turned to the representatives of the press: "I have only to add, that though my language is strong, my opinions are moderate—take that down, you blackguards." Miss Stoddart says that "no man but Blackie would have been allowed so to defy the conventionalities of public lecturing;" but it was this defiance that to a great extent brought popular audiences to listen to him. Blackie was fully alive to his own misdemeanours, and sums up his errors in an amusing, but we fear not contrite, set of verses addressed to his wife, entitled "Pious Resolutions, by a prospective Lecturer":—

"I sober truth and sense will speak,
Sense from all nonsense free;
With wisdom in a perfect way
Shall my two lectures be.
I will endure no sportive whim
Before my mind to play,
No pictured bubble born to burst,
But sober, grave, and grey!

I will not send a shallow jest
Light rattling through the hall;
An idle and a foolish song
I will not sing at all!
I will not flourish my stout stick,
Nor in my plaid appear,
But sit like judges in the court,
Sage, solemn, and severe!

I will not touch with rude offence
A thin-skinned man at all,
But softly shape the thornless thought
To please both great and small.
I will be polished in my phrase,
Judicial in my tone,
That all who hear well pleased shall
say,
How wise is Blackie grown!"

The Professor's platform manner could not have been more happily depicted than in these lines, but his promises of amendment went the way of most good resolutions.

Blackie was never made for a politician. His mind revolted as much against political as ecclesiastical formulæ, and in questions of party he was led as much by his heart as by his head. Liberty, but liberty regulated by moral and intellectual principles, seems to have been his guiding political motive; but he was apt to be carried away from his own standpoint when his enthusiasm overmastered his judgment. His affection for the Highlanders blinded him to the fact that they were acting from a sense of grievances that were sentimental as well as real, and that the redress which they claimed for the former would violate the legal as well as the ethical sanctions that protect the possession of property. In much the same way he was led

by the intensity of his national spirit to countenance the ridiculous and insignificant movement to obtain Home Rule for Scotland. All this came of Blackie's overpowering patriotism, which compelled him to speak without considering the consequences that would follow if his words were translated into action by more practical agitators. But though it sometimes bore him into devious extremes, there was nothing finer in Blackie's life than his deep-seated love for his native land, which seemed only to strengthen as the years went on with him. We may have smiled at his enthusiasm for Covenanters and Jacobites, or at the insistency with which he obtruded Wallace and Bruce, Jenny Geddes, and John Knox, in season and out of season upon the public; but we could not but recognise that his "wha-haeing," as it has been irreverently termed, was but the outcome of a mind saturated to the core with deep love and reverence for all that was best and freest and noblest in the Scottish character. These feelings acquired a force from "the insidious influences which were sapping the national character, and transforming its rugged idiosyncrasy into the imperturbable type prevailing in the south." Against "the trivial fashionableness" which "spread like a blight" over Edinburgh society, the Professor had a call to bear testimony, and he "fell to spirited denunciation of the new drivelling gentility." Especially was he called upon to protest against the banishment of Scottish songs from our drawing-rooms, and his vindication of the spirit, humour, and pathos of Scottish minstrelsy took the form of one of the most charming of his later volumes. In Blackie his countrymen chose

to see the representative Scotsman of his day, and idolised him in that character. His fame was chorused by Scotsmen all over the world. An old student was once asked in the Australian bush, "Man, how's old Blackie?" and again in a New Zealand mine, five hundred feet below the surface, "I say, mate, were you under good old Blackie in Edinburgh?" While a worthy Scot, on his way from the West Indies, went into raptures on meeting with a friend of the Professor's. "Ye ken Blackie! ye ken Blackie! Man, he's juist ma deity!" How faithful Blackie was to his love of Scotland and her literature may be conceived from the last words he was able to utter, "The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns, but the Psalmist first—psalms—poetry."

Miss Stoddart draws a beautiful and tender picture of Blackie's inner domestic life, the charm of which we dare not disturb by a ruder pen. No one who visited him either at his Highland retreat of Altnacraig—which was too much a Mecca to his countless friends and admirers, and too open in its hospitality, to be a retreat in the strict sense—or his home in Douglas Crescent, could fail to be impressed with the happy and sympathetic atmosphere that environed his hearth. His impetuous and fiery manner was transformed to gentleness, and his keen humour to playfulness; but always there would come in flashes of wit precluding an outburst of his natural enthusiastic feelings. But there was genius even in his domestic badinage, as the following extract admirably illustrates:—

"His domestic pleasantries were tranquil, and took the form of genial banter and of equally genial irony. To the latter kind belonged the continued narration of the married life

and adventures of Mr Bob Melliss. He was a mythical schoolfellow, gifted and amiable. In an evil hour, allured by her rank and pretensions, he had married the Lady Letitia Lambert. This stately personage belonged to the school of 'white-satin-shoe philosophers.' Her dainty nerves endured no breath from the plebeian world, but required an environment of patrician and ceremonious elegance. The easy-going Bob had to surrender every friend and every habit of his bachelor days, and became a model husband for this lofty and sensitive dame. He forgot the very meaning of liberty, ate and drank as her stern glance directed, spoke and kept silence at her command. He was not unhappy,—far from it,—but he was a slave, a well-dressed appendage to the lady Letitia's train. This sorry spectacle was constantly held up for compassion. No wife ever honoured her husband's freedom of action more than did Mrs Blackie, but even she at times begged for small concessions to conventionality, which he granted willingly, but which became inevitably the theme of some new episode in the fabled disfranchisement of Bob Melliss. We knew what was coming when he shook his head and muttered, 'Poor Bob Melliss.'

Blackie's was a full life, and he was blessed in the retention of his powers, both physical and mental, almost to the last. To those who saw his brisk and jaunty gait as he flitted about among us, or haranguing on "Living Greek" and "Oxford Pedantries," when he was advanced in the eighties, it seemed as if the gods had granted him immortality and perpetual youth. Down to the last, even when confined to his room, his energies found vent in articles on "Father Sarpi" and "The Natural Method of Teaching" only a month or two before the end. The provision of an endowment for a Greek Travelling Scholarship seems to

have kept him active even on his deathbed; and as he would never again raise the money in the same way as he had swept the country for the Celtic Chair, he made up the funds by his own bequest.

Professor Blackie's death has left a blank in Scotland, and the country seems colder without his all-pervading presence. He occupied a very special, though indefinable, position in the world in which his labours were as beneficent and unselfish as they were energetic. But his work was like the leaven rather than the lump. We know that the work was there, that it supplied the energy to many social and intellectual movements of which the source was lost by the time that they were realised. Of his books, 'Self-Culture,' 'Altavona,' 'The Four Phases of Morals,' and 'Musa Burschicosa,' seem the only ones likely to reach even an immediate posterity; and none of these, or all of them together, will convey any idea by themselves of the personality and genius of a man that astonished, dazzled, and often dominated his generation. It is the ordinary custom to seek to read an author in his books: in Blackie's case we were wont to read the books in the author. His own personality supplied the best key to his writings. The Celtic Chair is the most permanent memorial of Professor Blackie that we possess up to this time; but we hope that long before the present generation, which knew and loved him, which can appreciate his worth, and kindly smile at the memory of his foibles, has passed away, his memory will be perpetuated as that of a man whom Scotland and her capital delighted to honour, by a worthy monument alongside the statues of Allan Ramsay and Christopher North.

SAINT MARY'S LAKE (YARROW).

PEACE on the Lake, and peace within my heart :

Each time I see thee gives a firmer hold
To that sweet influence that made thee part
Of my young life ; for now, when I am old,
The impress deepens with the gathering years,
Like some rich song, once heard, the soul for ever hears.

Did ever Love's eternal pathos fill

With fiercer fervour legends like to thine?
And now, what silence reigns!—on every hill
No sound but bleating sheep or lowing kine;
Or haply, when the summer noons afford,
The quiet air resounds with praises to the Lord.¹

Music is holy—the holiest is the best ;

And thou hast been to me a quiet song,
A fount of melody within the breast
That would not mix its sacred source with wrong.
Ah, men forget the infinite debt they owe
To those undying mother-lights of long ago !

The flowers beside thy banks can I forget?—

The red-veined vetch, the tender-stemmed bluebell,
The fringed bog-bean, the purple violet,
The trailing stag-moss, golden asphodel?—
Those untamed races of the virgin sod,
That deck, untouched of man, the garden ground of God.

Nature becomes to him who loves her well

No casual splendour, stars and flashing seas,
But life's companion, come with him to dwell,
To soothe his sorrows, share his hours of ease :
A jealous lover she, that holds him fast,
In one life-long embrace, till life itself be past.

¹ The open-air service (the Blanket Sermon) is still an institution in the parish of Yarrow.

And so with thee, St Mary's: thou hast been
No passing picture, but a living scroll;—
A memory of still waters, pastures green,
Feeding the lamp of God within the soul,
The sweet Sabbath silence of thy hills—
I see them in my sleep, I hear their murmuring rills.

Through darkened days, in friendless solitude,
Such memories come like the returning dove,
Hope's olive-branch in life's despairing mood,
The soul's undying whisper, "God is Love,"
Till love has conquered; for whate'er befall,
The heart must save us, else we are not saved at all.

Oh could the world but hear thy tranquil teaching,
And in its disputations give less heed
To those vain problems far beyond its reaching
That chase the troubled soul from creed to creed,
When it might better rest its weary wings
Beneath God's holier temple of created things!

J. B. SELKIRK.

WANDERINGS IN PERSIAN KURDISTAN.

TABRIZ, the largest and most flourishing city of Northern Persia, was left five days' journey behind us, when, on crossing a spur of hills, Sujbulak, the most northerly town in Persian Kurdistan, burst into view, lying along the bank of a river, with its background of high mountains and its foreground of well-cultivated fields and gardens. For the last four days we had been travelling south, along the eastern shore of Lake Urumiyah, that great expanse of salt water, some 120 miles in length, that forms an inland sea in the north-west corner of Persia. Only once had we left the lake shores, when, turning to the east, we had quitted the road a few miles to our right, in order to visit the picturesque little town of Maragha, with the ruins of its once famous observatory.

The change on passing from the Turki population of Persia to the Kurds is a sudden and striking one. Amongst the fanatical Turks—one and all Sheiyas—with their gloomy looks and ill-concealed hatred, the pleasure of travel has to be derived entirely from inanimate objects and the scenery, for as far as a word of welcome goes, it is seldom if ever that one hears it from their mouths. But the moment that their territory is passed, and one enters amongst the boisterous, pleasure-loving, hospitable Kurds, the sun seems to shine more brightly, and life, every day of it, becomes a joy and a delight; for the traveller knows how much more the pleasure of a journey is dependent upon the people he is among, than upon the natural advantages of the country. But in Kurdistan one finds both—a glorious country,

revelling in mountain scenery and forest and rivers, and a delightful population, brave, cheerful, and hospitable to such a degree that even my Arab servant, who thought his people the most hospitable in the world, was put to shame.

We rode quickly into Sujbulak, so different to gloomy Tabriz, with its great dusty tunnels of bazaars, and its slow-moving sallow-faced Turks—handsome men enough, many of them, but lifeless and ghostlike. Here all was bustle and stir, and life and laughter. The sun pierced down between the little shops, casting its rays upon the bright costumes of the people,—here a flash of orange or gold or pink, here a spark of brilliant green. Tabriz seemed like a city of the dead compared with this little Kurdish town, with its horsemen, as gorgeous as their saddles, cantering to and fro, and with the crowd of foot-passengers who wished one good morning as cheerily as if they had known one all one's life. At the door of a caravanserai we stopped, and two passers-by from the street held our horses, for such is the hospitality of the Kurds; while another, seeing we were hot and dusty, brought a great bowl of iced sherbet from a little shop across the road. Every one had a kind word of welcome or advice to give us, and before we had settled down in the little room which was found for us in the caravanserai, a big tray of cream and milk and bread and cheese was brought for our refreshment.

Then a walk through the town, up and down the cool arched arcades of the bazaars, amongst a crowd of wild mountaineers, armed

to the teeth, who made way for one to pass in true politeness, and never breathed a word of insult or scorn such as meet one's ears at every turn in Tabriz; and doubtless many of these same hillmen had never seen a European before, for none reside in Persian Kurdistan, and the travellers who seek this out-of-the-way corner of the world are very few and far between.

But before proceeding further I must give some description of what a Kurd is like. In colour they are usually no darker, and often not nearly so dark, as southern Europeans. The eyebrows and lashes and eyes are generally black, the nose aquiline and fine, and the mouths well formed. The face is long and oval, while in stature a medium height seems to be general. The chin is shaved, the moustache alone being left, and over it no end of trouble is taken with comb and wax. The hair is usually shaved along the top of the crown, but left long on either side, though little or nothing of it is visible owing to the peculiar and characteristic manner in which the men deck their heads. The Kurd's costume is distinctly his own, and except in the south, where he has come more or less under Persian influence, he never abandons it. A high silk pointed cap crowns the head, round which is woven a number of silk scarves and handkerchiefs in skilfully arranged disorder. The favourite colours for these turbans are dark claret and gold, with here and there a narrow stripe of some brilliant hue. The rough fringes are left hanging down, as often as not covering the eyes and ears of the wearer, and adding not a little to his fantastic appearance. Over a white linen shirt, with sleeves that end in points more than a yard

long, so that they touch the ground, a silk coat is worn, crushed strawberry being the favourite colour, though cherry colour and white satin were almost equally common: these coats are made collarless and open at the neck and fold across the breast, being held in place by a wide silk sash skilfully folded and intertwined. In this sash the long pipe and curved dagger are thrust. Above this silk coat again is worn a short sleeveless jacket of thick black, white, or brown felt, open down the front. So thick is this material that it will not fold, and where the joins are in the sewing, the stuff is cut and fastened together by long open stitches, the appearance of the whole when worn being like plates of armour, and as such it is no doubt intended. From under the silk coat, which reaches nearly to the knees, protrude the trousers of white linen, enormously loose and baggy, but drawn in tight at the ankle. Socks of skilfully woven coloured wools appear above the pointed and turned-up slippers of red leather or embroidered cloth. With a costume as brilliant in colour and as diverse as this a body of Kurds of the better class, on horseback or on foot, form a striking and handsome picture.

The peasant's dress is much the same, only his jacket of felt is usually worn over the linen shirt, and his trousers are of fine home-woven goat's hair.

I was not long before I called upon the Vali of the town with a request for a guide to proceed with me toward the Turkish frontier, a demand that was immediately refused. I had no authority, he said, to travel in Persian Kurdistan, and I must return the way I came. This of course I had no intention of doing, and having made my purpose known to him,

I bowed myself out. It was not long either before a guide was forthcoming in the person of the wildest ruffian that man ever set his eyes on, a Karapapa Tartar whose mother was a Kurd. About six feet four inches in height, he was a remarkably handsome man, with tangled black hair that protruded in long locks from under his turban in all directions, but for ferocious appearance and mild disposition he surpassed any one I ever saw. Before I had made his acquaintance a few hours he had told me all his family history. His people had come from Erivan on the conquest of southern Transcaucasia by Russia, and his tribe had been magnanimously settled by the Shah on some one else's land at the south end of the lake Urumiyah. Then he continued his family history, till, with tears in his eyes, he rushed off to bring me his only child, a baby girl of some three years of age, to admire. A sweet pretty little thing she was, too. The sight of this veritable savage nursing the smiling child was a strange one. But he answered my purpose well, for he possessed a horse, and was only too ready for a little adventure, or failing that an outing, while the fact that he spoke both Kermanji, or Kurdish, and Turki made him doubly useful.

Under the leadership of this guide we left Sujbulak early the next afternoon, in the direction of the Turkish frontier. A stony hill crossed, we descended on the further side to the ruins of what once must have been a fine bridge, and forded the river a few hundred yards above this spot. The road led us along the banks of the Manguhr Tchai, through a wide valley, wooded near the river-bed. On either side the mountains rose to a considerable elevation, in places sparsely covered with brush-

wood, in others precipitous. Between the foot of these mountains and the river were fields of waving green corn, amongst which here and there appeared the black tents of the Kurds, whose flocks and herds could be seen grazing upon the stiff hillsides, while along the river bank, here in the open and there amongst trees, strayed the mares and foals. The scenery was charming,—a fresh breeze cooled the sun-laden air, and the verdure of the country added not a little to increase the pleasure of our ride. But few signs of habitations were visible beyond the tents. At one spot on the right bank of the river, where the steep mountains reached almost to its banks, we passed a half-built, half-excavated collection of cave-hovels, entirely deserted now, for the inhabitants had sought, with their flocks and herds and all their worldly belongings, the open grazing-lands of the higher mountains, glimpses of which, peaks of rock and snow, we now and again obtained.

It was still early when our guide, pointing ahead to where a small tributary joined the river, told us that we must seek quarters for the night at that spot, as there were no other fixed villages that we could reach before night would be upon us, and travelling after dark in this part of the country was out of the question, as the Manguhr tribe of Kurds are well known as highwaymen and robbers. So, turning aside from the main valley, we entered a gorge to the south, at the mouth of which we met the chief man of the village, at whose house it was the Karapapa's intention to ask for lodging and shelter. Mohammed Aghá—for such was his name—was a typical Kurdish chief, decked out in all the finery with which they so love

to decorate their persons. The same cleanliness of clothes and the same intentional untidiness of turban was as noticeable here as it had been in Sujbulak. The Karapapa having made known my presence, which he galloped on ahead to do, Mohammed Aghá and his band of three or four followers turned their horses' heads in my direction, and cantered over the greensward to meet me. Ten minutes later we were passing through the streets, if such they can be called, of his village, *en route* to a large two-storeyed house that rose high above the low hovels of the place. The situation of Diabakri, for so the village is called, is picturesque but unhealthy, for it is almost entirely enclosed by high walls of rock, and this no doubt accounts for the fever from which the inhabitants suffer so largely in summer. The same politeness was noticeable here as we had seen in Sujbulak, and as Mohammed Aghá passed in and out amongst the houses on his way to his own residence, every man rose to his feet and stood erect. Arrived at the two-storeyed gateway leading into the courtyard of the house, we dismounted, and while our horses were promptly led away to where water and food awaited them, Mohammed Aghá beckoned us within.

We were shown into a most comfortable upper room, carpeted and bedded with mattresses, where, a few minutes after our arrival, amidst a profuse declaration of welcome on the part of the Aghá and his secretary, a young Turki of Tabriz, big bowls of cool milk and cream, cheese and bread, and the paraphernalia of tea, were brought us. Meanwhile the unusual arrival of a European was causing some little stir in the village, and all the men whose

position allowed of their being on terms of intimacy with their Aghá came and called, one and all welcoming me to their country. On making inquiries, I was told that, in the memory of the Aghá, who was perhaps forty to forty-five years of age, only five Europeans had visited this secluded spot. Refreshed after our ride, we sauntered out under the guidance of some of the Aghá's friends, and climbed the high hill that rises almost precipitously to the south of the village. We crossed first the little stream, clear as crystal, that runs through the grove of trees opposite the Aghá's residence, and then by a mere sheep-track scrambled to the summit, some 300 or 400 feet above. Near the top is a large natural cave, into which the sheep and goats are driven in winter for protection from the cold and the wolves. From the outer hall of the cave a narrow passage, in places a yard in height, leads one by a circuitous route to a second and still larger chamber. The lights we had were dim, and one could only gain a very faint idea of the size and height of this rock chamber, but it appeared to be of very considerable dimensions. Emerging wet and muddy, we climbed to the rocky summit of the hill, and there sat down to rest and admire the surrounding scenery of gorge and mountain-top. Returning to the Aghá's house, dinner was served in great trays, bearing savoury dishes of eggs, fowl, mutton, and delicious little sauces of pickles, the whole succeeded by the bowls of cream and milk: that we were now beginning to look upon as our staple article of food. The evening was passed pleasantly enough with the Aghá, his secretary, a regular Turki dandy, and one or two of the Aghá's Kurdish friends, nearly as gorgeous in appearance as himself.

Until we lay down to sleep, two huge warriors guarded the door on the inside, standing one at each lintel, rifle in hand, and begirt with many cartridge-belts; and when at length we sought rest upon the mattresses that formed divans all round the room, these guards merely stepped without, and took up their position on the landing at the head of the stairs. But my evening brought me disappointment in one respect, in that Mohammed Aghá advised me very strongly to abandon my journey toward the Turkish frontier in that direction, as the Manguhr tribe were at war amongst themselves, and I should find not only the villages empty of men, but also very probably armed bands of lawless robbers in every direction. This advice I listened to readily enough, for not only had the Aghá no object in wishing to persuade me to turn back, but he was also, from the high position he held, thoroughly aware of what was passing near the frontier; and his recommendation that I should skirt the southern limits of the Manguhr tribelands and make for Serdasht, some three days' journey to the south, seemed in every way to be worth consideration.

So it was that the following day I found myself once more in Sujbulak. During the few hours' ride from Diabakri to that town I took advantage of the proximity of a large encampment of Kurds to visit their tents, in approaching which we were able to obtain evidence that the Aghá's statement as to the disturbed state of the country was not far wrong; for no sooner were we four horsemen seen than a small commotion commenced in the encampment, and from almost every one of the tents men armed to the teeth appeared, one and all busy loading their Martini rifles. However, a shout from our

Karapapa friend soon put matters right, and the men who only a few minutes previously were a band of armed ruffians, on our arrival had resumed their more peaceful appearance of shepherds, and in place of rifles bowls of fresh milk and *leben*—the delicious sour milk of the country—were in their hands.

The tents of the Kurds, in which they seek the pasturage of the mountains in summer, vary very much in size, though in appearance and shape they conform throughout to one plan. The covering of the tents consists of long narrow strips of black goat's-hair material sewn together lengthways. Along the centre of the tent this roofing is supported on three to five poles according to the size, and stretched out by ropes which, made fast to the edge of the roofing, are pegged securely to the ground. The poles within the tent being of some height, usually 8 to 10 feet, the edge of the tenting does not nearly reach the ground; but walls are formed of matting of reeds, held together by black goat's-hair thread, which is often so arranged as to form patterns on the yellow mats. Nothing could have been kinder than our reception by these wild Kurds, and it was only with difficulty that we could escape their pressing invitation to pass the remainder of the day and the night in their tents, and could prevent them killing a sheep in our honour. Although in the streets of Sujbulak we had seen a number of Kurdish women, it was here that we first came across them in their peasant life and peasant dress—and picturesque enough they were, in spite of the fact that the proximity of the clear flowing river did not appear to tempt them to overmuch use of its water. Above the loose trousers of dark-blue or red cotton they wore jackets of the same material or of cloth, richly

decorated with silver buttons and coins, while most of them wore long strings of Persian silver money bound round their foreheads.

It was my object after the result of my interview with the officials at Sujbulak to attract as little attention as possible, and accordingly, under the guidance of the Karapapa, we entered the town by a back-way, and winding through a few dusty streets, with poor mud-houses on either hand, drew rein at the large wooden doorway of one of rather more promising appearance, and a minute or two later had taken up our quarters within. This custom of lodging in private houses exists all through Kurdistan, and is one that renders travelling in those parts far easier and more interesting than it would be were one to lodge in caravanserais or seek the seclusion of a tent. Certainly it has drawbacks: there is a want of privacy and no want of vermin; but taking into consideration the advantages and the disadvantages, I have no hesitation in stating that the former largely outnumber the latter. One obtains far more insight into the manners and customs and life of the people; one is able to gather a fund of information that would otherwise be lost, and all superfluous baggage is unnecessary, for the cooking will be done willingly enough by the owners of the house, while the appliances for making tea, &c., are found everywhere. We tethered our horses in the yard, and sought the seclusion of a smoke-begrimed room within, which, with the exception of its blackened walls and ceiling, was clean enough.

The family with whom we had taken up our lodging consisted of the two wives of an absent husband and his two young sons, the elder of whom, a handsome youth of some sixteen years of age, was

carrying on a most reprehensible flirtation with his young step-mother, his father's lately annexed bride. It was a case of the cat being away, for the good father, trudging to Mecca on the pilgrimage, had been absent over a year and five months. It was to be our lot, however, to witness his home-coming, for about midnight a loud banging at the outer door awoke us all, and on the heavy beam which held it closed being removed, the faithful Haji appeared, travel-stained and weary. What rejoicings there were! every one laughed and sang—only the youth and his pretty stepmother seemed disappointed, for here at last was the end of their flirtation! Dawn broke, and we seemed no nearer making a start than we had been the evening before, for no guide was forthcoming, and none of us three—Englishman, Turki, and Arab—spoke Kermanji. But it was the home-returning pilgrim who rescued us from our dilemma. In spite of the fact that for nearly a year he had been trudging overland from Mecca—he had come *viâ* Syria and Asia Minor and Mosul—he volunteered at once to guide us to Serdasht on foot—an offer I was not slow to accept. So saying farewell to his family, to whom he had only just been reunited after nearly eighteen months' absence, he took his staff in hand, and mounting our horses we set out. I am not sure, but I rather fancy I detected a smile and a wink on the part of the younger wife, as she broke the news to her handsome young stepson. *O tempora! O mores!*

Our road led us first along a grassy valley, watered by a tiny stream that has a southerly direction from Sujbulak, but it was not long before we had reached its higher end and were climbing the steep grassy hills beyond. A

pass of 5400 feet above the sea-level was crossed, and a steep descent on the further side brought us to the valley of the river Ghrenna, a fast-running stream flowing between hills of long grass. In spite of the want of vegetation, the scenery was by no means to be despised, for spring was at its full and wild flowers were in bloom everywhere, such wild flowers as we know in England, amongst others the blue forget-me-not. Storks and sea-gulls—the latter no doubt from the salt lake of Urumiyah—sought their food on the grassy banks of the stream; and the sheep and goats that grazed, led here and there by the Kurd children, looked fat and happy and contented. During the afternoon a solitary village was passed, deserted by its inhabitants, who had sought their summer pastures. There was something sad and depressing about these abandoned villages of Kurdistan, and one could not help fancying that some plague or war had carried off the villagers. The manner in which the houses are left, too, adds to this impression, for the doors are wide open, and the rooms bare, as if there had not been time even to close them up. Towards sunset, after ascending by a winding path the high mountains which we had seen in front of us for a long time, we drew rein at a group of shepherds' tents, at an altitude of nearly 6000 feet above the sea-level. The dozen or so of tents that formed the little village were pitched in a small gorge leading into the narrow valley we were ascending, only a few hundred yards off the road. They were poor enough, these Kurds of the mountain-tops, merely the shepherds, in fact, tending the flocks of one of the rich chieftains, whose village we were to visit the following day; but they welcomed

us to such hospitality as it was in their means to show us. What a bleating there was as the herds and flocks were driven to the encampment for the night, and the little lambs turned out to seek their evening meal! What a searching of mothers for their young, and of the young for their mothers!

Next day, in the valley of the Sheh Tchai, we came across the large tent encampment of Baiz Aghá, the nephew and representative of the great Kurdish chief Gader Aghá. The Aghá had chosen a natural amphitheatre on the north bank of the river for his summer quarters, and in this, on the hill-side, his tents formed a crescent, between the points of which, and in the centre, stood a tent larger and handsomer than all. Quantities of flocks and herds, cattle and mares, fed in the valley, and the encampment was bright with saddled horses and gaily dressed Kurds. Toward this central tent we proceeded. While we were about 100 yards away from it, a number of the Kurds, one and all with their rifles on their backs, and their waists and shoulders bedecked with cartridge-belts, hurried forward to hold our horses, and leading us toward the tent, bade us dismount. In a minute our bridles and saddle-bags were off, the heavy stirrups tied up to the pommel of the saddle, and our steeds were led away to graze on the banks of the stream in the long fresh grass. With many protestations of welcome I was led into the great tent of Baiz Aghá.

Before I speak of this young chief and the other hosts who so kindly entertained me, a few words must be said as to his reception-tent. This, like all the tents of Kurdistan, consisted of the usual black woven goat's-hair material supported on high poles, the whole

surrounded with walls of canvas. In this case the tent was some 35 feet in length by 15 wide, and was carpeted all round the walls with thick brown felting and carpets. The centre was left uncovered, and here the floor consisted of beaten clay, worked almost as hard and as polished as stone, and scrupulously clean, as was everything within. In this clay floor a hole answered as a fireplace; for the nights at this altitude, even in May, are often very cold. On either side of the entrance, and just within the tent, stood guards, wild-looking Kurds in typical peasant costume, each bearing a Martini rifle, and wearing three or four cartridge-belts stuffed full of cartridges, and with the curved dagger of the country stuck in their wide sashes. But it was not these wild ruffians of tribal soldiery that attracted one's attention as one entered; for within, seated on a carpet at the right of the entrance, sat a man who, from his personal appearance and the manner in which he was dressed, made one oblivious of all else. In Baiz Aghá, for it was he, all that was best of the Kurd was apparent. Born of the greatest of all the Kurdish families of Persia, there flows in his veins as pure a blood as could be found anywhere; and this fact is apparent the moment that one sees his face. His skin is pale and fair, a tinge of colour being just apparent on either cheek, and the lips red. The face in form is oval and rather long, the nose slightly arched and very fine. His eyes, of deep black, point slightly up at the extremities, and are surrounded by dark eyelashes; while the eyebrows, if anything darker, are arched, and nearly meet over the nose. The mouth is delicate and rather more than ordinarily pink, the lips showing the shape of the

bow. A fine, almost imperceptible, moustache shaded his upper lip. In fact, it was a face of delicate refinement, lacking if anything in manliness—though this no doubt was owing somewhat to the fact that while the majority of the Kurds who surrounded him were sunburnt, his skin showed from its delicate pink and whiteness that he seldom exposed himself to the sun. To add to his handsome appearance, he wore upon his head a tall pointed cap of canary-yellow silk woven with a gold thread, while wound round it were the many-coloured silk scarves with which the Kurds delight to decorate themselves. In his case, as generally with the better-class Kurds, these consisted of handkerchiefs of dark claret-coloured silk, with here and there a narrow strip of colour or gold. A long coat of “crushed strawberry” satin, crossed over the breast, reached to his knees, bound at the waist by a wide sash of gold and white brocade. At the neck a finely edged cambric shirt was visible, and the sleeves of the same protruded from those of the satin coat, and hung in long points a yard or more upon the ground. In his belt were a dagger and a pipe. His legs were encased as far as the ankles in the huge baggy white trousers of the country, while his feet were bare, a pair of richly embroidered cloth slippers resting before him. Such was Baiz Aghá, a young man of perhaps five-and-twenty years of age, a chief of one of the most powerful tribes of all Persian Kurdistan.

Refusing the Aghá's kind invitation to spend the night in his camp, after partaking of refreshments, and resting ourselves and our horses a couple of hours, I set out once more on the road to Serdasht. Keeping to the bank of the Sheh Tchai for an hour or so,

we eventually turned off to the south, and following the course of a small tributary of the river, proceeded up its course until, the stream left behind, we reached the head of the pass at an altitude of only a little under 7000 feet.

Here it was that we first caught a glimpse of wild Kurdistan, for a view lay stretched out before us than which it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful. At our very feet sprang up a forest of oak-trees, here clinging to the rocky peaks and precipices that surrounded us, there, further below, rolling away in undulating curves along the lower hills that lay on each side of the river in the valley far beneath—and rocky peaks beyond. The sudden change from mountains on which little but grass existed to this rich forest-land was delightful. At our feet, far, far down below us, rolled the river Kalu, here wooded to its very banks, there turning and twisting in circuitous route amidst fields of young grain. Almost from the river-banks rose the foothills, partly swathed in forest, partly vivid green with crops or grass, but everywhere beautiful; and these foothills in turn gave place to densely wooded mountains, rising high into the clear blue sky, and ending in peaks of jagged rock and glistening snow. But it was not only the *tout ensemble* of this twenty miles or more of valley that lay before us that attracted all one's attention, for around us, peeping from the shade of the trees, were glades and flowers and flowering shrubs, pink and white and yellow with blossom. Tangled masses of roses and wild vines hung in festoons from the branches of the oaks, or trailed in jungle-like confusion along the ground. Here and there wide grassy glades opened out, sparsely wooded, and reminding one more of some grand

English park than of any scenery it had ever been my lot to see. Through these woods our path led us, descending steeply the while. At one moment the view was hid by boulders of spire-like rocks or by the dense growth of trees and shrubs, the next it would open out again, and the whole expanse of forest and valley and river, with the snow-peaks beyond, burst upon one. Once or twice a small band of Kurds were passed, gorgeous in coloured raiment, covered with arms, and singing the while, wishing a hearty welcome to the first European they had ever seen, as they were constantly assuring me that I was—for we had not chosen the more regular route from Sujbulak to Serdasht, but had, under the guidance of our cheerful Haji, come straight across the mountain tops, and struck the valley of the Kalu some twenty miles above the spot where the caravan-route crosses that river.

Half-way down the steep mountain-side we reached the deserted village of Parast, a large enough place, but with gaping doors and windows, inhabited now by only a few stray jackals. Under a grove of trees on the right of the road lies the graveyard, with its curiously carved headstones bearing strange pictures and devices—daggers and triangles and combinations of circles; a few white flags on long poles waved above some more recent graves. But in spite of the fact that Parast was abandoned, and its inhabitants had sought their summer quarters, a considerable quantity of the surrounding soil was under cultivation; and a mile or two farther on we passed a picturesque little village, with a stream tumbling through its midst, and turning many a water-wheel where these cultivators of the soil resided. It is no difficult matter to distinguish

at a glance amongst the Kurds who are the cultivators and who the shepherds, for the latter are the original tribesmen, bearing themselves like the robbers and warriors they are, while a sedentary life seems to have coarsened the features of the cultivator, and his activity and spirit are lost.

At the large village of Mamazina we stopped, at the invitation of the local sheikh—Maruf Aghá—and in the wide verandah of his house drank tea, while quite a little crowd collected without to see the strange sight of a European. Of the fifteen or twenty men who rose as I entered, in the polite Kurdish fashion, and who bade me welcome, there was not one who had seen a European before.

The house of Maruf Aghá being a typical residence of this part of Kurdistan, a few words of description may not be out of place. The material used in construction was, near the ground, stone loosely cemented by clay, while above large sun-dried mud bricks, coated without with clay, formed the walls. An excellent surface is obtained by the skilful laying on of this outer lining of much-puddled clay, and in places, such as round the windows, and in the many niches which take the place of cupboards in the rooms within, it bears a polished smooth appearance. The house was square and of one storey in height, though being built upon the slope of the hill, and the floor laid level with the highest portion of the ground, steps were necessary to reach the rooms from without at the front. The centre of this side of the house consisted of a deep verandah, with rooms at either end; a small stairway, some three or four feet in height, gave access to this verandah, which in turn opened into the rooms at either end and be-

hind. All these rooms apparently possessed windows, though but little light was admitted, as the window-frames were carefully pasted over with paper, the substitute for glass, so necessary in the intense cold of winter. In summer the verandah, open in front to the air, seems to be the sole part of the house in use, with the exception of a kitchen, and a room or two where the women attend to their household duties. The floor of the verandah was of puddled clay, hard and clean, and generally strewn with matting and rugs of thick felt. In the centre is the recess in which the fire is lit, a few embers generally being kept red-hot for the brewing of tea in the *samovars* and the lighting of pipes. Usually, only the residence of the head-man of the village possesses a verandah of such extent as that we found in the house of Maruf Aghá, which must have measured some 40 feet in length by 15 in breadth. The traveller could find no more welcome shelter anywhere than in the shade of these enclosed balconies, for the hot sun never penetrates within, the roof projecting several feet above the stout wooden poles that support it, and all through the writer's travels in Kurdistan hospitality and rest were never refused by the owners of these better-class residences. The remainder of the houses of the village seldom boast such luxuries as are enumerated above, though many are of considerable size. Adjoining each is an enclosure of wattle, the fence being often 8 or 10 feet in height, into which the flocks and herds are driven of a night as protection against the wolves which abound throughout these mountain districts.

A hour or two's rest with Maruf Aghá, and we descended once again by the steep path to

the valley of the Kalu below us. The snows of the mountains were fast melting at the approach of summer, and we found the wide river rushing past in a manner by no means reassuring; but quite a number of Kurds had been sent down by their chief to help us across. These, stripped naked, seized our horses by the bridles, dragging them over to a stony island in the centre of the stream. Then began the difficult work, and one and all undressed, despatching our clothing and scanty baggage across first in charge of the vigorous mountaineers, who, by crossing three at a time, and steadying one another, were able to breast the current. Our saddles were then taken over in the same manner; and lastly, mounting our bare-backed horses, we dashed into the stream, to reach, after many a struggle and many a stumble, the other bank in safety. Mohammed, my Arab, like myself, enjoyed the sport, as the naked Kurds with shouts and blows drove our horses before them, laughing and yelling the while; but Yusef, my Tabriz Turki, clung to the mane of his steed, mumbling his prayers and white with fear, as abject a picture of terror as ever I saw, and a mark for ribald sarcasm on the part of our hardy mountaineer guides. Arrived on the further shore, we were not long in saddling our horses and dressing ourselves, and, bidding farewell to Maruf Aghá's men, we proceeded on our way.

No words of mine can describe the beauty of that afternoon's ride along the bank of the Kalu river. The wide valley lay before us, its lower slopes here green with rising grain, here clustered with groves of trees. One minute we were proceeding through open fields, amongst hedges of roses, the next under the deep shade of forest

trees, whose branches, interwoven over our heads, allowed only fitful rays of sunlight to reach the soil below. Everywhere clusters of creepers, roses, and wild-vines hung from the trunks and branches above, or trailed along the ground in dense undergrowth. Here and there the whole hillside was yellow with lemon-coloured dog-roses, or pink and white with the same sweet flowers, while every glade, every bank, was gay with a thousand blossoms. To our left, slightly below us, the river flowed, its wide open channel turning and twisting amongst green fields and groves of trees. As a background to this sylvan scene rose the mountains of dense forest, towering far into the afternoon sky, to end here in peaks of jagged precipices and rocks, there in wooded domes, and beyond in the unmelted snows of the past winter. Nor was life wanting to add a charm to the already perfect scene—for cattle lowed as they grazed on the hill-sides, and the bleating of herds and flocks, and the soft pipes of the shepherd boy, broke upon the air. Here and there a peasant was ploughing, goading on his oxen with deep cries, which distance rendered soft and low. Birds sang everywhere, and great butterflies passed idly to and fro upon the wing—less gorgeous perhaps than the bodies of horsemen who passed us now and again, decked out in coloured silks, and their horses in tassels and cords of brilliant wools. A cheery welcome one and all had for us as they cantered past, their many belts of cartridges and the barrels of their rifles flashing in the sunlight.

Toward sunset, under the direction of the Haji from Sujbulak, we turned aside up one of the many wooded gorges that opened into the main valley, and half an hour

later were seated in the wide verandah of the mosque of Benavila, with a stream of crystal-clear water tumbling at our feet, and a view of forest and valley and mountain that it would be difficult to surpass. But what was perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the hearty reception that met us. No shyness, no holding back; a dozen men to undo our saddle-bags, a dozen more bringing fresh green grass for our horses. Trays of food and bowls of milk from this house, a big platter of bread and butter from that, and a welcome from every one—all gaiety and laughter and pleasure; for the Kurd is the happiest and most contented creature in the world, in these high mountains of Persian Kurdistan, where the Shah's rule is purely nominal, and the old tribal system exists to-day as it did amongst the same people who held these mountains when Babylon was built. No European had ever been seen here before, though some of the villagers had seen a traveller or two at Serdasht, the little town we were on our way to visit; yet there was no curiosity, no wearying questions, though all the village, male and female, collected to look, standing open-eyed outside the rail of the balcony of the mosque while we sat chatting within to the head-men of the village. Good, cheery, handsome fellows they were, ready to answer all my questions as to their country, their ways and customs—hiding nothing, proud of their freedom, despising the Persian rule, good Moslems, but free from all fanaticism, and merry withal. When I think of the long dreary evenings I have spent after hard days of travel in other lands, I look back with unmingled pleasure and regret to those moonlit nights which I passed in the least accessible portion of Persian Kurdistan,

in country that the Persian authorities had refused me permission to visit on account of its dangers!

As we were supping, the shrill sound of wooden pipes was heard, and my hosts told me that I was to witness the native dancing, a little festival having been arranged in my honour. So with a lantern we wandered to the centre of the village, where the voices and laughter of the young men and girls told us the dance was to take place.

The performers had already drawn themselves up in line when I arrived, and a minute later the shrill notes of the pipe gave the signal for the dancing to commence. Some score of young men and women stood shoulder to shoulder, clasping hands, the line forming a crescent. At the given signal, the clapping of his hands by a youth who stood in front of the semicircle of performers, the dance commenced, the entire line of men and women stepping slowly forward and then back again, each pace being taken a little to the right, so that a rotating movement was given to the string of dancers. As the music quickened so did the pace, and at each step the body from the waist upwards was bent forward and drawn back. Nor were the steps themselves the same, for the youth who gave the time ran up and down the line clapping his hands and singing and shouting out directions and changes. The principal feature of the dance seemed to be the bringing down of the right foot smartly upon the ground at intervals, when hand in hand the whole company remained with their bodies bent for a second or two, to spring back into position again at a fresh blow of the pipes. Meanwhile, the slow rotating movement was maintained, so that the entire body were circling round the musicians. What laughter and

fun there was! Men and girls giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their national dance, which, graceful and exhilarating, bore no trace of the sensual movements which usually mark the art of dancing in the East. One cannot speak too highly of the freedom allowed to the women of Kurdistan—a freedom that seems seldom if ever to be abused, for amongst these wild mountain people the moral standard is very high; only in the towns do they seem to have sunk to the level of the Persian and the Turk. Here in these far-removed districts the old severe penalties have not disappeared, and adultery is still today punished by death.

The plateau of Serdasht was reached in the course of next day, at an elevation of over 4700 feet above the sea-level, near the summit of the mountains that form the western side of the Kalu valley.

At first there is nothing to be seen of the little town, the plateau being apparently devoid of any houses, though the number of people moving to and fro spoke of the proximity of human habitations. It is not in fact until one has approached closely that one can distinguish the place, for so low are the houses, and to such an extent are the mud roofs grown over with grass, that Serdasht, at 200 yards' distance, resembles merely a succession of green mounds. But when one has entered its few poor streets, one finds that, small as it is, the place seems a tolerably flourishing little township, with its two squares of shops, and its Government House, with its guard of soldiers. As in all the other parts of outlying Kurdistan, the officials are Kurds, for the Shah knows well enough that any attempt to force a Persian governor upon these wild hillmen would end unsatisfactorily

for himself, and still more for the governor in question, whose life would not be worth an hour or two's purchase. But the mountaineers are willing enough to be placed under the governorship of one of their hereditary Aghás—who in turn owns allegiance and pays a small sum in lieu of taxes to the imperial coffers at Teheran. No doubt the great hatred existing between the Kurds on one part and the Persians and Turkis of Persia is a religious one, for the simple Sunni creed of the former is antagonistic on every point to the Sheiya belief of the latter—and in this the Kurd is infinitely to be preferred; for while the fanatical and despicable Persian or Turki refuses even a drink of water to a European, the Kurd receives him as a fellow-man, entertains him, takes him into his house, and even puts him up in his mosques.

There is but little to see in Serdasht beyond the picturesque figures in its streets, for here the Kurd is found at his best; handsome in feature and dress, armed to the teeth with rifle, pistol, and dagger, encircled with three, and sometimes four, belts of rifle-cartridges, and gay in coloured silks. Lazy good-natured fellows these clansmen seem to be, sauntering to and fro, laughing and chatting with every one, amused at little, and happy and contented at their lot in the high mountains and forests of Kurdistan; believing that there is no country like their own, and no people like themselves, seldom, if ever, travelling, suspicious of wandering even a score of miles from their villages, and homesick even then; thinking every man their enemy out of Kurdistan, and receiving every man as a friend within its boundaries; hospitable to the few Europeans they ever see, but strong in

the belief that they would be murdered if they ever went to Europe. Half villains, half children, confiding and simple in their manners and conversation, brave and vindictive in their warfare,—a race of men who, since the days when Herodotus wrote of them, have changed in nothing but their religion; and cheery, delightful fellows withal, making night merry with their songs and laughter, and passing the day in idleness or sport. Such are the Kurds of Persian Kurdistan.

I was fortunate enough to be at Serdasht while the wedding-feast of one of the governor's lieutenants was taking place, and all the shops were closed and the people a-merry-making, music and dancing being the order of the day. The festivities took place upon a green glade only a minute or two's walk from the entrance of the little town; and a gorgeous throng of people it was that I found collected there in the afternoon, for men and women were in holiday attire, rich in silks and brocades. The girls in their long gowns of gold-threaded silk, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, the long plaits of black hair falling over their shoulders and down their backs, their necks and foreheads hung with coins and ornaments, were scarcely more brilliant than the men, who, with loose baggy white trousers and coats of brilliantly striped silks, with their jackets of white felt and gorgeous silk turbans and peaked caps, their skilfully wound sashes of many colours, and their embroidered shoes, were pictures of oriental dandyism. How they all laughed and shouted as they danced to the music of the pipes and drums in the bright afternoon sunlight!

With regard to the feast that was taking place, one amusing in-

cident was brought to my notice. One of my horses had lost a shoe, and I sent Yusef to find the smith. He returned shortly to state that the only shoemaker in the place was in prison, because he had forbidden his wife to go and dance with the rest of the merry-makers. On his release, a few hours later, he came to shoe the horse. He was an elderly, ill-visaged man, and his wife, I heard, young and beautiful; and so great was his jealousy that he had forbidden her to join her fellow-townspople in their innocent diversions. But the report had reached the governor's ears, and he soon turned the tables upon the ill-conditioned husband by securely putting him under lock and key in the town jail, while his wife danced to her heart's content upon the village green.

I had hoped from Serdasht to have been able to cross the Turkish frontier, which lies within a few miles of this spot, and obtain some insight into the manners and customs of the Kurds under Turkish jurisdiction; but so unpromising were the reports I obtained as to affairs in the strip of country that owns neither Persian nor Turkish influence that I was obliged to decide not to attempt it. With but purely nominal authority on either side of these frontier mountains, it is little to be wondered at that the tribes who inhabit the rocky ranges engage in every kind of pillage and tribal warfare, for should the Turks take it into their head to interfere, they have always Persian territory at hand to seek refuge in, and *vice versa*. Only a few days before a small caravan had been pillaged of all its merchandise, and the men stripped of even their scanty clothing, and now all Serdasht was preparing for a foray of revenge. Under these circum-

stances, it would have been madness to proceed; so after a day's rest in the pleasant little town, I turned my horses' heads away from the frontier, descending by a gorge even more lovely than that we had climbed up to Serdasht, and a few hours later reached the Kulu river, some twenty miles below where we had forded it a few days previously. Here our difficulties began, for the river is larger and swifter here than where we had forded it; and although a small raft, supported on inflated skins, is there to carry one and one's baggage over the rapids, it is by no means a safe or a sure method of making the passage, nor, on account of its frail construction, can one's horses be tied to it to swim the stream. Unsaddling in mid-stream on a stony island to which we had been able with some difficulty to ford, we drove the three horses into the water, while we packed ourselves and our belongings on to the tiny raft, which made its first journey in safety, landing Mohammed and Yusef and some of our scanty baggage on the farther side, and then returned for me and the saddles. Meanwhile the horses, delighted with their baths, took to fighting, and, instead of swimming across to the further bank, recrossed the portion of the river we had already manoeuvred, and quietly took to grazing on the bank. This exasperating situation was eventually, however, bettered by our good Haji of Sujbulak, who, although he had been so long absent upon his pilgrimage, had so far refused to leave us. Owing to his exertions, the three steeds were eventually driven across, and after a couple of hours' delay caught and saddled on the further bank.

A butterfly youth in a pink silk coat and gorgeous turban, with about half a hundredweight

of cartridges about his person, had been sent by the Governor of Serdasht to show us the way, and strode on with light and airy step before our little cavalcade. Poor Yusef, my Tabriz Turki servant, who had entered Kurdistan in fear and trembling, had by this period become a sort of jelly with terror; for a more cowardly set of people than the inhabitants of Tabriz it would be difficult to imagine. Every Kurd he imagined to be a robber, and every rifle was on the point of being aimed at him! Continually mumbling his prayers, he rode along gazing to right and left, and seeking a place of refuge behind Mohammed or myself at every imaginary danger. To the Persians and Turkis the Kurd is a sort of "bogey-man," used for frightening children and even grown-up people; but were the two former races to adopt a few of the traits of the latter a better state of things would exist, for in place of the immoral, cowardly, lying, and corrupt state in which Persians and Turkis exist to-day, a little truth-telling and manliness, a little patriotism and morality, would appear, where not a grain of any is to be found to-day.

Early in the afternoon of next day a deep gorge had to be crossed, and at this spot we encountered the most difficult and fatiguing piece of road we had as yet come across. Riding was out of the question, and we dismounted to lead our horses down the zigzag track that takes one to the bottom of the ravine. The descent was of some 1300 feet, for the most part over slippery soil of loose shales, which gave under the horses' feet. Often we had to hurry our steeds across long slides of this soft material, which seemed to have slipped from higher up on the mountain-side. But in spite of the fact that great care was necessitated in suc-

cessfully accomplishing the descent, one had ample opportunity to admire the grandeur of the scenery. Except where the shale-falls were heaviest, the whole sides of the ravine were thickly overgrown with forest, principally oak-trees, and their stout trunks and grasping roots gave us far more secure foothold than we should otherwise have found. It was wonderful to see our guide, born and bred upon such roads as these, as he skipped from boulder to boulder, singing the while and twisting his rifle above his head, or throwing it into the air to catch it again as it fell. Arrived at the bottom, we refreshed our dry throats at the stream that poured down between the almost perpendicular walls of forest and rock, and rested for a while in the shade of the luxuriant vegetation that lined the little river's banks. In many places creepers, roses, and vines stretched from tree to tree over the clear pools and tiny rapids of the rivulet.

Then the ascent: as steep as where we had descended, a climb of a couple of hours through forest and over rocks and shale,—tiring and hot, it is true, but repaying in every step all the fatigue we suffered, for every moment between the trees there opened up some new and lovely prospect of the gorge and the great rock and snow peaks beyond, where it joined the valley of the Kalu.

An hour further on we reached the large village of Siana, lying in the centre of a large declivity in the hills which was probably once a lake. Two large mounds in the vicinity mark, so the natives say, the site of two old cities; and there seems to be some truth in what they state, for I was able to purchase a small number of coins and engraved stones and

seals in the village. The people set no value at all upon antiquities, and protracted travel in these mountain districts of Kurdistan would, I feel sure, well repay the antiquarian.

The day of leaving Siana we reached Bana, a picturesque little town nestling at the foot of high mountains in a circular valley. Here the same hospitality as I have recorded elsewhere was shown me, and under the guidance of the governor, a pleasant young Kurd, some sports were got up for my amusement, and the afternoon was given up to dancing, partridge-fighting, and shooting at targets, at the latter of which the natives are most proficient. But what to me was the most curious of all the sights of Bana were the gunsmiths, who from raw iron imported from Russia, and without any machinery, can turn out by hand really excellent Martini rifles, firing regulation ammunition; and these they can sell at from £2, 10s. to £4 sterling! I sat for a long time watching these men at work, and one could not help admiring their dexterity and the skill with which they manufactured and fitted all the parts of the rifle, which when completed bore not only every resemblance to the real article, but even the stamps of the Prussian and Turkish firms that manufacture them. This art is entirely self-taught, and originated absolutely from copying the genuine article. That the rifled barrels are capable of good direction I can answer myself, as I was witness to some really excellent shooting at 200 to 400 yards with these same hand-made weapons.

Here, again, at Bana all idea of pushing into Turkish Kurdistan was quickly at an end, for at the time of my stay in the little town a large body of influential Kurds were there from over the frontier

to try and arrange a settlement of the interminable feuds that existed amongst the tribes, and they pointed out to me once for all how dangerous any attempt to push through during the absence of the chief men would be. There remained only to once more abandon my idea, and proceed on my travels further into Persian territory.

But soon after leaving Bana I found that the true Kurd was being left behind, and that as I proceeded east toward law-abiding Persian territory the people presented few of the many attractions of their wilder kinsmen in the mountains. It is true hospitality was often offered me, but money as often demanded in return,—a thing unknown amongst the true hillmen, whom one can only repay by small presents of knives or silk handkerchiefs or suchlike; and many signs of corrupt Persian rule were apparent on every side. Poverty and squalor became daily more common, and the peasant, Kurd though he was, became almost identical with the spirit-crushed Turki of the shores of Lake Urumiyah.

Two days after leaving Bana I reached Sakiz, on the highroad from Sujbulak to Sinna—the capital of Persian Kurdistan—and three days thence of travel over bare elevated plateaux brought me to that charming city, than which in all my travels, I think I can say, I have seen few I liked better.

It is not only that Sinna enjoys a delicious and healthy climate and an exquisite situation, but there is something also about the bright little city, with its handsome bazaars and its surroundings of gardens, that is extraordinarily attractive. I quickly found lodgings, after my arrival, in the house of a certain Roman Catholic Nes-

torian, or Chaldaean as he would be properly called, who soon arranged a most comfortable, even luxurious, apartment for myself, and stabling for my three horses. A good fellow he was, too, in his way, a fanatical Christian, making the sign of the cross at all moments, muttering his prayers at all hours, and living, as it did not take one long to discover, in absolutely disreputable immorality. In this, however, he was typical of the greater part of his co-religionists in Persia, who seem to have adopted all the vices of the Persian, to which they add not a few of their own. In fact the Oriental Christian is a strange creature, a hot-bed of immorality and deceit, with a deep-rooted fanaticism and hatred of all other creeds. My friend at Sinna told me with uplifted eyes that he had never missed a Sunday or a Saint's-day from church for fourteen years—and yet!—but enough.

But if the town of Sinna proves attractive to the traveller, how much more so do the environs, for on almost every side lie groves of trees and great orchards, amongst which one can wander at will. It is from these gardens that the best view of the town is to be obtained. Crossing a ravine in which one of the streams that bring water to the town runs, one climbs by a steep path on the opposite bank, past some brick-kilns, to the woods beyond. Here, under the shade of great walnut-trees, the pleasure-loving townsmen have built a small *café*, a mere hut of mud bricks, with a levelled terrace in front of it, bright with flowers in pots, and cooled by a tiny fountain that splashes in its basin. Here we used to sit and drink the sweet Persian tea, looking at the view before us. And what a view it was up that wooded

ravine, with the gardens on the left and the town rising tier above tier on the right, until the whole was crowned by the handsome palace of the governor,—a very Acropolis in its situation.

Sinna, like all Persian towns, is built of mud and brick; but somehow the same ruin that one sees elsewhere is not noticeable here. It may be that the material used in the construction of the houses is better; but I put it down rather to the spirit of the people, for the Kurd is twenty times as energetic as the Persian or the Turki. One never tired of that little garden amongst the tall trees, with its panorama of town and woods and ravine before one, with its hedges of brilliant yellow roses and its trellises of shady vine. Nor was the view all that was to be seen here, for ever and anon passed by troops of mounted Kurds, gorgeous in coloured silks, riding handsome little horses with brilliant trappings; and the *café*, too, was ever a haunt of the dandies of the place, whose clean white clothes and silk coats, whose curly well-brushed hair and waxed moustaches, whose many turbans of dark silks, added a truly oriental touch to the scene. Nor were the bazaars less interesting, with their long arcades of domes and arches, and their shops full of all the merchandise of East and West; for Sinna is a thoroughly commercial place, and perhaps, for its size and population, one of the most flourishing towns in Persia. Leading off from the bazaars are large caravan-serais, great open courts surrounded by highly decorated buildings, often of great size and no mean architecture — every court, too,

with its tank of running water in the centre.

High up the hill behind the governor's palace stands the old mosque of the town, with a façade of tiling to which I saw none to compare in my travels in Persia. The exquisite blending of colour, the long interwoven Arabic inscriptions, the little panels of Persian roses, the dark flowing designs on white backgrounds, formed altogether a piece of decorative work that it would be difficult to surpass. Within the mosque there is but little to see. This one great archway, with its shady recesses and the two blue minarets, present all that there is of great beauty.

From Sinna I struck south to Kermanshahan, and except that the first night we lost our way and were obliged to sleep in the open, after passing over a most dangerous piece of road in pitch darkness, there is but little to narrate of the journey. On the third morning we reached the town, celebrated almost more from the fact that near it are some of the finest rock-sculptures in Persia than for any attractions or importance of its own. A rest of a few days, and then the weary ride of over two hundred miles to Baghdad,—no light labour in the middle of June, when the heat on the plains is intense. But seven days—or rather seven nights—of travel brought us to our destination, tired, it is true, but none the worse; and here for the first time since leaving Tabriz early in May I found myself once more in touch with Europe and amongst Europeans in the city of the Caliphs.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

LAND IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT LEGISLATE ?

WHAT will the Government do about the Highland Land Question? Leave it alone, is the answer that readily springs to the lips; and if the Government had been weak these words would perhaps convey the wisest counsel. It is, however, not easy to leave it alone, because those supporters of the Government who have the best right to speak have pledged themselves to deal with it, and the Leader of the House of Commons has at all events committed himself to the policy of doing something. Something, then, must be done: what is it to be? We have discussed this matter on various occasions in the pages of '*Maga*,' and do not intend, as is the too frequent practice, to begin over again with the origin of the clan system, examine the relations of the clansmen to the chief, trace the rise of the crofter to the kelp industry and his fall to the potato-disease. All these things, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of countless Commissions, and have they not filled to repletion the columns of the press?

It is, however, a fitting time to recur to the subject. The Crofters Commission, appointed to revise rents under the Act of 1885, has come practically to the end of their work, and the value of that work can be fairly gauged; the Land League, which at one time exercised immense power, is distraught with internecine feuds, and has ceased to command adherence or respect. Two of the greatest

Highland counties, Inverness-shire and Argyllshire, have returned Conservative members, dismissing in their favour advanced Land Leaguers. The two northern burghal constituencies, the Inverness and Wick Burghs, also return Unionists. Sir George Trevelyan, the ideal agitator's Minister, after spending two years and much money on an inquiry by a Royal Commission, produced a bill which, it must be assumed, is the very best bill Radical ingenuity can devise; this Commission has issued an elaborate Report, and certain of the Commissioners have independently published a scheme of land purchase as a solution of the question. Lastly, the weak Home Rule Government is replaced by a strong Unionist Government, — strong enough to be just, strong enough to be fearless.

To clear the way, it must be stated as shortly as possible what the Crofters Commission, acting under the Act of 1885, has done. It has fixed what are called "Fair Rents"; it has reduced arrears; it has enlarged holdings, and given certain minor directions as to management and discipline under the amending Act of 1887. The figures given are taken from the Reports issued from 1887 to 1894 inclusive, and give the aggregate work done during that period. A few decisions have been issued in the current year; but these have not yet been reported to Parliament, and are, indeed, utterly insignificant in number:—

To Dec. 31.	No. of Holdings.	Old Rent.	Fair Rent.	Decrease.	Percentage of Reduction.
1887 . .	1,767	£12,457	£8,617	£3,840	30.82
1888 . .	2,185	11,882	8,380	3,502	29.47
1889 . .	3,425	16,162	11,453	4,709	29.13
1890 . .	1,963	9,775	6,764	3,011	30.80
1891 . .	2,339	8,789	6,652	2,137	24.31
1892 . .	1,477	8,767	6,138	2,629	29.99
1893 . .	1,012	5,309	4,146	1,163	21.89
1894 . .	540	2,292	2,056	236	10.27
Total . .	<u>14,708</u>	<u>£75,433</u>	<u>£54,206</u>	<u>£21,227</u>	<u>28.14</u>

The number of applications to be dealt with as at December 31, 1894, besides appeals, is stated in the Report to be quite insignificant—only 281.

The total amount of arrears reported to the Commission was £182,025
 The amount ordered to be paid 59,014
 The amount cancelled 123,011
 Percentage cancelled 67.52

With regard to applications for enlargement of holdings, 59 have been accepted, 30 withdrawn, and 122 dismissed. The work of the Commission has been discharged at a cost to the country of £71,882, including the estimate for the current financial year.

There are four points to emphasise before passing from this branch of the subject.

1. The percentage of reduction of rent in the case of small holdings is less than has been the case with large. The valuation rolls conclusively prove that where prices required a fall the fall came by the inevitable reduction of demand. A few instances may be cited in illustration. A farm rented up to ten or twelve years ago at £750 now pays £357, another at £700 pays £350, another at £710 pays £320, another at £1260 pays £650, another at £1520 pays £800. More than this, in many cases the rent given in the valuation roll is only nominal, the land being in the owner's hands. Sheep-

farms have not fallen less than 40 per cent in a free and open market. It is therefore very evident that the original rents of the small tenants were not on the whole unfairly high, and analogy suggests that rents in small holdings as in large would have come down without the machinery of a Land Court.

2. The rate of reduction in arrears has been double that in rents. Many of these arrears were nominally retained on the estate-books, and never would have been enforced; but others were artificially created by refusal to pay anything after the Act had passed, with the express and, in some cases, avowed determination to allow so big a bill to accumulate that the Commission might write it off in despair. It is in this particular that the administration of the Act has been most injurious, for it has been utterly haphazard, based on no sense or principle, and has in effect given advantages to thriftlessness and neglect withheld from honest industry.

3. Enlargements of holdings have not to any considerable extent been practicable. It has been alleged that this is due to cumbersome reservations in the Act; but this theory is inconsistent with the bill brought in last session by Sir George Trevelyan, which does not relax in any really important particular the existing regulations.

4. The average holding, for a man whose ambition is to live on

it and by it, is so small that misery must ensue. The average rent of all the crofts, as fixed by the Commission, is £3, 13s. 8d. over the whole country, and in the congested districts very much lower.

Now, these figures give a fair idea of the existing position,—a population living on crofts or petty farms for which an average rent of less than £4 is paid, in a country where there are no manufactures and no local employment worth considering, — and what makes the matter more serious is that the ideal state of the occupants of these holdings is to live on them and by them, without the necessity of seeking work for wages. There is no county in Britain, not even the most favoured by soil and climate, where life on land fairly rented at such a figure would be possible. No marvel, therefore, that it is found to be impossible in the stormy north; but the result of similar economic facts do not in the Highlands produce the ordinary effect. Men do not readily relinquish their life of hardship and seek a brighter opening elsewhere, but insist that an opening shall be found for them where they are. This is the whole trouble.

People forget that wealth and prosperity depend not on the resources of a country being absolutely great, but on their being great in proportion to the number of people depending on them. The ratable value of the poorest parish is enough to maintain in average comfort a population of a few hundreds; but when an equal number of thousands seek to live within its borders, the result is misery. In the Lothians work is fairly plentiful and wages are fairly good, because the value of lands and mines and factories is

considerable in comparison with the numbers who have to live by them; but if the population were suddenly to increase and the wealth to remain stationary, suffering would commence. The only effective remedy, therefore, is to adjust the population to the wealth, by increasing the latter, or, as a last resort, by decreasing the former.

This being the condition of the country, it is time to examine shortly what the patient asks for and what the various doctors recommend. First, the people ask for new land and more land, to be taken from others and given to them under legislative authority. They admit, however, that land alone is not enough; they have, as a class, no money to build or fence and buy stock, and the capital for these things must be found by others. This position might be proved by countless references to the evidence of crofter delegates; but it is needless to elaborate a point which is admitted equally by all parties and all interests. To this the landlords reply in effect: that they are in search of solvent and capable tenants, and would be well pleased to divide large farms among small occupants; but that they will not and ought not to let land to men who lack either the capital or the skill to do it justice. It may not be the fault of the crofters that they have few savings, that their stock is inferior, and that they are but ill qualified to compete in management with large tenants; but the fact is not gainsaid, and the landlords are consulting not only their own interests but the ultimate good of the inhabitants in refusing to cover the country with tenants who are poor and at least comparatively inexperienced.

It would hardly be fair to

saddle the people of the Highlands with the follies and extravagances of the moribund Land League. It may, however, be worth while to record in a sentence the demands put forward by them at their recent meeting at Inverness, if only to show how vain it would be to look for practical help from these self-constituted spokesmen of discontent:—

“The inherent and historic rights of the Highland people to their native soil” must be recognised. Access to all the land scheduled by the Deer Forests Commission is to be given on “terms consistent with the Highland people’s past history and present condition.” The people’s “natural and inalienable right to the land, the storehouse and source of all wealth, should take precedence of every other question, and that the values of land which are the product of the collective effort of the community should be used for behoof of the community.” Separate Parliaments and executives are to be established for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. So say the eighty gentlemen who were induced to appear at Inverness; and they ask those trifles with perfect unanimity, without apparently a suspicion that their programme as an engine to increase the wealth and happiness of the people is absurd. Councillors who indulge in rodomontade of this description are no help to any Government, and a serious hindrance to the poor people in whose interests they affect to speak.

Now comes Sir George Trevelyan, his Royal Commission, their Report, and finally the Crofters’ Holdings Bill of 1895. Following the self-denying ordinance, which space obliges us to adopt,

that no words must be spent on the past, we pass over the genesis of this extraordinary Commission, containing out of eight members four of the hottest-headed partisans of the Land League, and its weary proceedings, which endured for more than two years, and cost the country £11,174. The Report, however, must be examined, since it forms an important element in the problem. The Commissioners were charged to inquire “whether any, and if any what, land in the [Highland] counties now occupied for the purposes of a deer-forest, grouse-moor, or other sporting purposes, or for grazing, not in the occupation of crofters or other small tenants, is capable of being cultivated to profit, or otherwise advantageously occupied by crofters or other small tenants.” There was only one way of reading these instructions consistently with common-sense. Clearly the Commissioners were desired to work out a scheme complete in all its details, showing how suitable lands might be acquired, and how small tenants might be advantageously placed upon them, equipped so as to give some prospect of social and commercial success; or if, after two years’ inquiry, they could not report such a scheme to be feasible, to have the honesty to say so. Anything less was waste of labour, for all knew before the Commission was constituted that there is plenty of land on which people could settle, if the difficulties of settlement are placed on one side. The Commissioners have left the difficulties on one side with a vengeance. They issue maps, showing 794,750 acres, coloured yellow, as suitable for new holdings, with corresponding pasture; 439,188 acres, coloured pink, to be used for extensions of existing holdings; and 548,847 acres,

coloured brown, for occupation by small farmers beyond the £30 limit—1,782,785 acres in all. The enormity of these figures is in itself sufficient evidence that no accurate examination of these lands could have taken place; and it is a fact, publicly asserted and never contradicted, that in some cases lands were scheduled without ever having been seen.

In throwing open—so to speak—this vast area to the cupidity of the landless, the Report says: the tenants must be “possessed of the means requisite to equip and stock the holding”; they must be “selected with care”; they must “only be called on to pay a ‘fair rent,’ using these words in a statutory sense”; they must possess a “good quality” of stock; “questions which might arise with the owners of lands scheduled” or with occupants who would be ejected are purposely left without discussion. This last sentence is the key to the Report. No points of real trouble are discussed, still less solved. The tenants must possess means, but unhappily they don’t; obstacle No. 1—pass it by. They cannot pay more than a “statutory fair rent,” which is clearly something less than a true fair rent. Who is to bridge over the difference? obstacle No. 2—pass it by. They must possess a good quality of stock, but the little stock they do possess is sadly inferior; obstacle No. 3—pass it by. Lands are to be taken from solvent tenants contrary to their owners’ wish, if the former demand compensation or the latter protest; obstacle No. 4—pass it by, do not even discuss it. Unfortunately, however, we cannot stop here and dismiss the Commission and all their works as merely tedious and prac-

tically useless: they have proved to be very potent for harm. It is clearly better for the country and for the Highland people that land should be occupied by farmers, even by great farmers, than by nobody at all. But the immediate effect of the publication of this Report with its patchwork maps has been that those occupying coloured lands are scared away, and those who thought of entering on occupation are deterred by the fear that they may be ejected with loss and discomfort, irrespective of the terms of their lease. Lapse of time and calmer consideration will show that these fears are ill-founded, for no Parliament would dare to act with the recklessness of the Commission; but it is an unhappy fact that while this Report has not placed a single poor crofter one inch nearer a new holding, it has frightened away the solvent existing or potential tenant.

A detailed scheme of land purchase has indeed been put forward by three members of the Royal Commission, Mr M. H. Shaw Stewart, Mr James Forsyth, and Mr George Gordon. This scheme provides for the compulsory purchase of land at 20 years’ purchase of the fair net rental. The price is to be raised by the County Council on a Government guarantee of 3 per cent, and further capital for draining, fencing, and building is to be obtained in the same way, but no assistance is to be given for stocking. The plan would be set in motion by any body of applicants who desired to occupy a given block of land, and who could satisfy the County Council that they had capital to stock the land, and were able to pay a fair rent, including interest on outlays. This

demand made, the conditions fulfilled, the landlord must sell, the County Council must buy, and the Government must find the money, or, what is the same thing, guarantee it. Further, when the land so taken is under lease the tenant of the farm may be entitled to compensation; but this is not to be made, in any degree, a burden on the land: it is to be provided by a direct grant from Parliament. A more startling proposition deletes without compensation a provision which finds a place in nearly every Highland lease, greatly to the sitting tenant's advantage. The landlord is held bound to take over the sheep stock at a valuation on the conclusion of the lease; the tenant bought the stock on the same principle, and both legally and morally he is entitled to dispose of it on the same terms. Sheep stock are habitually valued at a price very materially higher than they would fetch if sold in the market, and the difference between the value they have as acclimatised to the farm and as so many head at market, it is proposed to confiscate at a stroke of the pen. The County Council are to have power to sell the land thus acquired to the new occupants; but this is subsidiary to the main scheme, which contemplates ownership by the County Council, who would exercise all a landlord's duties and have all his responsibilities. The difference would be that a landlord's property is generally in one or, at most, in two or three blocks, while the County Council would be landlord of dots and parcels in every direction—if the scheme was a success—of many score, perhaps hundreds, scattered over every parish in the county. As, however, no help is given in the purchase of stock, the scheme

must be inoperative wherever the need is greatest.

That these criticisms on the work of the Deer Forests Commission are not unduly severe is proved by the terms of the bill introduced by Sir George Trevelyan. He had postponed attempts at legislation month by month and year by year, on the ground that he must look to the Report for guidance; and when the Report appeared he ignored it utterly, made no effort to utilise the lands so liberally scheduled, or to overcome the difficulties which the Commissioners had thrown back on the Government as too hard for them.

The "Crofters' Holdings Bill, 1895," prepared and brought in by Sir George Trevelyan, the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and Mr Munro-Ferguson, the result of three years' incubation, the supreme effort and ultimate policy of the Gladstonian Ministry, contemplated nothing further than (1) the inclusion of petty leaseholders within the technical definition of a crofter; (2) some minor amendments of construction of the old Act as to lands available for extension of holdings; (3) the erection of various other counties, many of them Lowland, as "crofter" counties. The first does not touch those districts where congestion has made the land question acute, for there are no leases; the second, as stated by Mr Balfour, "would not be of the slightest benefit either to the cottar or small crofter;" the third would establish a form of land-tenure of grotesque absurdity over half Scotland, but would obviously do nothing to satisfy land-hunger in the congested districts of the Highland counties.

The answer by the people to Sir George Trevelyan, to the weary

Commission, and to the bill introduced by the late Government, was the return of Mr Baillie for Inverness-shire, Mr Nicol for Argyllshire, and Sir R. Finlay for the Inverness Burghs, together with Sir John Pender's re-election for the Northern Burghs. Thus did Sir George Trevelyan and his land bill collapse; but the Unionist members for these constituencies propounded a policy which was, on the whole, favourably received, and which they will certainly press on the attention of Parliament. Will this in its turn hold water? Is it sound, is it adequate?

Mr Baillie summed up his policy in a few words:—

"I propose that a land-purchase Act should be passed for the crofter districts, based on the principle of the Irish Ashbourne Acts of 1885 and 1888, and the land-purchase Act of 1891. . . . The great central feature is this, that the land which you hold and cultivate in tenancy is transferred to you in property, and becomes your own, subject to an annual payment for a limited number of years. This payment is less by a good deal than your previous annual rent. . . . I think it is along this line that the real remedy for your existing difficulties is to be found; and I declare myself fully prepared and anxious to further by every means in my power a measure of land purchase for you, the same in all respects as the Irish Act of 1891."

Major Jackson, whose plucky contest in Ross-shire will yet bear good fruit, declares in his address:—

"I believe that a satisfactory solution of the [land] problem can be best attained through the adoption of a land-purchase scheme based upon the principles of the Ashbourne Act. . . . The relief of congested districts can only be adequately taken in hand by the Executive adopting measures

resembling those devised to meet a similar difficulty in Ireland."

Mr Nicol also, member for Argyllshire, in his address emphatically advocates the adoption of the principle of the Irish land-purchase Acts, his aim being to increase the number of owners of land, and to retain the people in the country districts.

The most important declaration of policy was that contained in Mr Balfour's speech in the House of Commons on June 12. The whole speech deserves recall, but the spirit of the policy he is prepared to recommend is contained in the following sentence:—

"He most earnestly entreated the crofter members . . . and the Government to change the whole spirit of the policy which appeared to animate them. Let them remember that if it were justifiable at all to treat exceptionally these very poor agricultural districts in Scotland and Ireland, it was justifiable to expend on their behalf public funds; and if the Government would consider what system of railway extension, what system corresponding to that of the Congested Districts Board, was suitable, then they would have his hearty and cordial support."

Such is a rapid sketch of the position. What are the remedies which a strong Government—too strong to be frightened by agitators or to be appalled by difficulties—should take?

1. To improve communications.
2. To develop industries.
3. To facilitate emigration.
4. To reduce local taxation where it is excessive.
5. To promote both occupation and ownership of land in parcels of reasonable size.

The two former may be left on one side, because they involve no question of policy. Efforts in both

directions have been and are being made. The determination of the Government to carry through the Mallaig Railway scheme, the largest and most important single effort that has been made in this direction, is evidence that neither slackness nor indifference need be feared. It is very fresh in the memory of the Highland people that the Mallaig Railway Bill was only prevented passing last August by the malignant opposition of a small group of Radical representatives, and by the almost equally culpable neglect and absence of Sir George Trevelyan and his former colleagues. The third has been tried, and machinery exists for further effort when the people wish it. The fourth is a matter of great urgency, but of greater complexity, and is apart from the purpose of the present article.

The fifth point is *the* difficulty,

and it is to this point exclusively our argument is addressed. Government cannot be asked to interfere with exceptional measures unless the country these are to effect is also clearly defined, and is in a highly exceptional condition. The trouble can only be expressed in one word—congestion—and it is therefore with congested districts alone that exceptional legislation should deal.

This conclusion suggests a brief examination of the work of the Congested Districts Board for Ireland. What is a "congested district"? In brief—where "ratable value divided by number of population gives a sum of less than 30s. for each individual." Applying this principle to the poorest districts in the Highlands, the following are quoted as instances—by no means complete—of impoverished and congested districts:—

	Population.	Yearly value.	Per head.
The Island of Lewis (4 parishes, excluding the town of Stornoway) about	24,000	£17,077	15s.
Harris	5,024	5,788	23s.
North Uist	4,124	5,252	25s.
South Uist	5,821	6,169	21s.
Barra	2,365	2,446	20s.
Skye (7 parishes, including Portree)	16,573	35,784	41s.

Evidence may be accumulated to any extent that there are districts in the Highlands as deserving of special treatment on the ground of congestion as any in Ireland; but it may suffice here to add that the Deer Forests Commission found 483 families in Lewis trying to live on land rented at 20s. or less, besides very large numbers which have no recognised land at all, and no place on the estate-books. It may be remarked in passing that this is one of the miserable evils of recent legislation. The State has deprived the landlord of the privileges and

power pertaining to ownership, and no one remains to enforce the most obvious and salutary regulations. The result is reckless subdivision and chaotic poverty.

The powers of the Irish Board are so wide as to give them discretion in all the following matters: Agricultural development, Forestry, Breeding of Live Stock and Poultry, Sale of Seed Potatoes and Oats, Amalgamation of Small Holdings, Migration, Emigration, Fishing, Weaving and Spinning. They start with a description of the country they have to deal with, which is precisely applicable

to the worst districts of the Highlands of Scotland:—

“Practically all the inhabitants of congested districts in Ireland are in possession of small plots of land, so that the development of agriculture and the improvement of the breeds of live stock and poultry are of primary and universal importance. . . . In many localities the results of sea-fishing are as valuable as the produce of the land; in other districts wage-earning in England, Scotland, and elsewhere is an indispensable source of livelihood. Weaving, knitting, sewing, kelp-making, sale of seaweed, sale of turf or peat, sale of illicit whisky, . . . are sources of income of greater or less importance. The holdings are small in extent, . . . the methods of cultivation are usually primitive and bad, there being no rotation of crops, drainage is insufficient, there is an inadequate supply of suitable manure, and the weeding of crops is neglected. The breeds of live stock are worn out and of little value, and the kinds of poultry are capable of much improvement. The disposition or inclination of the people as regards industry is of vital importance to the success of our efforts. Suggestions may be wise and good, but nothing can come of them except failure unless perseverance in heavy work is shown by people who have rarely had an adequate motive for steady hard work.”

Now, it would take too long to enter into the work of the Board in all its details: but some of its operations may be enumerated. Instructors have been employed to teach the people the best means of cultivating their holdings; stallions, cattle, rams, boars, and cockerels have been provided for improvement of the various breeds; instructions have been given in the management of bees and hives, and swarms of bees have been supplied; subsidies have been furnished for the establishment or improvement of woollen factories; and provision made for local instruction in knit-

ting, shirtmaking, and carpentry. A scheme has been arranged by which the Congested Districts Board are to assist the Irish Industries Association in providing technical instruction in spinning, weaving, &c. Very important operations have been carried out for encouragement of systematic fishing, instruction provided for native fishermen, stations established and worked directly by the Board, necessary steamship service provided; but everything done with the object to keep expenditure within strictly commercial limits. On the Donegal stations the loss to the Board on an expenditure of £2137 was no more than £90, which must be regarded as a promising beginning in view of the importance of the service rendered.

The experiment, however, which requires examination here, is that concerned with “migration and amalgamation of holdings.” The Board purchased for £7600 a portion of the Ffrench estate in Galway, which contained an acreage of 1419, and was held by 76 tenants at a yearly rent of £582. One tenant occupied a farm rented at £182, and of the remainder, 50, or two-thirds, occupied holdings of less than £5. On completion of the purchase, possession was given of the single large farm, and the whole estate was redivided and sold to the occupiers. The most striking immediate result is that instead of 50 petty occupants under £5 there are now only 8, and 6 of these are old people who cannot command assistance sufficient to work an extended area. The Board state that the land at their disposal was not large enough to provide sufficient holdings for all; but at all events a great advance towards sufficiency has been made.

It will be asked, What is the financial result to the Board and

to the occupants? The following is the balance-sheet:—

Expenditure.

Paid for estate . . .	£7,600	0	0
Building and repairing houses . . .	474	0	0
Roads, fences, &c. . .	528	11	7
Drains, &c. . .	219	2	3
Redemption of charges . .	350	3	10
Legal expenses . . .	490	2	4
Incidentals . . .	167	6	7
	<u>£9,829</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>

Receipts.

Sale of 75 holdings . .	£9,260	0	0
Value of 2 holdings unsold . . .	140	0	0
Payments for occupancy by three tenant pur- chasers . . .	150	0	0
Arrears of rent . . .	425	3	4
Grazing and sale of hay .	232	2	7
Incidentals . . .	2	17	6
	<u>£10,210</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>5</u>

There is thus a surplus of £389 still available for promoting the prosperity of the tenant purchasers.

In regard to the occupants, instead of a former rent of £582 they are now paying for the first five years £434, and after five years £365 for a period of forty-nine years, after which they are owners of their farms. They therefore enjoy a threefold advantage: (first) their present annual payment is only three-quarters of the previous rent of the land they occupy; (second) their houses have been rebuilt or repaired, their lands drained and fenced; (third) they are not tenants but owners, subject to the payments described, which entirely cease in forty-nine years.

We have now stated the position, and may collect the threads of the argument. (1) Certain large areas in the Highlands are congested—that is, the population is too large for the wealth, or the

wealth too small for the population. (2) Legislation of a special kind has been applied to the Highland counties in which these congested areas lie, placing them in a sense in a position apart from that occupied by the rest of Great Britain. (3) This legislation has by State authority reduced the rent paid for 14,708 holdings by 30s. apiece, but has done practically nothing else. (4) The desire of the people is for larger and new holdings; they wish to stay where they are, and, unlike most of their class, prefer the country to the town. (5) The landlords are not averse to the increase in the number and size of small holdings, but they cannot afford to place lands now yielding a return in the hands of occupants without capital. (6) The late Government have tried their hand by Commission and legislation, and have failed to please anybody. (7) The Highland constituencies have revolted from the agitator, and now for the first time since the last Reform Bill return an equality of Unionists, 4—4. (8) Congested districts in Ireland very similar in character have been subjected to special legislation.

The Government are strong enough to turn a cold shoulder to Highland members and Highland questions; any possible defection would have no terror for the Whips, and would scarcely affect the prospects of the party at the next election; but they are also strong enough to legislate honestly, kindly, and firmly on a small but very thorny subject. From Lord Balfour of Burleigh the country certainly expects the latter course; but he may fairly ask from those whose interests lie in a district which claims legislation—because it is in an exceptional position—some precise suggestions as to the lines legislation

should follow. He must draw his own bills; but he may insist that those who are political supporters, and who desire something to be done, should clothe that something in tangible form.

Exceptional and favouring legislation can only be asked where the conditions are exceptional. Numbers without wealth are the trouble, and where this trouble is acute the State may be asked to intervene. A test dealing with a fairly broad area should be applied, and all districts falling within that test—say, a valuation not exceeding 30s., or possibly 40s., or even 50s. per head of population—should be scheduled as congested. In a congested district to relieve congestion land must be got. On this point it is important to turn to the Napier Commission. The main Report advised that a proprietor desiring to make a new township should be entitled to demand from Government an advance of £100 for every £10 of annual value to be spent in buildings, &c., a suggestion that like advances should be applied to the purchase of stock having met with a friendly reception, but not with unanimous support. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, in a separate memorandum, thought cheap loans might be offered for purchase of stock, and Lochiel argued strongly in favour of loans to the proprietor by the State, to enable him to assist occupants to stock new holdings. Unfortunately there is a vast difference between 1883 and 1895. The decrease in the rent of large farms already explained has so crippled proprietors that, in very rare cases only, could they now do what would have been possible enough at the earlier period. Lochiel's scheme would be excellent as an initial step; but if it be put forward as final, there is little hope

that it would have any appreciable effect in alleviating existing distress. Where lands are required for new or extended holdings in a congested district, and a suitable block is found to be available, an offer should be made to the proprietor of a loan at minimum interest on the security of his estate, repayable by sinking fund in not more than forty years, on condition that he divides the lands among the congested people and applies the money in the purchase of stock and necessary expenses of entry for their behoof and advantage. If he declines, he should be invited to sell his estate or a homogeneous block or parcel thereof at a price to be agreed upon—not exceeding a certain number of years' purchase, to be fixed by the Act.

The State, or rather its representative Board, would, in the latter case, after ascertaining that a sufficient number of competent applications had been received, acquire the lands, and resell them to occupants, new and old, on the lines of the Ashbourne Acts, advancing at the same time a certain portion of the money required for occupation and for stock. Opinions will differ as to the proportion that should be so advanced, and as to restriction in regard to the minimum size of each new holding. It is suggested that the latter figure should be a £10 valuation, and the former the proportion proposed by Lochiel, five-sixths. The transaction would work out as follows, in the case of a block of land yielding a gross rent of £1000, and a net rent of £800 per annum after deducting landlord's rates and necessary outgoings, taking also twenty years' purchase as the basis for calculation. The land is supposed to be occupied by 100 small tenants paying an average of £3, and by

one or more large tenants paying the balance. The land might be divided so as to give a few, perhaps five, tenants holdings of £30, ten holdings of £20, and some thirty-five tenants holdings of £10; and there would thus be fifty left, who would be able to divide among themselves the land which formerly carried a hundred. The cost of buildings is difficult to assess, but they would certainly be on a very modest scale, and the labour would be provided by the occupant. The purchase of stock is a more serious matter, and the outgoing tenants must be fairly treated as to valuation. In the case of sheep stock of the highest class, it is not uncommon for the valuation to reach £20 for every £1 of rental. This, in fact, is the sum named by Lochiel—£600 for a £30 holding—to include cost of establishing the new tenant on the land, and may fairly be adopted as the basis for calculation.

The capital required would on

2 5 at £30 old rent would each pay	100	of sum required, or £16 16 0
10 " £20 " "	100	" 11 4 0
35 " £10 " "	100	" 5 12 0
50 " £6 " "	100	" 3 7 6

Now, the first three grades of occupants have obtained their holding—it is supposed—from the lands formerly held by large farmers. It has been necessary to buy the stock from the farmers, and with rare exceptions the new occupants will be unable to pay for it out of their own resources. The purchase of stock and cost of entry is assumed to be £20 for every pound of old rental. The farm brought a rent of £700 a-year. Hence the outlays to be met involve an expenditure of £14,000. At this point the

these conditions be as follows: Purchase of estate, 20 years $\times$ £800, the net rent = £16,000. The State has thus obtained possession of a block of land fairly rented at £1000 per annum for £16,000. The problem is to dispose of it to the advantage of the people without loss to the State. The capital cost at bare interest, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, requires a return of £400 per annum. A sinking fund of 1 per cent, or, better still, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, if so much can be exacted, requires to be added.¹ Proceeding to calculate on the lower figure, the total annual sum to be paid is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, or £560 in lieu of the former rent of £1000. Now, how is the land to be divided? It is important to have graduated holdings, and some of as high a value as £30 old rent. It will, however, be rare that men qualified to take so considerable a share will be found, and the number may be assumed not to exceed five. The holdings may be planned thus:—

question arises—Will the State accept the novel principle of advancing money on the security of stock, in view of the highly exceptional condition of the congested districts? If so, and only one-sixth, the minimum that could be accepted, were provided by the occupants, the initial advance would be $\frac{1}{6}$ of £14,000, or £11,666. This sum, on the same terms, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, would require an annual payment of £409; but it will be generally felt so exceptional a boon as lending on stock ought to have

¹ To liquidate a loan of £100 in forty years requires an annual payment of £3, 19s.; in fifty years, £3, 10s. 6d.

² These men, being in the position of owners, will pay landlords' moiety of rates.

the safeguard of more rapid repayment. If the sinking fund were $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the loan would be repaid in forty years, and the annual charge be £466; if 2 per cent, repayment would be completed in thirty-three years, at an annual burden of £525.

This privilege of receiving loans for purchase of stock and cost of entry would only be enjoyed by those who had "migrated," and they alone would share the burden, the others only getting the minor advantage of absorbing crofts vacated by their migrating neighbours.

Thus, the occupant of land formerly paying £10 would need £200 to enter. He must find one-sixth, or £33, 6s. 8d., and for the remaining five-sixths he is to pay 4 per cent, or £6, 13s. 4d., per annum. The £20 occupant will pay £13, 6s. 8d., and the £30 occupant £20. Thus, the crofter migrating to a piece of land now fairly worth £10 will pay—

For land during fifty years	£5	12	0
For stock and buildings, &c., during forty years	6	13	4
	£12	5	4

Thus, for £2, 5s. above a fair perpetual rent, he becomes owner of a holding after fifty years, and owner of stock and buildings after forty years. But it will be urged that the State, being only another word for the taxpayers, ought not to lend on the security of stock. If this view prevail, the amount to be advanced for the purposes of equipment must be restricted to one moiety of the outlay. In the case of a £10 holding, £200 being required, the new occupant would require to provide £100, and would pay £4 or 4 per cent for forty years for the other £100. His obligation to the State would then be:—

Payment for land, as above	£5	12	0
Payment for stock, &c., as above		4	0
Total	£9	12	0

—a sum within the fair rental of the land alone.

In describing the working of such a scheme, each occupant has been spoken of as enjoying an individual holding. In practice this would rarely be possible. Not only would the cost of fencing, if hill-grazing were to be cut into £10 fragments, be prohibitive, but a sheep stock cannot be successfully worked on such conditions. Each occupant would have individual property in his house and arable land, and share the hill-grazing with his neighbours, the stock to be managed on the club-farm system.

It is clear there may be an indefinite variation as to the size of new holdings. £30 has been given as a size which some should take, because it is desirable to encourage the whole class to look forward to a really substantial holding; but it is probable that at first the desire to accommodate as many as possible would cause the bestowal of a holding of this extent to be quite the exception. It has been assumed that the block of land purchased would be settled by tenants already dwelling upon it. In practice this would probably rarely be the case; and if the occupants of the larger holdings were taken from other townships, and even other estates, the benefits of the scheme would be more widely diffused, and the result, so far as finance is concerned, the same. On the important point as to the limits within which migration should be permitted, the alternative of the estate or parish may be suggested, it being permissible to move an occupant from one part of an estate to another

though the parishes be different, and also from one part of a parish to another though the lands are in different ownership.

What aspect does a scheme of this kind wear—first, to the proprietor; second, to the tenant; third, to the State?

It may be objected that if the proprietor declines to sell, the whole thing falls to the ground. Is it the least likely he would decline? Surely not, for he would get a fair price, and would appreciate the benefit to the whole district which must ensue. But if A did refuse, B, C, and D would be eager to sell. If, however, it be conceivable that refusal were general, compulsion might be applied. In this case it would involve no hardship, for the plan provides that before the State purchases the proprietor should have the option of carrying out the same scheme of settlement with the aid of a loan from the State. Compulsion is not suggested, because voluntary agreement is always more satisfactory, and because in this case it would almost certainly be cheaper. Since, as already laid down, there is to be no robbery, compulsion would have to be accompanied with higher terms than it is necessary to pay by free contract in a country where there are many sellers and very few buyers of the class of lands which would be dealt with.

Next, as to the occupant purchaser. On his behalf it seems impossible to imagine any objections should be raised. For land fairly rented at £10 he is to pay £5, 12s. for a period of years only, ultimately acquiring the fee-simple without further outlay. The further payment of £6, 13s. 4d. provides him with stock and equipment of the highest class, on producing, from his own resources, one-sixth of their cost;

or, if he finds one moiety, his outlay is reduced to £4. Those who cannot find the requisite proportion of the capital must recognise the necessity of going where labour, their only capital, is in demand.

Third, as to the State. It will be alleged, and quite accurately, that the State is lending money on security which no banker would accept. This is undoubtedly true; but the answer is that the State not only does, but ought, when good cause is shown, to run within well-considered limits reasonable financial risks. To lift 100 families from a hopeless condition to what will be affluence in their eyes, under the more liberal proposal a sum of £27,000 is required. Let the experiment be tried in ten selected localities at a gross initial outlay of a quarter of a million, and 1000 families, representing perhaps 7000 persons, given a chance of expansion. If ten be too many, let five instances, or even three, or two, suffice in the first instance. The State will run some risk—it may possibly lose in the end even 10 per cent of the capital; but should this be so, of what importance is this money compared with the sums that have been spent with lavish hand? Here is a list of the sums spent since the Legislature began to busy itself about the Highlands some twelve years ago:—

The Crofters Commission, 1887-1896, nine years . . .	£71,882
Royal Commissions	
Lord Napier's	5,902
Western Highlands and Islands	2,313
Deer Forests	11,174
Highlands and Islands Public Works and Loans, 1891- 1896	160,154
Colonisation Board	12,222

The Deer Forests Commission

alone has devoured what would nearly suffice to cover a loss of 5 per cent on the whole cost of providing land and stock in perpetuity for 1000 families, and the Crofters Commission has absorbed one-third of the entire capital. Further, if the experiment prove successful, action may be taken on the lines of Lochiel's original proposal; proprietors will be glad to fill their lands with a prosperous small tenantry, and loans may be granted on the security of their estates with absolute safety. Again, some plan of this sort is not only the best, but the only available resource. All the talk about available land to be granted by some Commission is wasted breath unless the money to assist is forthcoming. Ashbourne Acts might be applied by the dozen if the people who are to be made owners are planted on the land homeless, and helpless, and stockless. Governments have been exploiting this unfortunate people, sending commission after commission to diagnose the disease, and applying every remedy but the one which the dullest observer sees to be essential. If the Secretary for Scotland, in spite of his Highland supporters, determines nothing can be done, the sooner he says so the better; if otherwise, the outline of a policy is here suggested, which is the only policy which can succeed, which has been the only policy which ever had a chance of success since the days of the Napier Commission.

The question of administration remains to consider. Costly Commissions are quite unnecessary; but the management of the scheme of purchase and loan should be combined with that of all other

expenditure undertaken in the interests of the Highlands: grants for steamers, roads, piers, fisheries, should all be placed in hands directly responsible to the administrative and financial departments of the State, which in their turn are responsible to Parliament.

The experience of the Irish Congested Districts Board may be utilised as a valuable guide; but that Board costs over £6000 per annum for administration alone, and the work contemplated in the Highlands should be discharged for a third of this figure. The cost of administering the money spent now in public works and loans in the Highlands amounts to £2100 per annum. The estimates for the current year bear the following charges:—

Crofters Commission . . .	£6,105
Colonisation Board . . .	356
Grants in aid of Public Works and Communications . . .	39,000

Parliament does not hesitate to vote so great a sum year by year in support of schemes to alleviate the evils of congestion. Is it unreasonable to ask that some effort should be made, some risk incurred, to reach the root of the evil, to confer the one boon the people really ask, to try the one experiment which may succeed? It may fail? Surely; but even in failure it would have this great result,—the Highland people would themselves see and be satisfied that the State has done all that was possible, that the landlords have not stood in the way, and that escape from the miseries of congestion in an impoverished country must be found in another direction and on other lines.

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AN UNCROWNED KING.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.

CHAPTER I.—A KINGDOM GOING BEGGING.

"AFTER question-time, the First Lord of the Treasury rose to make a statement with regard to the course of public business, the salient feature of which was the announcement that the Government found themselves compelled to appropriate all the time of private members during the remainder of the session. We understand that this action on the part of the Ministry has aroused strong feeling on both sides of the House, particularly among those members who have charge of private bills. One of the supporters of the Government who has been very hardly treated is Viscount Usk, whose bill for permitting peers to become candidates for seats in the Lower House, on relinquishing their right to a seat in the House

of Lords, had obtained the first place in the ballot for Tuesday next."

Thus far the 'Fleet Street Gazette,' but "strong feeling" was a mild term to apply to the sentiment evoked in the minds of honourable members by the Government statement. That a part of their time would be confiscated they had guessed only too well, but such a drastic measure as this was quite unexpected. Rage, disappointment, and disgust were depicted on face after face along the back benches, and the popular Minister to whose task it fell to make the announcement was allowed to resume his seat without a single expression of approval. Among the fiercest of the malcontents was Lord Usk, whose cup had been

dashed from his lips in the peculiarly cruel manner noticed sympathetically by the 'Fleet Street,' and who sat moodily in his place, gnawing the end of his moustache, his forehead drawn into a heavy frown. Mr Forfar, the First Lord, lounging delicately from the House after hurling his thunderbolt, with his short-sighted eyes fixed on space, on the paper in his hand, on anything but the scowling faces of his supporters, encountered his gaze, and leaned over the benches to speak to him.

"Rather rough on you, Usk. Better luck next time!"

"It's all very well for you to laugh——" began Lord Usk, savagely, and then stopped short, finding that he was making rather a weak remark, whereas he had meant to say something cutting. Mr Forfar waved his hand soothingly, and passed on with a smile.

"If it had been any one but Usk," he said to his colleague, Sir James Morrell, when they were outside the House, "I should have thought he meant ratting, but he is quite safe. He gets excited now and then, but he will sulk to-night and be all right to-morrow."

After a time Lord Usk also quitted the House, and went to the library to see whether there were any letters for him. There were none of any interest, and he was toying somewhat aimlessly with the magazines on one of the tables, when he descried looming in the distance the form of the party Whip, intent on beating up recruits for the dinner-hour. The sight roused him again to fierce resentment. On ordinary occasions Usk was the mildest of men, and one of the Whip's pattern members, not only voting safely with the party on important divisions (with the exception of occasional outbursts on the question of Temperance and kindred subjects, which were dealt with

tenderly as the eccentricities of youth), but proving himself almost always ready to dine in the precincts, in case of a call during the dinner-hour. But now his forbearance had been strained too far, and he rebelled. He was not going to help to keep a House for a Government which valued his services as little as this one did, and he evaded the Whip with some difficulty, for his height rendered him conspicuous among the other members, and slipped out into Palace Yard.

"I'll take a night off, and drop in at Mrs Sadleir's," he thought, his resentment already beginning to give way under the soothing recollection of his revenge on the Whip.

Mrs Sadleir's was one of the few houses at which Usk was at all a constant guest, for he hated society with an almost anarchist hatred quite at variance with his political opinions generally. Very quickly, on his first introduction into the world of London, he had learnt by bitter experience to divide the women he met into two categories. There were those who were anxious to marry him, either personally, or vicariously to some relation, and those who were not. It was in vain that he tried by turns to gain the reputation of a student, a cynic, and a misogynist; the young ladies and their mothers still thought that a man in his present position, to say nothing of his prospect of succeeding to the Marquisate of Caerleon at no very distant date, ought not to be judged too harshly, even for such unamiable peculiarities as these. This led him to forswear almost entirely the company of the fair sex, for the young ladies who did not want to marry him made the fact so evident, and were so anxious to force it upon his notice, that he resented their aggressive prudery as strongly as

he did their sisters' too visible wiles. Hence he was wont, now that his experience was gained, sternly to resist all attempts to allure him into general society, and had become known to the party leaders as a young man who devoted himself to the study of sociological and political problems, and affected the company of his elders. But he was content to visit at Mrs Sadleir's house, and under her wing to confront the hordes of society girls who thirsted for his prospective coronet, since he knew that she had neither daughter nor niece to recommend him as a wife, and that she had a most unfeminine aversion to match-making. Mrs Sadleir had been a dear friend of his mother's, and on Lady Caerleon's death had done much to supply her place to Usk and his brother Cyril. Ill-natured persons said that she was trying to achieve a social success by becoming the second Lady Caerleon, but better-informed people scouted the idea, knowing well that she had refused Lord Caerleon very decidedly two years after his wife's death, although without any diminution of the friendship which had always existed between them.

For a rising young politician of pronounced imperialist views, like Usk, Mrs Sadleir's house was emphatically one to be visited. Her husband, who had held an important permanent post in the Foreign Office, had gathered around him in his leisure hours men of all nations with whom he came in contact in the course of his duties, and his widow found herself unable to dispense with the excitement of the brilliant society to which she had grown accustomed. It was a commonplace among her friends that, in most cases, she could, if she liked, announce forthcoming diplomatic changes before the ministers

who arranged them, and some said that a good deal of the political history of Europe had been made at different times in her drawing-room. Yet she was not an intriguer, far less a conspirator, but simply a cultivated, tactful woman, with a talent for bringing together at the right time the right people, or, at any rate, the people that it was desirable should meet together.

She came forward now to greet Lord Usk, as he mounted her staircase, and made him a sign to wait until she had got rid of a voluble Italian secretary of embassy, who was impressing some fact upon her with a good deal of gesticulation. Mrs Sadleir's gracious and striking personality was reflected in her dress. Her gown was black, made in a severe yet fanciful style that was unlike any one else's. On her head she wore an arrangement of black lace, which was no more to be called a cap than a veil, and was the despair of her maid, but which, taken in conjunction with her bright dark eyes and the silver hair rolled smoothly back from her forehead, gave her the look of a great lady of the old *régime*. Having disposed of the Italian, she turned to Usk.

"I am very glad indeed that you have come in to-night, Usk, for I have some one here whom you will enjoy meeting. I was almost inclined to send a message to you at the House by some one who was going on there; but I thought you might come, so I waited. It is M. Drakovics to whom I want to introduce you."

"What! the Kossuth of the Balkans—the Thracian premier?" asked Usk, much interested.

"Yes, the great history-maker of to-day. It is a liberal education (pray don't think I intend a pun) to hear him talk. Come and I will take you to him."

She did not lead him into the crowded drawing-room, full of light and laughter, but into a smaller room near at hand, where a solitary gentleman in evening dress was dimly visible by the rays of a Moorish lamp hanging in a window-recess. He was a small shrunken man, with a large bald head and a massive brow; and as Usk's eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, he saw in the bronzed face and heavy grey moustache a hint of a likeness to another and more successful statesman than the Hungarian patriot, a likeness which was, moreover, not altogether distasteful to M. Drakovics himself.

"Lord Usk — M. Drakovics," said Mrs Sadleir, briskly. "Now I am going to leave you to have a good talk, for I want you to know one another. If you will sit here in the recess, the curtains will hide you, and you will not be seized upon by any troublesome acquaintances."

"Milord," said M. Drakovics, bowing formally, but scanning Usk from head to foot in a way which made the younger man feel that he was being reckoned up and his measure taken, "I am much honoured in meeting you. Your name, and your father's name also, are very well known to us in Thracia."

"You are very kind," said Usk, in the embarrassed way in which the average Englishman receives a compliment. "I'm sure I am very glad to have the chance of meeting you here. I never expected to be able to hear about the Thracian revolution from one who was in it."

"From one who may be said to have been at the head of it," corrected M. Drakovics, gravely. "You are interested in Eastern Europe, milord?"

"Well, any one who takes any interest whatever in international

politics can scarcely help keeping his eye on the Balkan States," said Usk, "and Thracia has always seemed to me the most promising of them all, if only she got a chance. Your long struggle against Roum, and the way in which you won your freedom, have shown what your people are made of."

"Yes, indeed," responded M. Drakovics, his eyes lighting up, "Thracia is the nation of the future in Eastern Europe. We are the only truly European race south of the Carpathians. The Mœsians are Slavs, the Dardanians half Roumis. Our blood is chiefly Latin, with a large Teutonic admixture. Our very language is far more nearly akin to the Italian than to the Slavonic."

"And yet your own name is Slavonic?" suggested Usk.

"Most of our names are, just as in religion we belong to the Orthodox Church. It is the result of our isolation, hemmed in as we are by Slav races. But our aspirations are wholly Western, and the national hatred of Scythia, our great Slav neighbour, is something extraordinary."

"That was the cause of your revolution, wasn't it?" asked Usk. "The generality of us are rather misty about your politics here, I'm afraid, but that seems to have penetrated into most minds."

"It was the cause," returned M. Drakovics. "You are aware, milord, that when we threw off the Roumi yoke, many years ago, we did so with the assistance — the moral support — of Scythia. For this assistance we have been paying dearly ever since, while we have groaned under the rule of the House of Franza. No doubt the simplest thing would have been to place a Scythian archduke at once upon the throne, but it was more politic to allow us to elect a national sov-

ereign, and then to make him a Scythian tributary. Our first king, Alexander Franza, the patriot who had conducted the struggle for freedom to a successful issue, saw the danger, and tried to guard against it, straining every nerve to pay off the loans advanced by Scythia for various purposes; but he died before he could effect this object, and his successors, instead of following his example, borrowed more largely still, thus placing the kingdom completely in the hands of Scythia. You know what our history has been since our independence was guaranteed; how, with one of the finest countries in Europe, we have been constantly on the verge of bankruptcy. So it was when the late king, Peter II., ascended the throne, and our masters appeared to think that the time had come to complete their conquest. Of course he was a pensioner of Scythia, like his predecessors, but he was also a man of pleasure. When the country had been drained of money to supply his whims, he was forced to turn to Scythia once more. Money was granted him, but only for a consideration. One by one the highest posts in the army and Court were filled with Scythians, and it was of no use for the Thracians to complain. The Sertchaieff Ministry was in power, and the worse things grew, the closer its members clung to their places, fearing the result of any change for themselves. Then a chance incident caused an explosion——”

“It was connected with your own election to the Legislative Assembly, was it not?” asked Usk.

“It was, milord. I had been absent from my country for many years, owing to my having taken part in a meeting of those who wished to bring about a reform by

means of constitutional agitation. I was a young man when I threw in my lot with the reformers, and had just begun to practise at the bar, but I was obliged to leave Thracia, and sacrifice all my prospects. My years of exile were not wasted. I travelled, I worked, I associated with earnest men—and I found my country a byword everywhere. At last I could endure it no longer, and I made up my mind to make one more effort to stir up my compatriots to a sense of their degradation. I returned to Thracia, and found myself received with joy, yet with fear, by my old friends and by the younger generation of patriots that had sprung up. Once more we set ourselves to form a constitutional party, and to educate public opinion. Our objects were simple,—the dismissal of the Scythians who had been thrust into public offices, the reform of the whole corrupt administration, the cessation of borrowing, and the gradual repayment of our debt to Scythia by means of the money saved by reducing expenses and gained by the proper development of the country. We were quite ignorant of the extent to which our views found favour among the people, but we determined upon a bold stroke—in order both to advertise our programme and to show us how we were supported. The elections were approaching, and we resolved to contest every seat for which we could find a candidate. The Administration was utterly taken by surprise, but its members perceived that their chance lay in striking at once, and they prepared to begin with me. I was elected by a large majority for the constituency to which I offered myself, but my election was declared void by a Government order, and a fresh poll was announced. Soldiers were

drafted into the town, nominally to preserve the peace, in reality to force my constituents to vote for the Government candidate, and vast numbers of persons crowded in from the country districts, drawn by the prospect of a struggle. I was passing through the market-place when a band of my supporters called upon me for a speech. Then, milord, I felt a strange fire seize me. I remembered the effect, long before, of my speech to the meeting for taking part in which I was exiled. I remembered that in my days as barrister I had often moved the court to tears and to indignation. It was merely a flash of memory, but with it came the impulse to act. I sought a place from which to speak—I climbed upon a country cart—I spoke—I heard the people shouting—the Government agent ordered the soldiers to arrest me—I saw them pushing their way through the crowd—they closed round me, dragged me down—I was rescued—I spoke again, and raised the cry of Reform. Before I knew what had happened I was at the head of a revolution, the people had put themselves under my guidance, the soldiers had joined us, the Government agent was in full flight. By my orders he was captured and lodged in prison—I seemed to perceive at once what was to be done. The telegraph-office was seized, no message allowed to be sent but by my authority. To each of our candidates for the Assembly I telegraphed what had happened, and his orders. A brief pause to concert my plans with the leaders of my supporters, and we were in action again. The news spread through the country like wildfire, in a short time the whole army was with us, and the people were thronging to us in enormous numbers. We marched to Bellaviste, and entered the city

without striking a blow. When we laid before the king our demands for a change of Ministry and a new constitution, he preferred to abdicate rather than grant them. We were nothing loath, and he has retired to the south of France on a suitable income. A provisional government was formed, and has remained in power, supported by the whole force of the national sentiment, for nearly a year. The success of our movement was due to its spontaneity. If we had prepared for it, Scythia might have gained some inkling of our plan, and have out-plotted us, but she could not without excuse interfere with the accomplished fact. In the very first moment of our freedom we ranged Pannonia on our side by making overtures to her for the conclusion of a commercial treaty which had been hindered before by the intrigues of Scythia. To Scythia we guaranteed the regular payment of her interest, and the gradual extinction of the debt itself, while the dismissed officials received honourable terms. It was not easy to arrange all this, for at first we found it difficult to obtain money, and the Thracians are hot-blooded and had much to avenge, but I would not remain at their head without their promise to acquiesce in my decisions. Balancing Pannonia against Scythia in this way, we have passed through a year of national life, although Scythia refuses to recognise us, and has worked upon our suzerain, Roum, to withhold from us hitherto the right we asked of choosing our own form of government."

"Then, if that right were conceded, you would proclaim a republic?"

"Certainly not, milord. I might approve of such a step theoretically, but our people are not ripe for it, and not only Scythia, but Pannonia

and the other friendly or neutral Powers, would scout the idea. I look around me on the present chaotic state of the country, at the new Thracia which is rising out of the ruins of the old, and I see that it would be impossible for any man popularly elected to introduce the necessary reforms unless he were guaranteed dictatorial powers for a term of years, and for this we cannot hope. In spite of our marvellous success hitherto, we are not perfect, nor even unanimous, and there are many divisions and jealousies among us."

"It shows great self-abnegation on your part to give up the idea of a republic," said Usk, "for you yourself would be the only possible President."

"I fear you rate my moral qualities too highly, milord. The presidency would not be a bed of roses. Even as it is, my life has already been attempted three times, and if I were President, Scythia would never rest until she had—well, brought about my removal, and had plunged Thracia into such a state of anarchy as might seem to justify her in interfering to restore order. Besides, I am a Thracian, one of the people, and they need some one above them and outside them to rule them at present. This is the reason that we are seeking to re-establish the monarchy on a constitutional basis. This is the reason that I have come to England to offer the crown of Thracia to you, Milord Usk."

"Come to offer the crown to me!" repeated Usk, stupidly.

"I will not hide from you, milord," said M. Drakovics, bringing his head very close to his hearer's, and speaking low and earnestly, "that we have made many attempts to obtain a king from one of the reigning families of Europe. It was at first our great hope that we

might secure one of the younger members of the English royal house, but this advantage has been absolutely refused to us, and it was the same with several German princely families. We offered the crown to Prince Otto Georg of Schwarzwald-Molau, the King of Moesia's cousin, whose family were willing that he should accept it, but he considered that the kingdom was likely to be too troublesome to be agreeable. We had even thought of a French prince, but there is the religious difficulty——"

"But I do not belong to the Greek Church, and I have no intention of joining it," interrupted Usk.

"We could accept a Protestant, milord, but a Roman Catholic would be impossible."

"But I am not even remotely connected with royalty," objected Usk again.

"It is the boast of you English nobles that you are on a level with any of the princely houses of the Continent that are not absolutely royal," said M. Drakovics, "and you are far richer."

"Not our family, at any rate," said Usk, with a shrug. "But I have had no experience in governing. Why don't you ask some one who has been Viceroy of India or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland?"

"Because they are old, milord, and you are young: our young nation needs a young man at its head. But you are not a novice in affairs of State. Who is so fit to introduce constitutional principles into Thracia as a member of the British House of Commons—one, moreover, who has shown himself friendly to any necessary reform judiciously and fairly carried out? Nor would you find the actual work of governing a very difficult matter. I, who have been said to be the Revolution, am now the Government. I

make the laws, and then explain them to the people, and this would continue to be the case as long as I was so happy as to retain your confidence, while you acted as the visible head of the Government and the sign of the unity of the nation."

"As the figurehead, in fact?" said Usk.

"Precisely, milord."

"But you ought to have a soldier, and I am not one."

"You are an officer of Volunteers, and that is sufficient."

"You seem to know a good deal about me."

"It is natural to study deeply the history of one's future king, milord, and you appear to be better fitted for the high post I offer you than any of the other noblemen to whom my thoughts have turned."

"But this is absurd!" cried Usk. "You must know that I should not be allowed to entertain such an idea for a moment. Our Government would forbid it instantly. It would be high treason, treaty-breaking—I don't know what."

"The matter is a secret, milord. Once in Thracia, and crowned, your Government could scarcely bring you back."

"Do you expect me to give up my own country—make myself an outlaw, in fact—for the sake of your precious Thracia?"

"Yes, milord," said M. Drakovics, steadily, "that is what I do expect. You are the very man for us—by reason of your personal advantages especially. Our people admire tall fair men, for they recall to them the heroes of their legends. Then you are descended from a great house of warriors. Milord your father fought in the Crimea, your grandfather at Waterloo, and your great-uncle was killed fighting in the cause of Greek Independence. Again, you are unmarried, but yet

you do not share the tastes of our late lamented sovereign, King Peter Franza, and you would thus be able to consolidate your dynasty and strengthen your kingdom by an advantageous matrimonial alliance."

"That is not the way in which we English are accustomed to look at marriage," said Usk, coldly.

"It is the way in which a patriotic king looks at it, milord. I am making no effort to disguise from you the drawbacks of the great position I offer you. We do not want a pleasure-seeker, but one who will be a martyr, if need be. We need a man who will give up his country, his friends, his happiness—who will be ready either to live or die for this Thracia of ours, which we have saved from Scythia and the Franzas."

M. Drakovics saw that his words had at last produced the effect he desired. Usk's head was lifted proudly, and the light of battle was in his eyes, but his response was disappointing.

"I will consider the question," he said.

"Give me your promise, milord. Why should you hesitate? You are not thinking of palaces and the probable length of your Civil List, I know, so why not let me feel happy for my country?"

"I must consult my father. He has a right to be told."

"Come back to Thracia with me, and be crowned, and then tell him. He will be glad to be spared the trouble of advising you."

"No, it would not be fair to him. I will let you know some time tomorrow. Good night," and he left the room before M. Drakovics could stop him or even say anything further. His impulse was to get out of the house at once, and cool his heated brain by walking back to his lodgings, but it was contrary to his code of politeness to leave without

bidding farewell to his hostess. Entering the drawing-room in search of her, he was accosted by a man whom he knew slightly as connected in some way with the 'Daily Phonograph.'

"Nasty sell for you, wasn't it?" he remarked. Usk stared at him blankly.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Why, this afternoon — about that bill of yours. Have you forgotten it already?"

"Oh — my bill," repeated Usk, vaguely. "I have been thinking of — other things since then. Excuse me, I can't stay."

"He looks perfectly dazed," said the other man to himself. "What can it be? Has some girl chucked him? No! who's that talking to Mrs Sadleir? Drakovics!"

He made his way towards his hostess, arriving just in time to hear her farewell to Usk.

"Perhaps you will have something to tell me to-morrow, Usk. If so, look in about three o'clock. I shall be quite alone."

"Nuts!" muttered the journalist. Then aloud to Mrs Sadleir, "Surely I saw our old friend Drakovics here just now?"

"Yes, he is here to-night," said the hostess. "We don't make a fuss about our foreign guests nowadays, and have receptions at Trentham House and public festivities for them, you see. They come and go quietly."

"Still looking for a king, eh? He has come to England to try and get hold of the latest royal infant as a ruler for his one-horse state, hasn't he?"

Clever woman though she was, Mrs Sadleir could occasionally be "drawn," and this the 'Phonograph' man knew well. She smiled now significantly as she answered—

"No, I really don't think he has designs on the Princess's baby this time. What, must you go?"

Indeed he must, post-haste to the 'Phonograph' office, bearing news which set editor, foreign editor, sub-editor, and printer frantically to work, to alter and cut and curtail the copy already set up in such a way as to provide room for a column with startling headlines:—

"THE BALKAN QUESTION.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE THRACIAN MONARCHY.

ROMANTIC CHOICE OF A KING.

CROWN OFFERED TO AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

INTERVIEW WITH VISCOUNT USK, M.P."

In justice to the journalist, it must be said that the account of the "interview" was very short, consisting chiefly of the true statement that Lord Usk had kept his own counsel and declined to discuss the subject; but the foreign editor and his subordinates supplied a concise account of Thracia and its history and revolution to fill up the space, and to gratify the interest and curiosity of the British public, which developed both these qualities very largely on the morrow.

Usk was not a subscriber to the 'Daily Phonograph,' and his manservant, who was, knew his duty far too well to put any questions to his master in the morning, although there was a flutter of pleased excitement diversifying his usual sober demeanour, which Usk noticed with a feeling of miserable surprise.

"Very likely I talked in my sleep," he said to himself, conscious of having spent a troubled night, and then he mapped out his plan of operations for the day. The morning must be spent at the House of Commons, where he was serving on an important Committee, but in the afternoon he would run

down into Kent, to the country-house at which his father was staying, and tell Lord Caerleon all about M. Drakovics and his offer. Having arrived at this decision, he drove to the House without meeting any one, and did his best to concentrate his mind on the work of the Committee, although he could not help glancing occasionally at Mr Forfar, who was stretching his long length a few seats from him, and wondering what he would say if he knew the honour which Thracia was desirous of conferring upon his supporter. As it chanced, Mr Forfar had happened to glance at the 'Phonograph' before coming down to the House, and was now asking himself languidly whether it was Usk or the editor who had suddenly gone mad, but this Usk did not know. That the secret of his proposed elevation was not confined to himself, however, he discovered as he left the committee-room, when one of his friends rushed past him in a hurry.

"Been reading a lot of lies in the 'Phonograph' about you, Usk," he cried cheerfully. "What rot those fellows will put in sometimes!"

Then it had got about already! Usk was literally unable to muster up the necessary courage to go and look at the paper, and as he left the House he felt guiltily that the members he met turned to look at him, and that the policemen who had the advantage of knowing him by sight were reaping a golden harvest for pointing him out to eager and ignorant questioners. He wanted to see what the 'Phonograph' said about him, and to know how it had gained its information, but it seemed much too barefaced a proceeding to walk into a shop and buy a copy. He would go home, and send his servant out to get one. But when he reached his lodgings he found that this was unnecessary. In the

arm-chair in his sitting-room sat his father, with a copy of the delinquent journal in his hand.

"Well, Usk," said Lord Caerleon, "good morning. May I ask whether this is true?" and he held out the paper, which was folded so as to exhibit the headlines to the best advantage.

"I don't know what they say there," returned Usk, "but it's true that Drakovics invited me to become King of Thracia last night. He said he came to England on purpose."

"Ah!" said Lord Caerleon, meditatively. "Seen Cyril this morning?"

"No," said Usk, surprised by the sudden question.

"Well, I have, and I can tell you what he is doing now. He is going about with my authority contradicting this report, and talking big about libel actions against the 'Daily Phonograph.'"

"That strikes one as rather premature, doesn't it?" said Usk, and his father knew by his tone that he was not pleased.

"It has that appearance," he said quickly, "but these things spread so fast, and it had to be stopped before you got into trouble. Look here, Usk, I want you to give this thing up, and I'll tell you my reasons."

"Yes, sir?" and Usk prepared himself to listen.

"Well, the first is that I'm an old man, and I can't do without you. My father's elder brother, your great-uncle, went off to fight for Greece, as you know, and never came back. I can't give you up for that sort of thing now. Is that enough for you, Usk?"

"Certainly, if you put it in that way."

Lord Caerleon's eyes glistened, but he went on gruffly enough.

"My second reason is that you are not the man for it. Oh, I know

you would look the part all right, and do your utmost to make the thing a success, but there's more worldly wisdom in Cyril's little finger than in your whole body. If the fools had only thought of offering the crown to him, he would be at the head of a Balkan Confederacy in a month, but you—— The fact is, Usk, you are too English—you don't know when you're beaten. Instead of taking a licking quietly, you are up again as soon as you come to, and fighting with all the breath knocked out of you. As for Cyril, he will have made it up with the other chap after the first round, and started ahead to choose his own ground, ready for another fight when it's necessary, and that time Cyril will win."

"Shall I advise Drakovics to transfer his offer to Cyril, then?"

"Certainly not. I don't intend to subsidise a bankrupt Balkan estate out of my rents, and I have no wish that you should be obliged to do it either. Cyril will come to smash quite soon enough without a crown to drag him down. He is so sharp that he is bound to go too far some day. No, Usk, you are the

man for it if there was a fair field, but there isn't, and I can't stand your going off and being shot or dynamited by Scythian agents."

"But Mrs Sadleir must have known what Drakovics wanted, and yet she said nothing to dissuade me from accepting the crown."

"I daresay not. Women are always ready to send out sons and lovers on forlorn hopes—especially other people's sons and lovers. It requires a practical, unromantic man to look into the thing first, and decide whether the game is worth the candle. Mrs Sadleir is as sensible a woman generally as any I know, but she has not outlived her enthusiasms yet, and she is quite ready to give Thracia a king at my expense, and I don't see it. When I'm gone, it'll be a different thing. You will have only yourself to please then, but the Thracians will probably have killed or banished two or three kings, and run through a few republics, by that time. In any case, I ask you, as a favour to me, to refuse this offer now."

"I will write to Drakovics at once," said Usk, and he did.

CHAPTER II.—FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

A year had passed, and the situation in Thracia was unchanged. M. Drakovics's search for a king had not yet proved successful, but the Provisional Government still remained in power, and the Thracians lived and thrived under a regimen of what their enemies called autocracy washed down by draughts of rhetoric. Only M. Drakovics, whose life had again been twice attempted, looked out ahead with troubled eyes, and yearned for the tall Englishman who had seemed likely to prove such an efficient coadjutor in his task of governing. In England, however,

the year had not been barren of changes. General Lord Caerleon slept with his fathers in the family burying-place in Llandiarmid Abbey, and Viscount Usk's place in the House of Commons knew him no more. Misfortune seemed to dog this young man's footsteps. Once again he had obtained leave to bring in his bill, but it had been deliberately talked out by the Labour members in revenge for his voting against them on one of their pet questions. There was thus no help for him, and on his father's death he was compelled to vacate his seat, and seek the

serene retirement of the Upper House. Moreover, the constituents whom he was so sorry to leave did not display on this occasion the fixity of purpose with which he had always credited them, for they rejected with ignominy the candidate who inherited his principles, and chose as their representative an agitator who promised to bring in a bill to divide the Llandiarmid domain among them in the shape of allotments.

Nor was this all, for he presently found that even the possession of a historic house and innumerable heirlooms was not an unmingled privilege. The marquise was by no means a rich one, for its inheritors had all had a reprehensible taste for investing their spare cash in works of art instead of more easily convertible securities, and the succession duty on these bade fair to ruin their unfortunate possessor. The owner of land which would not let, and of pictures which he could not sell, he found himself forced to raise the necessary money by means of mortgages on his property, when all other means had failed. The interest on these was another important consideration, and when, after settling matters as far as possible, the new Marquis and his brother met one evening in the great hall at Llandiarmid to talk things over, the outlook was far from cheerful.

"It's quite evident that we can't keep up this place, Cyril," said Caerleon. "If I could let it for a year or so, and get the house in town off my hands, I think we might just tide over the difficulty."

"Surely it would be enough to sell Caerleon House," said Cyril, lazily, but with some surprise in his tones, as he sat with his arms behind his head and looked at his brother. "No one will expect you to entertain much here while you

are in mourning, so you can lie low for a year and keep down expenses."

"It's not only of the actual expenses of the place this year that I am thinking," said Caerleon, "but of the future. I want to set things right for you, Cyril, and to do that I must save."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about me," said Cyril, lightly. "I have always got on all right hitherto, and I suppose you'll find me a crust and a shake-down in your diggings, wherever they are."

It had been a shock to Caerleon to find, from some words his father had let fall on his deathbed, that he had made no special provision for Cyril, leaving him almost entirely dependent on his elder brother, and that this omission was due to design, and not to forgetfulness.

"I want you two to stick together," said the old Marquis to his elder son, "and so I have not left Cyril anything of his own. He has your mother's money, which will keep him from starvation, but for anything more he must come to you. He will have some consideration for your money, but he would be sure to speculate with anything that was in his own power."

Caerleon found this utterance hard to reconcile with his father's expressed opinion of Cyril's shrewdness and worldly wisdom, and he also resented the arrangement as unfair to Cyril. What if he should desire to marry? Hence his eagerness to put matters on a more satisfactory footing.

"I am afraid that things will have to remain as they are for the present," he said; "but you may be sure that as soon as possible I shall do what I can for you."

"Thanks awfully," yawned Cyril. "But what about the present? When you have succeeded in leaving yourself without any dwelling-

place but your London lodgings, what do you mean to do?"

"What is there to do?" asked Caerleon. "I can do no good in the Lords, and I can't get into the Commons. They even take away from me the means of living on my own place——"

"And ameliorating the condition of your tenants, and making Llandiarmid a social centre for all the art and learning and enlightenment of the county," said Cyril. "Well, granted all this, what then?"

"Let us go abroad," said Caerleon, suddenly. "We haven't had a prowl together for years, and we can sink our titles and live on the cheap."

"To be sure," said Cyril. "Let us leave our ungrateful country, which presents our ancestors with dinner-services and swords of honour and statues and plate, which we don't want and mustn't sell, and makes us pay duty on them. The wide world is before us. Where shall we turn? I say, let us go to Kashmir and shoot mountain sheep, or Polar bears, or my lord the elephant, or anything we may come across."

"Won't do," said Caerleon. "I should have you knocking up again, right away from all medical help. It must be somewhere nearer home."

"Oh, let's go to Bournemouth or Torquay, then. So cheerful, and so novel, and plenty of doctors."

"No, I know. We will go to Hungary and look up Gyula Temeszy. He promised us some wolf-hunting if ever we came to see him."

"Very well. I haven't seen him since he came down to Eton to see his old tutor again, and tipped me a sov. because I was your brother; but I suppose he'll know you again all right, and accept your references for my respectability. Going to write to him now?"

"Oh, no. We will drop in on him and take him by surprise, and then we can loiter on the way if we like, and not rush across Europe by express. We will go quietly, and look out for adventures."

"All right; then you intend to walk, I suppose? That means no servants, of course."

"We won't make any cut-and-dried plan, but go as we choose, and I don't see why we shouldn't tramp it occasionally, when you feel up to it. I won't take Jameson, certainly, and I don't think you'll want your man. Let us take Harry Wright between us. He can turn his hand to most things, and he'll be useful if we have to buy horses. We may have to ride to Temeszy's place. I fancy there's no railway near it."

"I'm agreeable," said Cyril, "and we'll stay away until we yearn for home again, and feel able to say, 'England, with all thy faults (and you've a beastly lot of them), I love thee still.' We can't at present."

In this way the matter was settled, and a few days later the brothers left Llandiarmid for London, where Caerleon did his best to make a satisfactory disposition of his rather complicated affairs, and Cyril went round to say good-bye to his lady friends. Cyril was a very popular young man in London society, where he had found a footing as soon as he left Eton. He had been absent for a short time as unpaid attaché in the British Embassy at Pavelsburg, but the Scythian winter proved too severe for him, and he was invalided home, to take up a pleasant existence about town, while believing implicitly that he was only waiting until a suitable post should offer itself for his acceptance in some more genial clime. As a younger son, he was free from the pursuit of the match-making mothers and daughters who had

made Caerleon's life such a burden to him. No one wanted to marry him, and, fortunately for himself, he felt no desire to marry any one. The part he had chosen in the Human Comedy was that of the Laughing Philosopher, and he played it with complete satisfaction to himself and to his world. He was a universal favourite among the ladies, helping the elder ones to arrange their cotillions and organise their charity bazaars, while for the younger ones he designed costumes for fancy balls, and was always ready to suggest ideas for any scheme of pleasure. Among men he was not quite so popular. Those who did not know him well regarded him as entirely a ladies' man, while some few who had penetrated more deeply into his character were a little afraid of him, and half suspected him of hiding deep designs under a mask of lightness. This was not the case, however. Cyril was quite conscious of his own powers of mind, but he had no objection to using them to smooth his path in society until some greater opportunity should come in his way.

Among the many houses at which he felt compelled to declare his plans was Mrs Sadleir's, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he found himself approaching it at the end of an afternoon of polite lamentation and playful scolding on the subject of his madness in burying his social talents among unappreciative foreigners. Mrs Sadleir was too much at home with him to waste time in unnecessary *badinage*. If she had anything to say, she was wont to come to the point at once, and this particular occasion was no exception to the rule.

"And so you are going to Hungary, Cyril?" she said, as he came into the room, without offering him any conventional greeting. "Oh, don't accuse me of witchcraft.

I have had Caerleon here already. He dropped in between visits to his lawyer and his tailor, I believe, and he didn't strike me as looking at all well, poor fellow! Now, I have only one remark to make. Has it struck you that Hungary and Thracia are not at all far apart?"

"No, indeed," said Cyril, with a start. "I never thought of it. And I'm certain it hasn't occurred to Caerleon either—that is, unless you have put it into his head."

"My dear Cyril," said Mrs Sadleir, severely, "I was not born yesterday. Your poor dear father called and gave me such a scolding last year for tempting Caerleon to throw away his life in Thracia that I vowed I would never speak to any of you on the subject again, and I haven't mentioned it to Caerleon. I merely wish to know whether you think there is any possibility that M. Drakovics's scheme may be carried out after all?"

"Well, I don't know," said Cyril, reflectively. "Caerleon is in rather an ugly temper just now, for him, and I shouldn't wonder if he did anything desperate. The Governor is gone, you see, and it was only his expressed wish that kept him at home before."

"Yes, I see," returned Mrs Sadleir. "And what do you think of the matter, Cyril? On which side would your influence be?"

"Well," said Cyril, "it seems to me that it wouldn't be bad fun to try it. I'm not up to larks much generally, but there's a good deal that's new in this thing. I wouldn't go in for it myself for anything, but I shouldn't so much mind seeing Caerleon through. It would certainly be a new sensation, one of the few still possible to most ordinary mortals in this worn-out old world, to find oneself a king's brother—a royalty, in fact. One

hears of a few fellows who have been made kings in the Cannibal Islands, or Central Africa; but it's not often that one gets the chance of a properly organised European kingdom. It's not half a bad idea."

"Then I am to understand," said Mrs Sadleir, "that in case M. Drakovics should under any circumstances renew his offer of the crown (mind, I don't in the least say he will, for his patriotic feelings were very much wounded by Caerleon's refusal), your valuable advice and assistance would be on the side of the angels—that is, of the luckless Thracians?"

"Well," said Cyril again, "I think the angels would get it that time. I should never think of letting Caerleon go into a job of the kind by himself; but really and truly I don't believe he would come to such awful smash if I was there to back him up. I should make it my business to play him off against Drakovics. It isn't healthy for that old man to get his own way so much. I am morally certain that he would very soon begin to presume if he had only Caerleon to deal with."

"M. Drakovics ought to be very much obliged to you. I almost think I must warn him of your intentions. You know that I correspond with him occasionally? But really, Cyril, I scarcely think that it would be possible for you and Caerleon to reign together in the affectionate way you suggest, like the two kings of Baratara."

"Or the Heavenly Twins," said Cyril. "No, of course I mean the Siamese Twins. I'm afraid the kingdom would hardly stand it. No, Mrs Sadleir, my ambition is a much higher one. I mean to be the power behind the throne."

"But that is M. Drakovics's destined place," objected Mrs Sadleir.

"Then I shall be the man behind Drakovics," said Cyril, calmly.

"I don't know that I am justified in letting such a firebrand loose upon Thracia," said Mrs Sadleir; "but M. Drakovics knows something about you, and if he chooses to take Caerleon with such an encumbrance, it will be his own doing. You don't know M. Drakovics, do you, Cyril? Well, I will give you a letter of introduction to him if you like—only to be delivered if you visit Thracia, of course. When you have had a little time in Hungary, you will be able to judge better of Caerleon's state of mind, and to see whether he is inclined to give the thing a trial. If so, extend your travels into Thracia, and deliver this letter. I have been writing it this afternoon."

"Rather previous, surely?" asked Cyril, with uplifted eyebrows; but he took the letter readily enough, and put it safely into his pocket, and it was packed carefully among his most treasured possessions before he and his brother started on their journey, an event which was announced to the world in the following terms by the 'Morning Post':—

"The Marquis of Caerleon and Lord Cyril Mortimer left England yesterday afternoon for the Continent, with the intention of undertaking an extended tour in Eastern Europe."

Thanks to Caerleon's foresight in not sending word to his friend of their intended visit to Hungary, the tour was carried on in a very leisurely fashion indeed, and the brothers lounged through Europe, to use Cyril's phrase, by unfrequented routes, spending now a day and now a week in old half-deserted towns, left high and dry by the stream of modern progress. There was nothing very inspiring

in such travelling to men who were neither antiquarians nor photographic maniacs ; but Caerleon had a vague idea that he was improving his mind by visiting the scenes of old German history, while Cyril was as well content to put in his time on the Continent in this way as in another. The person who suffered most was Wright, the groom, who found himself debarred in most places from communion with his kind owing to his ignorance of the language, and he rejoiced unfeignedly when the course of his masters' wanderings brought them at last to Janoszwär, the town nearest to Count Gyula Temeszy's castle.

Janoszwär was reached late one evening, and the travellers looked about them in some dismay as they drove to the hotel which had been recommended to them by some tourists they had met at Szegedin as the only one at which it was possible for English people to stay. The town was very small, and almost incredibly dirty, while, to add to their discomfort, they found on arriving that they could not be received at the hotel. Its accommodation was extremely limited at the best of times, and now all the rooms were in the occupation of the family of a Scythian officer of high rank, who was visiting the town for the sake of the mineral springs in its neighbourhood. This the landlord, a Hungarian who had spent some years in America, explained volubly and sorrowfully, and invited his intending guests to depart at once. But Cyril was tired, and Caerleon, fearing that he might be going to fall ill again, tried to parley, pointing out that it was impossible for them to drive on eighteen miles farther to the Château Temeszy that night, and offering double the usual prices for the necessary accommodation. Still the

landlord remained firm, though with deepening regret, as recognising that he had to deal with wealthy English *milords*, declaring that the Herr Oberst had assured him he would leave instantly if any other guests were admitted into the hotel. There seemed to be nothing to do but to seek some other resting-place, and Caerleon was just returning to the carriage in despair, when a white-haired man came slowly down the outer stair of the inn, leaning heavily on a stick.

"Here is the gracious Herr Oberst himself!" said the landlord ; and Cyril, who had been acting as his brother's interpreter with the worthy man's Hungarian German and even less intelligible English, prepared to address the new-comer in Scythian, but this proved unnecessary.

"Sure I thought I heard English voices," said the Herr Oberst, "and ut struck me that the landlord might be following too rigorously the orders I gave um. The fact is, gentlemen, that most of the people rich enough to travel in these parts are Austrian Jews, and me wife has a great objection to Jews, so that the only way I could get her here was by engaging to keep out of their reach. But I can assure you that I had no desire to inconvenience English travellers—— You are English, gentlemen?"

"We are," said Caerleon. "I am Lord Caerleon, and this is my brother."

"I am much honoured, me lord," said the Herr Oberst, bowing deeply. "Allow me to introjuce meself. Me name is O'Malachy—The O'Malachy, at your servus, the representativ of the ancient kings of Leitrum, and I will be much displeased if you go a step farther to-night. Sure me son has not yet arrived, and what does me daughter want with two rooms? We'll just tell some of the landlord's fellers to bundle our

traps out of the rooms, and you will have them."

"Pray don't disturb Miss O'Malachy," entreated Caerleon in consternation. "I could not think of turning a lady out of her room. If you would be so kind as to allow my brother to occupy the room your son is not using, my servant and I will find quarters elsewhere."

"Not a bit of it!" cried the O'Malachy. "Would I turn you away when there are empty rooms waiting for you? Come, young gentleman," turning to Cyril, "just make your brother understand that if he won't stay he'll oblige us all to turn out and leave the place free for um. Isn't a whole hotel big enough for two families?"

"You are very kind," began Caerleon. But the O'Malachy was in full retreat up the stairs again. At the top he turned and paused for a moment, the lamplight shining on his bronzed face and white moustache and imperial.

"A good night to you!" he called out. "I'll be pleased to resoom your acquaintance in the morning, me lord. Now, you don't leave this hotel—at least, it'll be the worse for ut if you do!"

After this hospitable intimation, the travellers held back no longer, and speedily found themselves established very comfortably, for the landlord was delighted not to be compelled to turn away such promising guests from his door. Nothing was too good for them, and they went to bed well content, after commissioning the host to procure horses in the morning for their intended ride to Château Temeszy.

In the morning, therefore, they started, leaving Wright at the hotel with the luggage until it could be sent for, and bidding a grateful farewell to the O'Malachy, who was smoking a wonderful cigar on the balcony over the door. The ride

was a long one, and the roads very bad, but Caerleon had brought a map of the district with him, and by its aid they succeeded in finding their way. But disappointment awaited them when they reached the castle. Everything was shut up, and the only person in authority was an aged steward, who informed them that Temeszy Gyula (putting the surname first in true Hungarian fashion) was in Paris and the rest of the family at Vienna. The English gentlemen might inspect the castle and the stables while a meal was being prepared for them, the best possible at such short notice, but the old man could not venture to invite them to take up their quarters in the house without instructions from his master. It was also possible that the Count's foresters might organise a wolf-hunt some day for the strangers' benefit, but it would still be best for them to return to Janoszwär until Count Gyula could be communicated with.

"I didn't know we were such suspicious-looking characters," grumbled Cyril after lunch, as they mounted their horses to retrace their weary way.

"And we shall have to quarter ourselves upon the O'Malachy again," responded Caerleon. "That's what I mind. It looks such a shabby thing to do."

But when they reached the hotel they found their rooms ready, and the landlord and Wright waiting for them.

"The old gentleman up-stairs tell us to look out for you, my lord," said the latter to his master. "'E said as you'd most likely be comin' back about this time."

"Did O'Malachy know that Temeszy was away when we started?" asked Caerleon of Cyril as they sat at dinner.

"Don't know," said Cyril. "Perhaps he thought you looked

as though a ride would do you good. He seems a decent enough old chap, anyhow. His wife is a Seythian lady, Wright tells me."

"Oh, by the bye, that reminds me," said Caerleon; "we must call to-morrow. I'll tell Wright to hunt up our visiting-cards, and we'll do the thing in style."

But Caerleon and his brother were not destined to make the acquaintance of the O'Malachy's family in the orthodox fashion they had contemplated, for in the morning, as they breakfasted, they heard excited voices outside their door. They had just decided that it would not do to pay their call until the afternoon, and that the morning might be profitably spent in climbing one of the mountains which surrounded the little town, and Cyril, who was not devoid of curiosity, thought that the present would be a good opportunity of consulting the landlord as to the best way to take. Opening the door, therefore, he stepped out casually, to find the landlord, his wife, and the servants engaged in an animated colloquy with a very handsome lady in an elaborate dressing-gown, who was standing on the outer stair and talking French and German alternately.

"You tell me that she is gone?" she was saying. "But no! I say it is impossible. She would be terrified."

"There is no danger, madame," suggested the landlord, soothingly; "and no doubt the gracious young lady knows this."

"No danger!" cried madame, vivaciously. "When there may at this very moment be wolves, brigands, avalanches, menacing my child? What though she does think she is safe? Her very confidence may be her greatest danger. She must be followed—rescued—immediately."

"I assure you, madame, that mademoiselle is perfectly safe," repeated the landlord. Madame wrung her hands.

"My excellent man, what can you understand of a mother's feelings? I tell you my daughter must be rescued. If there is no one else, I will go myself, although I have never walked a mile in my life, and the Herr Oberst is quite helpless with his gout."

"It is unnecessary for madame to incommode herself," said the landlord, sulkily. "If she insists upon it, two of the men shall go, although it is absolutely impossible to spare them from the farm."

"Naturally I insist upon it," returned madame. "What is your farm to me? The men shall be paid. Send them off at once. If only there was some friend near who might help us!"

"Pardon me, madame," said Caerleon, coming forward. He had been listening in bewilderment to the colloquy over Cyril's shoulder, and picking up snatches of what was said. "I think I have the honour of addressing Madame O'Malachy? Can my brother and I be of any assistance to you?"

"My dear sir," said madame, with a charming smile, "I am ashamed to trouble you, but you would confer the greatest possible favour on my husband and myself if you would be so good as to help us. My daughter is a headstrong child, and she has started off early this morning to visit the sick daughter of a huntsman in the mountains. To ask you to give up your own concerns on account of the whim of a foolish girl is too bad, and yet I have no one else to send."

"We shall be delighted if we can be of any use," said Caerleon. "Do I understand that you would like us to meet Mademoiselle

O'Malachy and bring her home? We were intending to spend the morning in the mountains, so that we shall not even need to change our plans."

"Monsieur is too good," returned Madame O'Malachy. "I am desolated to be obliged to incommode him in this way, but my daughter has always lived in the country with her godmother, and knows nothing of the dangers which beset a young girl alone."

"But still, madame," put in Cyril, "one can have nothing but admiration for the amiable instinct which has prompted mademoiselle to set out by herself to relieve a sick girl."

"You are too amiable, monsieur," said madame. "My daughter is *dévoté*, what you call 'religious,' and this quality makes a great deal of trouble for herself and for other people. But behold me only half-dressed!" and madame became suddenly aware that her abundant dark hair, scarcely yet tinged with grey, was coiled negligently in a loose knot on her neck; "pardon me, gentlemen, and remember my anxiety. Pray scold my daughter well when you find her. *Au revoir!*" and she retreated up-stairs.

"Pleasant woman, Madame O'Malachy," Caerleon remarked to Cyril when they had obtained directions from the landlord as to the exact situation of the huntsman's cottage, and had started on their walk, "but I can't quite make her out."

"Can't you?" said Cyril. "I can. I've met too many of her before."

"She seemed so very anxious and excited," went on Caerleon, pursuing his own train of thought, "and yet she doesn't appear to care much for her daughter."

"Not a scrap!" said Cyril, emphatically. "Rather hates her

than otherwise, I should say, from her tone. Fact is, either she particularly wants the hotel to herself to-day, or she wishes to throw one of us, presumably you, with the young lady. Well, forewarned is forearmed."

"But it couldn't have been all humbug. She wouldn't have shown up in that costume if she hadn't been really anxious."

"That costume!" said Cyril. "I'm as sure as that I'm here that every hair of that coil was arranged with an eye to its effect on us."

"But she came down in a dressing-gown."

"Yes, but what kind of dressing-gown? When a Scythian lady, and still more a Sarmatian,—and there's a good deal more of the Sarmatian than the Scythian about our fair friend,—shows up in a dressing-gown, you may be pretty sure that it's a court-dress rather differently made. Madame knows how to dress her part to the letter."

Caerleon only grunted, and they went on in silence for some time. The path was steep, and Cyril found that the climbing took all the breath he had to spare.

"How much farther now to the top?" he asked at last, when they reached a sheltered nook in the hillside where a few pine-trees nestled.

"A good two miles yet," said Caerleon, looking back on the way they had come.

"Then I give in," said Cyril, resolutely, sitting down on a rock. "I'm about done, and I will leave the further chase of this young person to you. Ten to one but she'll come down some other way when you are gone on to the hut, and I shall get hold of her and give her a good lecture."

"Lecture a strange girl?"

"Rather! I shall say, 'My young friend, to try and thrust your school-

mistress's views on papa and mamma is not religion, but self-will, and to emphasise them by running off like this is not heroic, but bad-tempered.'"

"All right; I wish you luck. If mademoiselle has a tongue anything approaching her mamma's, you will be pretty well pulverised by the time I come back. Well, I'm off."

CHAPTER III.—"IF THOU WERT KIND AS THOU ART FAIR——"

Leaving his brother to contemplate the beauties of nature under the shade of the pines, Caerleon resumed the interrupted climb, finding his progress much more rapid than it had been when Cyril was his companion, and at last arrived at a point whence he could descry the huntsman's cottage, built under the shelter of a towering crag. Pausing for a moment to determine which of two paths now before him would be more likely to lead him to it directly, he heard footsteps above him, and presently a lady came in sight round a turning in the right-hand path. Tall and slight, she wore a plain tweed dress and felt hat, and the neatness and trimness of her appearance struck Caerleon as most refreshing after the alternate dowdiness and magnificence of many of the Austrian belles he had come across. It did not occur to him at first that this stately lady could be the hoydenish little Scythian schoolgirl of whom he was in search, but presently it struck him as unlikely that two young ladies would be wandering alone in the mountains on the same day, and he advanced to meet the girl.

"Excuse me," he said, taking off his cap, "but have I the honour of speaking to Mdle. O'Malachy?"

"I am Nadia O'Malachy," she replied, looking at him with an expression in which he read surprise not wholly unmixed with resentment. He noticed that her eyes were large and grey, and that her wavy dark hair grew low on her brow. She spoke

English readily, but with a slight foreign accent.

"I must ask you to forgive me for stopping you in this way," said Caerleon, hoping to disarm her wrath, "but the fact is that Madame O'Malachy was very anxious about you, and I promised to see you safely back to the hotel."

"My mother sent you after me?" she said quickly. "It was quite unnecessary. Pray continue your walk."

"The object of my walk is achieved," said Caerleon. "I have only to return."

"I have told you," said the girl, angrily, "that I do not desire your company."

Caerleon laughed inwardly. The walk seemed to promise some amusement. "And I regret, mademoiselle," he said, "that having promised to see you home, I must do it. I will walk behind you, if you prefer it."

"Oh no," said Mdle. O'Malachy, pointing to the path beside her with an imperious gesture, "I do not wish to insult you. You consider yourself a gentleman. I took you for one."

She walked on by his side, apparently expecting a retort, but he maintained a resolute silence, although secretly convulsed by the contrast between her expressed wish and her words. Suddenly, to his surprise, she turned to him.

"I beg your pardon. I ought not to have said that. I was wrong."

"Pray don't apologise," said

Caerleon. "I am here only as your mother's messenger, and I quite understand that my presence is disagreeable, and that I can't expect you to consider my feelings."

"I do not consider them," she retorted. "I apologised because it was right to do it when I had been rude."

"As a punishment to yourself?" asked Caerleon, much amused.

"Certainly not," she answered. "As a means of self-discipline."

"I see—and a punishment to me?"

"By no means. Why should I punish you? What you do has no interest for me. Oh, I beg your pardon. That was rude again."

"Not at all. But I am interested in your self-disciplinary system. Do you mind explaining it a little more fully? I think I ought to hear something about it, you know, since I have to suffer from it."

"Now she's going to flare up again," he thought, as his companion turned and glared at him, but the anger faded out of her eyes as he looked at her in calm expectancy.

"It is a just rebuke," she said, in a low voice. "I will tell you, although I do not care to speak of myself, but it will be a good punishment for me, as you say. My godmother, with whom I have always lived until lately, used to encourage me to self-denial when I was a child, saying that one could never rise to a great renunciation unless one trained oneself to it by making smaller ones. As I grew older, the principle seemed to me so excellent that I have followed it in other things. — When you were little, did you never hold your hand in the flame of the candle to try and find out whether you could be a martyr?"

"No," said Caerleon; "I have often done it, but I am afraid it was because I was told not to."

"Well, I have done it—often. And so with other things. I discovered in myself a strong tendency to insincerity, and fearing to yield to it, I made it a duty never to let politeness keep me from saying what I thought. How dreadful it would be to fail in truthfulness at some great crisis on account of a long course of petty insincerities! But I found that this made me appear rude, and I am very proud, and did not like to confess it. So I resolved to let nothing prevent me from instantly asking pardon of any one I had offended in this way."

"I see—without regard to that person's feelings. And may I ask whether Madame—your godmother—pursues the same system?"

"My godmother is Princess Soudaroff. No; she does not need it, she is too good. Her life is given up to working among the poor. Her house is an asylum for the wretched. She loves every one, is kind to every one."

"And she has impressed her views upon you? Did I understand you to say that she brought you up?"

"Yes; she pitied the life I led with my parents, and she adopted me as her own. She gave me everything, and provided excellent teachers for me; but, best of all, she allowed me to help her in her work. Sometimes we lived at her country-house, and worked among the peasants, and sometimes in Pavelsburg, and then our work was among the poorest of the poor. Oh, what a life it was! She cares for body and soul alike. The hospitals and prisons are visited, Bible-classes, sewing-classes held; drunkards reached, young girls away from home befriended and taken care of. To be in trouble—that gives you claim enough upon my princess."

"I didn't know that you went

in for all this kind of thing in Scythia," said Caerleon. "It's not quite one's idea of the Greek Church, somehow."

"But we are Evangelicals; we are separated," said the girl, eagerly. "They say we are heretics,—Non-conformists, I think, you call it in England,—and they persecute us. My godmother has often been in danger of exile, but something has always happened to save her. She has no fear at all."

"Only for you, perhaps. I suppose she sent you away when danger threatened? You didn't leave her, I am sure."

"Not of my own freewill, never! My mother sent for me; but not on account of any danger. She gave me up willingly enough when I was of no use to her, but now she thinks that I am old enough to be of assistance. Assistance to her!"

"I daresay it is better for you, after all, than your life with Princess Soudaroff," said Caerleon, judiciously. "We can't always have what we like, you know, and it doesn't look well to see a girl unable to get on with her mother."

"How dare you say that?" she cried, turning upon him again. "What do you know of my circumstances? Do you think I have not tried, longed, *agonised* to honour my father and mother? but I will not help them in their work. Don't talk to me of the look of things until you know something about them. Oh, I beg——"

"Excuse me," said Caerleon, quickly, "but if you have to apologise to me again, do you mind turning your head away, and doing it in a whisper? The effect on yourself would be the same, and it would spare my feelings."

"You are a scoffer!" said Mdlle. O'Malachy, sharply.

"I hope not; but I am afraid

that your apologies will get on my nerves."

"Your nerves?" she looked him up and down, and then laughed. "You don't suffer from nerves?"

"You don't know how wearing it is to be always looking out for apologies—and getting them."

"But why should it affect your nerves? You are English, you do not drink absinthe?" She was still looking him over in the light of a curious medical problem, and her tone was full of interest.

"I hope you don't intend to catechise me upon my private vices," said Caerleon, hastily. "What I said was only in joke. I don't know what nerves are."

"A joke?" Evidently it had not occurred to her that any one could take such a liberty on such short acquaintance. "But I do not even know your name, sir."

"And is it necessary to know a man's name before he may make a joke in your presence?" asked Caerleon, laughing, but she did not hear him.

"I know you must be one of the English noblemen who are staying in the hotel, and you cannot be the brother—he is small and delicate, my father said so. You are, then, the pretender?"

"The pretender?" asked Caerleon in astonishment.

"I beg your pardon—I should have remembered that the word has a worse meaning in English than in French. The aspirant, I should say—the aspirant to the throne of Thracia?"

"Well, I was, a year ago; or rather the throne of Thracia aspired to me. I refused it, you know."

"I remember; I was sorry. But you are going to accept it now?"

"Now? I don't know what you mean. I haven't a thought of it."

"Then why are you here?"

"Here? in Hungary? To visit my friend, Count Temeszy."

"But you are on your way to Thracia?"

"I assure you I am not. What can have put it into your head?"

"Every one thinks so. My parents quite believe it—so do others."

"Then they are mistaken, that's all."

"But why do you stay here, since Count Temeszy is away? You leave soon?"

"Not that I know of. Why should we?"

"Sir," her voice was very earnest, "will you be angry if I give you a warning? If there is no special reason to keep you here, do not remain. My father is not—is not a good friend for young men."

"A card-sharper, of course!" was the thought that darted through Caerleon's mind. "It's good of her to tell me, poor girl!" Aloud he added, "Thank you for your warning, mademoiselle. Perhaps you would be so kind as to mention to your father that I don't carry the revenues of Thracia about with me."

"You won't understand," cried the girl, passionately; "it is nothing about money. Consider what political disturbances your acceptance of the crown might bring about, and that there are those who will suspect you of desiring to provoke them so long as you remain in this part of Europe, however innocent your motives. I remember that when the crown was offered to you last year, the affair was much discussed in our circle. I myself heard Count Wratisloff say in my godmother's drawing-room, 'Here is the peace of Europe hanging upon the caprice of a boy!'"

"I am much obliged to him," said Caerleon, grimly.

"Now I have offended you again. I am sorry. Count Wratisloff is a

man who speaks rather emphatically sometimes, but he had no intention of being unkind. He prayed for you himself at our prayer-meeting the next day."

"Very kind of him, I'm sure. I suppose he prayed that I might refuse the crown?"

"Oh no. How could he pretend to regulate the course of affairs? If the time is come for a great European war, who can prevent it? He prayed that all might happen for the best."

"Then you and your circle are fatalists, mademoiselle?"

"Surely not. 'What will be, will be'—that is what the fatalists say, is it not?" she looked at him inquiringly. "But what we say is, 'What will be, must be for the best.'"

"But why pray about it, then?" asked Caerleon, interested by this frank confession of faith.

"That we may be brought to believe that it is so when we cannot see it," she answered, in a low voice, and although Caerleon would willingly have pursued the subject, a turn in the path here brought them in sight of Cyril, and there was no further opportunity for private conversation. During the rest of the way home they talked chiefly of temperance work, Mdlle. O'Malachy recounting incidents from her experience among Princess Soudaroff's *protégés*, and Caerleon replying with reminiscences of the various abortive attempts at restrictive legislation which he had supported in his House of Commons days, while Cyril listened and smiled with lofty contempt.

"Here we are," he said at last, with undisguised relief, "and here is your father coming to meet us, mademoiselle."

"Naughty girl!" cried the O'Malachy, shaking his fist playfully at his daughter. "I hope you've

given trouble enough to us and to these gentlemen? There's your mother waiting for you on the balcony. Go and settle ut with her yourself. Me lord, I can't tell you how grateful I am to you and to Lord Cyril for your goodnuss to-day. Me wife is very nervous, but you have been most kind in relieving her anxiety. May I hope you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening? Madam O'Malachy will like to thank you herself."

"You are very kind," said Caerleon. "We were hoping to call this afternoon——"

"Call!" cried the O'Malachy in high contempt. "Would you talk about calling in this wildernuss? Come to-night, and we'll be delighted to see you."

The invitation was accepted with due gratitude, and the O'Malachy returned to his wife and daughter, while Caerleon and Cyril sought their own quarters. Lunch was rather a silent ceremony, for Caerleon felt an unaccountable aversion to detailing to his brother his talk with Nadia O'Malachy.

"Not going out again, surely?" said Cyril, when the meal was over, and Caerleon took up his cap from the window-seat.

"I want a smoke."

"Well, there are no ladies here, thank goodness! Sit down and smoke like a reasonable human being."

"No, I want a walk."

"I should have thought you had had walking enough for one day," grumbled Cyril, but Caerleon was already outside, and he was obliged to address the remainder of his complaint to his pipe. "He walks with her all morning, does he? and then goes out again to think about her? I ought to have foreseen this. That's the drawback of the kind of life we've been leading for a man

of Caerleon's stamp. He's scarcely spoken to a lady since we left England, and now the first decent-looking girl he meets bowls him over at once. What a blessing it is that I'm not susceptible!"

Caerleon's walk lasted for over two hours, and Cyril, with a telegram in his hand, was awaiting him impatiently when he returned.

"Back at last!" he said. "Do see what this is. It may be to summon us home about something, or it may be from Temeszy."

"It is from Temeszy," said Caerleon, opening it. "The steward must have telegraphed to him yesterday as soon as we were gone. He has business in Paris which will keep him there for more than a month, but he wants us to take up our quarters at the castle, ride his horses, hunt his wolves, or whatever else in the way of game there may be about, and so on—in fact, use the house as if it was our own."

"Well, what do you think?" asked Cyril.

"If you ask me," said Caerleon, slowly, "I think we might as well have stayed at Llandiarimid as bury ourselves out there without Temeszy or any one to speak to."

"I see," said Cyril. "You mean to stay on here for the present, then?"

"Yes, I think we might."

"But you forget that Mr or M. O'Malachy is coming back. What is one to call a fellow who has an Irish father and a Sarmatian mother, and has been brought up abroad? But anyhow, he is coming, and we have got his room."

"I forgot that," said Caerleon, rather crestfallen. "We must find out to-night when he is expected. There's no need to leave until he comes."

Once more Cyril drew dark inferences from his brother's words,

but he made no remark, and at the appointed time they presented themselves in Madame O'Malachy's *salon*, where a most cordial welcome awaited them. They were the only guests, and it fell naturally to Caerleon to escort his hostess, a privilege for which he was not as grateful as he ought to have been, for he could hear Cyril and Nadia wrangling busily throughout the meal. Guessing that his brother was treating Mdle. O'Malachy to a little *fin de siècle* philosophy, he had no difficulty in imagining the light in which it would strike her, and his anxiety to hear what she was saying in reply distracted his attention a little from her mother, who conversed vivaciously in French, addressing him as "*mon cher marquis*" in a way that reminded him vaguely of the Molière he had read when at school.

"I am longing that you should know my son," she observed at last. "He is of the same age as your brother, and I have a presentiment that they will be friends. Louis is a true enthusiast, and it is this trait in his character that has caused us no small anxiety. My husband has perhaps told you that until a short time ago he was an officer in the Scythian army. Would you believe that he has resigned his post in order to join the Thracian revolutionists?"

"Indeed?" said Caerleon, much interested; "and has he joined them yet?"

"No, but he intends to do so as soon as possible. Imagine his throwing away all his prospects like this! It is madness."

"Come now, Barbara," put in the O'Malachy from his end of the table. "Louie is a very decent feller, and he may make his way yet. You wouldn't believe that I meself began life as a leader in the Sarmatian insurrection, would

you?" he asked, turning to the young men with his most innocent air.

"No, indeed," said Caerleon, dimly conscious that Cyril started, and pursed up his lips as if to whistle.

"It's true, then. When I left Ireland as a young man, after a little difficulty with the Government connectud with the troubles of '48, I took, though ut is not I should say ut, a prominent part in the Sarmatian affair, and yet here I am now, a colonel in the Scythian army. I learned wisdom, you see. The Scythians were not so bad as I had thought them, and the Sarmatians were a good deal worse, and so ut happened that I changed sides, perhaps with a little persuasion of another kind addud on," and he glanced waggishly at his wife, who laughed rather nervously, and remarked that the candles were burning low.

"But have you never visited England since 1848?" asked Caerleon. "Surely there can be no danger of your being arrested now? I hope I may have the pleasure of welcoming you at Llandiarmlid yet."

"Yes," said Cyril, "if you began as a Sarmatian revolutionist and end as a Scythian officer, we may hope to see you in a comfortable berth in the Constabulary yet, O'Malachy."

"Ah, but there's another business since '48," said the O'Malachy. "You know Balster, the feller that was made Irush Secretary two or three years ago? When I heard he had got the Irush Offus, I sent um a present of a box of cigars, the brand I always smoke meself—he had admired them greatly when I met um at Ludwigsbad some time before. Well, would you believe ut? Sure 'twas a mighty queer piece o

work—the police opened the box when ut got to Doblun, and they found dynamite in ut. So then they accused me of trying to blow the man up, and I daren't set foot in me native land. I was sorry, of course; but how was ut me fault?"

"Do you mean to say," asked Caerleon, "that the police took the cigars out and put dynamite instead of them?"

"All I can say," replied the O'Malachy, spreading out his hands with a deprecatory gesture, "is that I sent cigars, and that the police fellers found an infernal machine. You must make what you can of ut."

"Oh, don't harp on the subject, Caerleon," put in Cyril, seeing that his brother was not satisfied. "Can't you see that it's very naturally disagreeable to the O'Malachy? When do you expect your son, O'Malachy?"

"In two or three days, Lord Cyril. I am greatly pleased that he will be so fortunate as to meet you here."

"Oh, but we shan't be here," said Caerleon, seizing his opportunity. "We must not forget that we are trespassing on your kindness all the time we occupy these rooms. We will clear out to-morrow, if you like."

"That you won't," returned the O'Malachy. "Why, when I was hearing in the town yesterday that your friend was in Paris, and knew that you would be wanting to come back here, I went straight to the landlord, and got um to clear out another room for Louie, without any fuss at all. So now the place is plenty big for both of us, and I will think that you are offended with us if you turn out before you have seen all you want of the neighbourhood."

"Since you are so kind," said

Caerleon, "we will certainly stay on for the present." Here a frown from Cyril reached him, and an almost imperceptible "Don't!" and he added rather lamely, "That is, if you are quite sure we are not inconveniencing you—or Miss O'Malachy."

"My dear marquis," said Madame O'Malachy, "let me assure you that your society is already doing my husband far more good than the waters here. As for my daughter, how should you inconvenience her?"

"Oh no; why should I need two rooms?" asked Nadia, gloomily, and Caerleon could get nothing but monosyllables from her during the remainder of the evening. When the guests were gone, however, she turned to her parents as she was leaving the room.

"You may be interested to know," she said in her clear hard voice, "that Lord Caerleon has no intention of going to Thracia, nor of accepting the Thracian crown. I am not in the habit of helping you in your work, but I thought that piece of news might possibly lead you to alter your plans a little."

"Many thanks, my daughter," said Madame O'Malachy, while her husband laughed softly. "In what way are our plans to be changed?"

"Surely you can leave Lord Caerleon and his brother alone, now that you know this, and not seek to involve them in any danger?"

"Mademoiselle," said the O'Malachy, rising and standing with his back to the stove, "may I remind you of one small fact? We have not, as you remark, the honour of your assistance, and I regret to say that this necessarily deprives you of any pleasure you might derive from our confidence. Whatever plans your mother and I may have in view, we do not feel inclined to risk their reaching Lord Caerleon by communicating them to you."

Nadia's face grew crimson, but she threw her head back proudly as she bade her parents good-night and left the room.

"There is a little fool for you," said Madame O'Malachy with lazy contempt.

"What did you mean by making signs to me at dinner?" asked Caerleon of Cyril, when they were alone together in his room.

"Any one with ordinary common-sense would have seen that I meant you not to accept the O'Malachy's offer, but to go on at once, away from here."

"But why in the world? You said nothing of this before."

"Because I did not know who he was, but at dinner it suddenly flashed upon me that he was the hero of a story which I heard when I was in Pavelsburg. Old Dostelsky, who helped in putting down the Sarmatian rebellion, told it to two or three of us in the smoking-room one night."

"Something spicy, I suppose? Come, let us hear it."

"Well, it seems that the O'Malachy was, as he said, one of the Sarmatian leaders, and he gave the Scythians so much trouble that they were ready to go any lengths to get rid of him. They tried fair means and they tried foul—open attacks, and bribes, and attempted assassination, but it was all no good. At last—I don't know whether it was a lucky guess, or whether something showed them his weak point—they thought of working upon his susceptibilities. They had a decoy handy, Mdle. Barbara Platovska, a young Sarmatian lady, brought up in Paris and trained in Scythia. She had done a good deal of work for them already, and she was as plucky and as wily as she was beautiful, so that she was a valuable instrument.

Well, they sent her off with a free hand, and a pardon for O'Malachy, signed by the Emperor, in her pocket, together with a promise of employment in the Scythian army. Mdle. Barbara lays her plans, and presently, travelling by night through a forest where the rebels had one of their camps, she falls into their hands. There was some talk of shooting her at once, for her face was unmistakable, and they all knew what harm she had done to their cause; but she singled out O'Malachy, and threw herself at his feet and demanded his protection. You wouldn't find many Irishmen who would refuse to help a pretty woman in such a plight, and O'Malachy pulled her behind him, and told the rest to come on. They nearly got to blows, but at last they agreed to give the girl some form of trial, and they carried her off to their headquarters. Naturally O'Malachy kept close to her, and she used her opportunity so well that before the journey was over he was head and ears in love with her. He soon discovered that the rest were determined to kill her, and the very first night that he had the chance he helped her to escape from the ruined tower in which she was imprisoned, and escorted her back to her friends. Up to that time he fully meant to go back and give himself up to his comrades, but now was Mdle. Barbara's chance. She never let him alone on that journey, until she had got him to promise to come in with her and surrender. He must have been pretty sick of the Sarmatians altogether—they were rather a shady lot, always quarrelling and fighting among themselves—and there was no money to be made out of their job, and he was in love as well, and he thought she loved him, so he consented. He got his pardon and his post in the Scythian

army, and he meant to get Mdlle. Barbara. But when he went to see her she met him as she had done the other men she had ruined, turned her back on him and told him that no traitor should ever be her husband. But she had tried that trick once too often. He had her against the wall with a revolver to her head in an instant, and then and there he made her promise to marry him. And that wasn't all, either. He took her to the table, still with the revolver pointed at her, and made her write out and sign an account of the scene. Then he let her go, but she married him the next week. You see he could have ruined her with that paper. If it had once come to her employers' ears that she had lost her nerve, and yielded to threats, they would never have made use of her again. Perhaps, too, the O'Malachy's style of wooing pleased her, or she may have had a soft place for him in her heart all along. At any rate, they married, and went into partnership, and you see what a happy couple they are."

"But how did the story get about?" asked Caerleon. "Surely it was to the interest of both of them to keep it quiet."

"Oh, the O'Malachy let it out one evening when he had been dining—told it as rather a fine thing, I believe."

"The old beast! to go and give his wife away like that," remarked Caerleon, with righteous indignation.

"Well, after all, she doesn't show up so very much worse than he does in the matter," said Cyril. "They are rather a well-matched pair. You know what their present manner of life is?"

"Oh yes, I know. Card-sharpping."

Cyril stared. "Not unless you are speaking in parables, and alluding to political cards. They are spies of the Scythian Government, *agents provocateurs*, and so on. The O'Malachy is supposed to be travelling for his health, which enables him to be pretty constantly on the move, and turn up just where his presence is required. Oh, he's a fine old fellow! Wasn't that rich about Balster and the infernal machine? It was an awful sell for him, though. Sorry! of course he was sorry—that Balster didn't open it himself, and get blown up. That's one of his little ways of employing his leisure hours, and the whole family are really otherwise engaged than in health-seeking, very much so."

"Not all of them. Miss O'Malachy is not."

"Well, you certainly know more of her than I do, so I can't say. You have a queer taste in fathers-in-law, though."

"Don't talk rot," said Caerleon, indignantly. "I won't hear the girl slandered, but I can't even make out whether I like her or not. She says the most appalling things in the coolest voice, and then apologises."

"Well," said Cyril, getting near the door, "when a man goes out to think about a girl, and wastes two hours of his valuable time in trying to decide whether he likes her or not, and then comes back without having found out, it looks as though he was pretty far gone." And Cyril quitted the room in a hurry, dexterously avoiding the boot which Caerleon hurled at him.

'EOTHEN' AND THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

"THE Athenæum is one of the most important clubs in England, and as the number of members is limited to one thousand two hundred it is very difficult to get admitted to it. No stranger is allowed, on any pretext, to go beyond the hall of the club. Great authors, politicians, statesmen, and men of distinction, generally form the bulk of the members of this club.

"It is not a large building, but it is a very fine one. You enter the door, which shuts itself noiselessly behind you, and come into a big hall heated with fires on both sides. Inside the door is the office of the chief porter, where you can get every information about the members of the club, and where the members get their letters. There is one staircase leading down to the smoking and billiard rooms, another up to the drawing-room and library; both are covered with sound-killing carpets. It is a magnificent library; silence reigns throughout. The room is generally full of great men of letters reading books of reference, and writing books for the enlightenment of others. This sight inspires one with respect. I observed they were all old men; and this is but natural, for one cannot, generally speaking, be distinguished till he is old."

Such is the description given of the Athenæum by an Indian Chief-Justice, who put on record his impressions of England some few years ago. I trust his account of the interior of that classic edifice may be a correct one. It has always been a home of mystery to those who, like myself, frequently passing, note with respectful admiration the backs of distinguished heads in relief against a background of outspread newspapers.

Once indeed echoes from within used to reach me. Those were the days — or nights — of the round

table, of which Hayward, Kinglake, Chenery, were the ruling spirits.

But many have been the changes within the last decade. Without, the building has become a whited sepulchre; within, to many, many, as to me, it is "peopled by ghosts." I wonder if ever in the small hours of the night, when the rooms are deserted and Pall Mall is silent, they return invisible to their old haunts.

"Where treasure has been buried, there will the spirit return," quotes Heine, and desires to hide some sous under a paving-stone of the Paris Boulevards. And perchance some of those who haunted these well-known rooms in their lifetime may, with wistful forethought, have slipped some small coin behind the wainscot.

Midnight has struck. The library lights up again. Affable familiar ghosts flock in, rustling sheets of the evening papers. Some listen with amusement, some with irritation, as Hayward again shambles across the floor, proclaiming in his harsh voice how an ambassador has asked him to review his book, or the wife of a Lord Chancellor to defend her husband's memory, mentioning dukes without a prefix, as, diving into a dingy pocket, he brings out a letter from the reigning Prime Minister.

Again the little round table in the north-eastern corner of the dining-room is laid for three, and we hear the gentle "Heavens!" of Kinglake contrasting, as treble to bass, with the more forcible expletives of Hayward, who lays down the law as one born a dictator, on some subject adopted as his own.

It may still be some new work on Byron he reads in pieces. "How dare any one attempt to say anything about Byron that I have not said? Why should any one read dull and pretentious books giving no new information, pretending to defend him, and leaving him with a worse reputation than before? How dare the 'Times' review a book on that subject and speak well of it without consulting *me*?"

Placid Chenery is roused to answer, but is met with, "I wonder you can venture to set up your judgment against mine! I knew Byron's most intimate friends; I knew M. M. and X. and Y. and Z., and Lady — has answered every question I set her, and no one else knows anything of the matter." Chenery hopelessly succumbs to such a peal of words; Kinglake's eyes twinkle with subdued malice, a delighted onlooker at all battles. Some one crosses the trail by telling of a letter on the subject in a weekly paper, and Hayward trots off to look at it, head down, grinding his teeth, still muttering threatenings and slaughters, while poor Chenery, relieved, leans back, gently twiddles his thumbs, and calls for an unaccustomed glass of punch.

Hayward's death was the first to break the circle in 1884, and Kinglake's gentle presence was constant beside him during the long illness. Their very unlikeness seemed to bind them to one another. On January 28 he wrote to me: "I have been within the last hour at poor Hayward's bedside. His bodily weakness is now extreme, but he is easier in some respects than he was, and he suffers no actual pain. I believe there is nothing in his ailment which, apart from his age, would

preclude a hope of his recovery. To-day, however, he did actually say that he felt stronger."

But the end was near, for on February 12 he writes again, in genuine sorrow, though not in conventional words, "Yes, I was sure you would feel the loss of our long dominant friend Hayward." And after some kind expressions on our friendship he adds, "And remember he was one who did not set up false idols, or even allow others to set up false idols for themselves."

That was a true appreciation of Hayward's character. A little arrogant, a little overbearing, he had by genius, by experience, by study, gained the power of forming an opinion on men and on books that was sought and accepted by the highest intellects of the day. He knew that he saw to the core of politics and of literature with a keener and clearer eye than is bestowed upon many, and it angered him when his verdict was not accepted at once and without hesitation. But there was a very kind heart within that bent form, and the eyes under that shaggy penthouse could flash sympathy as well as scorn. He liked letting his influence be known, and the dignified 'Quarterly' was sometimes ill pleased at finding that he had proclaimed himself in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair as one of the human mouthpieces through which that majestic oracle was at the moment speaking.

But if he laid a little too much stress on his own achievements in the discovery and recognition of genius, he would take equal pleasure in repeating some appreciative word of a friend that had chanced to meet his ear. He would take trouble also in introducing some one he thought worth it to society which would be useful to

him. Then indeed, should that friend speak in all innocence of the assemblies he had been taken to as one to the manner born, Hayward's wrath would explode — "—, —, —, &c., &c., he would never have been admitted to the servants' hall at those houses without me!"

His conversation was flexible and his recollections inexhaustible; he liked to talk of the changes he had witnessed in his long life in London. I must record his bearing witness to the great increase in the efficiency of the clergy, and the respect paid to their devotion and energy, in vivid contrast to the estimation they were held in half a century ago. Though he would add, with the touch of mockery he could seldom quite resist, "But I don't know, when they accept Darwinism, what they do with Adam and Eve."

Society he often fumed against; poker-playing had ruined it, he declared, and the loud talking at dinner-tables. But beauty, he confessed, had remained at its highest level, and I remember him at a party in Downing Street seized with a desire to present the Chinese Ambassador to Lady Dalhousie, just to see what effect her dazzling loveliness would produce on him.

Even the Athenæum was not sacred to him. He would delightfully tell how on the annual migration to the United Service Club its members complain that the Bishops steal all their umbrellas. And Kinglake, with equally mischievous delight, had a counter-story, that when the librarian was asked for at the United Service, the answer was, "Please, sir, he's in the dining-room carving the roast-beef!"

It was another member of that brilliant company who, inveighing

as do all good Athenæumites against the cookery, was asked, "Why don't you get the Bishops to make a fuss?" "What!" was the answer; "must I turn to the Bishop dining nearest me and cry, 'O man of God, there is death in the pot!'"

I wonder if such trivial jokes ever enliven those lofty rooms in these days. Or is the account of my Mohammedan friend correct, and do all the members now sit "reading books of reference"?

Politicians may well read there, or elsewhere, for many years to come, the brilliant Essays, and students the 'Faust,' and *bon vivants* the "Art of Dining"—the chief though inadequate memorials of Abraham Hayward's very remarkable and "dominant" life.

Chenery was a less incisive personality. His soul was that of a student, and dwelt with the oriental lore he was so great a master of. His heart was large—wider than all the sheets of the 'Times' spread out together—and his love of all things lovely and of good report was stronger by far than of influence or political sway. But his sense of duty was strongest of all, and he did his best to guide the great journal wisely and well. He liked to dine with friends, or to entertain them at dinner in his quiet chambers; but bustling into the busy world to "keep in touch with it" was not his *métier*. His Athenæum friends brought him such morsels of fact and criticism as served his purpose. The law of kindness was on his lips. The hardest thing I ever heard him say was of some acquaintance, that he "could not think much of him since he found he had a habit of binding his Bradshaws." I may indeed write him down fitly as "the gentlest of my friends."

Once in my girlhood I, who seldom heard of books, and who grew up in a house without a Shakespeare, and in a province without a bookstall, caught the words of one friend to another, "What do you consider the most brilliant book of the last half-century?" And the answer that came was 'Eothen'; and a sequel to the answer was a present to me of a copy of the book itself, with the frontispiece of impaled skeletons, afterwards brought up as evidence in the Bulgarian atrocity controversy.

I took it to my heart at once, and there it has ever since remained. "Thank you so much for recommending me 'Eothen,'" a schoolboy friend wrote to me in after-days, "and please tell me of some more books like it." But he has grown to manhood, and the books "like 'Eothen'" have not yet appeared.

So when I came into the world of London, and began to see in the flesh those whose voices had reached me through the stone walls of the West, one of those I most ardently desired to meet was Kinglake.

Our real friendship began at the time of the Egyptian war, or rather at its close in 1882. Some leading newspapers were clamouring for the execution of Arabi, and—what seemed more menacing—Mr Gladstone had written to Hayward, in reply to a supposition that such an act would be impossible, that he "hoped it might not be found necessary." The 'Times' published an account of "Arabi and his Household," written by me in his defence, and Kinglake had been interested by it, and had constantly been at our house in St George's Place, talking over Egyptian and other affairs of the East. He writes to my husband on October 13:—

"I am horrified at the idea of there being really ground for alarm (as you seem to think there is) with respect to the fate of Arabi. Unless it is made clear to *English* investigators, and by *English* modes of proof, that he is guilty of the massacres at Alexandria or the cruelties perpetrated elsewhere, the notion of his being put to death would be revolting—so revolting that I can hardly think on reflection such a thing is possible. Our people can't be so idiotic as to fancy that, if wrong is done, they can shelter themselves behind their own puppet, and say that the puppet, not they, did the deed.

"Of course, with my feeling on the subject, I should feel it a duty to do anything in the direction you suggest that I could hope might be of the least use, but I fear I am too much 'off the line' of public affairs to be able to interfere at all usefully; and, as regards the 'Times,' there is on their part (and not unnaturally) the strongest possible hostility towards me, arising out of what I had to say about them in my *Crimea* book.

"I will be at the Athenæum tomorrow afternoon at six o'clock upon the chance that you may come thither and that we may confer on the subject."

He readily subscribed towards the fund for the defence of Arabi (the cost of which was in the end almost entirely borne by Mr Wilfrid Blunt), but he would not write directly to the 'Times,' for the reasons given above. He consented, however, to write a private letter on the subject, with permission to publish. This he promised for a certain day, but the morning post brought no letter. Presently a messenger came across the park with a note saying that he had not yet quite satisfied himself as to the expressions to be used, but would send the letter in the afternoon. It came about three o'clock, but he himself followed, and before he left he had thought of some new turn to give a sentence to render its meaning more distinct, and

before it finally left his hands the trial had been brought to an end by a compromise, and the necessity for its appearance had passed away.

I could then understand his having had the proofs of 'Eothen' back eleven times for correction—to the trial of his publisher's faith and patience. And I hardly yet understand how the nine volumes of his 'Crimea' ever saw the light, he was, even in an ordinary note, so fastidious in his choice of words.

Blackwood wrote of him before he became his publisher, "Oliphant tells me Kinglake is a monstrous clever fellow and a real good one, but most particular and confoundedly fidgety about what he writes." He himself used plainatively to say while the History was in progress, that he did not believe he would ever be free of it. He had once, when staying in Scotland, strayed into a Free Kirk, and the minister instantly said, "Lord, send down Thy quickening on him that is slow!" but though he had cordially joined in the aspiration, it had been without result.

One day, going out of the room, he stopped and put his hand on my little boy's head and said, "My little fellow, here's a piece of advice to you. If you ever think of writing a history, don't leap into the decision, but sit down first and write one half chapter as an experiment, and then you will know what task it is you are undertaking."

When the last volume was out he joyfully said good-bye to his pen, and found himself too happy in being free from the trammels of authorship to think of venturing into them again.

In spite of his friendship for Chenery he had a quaint way of

regarding the 'Times' as a sort of Juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing an announcement of the new editor's marriage he exclaimed, "Heavens! that brings the 'Times' into relations with humanity!" "Never offend the 'Times'" was his emphatic piece of advice. "A sea-captain told me that the cause of his non-success in life was his having on some occasion refused to let one of their correspondents come on board his ship. From that time, whenever he distinguished himself, the 'Times' misspelled his name—leaving out the first letter—which prevented his ever making any mark."

It always seemed strange to me that so gentle and refined a being should take such an intense interest in everything connected with war. Almost in his last days of prostration there came a vivid flash of delight when I told him the story of a soldier who on his return from Suakin was asked if the Arabs were not brave fighters, and answered, "I don't call that bravery, for they are not afraid of death."

He watched the Soudan campaign with keen, critical eyes. He writes (in 1884):—

"Do not think too ill of your poor Egyptians on the road to Tokar. To enfold a convoy of baggage animals in a hollow square of infantry, and maintain it against bold cavalry—this is a triumph of valour and military coherence that is only made possible—one may say after centuries of practice—by a perfected organisation and the presence of trustworthy officers. Considering that by Wolseley's stratagem of the night-march they had been deprived of the power to use their main arm—the artillery—your poor Egyptians did really stand well at Tel-el-Kebir against that part of our line commanded by Hamley, which first attacked them. Hamley is an unpopular man, but

straightforward, truthful, and a master of the business of war, so that I confidently accept what he tells me, with the result of being compelled to think better of the quality of the poor Egyptian soldier than I should otherwise do."

Then turning to politics, he sums up:—

"I am sometimes taxed with having said or printed that Gladstone was 'a good man in the worst sense of the term,' but there does now seem really good ground for saying that his management of England's Imperial tasks is tainted with amiability."

He did not look on General Gordon with unqualified admiration. He writes: "There is something interesting in that device of sending out Chinese Gordon. I take it he is a sagacious fanatic, so that it is practically sending out a true prophet against the 'false prophet.'" He said of him at another time, "Gordon has fits of sanity and then relapses into lunacy"; and again, on hearing of his proposal to restore his old bugbears, Zebehr and the Turks, "I must confess he is a kind of divine weathercock."

The short-lived desire to seize Khartoum after Gordon's death he looked on as a romantic desire on the part of England to possess the site of a martyrdom. "But they should remember the Duke of Wellington's advice to 'always see what is on the other side of the hill.'"

Speaking of the Khedive, Tewfik, for whom he had no admiration, he said, "Yet Gladstone seems to have an acquired taste for him."

"That is a Providence worth trusting!" he exclaimed, when he heard of the hurricane that had destroyed the fleets at Samoa, for he had looked very jealously on German colonial ambition.

In spite of his deafness his quaint *tournure de phrases* made

him the most charming of companions. His words seemed to crystallise into epigram as they touched the air.

His deafness was of late years a great privation to him, loving as he did to hear and join in the play of witty speech. Sir Edward Hamley used to say sadly, "When I talk to Kinglake at the Athenæum everybody in the room hears every word I say—except Kinglake."

When I first knew him he lived in Hyde Park Place, in rooms overlooking a churchyard. When he had first looked at them he said to the landlady, "I should not like to live here—I should be afraid of ghosts." "Oh no, sir," she replied; "there is always a policeman round the corner." I really believe he took the rooms on the spur of his delight at this truly British answer.

Gout was the first malady to attack him, and to wean him from his daily club. He had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied, "Dear sir,—Gout is not beyond my scope, but men are." Then he called in Sir James Paget, because he had been very much struck with a portrait he had seen of him by Millais.

He went to Brighton for change, and was there brought into almost nearer relations with ghosts than in the Hyde Park lodging. He was startled one day by a man coming to him to say that his wife had appeared in a dream, and told him to go at once and find out William Alexander Kinglake and convert him to Catholicism. He was evidently quite mad, and put on a surplice to speak in. Kinglake replied that even in heaven there should be accuracy, and that his name was Alexander William. This "froze" the enthusiast a little, and then Kinglake, recalling a story of a young lady in a train

who had quelled a madman by fixing her eyes on him, did the same, with the result of at last "freezing" him altogether, and he left in low spirits. He had once seen this man some years before for a few minutes, when he had come to say that his wife had run away, and to ask if Kinglake knew anything of her!

Afterwards he settled at Richmond for a time, his health and strength much failing. But in 1888 he writes:—

"I have failed to find any resting-place in the country with a south aspect, and now think I may have to look for sunshine—where do you think? In poor London! I have heard of a *gite* near where I used to be, facing the Park, and perhaps may actually find myself in that quarter again. I consider myself at present fairly well, not attaining indeed (for want of appetite) to quite a brutal robustness, but free from pain."

He came back and settled at 17 Bayswater Terrace, his last domicile.

Though so glad to have said farewell to his History, he was always pleased to talk of Crimean days. One Sunday he came in just as my boy and I had come from the Serpentine, where we had been watching the fleets of toy boats, allowed the privilege of Sabbath sailing, not accorded to larger ones. *Apropos* of this he told us how once in the Crimea he had seen a vessel come in under full sail, right under the Russian guns. They fired at her and missed, and she came in without wavering, though the crowds looking on waited to see her sink. A French officer standing by said, "I hope the Queen of England will give the highest honour in her power, the Garter, to that brave captain." But presently it appeared that she was, like the Serpentine boats, without a crew, empty and de-

serted. He was very much excited over a story I had heard and brought him, that an English yacht had touched at the Crimea wishing to visit the scenes of the war, and that the authorities had refused to allow a dignitary of the Church who was on board to land, as no priest of another communion than the Greek is permitted to set foot on Russian soil without special permission from the Emperor, which there was no time to obtain.

He jumped up, and his eyes flashed fire as he said, "I have been in the Crimea at a time when we landed whom we liked without asking leave from Russia."

The subject that appeared to hold his mind and to excite him most in his latter years was that of Ireland. Like other gentle natures I have known, he seemed to lash himself into fury at the idea of what he considered "the betrayal of a garrison." He writes in January 1886:—

"It was so kind a thought of yours to send me some sunshine from India. Your sunshine has cleaved its bright way through the mists of this London of ours, but also through gloom of a political kind which during several days was not unmixed with alarm.

"The alarm I still think may be pardoned; for who could imagine that Gladstone would go over to the Home Rulers without having first satisfied himself by easy inquiry amongst his friends that he could carry his party along with him? And, supposing that he had become a Home Ruler after taking that precaution, the prospects of our country would have been such as to appal every man understanding the crisis, or make him school his mind for civil war. However, at about the same time when your kind letter reached me, it began to seem probable that the leader had reckoned without his host, and this I now think is certain.

"But, heavens! the wickedness of Gladstone's escapade! I had hitherto

sincerely believed him to be swayed by conscientious motives, though I saw that, like jackals, they acted as lion's providers! . . .

"However, good comes out of evil, and the series of admirable letters that have appeared in the 'Times,' followed by the speech of George Trevelyan, threw such a flood of light on what we ought all to have known long ago, that the country, I venture to hope, will be an actual gainer in the end. . . . Our Polity is on its trial, and what will result from the first few weeks of the approaching session none, I think, can foresee; but I trust that in the happy time of May, when you are once more in St George's Place, there will be a United Kingdom to welcome you to."

But as if half ashamed of his warmth, he writes again later:—

"The Irish measure! I thought myself a cool sort of fellow, and know myself to be a lazy one, so that I am quite taken aback at finding I have lost my temper on the subject, and become savage."

But whenever he spoke of it his wrath would awake again, and he would inveigh against the Home Rule Bill and its promoter. "He is a great advocate. When he shows a brief and announces that he has been retained for its defence, it gives a chance of success, otherwise the bill could never have been taken seriously. His idea is to cut a limb off the empire and to trust to Parnell to sew it on again."

"But don't you think Gladstone conscientious?" he was asked. "Yes," he answered, "but he has a diseased conscience. Yet," he added, "there is something of Christ's idea in his present one, that the secret of truth has been delivered to the unlearned."

In 1889, when things were going better, he writes:—

"I am so constituted as to have a strong and painful feeling on the subject of the confiscation, which seemed to be more or less annulling the

ownership of the landlords and giving the soil—I won't say trenchantly to criminals, but to people bordering on crime; and in proportion to the gloominess of my thoughts on this subject is your truly welcome announcement that rents are being paid and that prices are keeping up.

"Enforcing the law! That sounds simple, but what Balfour has done in that direction is a grand achievement."

But that year was to be a sad one to him, and to those who cared for him. He had once already been operated on for cancer, and now the disease had come back again. It seemed cruel that he who looked so fragile and so feeble, as if a mere current of air might easily waft him away, should be seized by the throat by so terrible and merciless a destroyer.

He suffered much, but always with uncomplaining patience. His interest in outward affairs was as keen as ever, and in the party complications and tangles that followed the "O'Shea v. Parnell" trial, he liked to see me every day that I might tell him what was going on and "clear his mind." When he heard of the repudiation of Parnell on moral grounds, "Hypocrites!" he said vehemently, from beneath his coverings, with the old energy and fire.

On Christmas Day he was hardly conscious, and, by mercy of morphia, not suffering. The first day of 1891 found him still alive, but it was his last on earth.

I went once again to the vacant room from which his gentle bright spirit had passed away. The simple furniture, the few ornaments, the many books, were to be given by his wish to the friends he had cared for. To me there came—I look at them as I write—a pair of slight, keen Spanish swords, unsheathed, untarnished.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

THE PEASANT-LIFE OF SOUTH RUSSIA.

UNLESS under exceptional circumstances, the peasant-life of a country comes little under the notice of the average European traveller. In his hurried journey through towns replete with every possible interest, he finds all his time fully occupied in pacing endless galleries and museums filled with silent witnesses to the genius of men whose works still "follow them"; he seldom thinks that a short railway ride will set him down amidst living witnesses to a genius as interesting if not as noble, the genius of contented humble peasant-life. The chances are that if the traveller wishes to see something of the life of the country in which he sojourns, he is in a position to have intercourse with the upper classes only of that land, and in this he finds much pleasure, if not much interest. But aristocracy is to a great extent the same all the world over, peasant-life is not; and he would miss a deal who willingly puts aside any opportunity he may have for the study of the same.

On the other hand, "introductions"—if I may use the term—to this class of society are not so easily obtainable as one would imagine, and a combination of peculiar circumstances alone can give the traveller the necessary facility to study the peasant as he is.

Thanks to the writings of Count Leo Tolstoi and others, the English reading public is not altogether unfamiliar with the life of the Russian *mujik*. Tolstoi's peasant is the peasant of Northern Russia, who differs in some characteristics from his southern *confrère*. On his estate, which you pass in the

train, on the line between Kursk and Moscow, shortly before arriving at Tula, the philanthropic Count still labours, working out the practical side of his system of philosophy.

As a general rule, one notices that the northern parts of most European countries contrast in many particulars with the southern portions, but especially in one respect—viz., that of cleanliness. The north is in general the abode of cleanliness; the same cannot be said of the south. In this respect Normandy and Provence in France at once suggest themselves as cases of the point in question, while if we go over the other countries of Europe we shall find that the same law holds in the great majority of cases. But Russia's peasant-life is an exception: here the south is more cleanly than the north—the southern peasant is nothing if he is not clean.

The contrast might be pursued further: the peasant of Southern Russia is an uncommunicative creature. He does not give you his opinion when you ask him, insomuch that you sometimes doubt whether he has any to give. But this is not the case: the chances are that he has very definite ideas about the matter in question, only the southern characteristic is to keep that opinion to yourself. The northerner, on the other hand, offers you advice in great quantity, and often unasked for: he is also more active and more business-like than his brother in the south.

One little incident that occurred, when I was staying as the guest of a Russian nobleman on his

country estate, was also explained to me as illustrating the difference in character between the northern and southern peasant. It so happened that at that time an official on the estate, who had charge of some difficult work in connection with the large sheep department there, being an old man, showed signs of failing health, and my friend fixed on a young man who should work under the aged official, with the intention of learning from him his particular employment, and so be able to fill his place in the future. When the nobleman announced his intention in kindly terms to his old but faithful servant, a violent scene followed, in which the sheep-master, who was a southerner, strongly resented the idea of having any person trained under him with a view to filling his place. Of course he had to submit; but I was told that if the man had been a northern peasant, there would have been no objection—such a feeling would not have been entertained. I give the incident simply for what it is worth, feeling that in certain cases it requires even more than the difference in character between a northman and a southerner to give a satisfactory explanation of conduct.

The life of the southern peasant cannot in any sense of the word be said to be a full life. For this there are many reasons, and of these the most important is the want of education. Some years ago it would have been no exaggeration to say that the average Russian peasant could neither read nor write. In 1882 only 19 per cent of the recruits levied for the Army were able to read and write. Latterly, many more schools have been opened, and education

has been improved so much that it can now be said that 70 per cent of the boys and girls can read and write, of middle-aged peasants 40 per cent, and of elderly peasants 10 per cent.

My country host, of whom I have already spoken, being a man with the welfare of the people at his heart, started a school some twenty years ago on his estate to provide education for the children around. At that time they came from all the villages in the neighbourhood to the number of 130; during the last two years the attendance has only averaged some twenty, owing to the opening of new schools in many of these villages themselves. This, however, is almost a favoured district, and in spite of much improvement we can still say that the leisure hours of the peasant are never devoted to reading: his sphere of knowledge is confined to what he may hear from his neighbours or learn in the all too narrow experience of his own life.

But the curious thing is that, even in the case of these peasants who can read, there is no interest in what are generally known as public affairs outside their immediate surroundings. Thus there is a newspaper published for the peasants by the Government, which is sent regularly to the village communes. This paper is very ably conducted, and contains an open column in which peasants are invited to put questions relating to trade and other matters which may interest them: these questions are answered by competent authorities in St Petersburg in succeeding issues of the paper. Such at least was the idea of the newspaper and its inquiry column; but while the latter is hardly taken advantage of at all, the

former may often be seen lying in the village halls with not even the cover removed. The Russian peasant, then, conservative to a degree, willingly refuses to take advantage of an official attempt to interest him in the larger world outside; and as the long distances make it impossible for him to come to centres of civilisation where a man must learn in spite of himself, his life is bound up in the smaller interests of his village and the dearer interests of his family.

Before entering on a more particular account of South Russian peasant life and customs, I should like to say a few words with regard to its bearing on three great forces which are generally included in the average individual's conception of Russia—I mean Nihilists, Stundists, and Jews.

Take Nihilism first. In its original and proper significance it is used to describe certain negative systems of philosophy. Originally, then, nihilism does not represent a political conspiracy, as is generally understood to-day. It is a doctrine, a definite system of philosophy, and so ranks in the same way as atheism or materialism. It is not an association of men of dark designs; it is a state of mind, an association of ideas. If you believe that anarchism is a conviction of the mind in the case of the person who professes it, then it also ranks on equal terms with nihilism and atheism. An extreme case will show what I mean. If the man who threw the bomb at Alexander II. believed in God, then he was not a nihilist. "The nihilist is dreaded in Russia," you say, but only in the same way that you would dread the entrance of a man into your family who had no regard

for morality. The nihilist is extreme: he is a combination; he is an atheist; he is a materialist without a scrap of ethics; his creed is a creed of negations—*Nihil est*. Nihilism is, then, originally not an organisation; in this it is unlike the *carbonari* of Italy. Originally nihilists were not known personally to one another any more than atheists or materialists are at the present day: you don't need to go to Russia to be a nihilist. Compare it with anarchism: this is a political organisation. The cry of the anarchist is, "Down with the *bourgeoisie*!" He envies the rich. The root of anarchism is in envy: its motive force is self-interest. But among the Russian peasants anarchism is unknown. The Russian peasant who wants work can always find it. But in the Russian middle classes some fifty years ago intellectual starvation was rife. Here is the distinction: anarchism is the result of bodily starvation; nihilism is the result of mental starvation. It would be too great a digression to explain fully how this has come about, or even to state the case for and against nihilism, for do not suppose that it is an unmitigated evil. Suffice it to say, what is now self-evident, that in its true and original sense nihilism was restricted to educated Russians: no Russian peasant ever was a nihilist. Of late, however, the term has become familiar, as improperly applied to Russian revolutionary terrorists, some of whom do not even know what nihilism proper means. It cannot, however, be denied that among these terrorists there have lately been found some peasants "who see in the abolition of the justices of the peace (1889), and the restrictions imposed upon

the provincial self-government, so many steps towards the reintroduction of the manorial justice of the nobles, and who met these measures by a series of outbreaks in 1889-90."

We pass now to the Stundists. This term, derived from the German word signifying an "hour," was used to describe people who met together for their hours of devotion. They now represent what we would term an Evangelical party, and draw their numbers largely from the peasant population. There was one solitary stundist living somewhere in the neighbourhood of the country estate where I was resident. I asked my host if we might visit him; but he said that as he had no special reason for going to see the man, it would be better not to do so, as it would simply make him a marked man. They are of course subjected to persecution as a class, and many have "witnessed a good confession." But there are stundists and stundists—in this way. Much of the local persecution of the stundists is explained by the fact that the village priests have no fixed salary, and are, unless possessing private means, entirely dependent for their income on the christenings, marriages, and funerals in their parish. So much is this the case that the villagers have their little joke, and say the priest robs both the living and the dead. The defection of a stundist family means, then, not only a deficit in the funds of the village church, but also a certain loss in income to the priest. So, many professed stundists simply leave the Greek Church to avoid all ecclesiastical payments. The peasants themselves do not indulge in strong criticism of the stundists. Here is a peasant girl's description of some stundists as given to me: "The stundists are not bad people;

they do not drink, they never swear, they never dance, but believe that they alone are saved. The stundist girls do not wear ornaments nor drink brandy. When they meet in a house, they sit together on the floor, and one assumes the leadership: they then read the Scriptures and pray, sometimes with tears. They prefer only to read in the New Testament, and endeavour to see that Christ is their Saviour." So much any one in this country knows, and the peasant will tell you no more, for he himself does not understand.

With reference to the Jews, one has heard again of persecution in Russia. But from the little that I saw of Russian dealings with Jews, keeping merely to the peasants, it seemed to me that there was no persecution of the Jews; in fact, that it was rather the other way—the Jews persecute the Russian peasants. Practically everything in Southern Russia is in the hands of Jews. For this state of affairs the Russians have themselves entirely to thank. Take any village in South Russia. The church and the prison are usually the most conspicuous objects. Any other large building you can safely set down as being the abode of a Jew, while nearly all the trade and shops are in the hands of Jews. And such Jews, too! On one occasion the nobleman with whom I was travelling arrived at a village where he had not been for some five or six years. We put up at the village inn, but had not been five minutes in the house before we were told that a Jew demanded audience with my friend. He was shown in. I can see him now as he stood there, with spectacles across his one strong Jewish feature, dressed in a frock-coat that seemed as if it dated

from the time of the Captivity, standing erect with his back to the door, and his hands folded behind him, a veritable Hebrew monument. Then he began his complaint, which was that in 1889 he bought some corn from the Prince, and as it was a bad season he lost money in the selling of it. He now calmly asked my friend to make up the difference! The Prince replied: "When you made money off me in former purchases I never heard anything about it, nor was there any offer made by you to refund me the difference, and now when you have lost a few hundred roubles, you come and ask me to make up the difference! The thing is absurd." The Jew simply bowed, turned round, and, with a great sigh, retired.

The Russian peasants, then, suffer from the presence of the Jews among them. They are to be found in large numbers in Southern Russia only. They are not supposed to be in Northern Russia, and there is an imaginary line passing through Moscow which they are not allowed to cross unless they have some fixed employment.

The change within a week from a modern European capital—I do not speak of St Petersburg, for we entered Russia from the south—to an ancient Russian village is probably as profound as anything one can well imagine. It seemed as if one not only took a journey far back in space, but also far back into time. And on that journey one came into contact with the different stages in the course of progressive civilisation: the express to the Russian frontier; the slow train on the main line there; the slower train on the branch line; the *troika* to the noble country mansion; the sleigh and bullock to the peasant's home. And such a home! Can you im-

agine a great wild waste of snow extending on every side to the horizon, relieved at one point only by a clump of trees betokening a hamlet? You may not see it yet; you must approach nearer, and your roadway thither will consist merely of a dismal track, some thirty-five yards in breadth, no two feet of which are on the same level. There is not a vestige of a hedge. The track is marked off on one side by a slight ditch, which often disappears; on the other side an occasional pole peers out of the snow, struggling to preserve existence. The track leads straight through the village. On either side, standing back a little, is a row of thatched and single-storeyed huts. Some are made of wicker-work filled in with stones and mortar; more commonly there is a whitewashed exterior and a dark-brown roof of thatch. They are huddled together in pairs, the doors facing one another, while the gables look out on the track. Straw is piled up round the more exposed walls to help to keep out the cold, while the little windows are double, and between them is a jar with some sulphuric acid in it, to absorb the moisture and keep them clear. You often notice a wooded hollow containing water somewhere in the vicinity of the village, and on a flat piece of waste ground outside are a dozen or more windmills belonging to the wealthier inhabitants. The church is always in a prominent position, with its great green dome and white walls. Sometimes there is also a separate tower for the bell, and the priest's house nestles in the shelter of the whole. Any building larger than a hut is one of four things—the village hall, the school, the prison, or the house of a Jew. If you enter one of the huts, it will take some little time

till your eyes become accustomed to the comparative darkness. The floor is either the bare earth or that covered with some straw; the walls are whitewashed. The general appearance is that of cleanliness. In one corner of the room a small lamp is suspended before the *ikon*—a picture of Christ or the Virgin Mary. A large stove takes up one-quarter of the room. If there is more than one room in the hut, the stove is built through the partition-wall, so as to heat the other room as well. The stove is also whitewashed and fed with straw: it is full of little pigeon-holes, into which articles can be put to be warmed and dried. From it a platform of wood, standing about two and a half feet above the floor, extends to the opposite wall; on this the peasant sleeps at night. Thus half of the available space of the room is taken up. Clothes hang from the roof. Round the wall runs a shelf, on which, among other things, are the dark-brown heavy loaves of rye-bread which the peasants eat. The appearance and size of these loaves is that of a curling-stone minus the handle. Round the second half of the room runs a bench close to the wall, scrupulously clean, which is utilised for sitting on and for washing: it is at the same distance from the floor as the platform before mentioned, which it eventually joins. But more interesting than the peasant hut are its inhabitants.

The peasant women are particularly interesting. They are a race of small, bright-looking women, presenting a striking contrast to the men, who are on the whole a tall sombre-looking set. There is, of course, the peasant dress, which is worn uniformly. It consists of, first, the *sorótchka*, or embroidered

shirt: the sleeves alone are embroidered with fancy patterns in red and blue, and a woman counts it a disgrace to wear other work than her own. Then the skirt or petticoat (*spódynitza*) is of red or blue cloth; and over all is a sleeveless jacket, often of black. When outside, they wear a coat over the whole. The manner of adorning the hair is peculiar, and, unlike the fashion in this country, conveys a special significance. The unmarried women do up their hair in two plaits, which are bound round the head, and over this a shawl is simply thrown; while the married women do their hair in one plait, which falls down the back beneath the *sorótchka*, and on their heads they wear a shawl of black and mauve, which is manipulated into a very effective head-dress. There is surely a correspondence here to the coif and snood of older Scotland. In Russia the married peasant women do not remove the shawl from the head whether out of doors or inside. Jack-boots complete the outfit of these hardy women. They are evidently very fond of jewellery, and spend (for them) large sums of money upon it. I saw, for example, a peasant girl who was worth 350 roubles, and she carried fifty of them round her neck in the form of coral and amber necklaces and silver locketts. The peasant women are very quiet and shy. I noticed that my friend always talked to them quite softly and gently at first, by which they gained confidence, and afterwards would with pleasing smiles and pretty little gestures carry on an animated conversation. And this shyness extends not only towards strangers and those of higher rank, but to all men, insomuch that during an evening, in the course of which one saw many peasant dances, the

women danced with the men on only one occasion (the *melitza*). They preferred to dance singly or in pairs, as did the men. The women's dances were more of the nature of slow processions, often with the arms hanging quietly by the side, while the iron heels of their strong jack-boots made no mistake in distinctly marking the steps. And while two danced, the others would look on approvingly, munching the while the dried seeds of the sunflower.

The peasant women, as a rule, do not smoke; this is confined to the upper and middle classes. They always ride horses stride-legs, and have an inordinate affection for cracking their finger-joints. When a peasant woman has to scrub or clean a floor she never goes down on her knees, but always stoops, bending only her back. From this and other causes they acquire great strength in their backs, and although small as a class, can carry very heavy weights. Bags of corn weighing 240 lb. are considered no undue weight.

The dress of the men, curious to say, seemed to show more variety than that of the women. There were, however, no very great peculiarities except that in every case the great wool-lined buttonless overcoat was secured round the waist by a girdle on which the whole æsthetic taste of the individual seemed to have been expended.¹ Twenty or thirty years ago the majority of them clean shaved the face and head except a round patch on the top of the head, from which the hair was allowed to fall down all round. Now this is changed, and although they wear the hair a little long,

reminding one of the old Britons, they are as other men.

Although, to look at him, you might imagine the Russian peasant to be a creature in whom no great affection for anything could exist, a little intercourse with him suffices to banish that opinion. He has an inborn love for Nature that one had scarcely looked for in such a seemingly careless and yet oppressed creature. The long winter buries from his sight all sign of vegetable life, but he misses it, and one was often surprised at the numbers of green plants that were lovingly cherished in these peasant homes, memories of the past and earnest of the future. Their love of children is also intense, and if the master whom they serve treats them kindly, no man could have more faithful followers.

The peasant either lives and works in his village or on the estate of some neighbouring landlord. His life is very leisurely, so that, if working for a master, he is not very strict about his "hours." But he generally prefers to begin work very early and rest for three or four hours in the middle of the day. The women work together, and the men work together—at least such was the procedure on the estate where I got much of the following information. The wages given were as follows: for ordinary labourers, 7 to 12 roubles a-month, the wage varying according to the sort of work engaged in; for men in more responsible and permanent positions, 15 to 25 roubles per month. A peasant girl's wage was from 100 to 110 roubles a-year.

The gap between peasant and noble is greater as regards educa-

¹ This overcoat often consisted of sheepskins, the skin outside trimmed with black wool, while the wool of the skin is inside. The skirt of the coat is almost always plaited.

tion in Russia than in England, but not as regards wealth. There were some peasants in a village near us who were worth 25,000 roubles, while there is a great portion of the Russian nobility not at all well off.¹ There was also in our immediate neighbourhood a peasant who owned 70 *desiatines* (1 *desiatine* = 2.86 acres) of land, representing 10,000 roubles; while another, an old man with a capital of 12,000 roubles and many fields, became famous for life by giving 200 roubles to the collection at a harvest festival. Some of the nobility touch the peasant-life at many points, notably in the plain national fare which stress of circumstances lays on the table of both. So conservative, however, are the peasants that they will not change their mode of life one iota, even if they have made a net profit of many hundred roubles in a single year. The soil in the government of Poltava, where we were for some weeks, is of the richest in Russia; and where in the winter one only sees a wild wide waste of snow, the summer sun smiles on boundless expanses of yellow corn. The soil is perfectly black to appearance, and when wet with rain is positively inky.

The peasants of Southern Russia are still very superstitious, especially those that live in the more out-of-the-way places. A few of them still believe in witches, while some rare members of the peasant community are credited by their fellows with supernatural powers. The following incident, for which I can vouch, took place at a village not far off from where I was staying. Two peasant girls who lived on my friend's

estate went to a fair that was being held in the village. Of these girls one was known to have some supernatural powers; she was credited with being able to do uncanny things. On their way to the village fair this girl proposed to the other that they should have some fun, and added that she would take things from different stalls at the fair, making herself invisible to the stallholders. The other girl was slightly amused; but knowing the secret powers that the popular voice associated with her friend, she determined to watch her carefully. According to her account, her friend walked round from stall to stall, lifting now one thing, now another, and all the time quite unmolested, so that she ran away home from the fair in terror, feeling certain that her witch-friend would be arrested every minute. It was no good suggesting to her that there was another possible manner of performing the same thing; the girl believed it was done through the supernatural powers of her companion. How it was done she could not, however, explain, although she said that her friend had given her a succinct account of the whole process. Again, the peasants allow the manes and tails of their wiry little horses to grow naturally; they often, in consequence, reach a considerable length, and it would seem no wonder if they got tangled, especially as their owners are not particular about combing them. There is, however, one particular form of tangle on the mane which the peasants do not comb when it occurs: one naturally wondered how it could have any special origin, but the peasants

¹ Of course this is a state of affairs that exists probably in all countries; but in Russia, where the nobility form more than 1 per cent of the population, it is true to a far greater extent than one can at first readily imagine.

tell you that it is the night-work of a good spirit, who thus shows his love for the horse, and would be offended if the tangle were unravelled.

One particular superstition produces a somewhat unlooked-for effect. If you drive through a Russian village about 10 P.M., you will be struck by the absolute quiet that pervades the scene. Not a creature, man or dog, is visible moving about: the place has the air of a deserted village. Suppose by some rare untoward chance you come upon a group of men standing together apparently in conversation, you will notice that they speak in subdued tones and whispers, and wait so long as you please you will never hear them laugh. The cause is simply this: these Russian peasants believe in evil spirits, but, unlike the Chinese, they believe that they are attracted, not frightened, by sounds. And so, if some unlucky fate decree that the *mujik* be out of doors after 11 P.M., he is a painfully silent man. This feeling also extends to some of the southern towns. Kiev, the holy city of Russia, is a model in this respect. After 10 P.M. you may practically have the streets to yourself.

In this connection I may perhaps be allowed to make a slight digression. The vehicle that is in common use in Southern Russia for journeys of any length is that known as the *troika*. This is probably familiar to English people as figuring often among other prints in the average school reader. It generally illustrates some blood-curdling episode, entitled "A Race for Life," or "Saved from the Wolves." It is generally drawn by three horses, the middle one of which is a strong large animal, and goes at a steady trot, while on its flanks there are two lighter

horses of a different breed that go along continually at the gallop. The points of the shafts are connected by the *duga*, which, like a great horse-shoe, stands above the collar of the trotter. Underneath the highest part of the *duga* is fastened a large bell, or even more than one, and as you dash along at fifteen miles an hour over the crisp snow and ice these bells give out a merry accompaniment. What I want to get at is the use of these bells. In Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's standard work on Russia there occurs this passage:—

"The use of the bell is variously explained. Some say it is in order to frighten the wolves, and others that it is to avoid collisions on the narrow forest-paths. But neither of these explanations is entirely satisfactory. It is used chiefly in summer, when there is no danger of an attack from wolves; and the number of bells is greater in the south, where there are no forests. Perhaps the original intention was—I throw out the hint for the benefit of a certain school of archaeologists—to frighten away evil spirits; and the practice has been retained partly from unreasoning conservatism, and partly with a view to lessen the chances of collisions."

With regard to this view of the origin of these bells I simply remark—(1) That it is not an old custom; (2) bells are not used in one- or two-horse sleighs; (3) the peasants who are most superstitious do not use them; (4) there is no instance in Slavonian mythology of noise being used to frighten away evil spirits,—on the contrary, as was shown already, noise is supposed by the Russians to attract the evil spirits, hence why they are so quiet outside at night in village and in town, and hence also, as was remarked to me by a friend, why the Salvation Army will never

succeed in Russia so long as they keep to some of their present methods. The origin of the use of bells on the *troika* is more probably to be sought for in a combination of circumstances—e.g., the merry accompaniment which would make the horses go faster, and their use in frightening wolves and serving as a signal to other sleighs. The bells often have joyous inscriptions on them, referring to the cheering part they play in the rush across the steppes.

Still keeping to superstition, we notice the vast aid that it gives to the Greek priest. It naturally follows that in a community where the priest's first thought is how much he can get from the poor peasant for officiating at a christening, marriage, or funeral, he should be a man of little influence. The peasants cannot respect the average priest. The Greek priest cannot be compared with the Roman Catholic priest in point of influence. Indeed if it were not for a prevailing superstitious tendency among the Russians, the Greek Church *per se* might practically be non-existent. Its influence as a moral power is at a minimum. But the peasant goes to church, sees strange sights and hears strange sounds, and a feeling of awe possesses his soul: he feels that the priest knows and can do things that he cannot comprehend. One often hears the remark made that the Greek priests—i.e., the White Clergy or parish priests, as opposed to the Black Clergy or monks—are hostile to all schemes of universal and compulsory education, as the effect on the enlightened peasants would be to gradually banish superstition and enable them to see what is what. But this is really a mistaken view of the case. Schools imply schoolmasters and school-mistresses, and owing to the great

distances and small salaries, it is most probable—nay, it is certain—that a son or daughter from the village manse would receive the appointment, and so increase the family income by a small but definite amount. It is a mistake, then, to suppose that it is the White Clergy who stand in the way of compulsory education.

From what I have remarked, I would not have you infer that there is absolutely no religious life among the peasants. Indeed it is much the other way. Although they may not often reverence their priest, still religion is something to them, and many of the ordinary duties and customs find their highest expression in matters connected with the Church. Thus, when the overseer of my friend's estate met his master for the first time after some years' absence, the Russian custom of kissing twice on one cheek and once on the other complied with (and this only at the consent of the master), he drew carefully out of his pocket a napkin which he unrolled on the spot. It contained two small round loaves of sacramental bread which he had purchased from the priest after holy communion, and presented them to his master as a symbolical token of his affection.

It was often amusing to watch a peasant's face when the subject of wolves was broached. I had gone to Russia retaining a vivid impression—it dated from childhood, probably due to that school reader—of Russia as a country swarming with wolves, and had expected that the effect of merely mentioning the word "Wolves" to a peasant would be equivalent to that produced by saying "Rats" to a keen terrier. Instead of that, sometimes a smile, more occasionally a look of blank astonishment, passed over the *mujik's* face: this

was annoying. It caused me to blurt out to my friend on one occasion, "Has he ever seen a wolf?" The Prince translated. The peasant answered, "No." The fact is, that although in certain rare districts wolves may be said to be still abundant, over very large tracts of land they are non-existent. I never saw a peasant who had seen a wolf. Many peasants have no idea what a wolf is. I was told of a child of ten who had recently described a wolf as wearing a red dress and being like a highway robber. This is of course absurd, but serves to show the state of ideas in some parts of the country. At the same time, from the way in which some of the more enlightened men spoke, it was evident that they stood in some fear of what they had never seen: this is probably the outcome of rumours and superstition. Round Moscow on the south, where wolves are supposed to be not so rare, you will not get one at less than 100 roubles. I happened to meet a man who had spent many years of his life managing an estate in the neighbourhood of Moscow, in what was supposed to be good wolf-country, and he had never seen one. The following method was described to me as employed by peasants and others to get a wolf. The forest where the wolves are will, of course, have many tracks leading through it; so you drive towards evening in a sleigh through the wood, the driver in front, while you sit behind with your back to the horses and your gun by your side. You have previously provided yourself with a piece of well-larded, roasted bacon, which gives a good smell. You then tie it up in a bag, and by a cord some twenty yards in length you drag it after the sleigh in your passage through the wood. You

also provide yourself with a little sucking pig, which you pinch to make it squeal. The wolf is attracted by the sound and smell. Soon you see a pair of bright shining lights keeping pace with the sleigh some thirty yards behind, playing in and out of the trees by the edge of the track. When the wolf makes its spring at what it believes to be the sucking pig you get your chance of a shot. Often, however, as the result of some instinctive knowledge, the sucking pig refuses to squeal lest it should disclose its presence.

Good bear-hunting is obtainable near St Petersburg, but generally at extravagant prices. In this and other cases the proceeding is as follows: The peasants find Bruin's whereabouts, and, marking him down, do not disturb him, but go to St Petersburg and sell him to a hunter for several hundred roubles. Then the hunter comes down; a battue is formed, in which perhaps 100 peasants take part, and the hunter gets his opportunity. If he accepts it, good and well; if not, the bear escapes.

It would take considerably more than the space at my disposal were I to enter into any description of the curious medley of antique oddity and superstitious triviality that characterise a peasant christening, betrothal, marriage, or funeral. Each of these common enough experiences has become the centre of a wondrous scheme of realism and symbolism at once interesting if somewhat barbarous, suggestive if at times verging on the ludicrous, and at any rate not degrading, although in some cases wellnigh pagan.

I should like to offer a remark or two upon emigration, in its relation to the Russian peasant, before passing to a final description of last Christmas Day as

spent among the peasants far out on the Russian steppes.

Even here, then, the soul-sadness of the emigrant is not unknown. It is at first an almost incredible idea, a Russian peasant having to emigrate. In the south there is a soil proverbially rich, a population of only forty-one to the square mile, and of square miles an infinity. Careful workers as they are, however, it does not fall to the lot of every Russian peasant to succeed. In the south his chances, from Nature's point of view, are greater than in our land. But the relations between master and servant are not on the same high level, bad seasons are not unknown, the severity and extremes of the climate affect the individual indirectly if not directly; and while the landlord's estates are usually very large, many independent peasants own very little land. The government of Amur is a large Russian province in the north-east of Asia, embracing all the land on the left of the river Amur, with a considerable amount on the right bank also after the union of that river with the Ussuri. Here, as in the Dominion of Canada, free grants of land are offered to intending emigrants, and the whole country is thus gradually becoming thoroughly Russianised. The emigrants are not sent overland, but are shipped by the Black Sea round by Hong-Kong to their destinations. I well remember being present at an interview between two young Russian peasants, man and wife, intending emigrants, and my host, their former master. One could not understand the conversation, but their pathetic faces were a study. They spoke in soft, subdued, and yet decided tones, narrating the steps that had led them to this decision,

explaining that they had counted the cost, but were going forward with a mighty trust in Providence. Their bravery and calmness were marvellous, their patriotism intense, their humanity quite unmistakable.

The adoption by the Greek Church, and consequently by Russia, of the Julian Calendar places Russian chronology twelve days behind ours. Consequently, if after spending Christmas here one arrives in Russia before a certain date, there is the possibility of spending two Christmas Days in one year. Such was the lot that fell to the present writer. One Christmas Day spent in a centre of beauty, civilisation, and education; a hurried and tedious journey, and then a second Christmas Day far away out on the steppes among their hardy children, surrounded by strange faces and unknown tongues.

That Christmas Day dawned in true South Russian style: the wind and snow were chasing one another over the steppes, and neither would be restrained. Within the great square courtyard, one side of which was formed by the back of my host's mansion, the snow lay thick. Often the little chapel that stood in the centre of the yard was entirely obscured from view for a time, as some great gust of wind, bearing on its bosom some denser shower of snow, revelled across the spot. I sat by a back-window that looked out on the court. In the early morning the daily routine of that country estate was gone through as usual. The 250 horses were let out for their run in droves of fifty. They dashed across the courtyard and disappeared from sight in a cloud of snow as they

tore out through the gateway to the open steppe beyond. The milch kine were led in and out, and the courtyard was alive with the busy peasants. The snow-storm was seemingly quite disregarded. One little event alone broke the usual routine. About mid-day a little band of what was apparently six boys, no two of whom were of the same size, could have been seen toiling across the yard in snow well up to their knees: the older boys led the younger ones by the hand. As they were making for the house I went down to a sort of servants' hall that opened on to the courtyard: there I found my host already awaiting them. They burst into the room without a greeting, and went directly to the *ikon* which stood in the corner of the room facing the door. The tallest lad carried a banner, which in shape represented a star done out in cloth and ribbons, with a bell attached. In the middle of the star was a picture of Christ in the manger of Bethlehem. The smaller boys stood round the banner-bearer, and with faces turned towards the *ikon* they began a Christmas carol, the refrain of which was, "Be glad because of the birth of Christ." They sang very fairly in tune, the oldest boy sustaining the burden, while the smallest with his shrill treble seemed to wander somewhere in the region of the star, the four others meanwhile filling in the harmonies. I was greatly struck with the volume of sound that was produced by that and other village choirs. The Russians have very powerful voices. Suddenly they broke off, and turning round with the usual greeting of *Sdravstvuié*, bowed and awaited the liberality of the Prince.

I understood that there was to be some sort of service in the chapel in the afternoon, at which a priest from the neighbouring village would officiate. I resumed my seat by the window. During the early hours of the afternoon several men and women were engaged with spade and shovel clearing a way from the house to the chapel. They worked through the falling snow, and even at 3 P.M. in the afternoon the light was dim. Suddenly they stopped work and looked up; all the men took off their caps and stood bareheaded in the snow. A strange procession now appeared, wending its way from a door below me by slow and painful steps in the direction of the chapel. The leader was the priest, with long flowing auburn hair, "apparelled in magnificent attire," and as he passed the peasants, resting on their spades by the side of the track, he lifted up his hands and blessed them. Then came the Prince, following reverently in his wake, then the members of his household, while the peasants closed in on the rear. They reached the chapel and disappeared within, the peasants crowding round the door with bared heads. The service did not last very long.

In the evening all the peasants round were gathered into a large hall at the Prince's invitation. After they were fed, they engaged in dancing and merry-making such as they love. I was astonished at the amount of pure alcohol that both men and women were able to swallow. The peasant women do not, however, drink spirits as a rule except at festivals. Their playfulness was that of little children: their humour was delightful, and their riddles wondrous hard to unravel—*e.g.*, one peasant asked

another, "Whether would you rather have 8000 roubles or eight children?" The answer came back quickly, "8000 roubles"; but the questioner retorted with philosophic dignity, "Nay, it were better to have eight children than 8000 roubles; for if you had the latter you would never be content, whereas if you had the former you would be content." It was now midnight, but at 12 P.M. in Russia the night is still young. Outside, the storm still thundered; inside, a few dim lamps shed an uncertain light on the assembled multitude. The dancing had spontaneously ceased, and the peasants relapsed into silence or talked in soft whispers one to the other. One end of the hall was whitewashed: the floor was bare. The Prince placed a small table in the middle of the room, and quickly set on it an

old-time magic-lantern. He then spoke to the peasants a few words about the history of the day on which they were now gathered. He next flashed on the wall some pictures representing early scenes in the life of the Christ, and explained them. Never have I seen such reverence, such childlike wonder, such spirit of humility. They sat on the floor or stood round the wall absolutely motionless, lost in a sense of wonder and astonishment. It is all over now: they are singing a chorale before they part; but the thrill in their great strong voices as it filled that spacious hall far out on the steppes, in the centre of a benighted land, was to me as the cherished plant in the peasant's hut, a memory of the past and an earnest of the future.

J. Y. S.

PURCELL AND THE MAKING OF MUSICAL ENGLAND.

PURCELL is the name being heard for the moment above every name—at any rate, by musical people. England, in this *fin-de-siècle* age, is awakening to a sense of her importance in music. Britain to-day is famous in commerce, steam, literature, and even in painting; but long before these were here this England held a foremost place in another way. Our country could well have been the admiration of the world for her musical supremacy, had such conceits troubled the hearts of our ancestors. They did not. We do not pretend that in Purcell we have a Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven, who until these later days has been undiscovered, neglected, and wholly forgotten; but it can be maintained that this notable musician (who was born thirty years before Handel, and who died while the German master was yet a boy) paved the way for Handel in this country, and that but for Purcell the composer of the “Messiah” oratorio would probably never have become Handel as he is known to-day.

Save to a few inquiring minds, Britain’s musical past is an unknown matter—an element as visionary in its character as the palæolithic life that once trod the Western world. Historians have avoided it; few records remain to speak for themselves; and only one can be found here and there, among the many thousands of practising musicians, who feels it incumbent upon him to ascertain from what beginnings the vast machinery of musical art in Britain to-day had its origin. For the majority it is sufficient to reflect upon what we are musi-

cally, leaving the question of what we were, back down the ages, to antiquarian folk who delight to make searchings. In this way a splendid unstoried record of England’s musical supremacy in early times is missed. Thanks to the patient industry of a few fervent musicians of inquiring tendencies, sufficient material has been traced, and rescued from sinking deeper and deeper into the obscurity of oblivion, to show that for invention and learning, in the early years of music’s first growth and development, Britain was far and far in advance of any nation when the art, with the migration of the races westward, settled in the European countries, where it has since developed so wondrously.

How it fell to this country to take this leading part can never be known; but the fact remains, and it is this knowledge that is at the bottom of all that is being done to-day in honouring Purcell, and in celebrating—as it should be celebrated—the bicentenary of the passing away of so remarkable a musician. All must understand that while Purcell was a native musician, who deserves to be honoured by an art-loving people, he was only a link in a long chain of music-makers represented in present-day times by Sullivan, Stanford, Stainer, and Parry; or, to take their immediate predecessors, by Sterndale Bennett, Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, Goss, and others.

Were we to continue back this line of native composers, it would extend long past Purcell—undoubtedly the greatest musician that England has had, considering the period and his influence upon the art—to times in our national his-

tory when any claim that could have been preferred to being nationally great would have turned, not upon our navigation, military prowess, or social position, but upon our superiority in the world of music,—so all in all was music to our far-off ancestors. In this peaceful art, England, as recent researches show, then surpassed the world. So decidedly was this the case—as we shall see when we become familiar with what was accomplished here musically as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—that it is difficult to imagine how we could have lost the proud position we then held. Nor is it less perplexing to understand how, considering that superiority, it has come to pass that every historian, foreign and native alike, neglected Britain's share in the making and moulding of the art, until finally this country was relegated to the realms of "nowhere" in the musical state—a subversion of the true condition of affairs that has won for us the unenviable and not-easily-to-be-eradicated reputation of being the great unmusical Power of Europe. Happily something is being done to remedy this state of things, and to get musical history—particularly so far as England is concerned—revised according as it should in the future be written.

Some few who dimly realise that England was really musically great somewhere in the long hazy past, are prone to think that this character—this reputed fame—is based wholly upon legendary information. This is not the case. When the story of British music comes to be written it will be found that this country possesses a splendid pedigree. They who think that our edifice of art—good, bad, or indifferent, whichever it be—rests upon a mere wind-bag foundation will

be deceived, inasmuch as evidence of a most irrefutable kind shall be advanced to prove that as early as the year 1250, England was two hundred years and more in front of other musical nations. Then the First Period English School was flourishing—but, unhappily, nearly every vestige of man and work belonging to this school has become lost.

Traditional information respecting prehistoric times throws much light upon music in England long before the inroads of Cæsar and his valorous legions. Nothing of so ancient a character is forthcoming from France, Germany, Italy, or other Western-world countries. We hear of names like Eidiol Gledddyfeud or "Ruddy-sword"; Glewlwydd Gavaelvawr or "Brave-grey"; Gwrhir and Gwron, Gwyddon Gaubebon, "the first in the world to make vocal song"—heroic bards who, with many others, not forgetting Gwrgan Varvdrwch, the "bushy-bearded songster," made the Briton's blood run high as they recounted their themes of daring, love, and danger to harp or crwth accompaniment. For centuries the ancient British bards, or their descendants, were listened to in the high places and groves. Many generations of these musicians, by right of descent, lived and lingered here side by side with new-comers—for the person of the bard, unless he took arms, was sacred—until, the Saxon settlement completing itself, these old musical inhabitants of the country drifted to the Welsh mountains and Highland fastnesses, to preserve a national music still reflected in our Welsh and Scotch songs. In Wales especially did minstrelsy flourish—so much so, that for their guidance the *Leges Wallicæ*—Welsh Laws setting out the duties, obligations,

and privileges of the minstrels—were framed by King Howel, *circa* 900-948. The Saxon scóps or scalds, gleemen or “gladdeners of the hall” like Hrothgar’s scóp who, sitting at mead, sang the tale of Fin’s offspring and Hnaef of the Scyldings who fell in Friesland; the Danish minstrels—to whom two English kings, Athelstan and Alfred, judging by their doings in their camps, were not inferior; the Norman musicians, with their store of instruments, and more romantic, if less soulful song,—all these kept England disposed towards music until far into the Middle Age. The art introduced by the several conquering races differed much from the affecting natural beauty of Britain’s indigenous music; but it contributed to the musical making of the country, and deserves cherishing therefore hardly less than the original national art of the British.

Yet there was something more than secular music in Britain. Long before the stream of Norman minstrel art, sacred music was exercising a beneficial influence. The early British Church possessed sacred music; but this was gradually driven out before the onward march of that new Church music which Augustine brought with him from Rome (A.D. 597). The Gregorian music (evolved by Pope Gregory out of the Greek tetrachords and some existing Ambrosian chants) was heard and loved wherever Augustine and his monks built a church. By its means a deep impression was left upon the minds of those who heard and joined in it; but it is curious that we miss altogether the ecclesiastical flavour in the earliest examples that have come down to us of English music during the first quarter of the thirteenth century. The free and

uncontrolled secular music was the first to reflect itself in permanent manuscript form. Church music *per se* was not progressive: the church tones for the “service” and “mass” music were fixed, and only a heretical offence was the outcome of tampering therewith; but no such restrictions hampered secular music. Hence, when we examine our oldest specimens of regulated secular music, belonging to that early period that followed the splendid discoveries of notation and musical characters by Franco and Guido, we experience the field, and not the cloister, reflected therein. That such music was written amidst the favourable surroundings of the scriptorium of some religious house admits of no doubt, and to that extent we stand indebted to the monks, who helped to transmit such indisputable musical evidence; but these associations have not robbed one specimen of its elegiac grace and outdoor sweetness. These properties remain in the “Cuckoo Song,” in which, curiously enough, its composer did not seek to imitate the simple notes of the har-binger of spring, which any modern composer would inevitably have done! “Sumer is icumen in”—for such is the name of the composition—was copied by John Fornsete, monk of Reading, and this with two other pieces of music more recently discovered are the only remnants of what may rightly be called the First English Music School Period. The “Reading” manuscript (Harl. MSS., No. 978) is probably the greatest musical curiosity extant, being unquestionably the oldest piece of polyphonic and canonical music known to be in existence. It proves absolutely that, despite the persistent disregard of England as a musical nation by her Continental neigh-

hours, this country can fearlessly lay claim to a precedence even in musical matters, in those far-off days when constructive music was in its first stages towards becoming the great art which it now is. The piece of music in question is in the handwriting of the thirteenth century, and was certainly written before the year 1228 A.D. That this was not the only composition of its kind of this period, though unhappily all else appears to be lost, can scarcely be doubted. Allowing this, England's musical position at the time (*circa* 1200) was far and away in advance of that of any other country. It is a six-voiced Round,—with words of Northumbrian origin,—and is of almost priceless value as being the only piece of music in six real parts known to exist before the fifteenth century. The further specimens to which we refer are the Hymn to St Augustine (Bodley, 572)—written in a Benedictine monastery in Cornwall in the tenth century, and antedating “Sumer is icumen in” by some two hundred and fifty years; together with the *Angelus ad Virginem* hymn (No. 248 in the Arundel Collection), in the handwriting of the thirteenth century, and probably composed, therefore, by one of a small knot of English musicians of this early time, whose names, and almost every vestige of whose identity, have disappeared.

A Second English School sprang up with Dunstable (*c.* 1400, *d.* 1458), which actually preceded the Netherlands School—hitherto regarded as the pioneer in European musical thought and practice. Little of Dunstable's work is extant, but testimony to his worth was long preserved on a monument in St Stephen's Church, Walbrook, which disappeared in the great London fire. The British Museum,

Vatican, and Liceo Filarmonica di Bologna libraries contain specimens of his compositions, notably a three-part song, “O Rosa Bella,” in the Vatican—a composition which, considering the period at which it was written, is really extraordinarily advanced both in its effects and learning. Dunstable stands alone; but that he had musical contemporaries is practically certain.

The battle of Agincourt song (1415), “Our kyng went forth to Normandy,” with its Latin refrain, “Deo gracias Anglia, Redde pro Victoria” (it was the custom to add these Latin refrains to the music of the period), belongs to Dunstable's time. This song, with Dunstable, constitute the only links between the English School of 1225 and that of the Second Period one, the early part of the sixteenth century, which included Gilbert Banaster, who in 1482 was being paid forty marks a-year as “Master of the Song” and “Teacher of the children in the King's Chapel”; William Cornish (*d.* 1526), Pigot, and Robert Wydowe, Mus. Bac., Succentor of Wells Cathedral (*d.* 1505).

John Hamboys, Thomas Saintwix, and Henry Habington or Abyngdon—the first musicians to take academical degrees in music—come next. These men constituted the Third English School, the archives of which were all lost during the stormy times of the Wars of the Roses.

From this point English music becomes a vast reality. Fairfax, born in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was the first of a band of pre-Reformation musicians who seem to have come to prepare the way for that golden age of music in England—the Elizabethan period—when so many great and glorious musicians rose

up to adorn and to bring honour to native art. Taverner, Tye, Marbecke, Tallis, — whose "Responses" are heard to-day in every Protestant Episcopal church in the world, — Byrde, Farrant, and Bull; the famous English madrigalists — Morley, Kirbye, Dowland, Weelkes, Wilbye, and Benet; Orlando Gibbons, — Charles I.'s favourite, — Child, Lawes, and Locke, the masque composers; Blow and Wise, — all these notable native musicians lead up to Purcell (1658-1695), whose premature decease, just two hundred years ago, robbed the country of a veritable English Mozart.

How England came by its leading musical position so early in the thirteenth century, and possessed musicians who could compose such a work as "Sumer is icumen in," must ever remain a mystery. What we do know, however, is that the neglect to assign to this country her rightful honours and place in the annals of music is as misleading as it is discreditable to historians — some of whom have purposely avoided Britain in their researches. It is satisfactory to feel that this impression cannot be perpetuated. A change has come over things. A laudable spirit has actuated native writers to inquire into the actual history of Britain's art, with the result that the chronological theories respecting the earliest European music schools are all upset. The old writers are proved to be entirely mistaken, and instead of the First Flemish School, with Dufay (*circa* 1350-1432) at its head, which prospered during the latter half of the fifteenth century, being (as was commonly supposed) the earliest that existed, this honour has now to be awarded to that First English School which flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century.

Knowing and realising all this, we can better fix and understand Purcell, the celebration of whose bicentenary is only that just tribute which should be the portion of one who contributed as bountifully as he did to the splendid musical traditions and treasures of our country.

Henry Purcell was born in 1658, but the day and month of the auspicious event stand unrecorded. There is no record even of his baptism. He came of an undoubted musical stock, his father being a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, Singer and Master of the Choristers, besides which he was a member of the Royal Band, and the Copyist at Westminster Abbey — all responsible appointments, the latter one demanding great industry as well as sound musical and literary training. Thus Purcell senior, immortalised by Pepys, was well steeped in ecclesiastical music tradition, a quality which went down in full force to the son. That he might be in close proximity to his work, the father took up his abode in a red-brick, two-storeyed dwelling, with tiled gable-roof, in St Ann's Lane, Old Pye Street, Westminster, under the shadow of the Abbey. In this house the immortal Purcell is supposed to have been born, although all proof is wanting on the point.

At six years of age he lost his father, who left Elizabeth, his wife, with two other sons and a daughter. Fortunately a good uncle, Thomas Purcell, came forward at this juncture, and undertook the fostering of Henry. This uncle, who was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, did well by his nephew. Continuing that early instruction which the child probably had received from his father, he was enabled to get young Pur-

cell into the Chapel Royal Whitehall Choir during the *régime* when Henry Cooke was Master of the boys, thus realising what had been no doubt the fondest wish of the dead father. We are without details as to young Purcell's behaviour and ability as a chorister; but that he went through the usual routine of school hours and chanting Psalms, Services, and Anthems—receiving instruction in singing, organ-playing, and composition meanwhile—is certain.

He remained as a boy-chorister until the age of fourteen, at which time the treble voice usually breaks. Thus he was under Cooke some six years, and it is to him, therefore, that the honour of moulding young Purcell's musical talent honestly belongs. Cooke dying, he was succeeded by Pelham Humphrey, who held the Chapel Royal organistship for two years. Purcell was appointed Copyist to the Abbey at the age of eighteen—a particularly young age for such a post; but he developed such remarkable genius, especially for composition, that it was felt he should be encouraged. To this end his admirable master, Blow, voluntarily resigned the Westminster Abbey organistship in Purcell's favour—only to resume it again, however, on the mournful death of the young Orpheus, fifteen years afterwards.

Purcell was an organist of rare skill and ability, or he could not have filled the distinguished appointment at the Abbey as ably as he did to the day of his death; more than which the chaste character of his anthem and service music, which he played so gracefully, furnishes an index to the style of organ-playing which was his. It is as a composer, however, that he commands our admiration.

It was at the very early age of

eleven years that his remarkable talent for moulding and shaping sound began to show itself. From this time until his death there is scarcely a year that did not witness some new composition from his fertile pen. Having held the post of Copyist for two years, the young musician in 1678 resigned that position, in order, no doubt, to have leisure to study and employ himself with composition, in which art he both delighted and excelled.

It was no small matter for a youth, as Purcell was, to single himself out thus early in composition at such a period; and to adequately gauge his genius we have only to estimate him by his contemporaries, all of them famous ecclesiastical music composers. There was his master, Dr John Blow, whose solid chaste musicianship may be heard in such splendid examples of English church music as the anthems, "I was in the Spirit," "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude," &c.; Locke, associated with the famous "Macbeth" music; Lawes, the masque composer; and church musicians like Clark and Aldrich,—all contemporaries with Purcell, and over whom he towers, in sublimity of musical conception, lofty expression, and exceeding grace.

The estimation in which this great, though young, man was held by his contemporaries is seen in an epistle which Locke one day penned to his junior:—

"DEAR HARRY, — Some of the gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick will honour my poor lodgings with their company this evening, and I would have you come and join them. Bring with thee, Harry, thy last anthem, and also the canon we tried over together at our last meeting.—Thine in all kindness, M. LOCKE.

"SAVOY, *March 16th.*"

There is little doubt that the entire

profession was with the young musician, and recognising his great genius, felt impelled to do all that they could to advance his interests.

Purcell married, although the exact date of this event has not transpired. It was either in the year 1680 or 1681, probably the latter. His good uncle Thomas died in 1682, and before that time had executed a power of attorney, which was witnessed by Frances, his beloved nephew Henry's wife. Of this marriage there was a son born in August of 1682. It was baptised in the Abbey as John Baptiste, but did not live out the year. In 1686 another son was born, and christened Thomas, after Purcell's uncle, but this child also died in his infancy. In 1687 came another boy—christened Henry—who survived only two months. The next child was a daughter, 1688, named Frances, after her mother; and in the following year Purcell had the felicity of being the father of yet another son, Edward. There was also another daughter, Mary, who died early. Edward and Frances grew into years, the son becoming a clever musician and organist of St Margaret's, Westminster; while the daughter married one Leonard Welsted, a poet, thus characterised by Pope in the "Dunciad"—

"Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Though stale not ripe; though thin yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish; and so smoothly dull;
Heady not strong; o'erflowing though not full."

In further recognition of Purcell's remarkable ability, the appointment of Organist of the Chapel Royal was given to him upon the decease of Edward Lowe in 1682. This must have brought

a substantial addition to his regular income, which, considerably reduced as it was by his resignation of the Copyistship of the Abbey, needed supplementing now that he was a family man, with the responsibilities of a home. From events that transpired about this time, it would seem that Purcell was in that condition which is well understood by the word "down." At the close of one of his anthems he writes, "God bless Mr Henry Purcell. September ye 10th, 1682"—which, coming from a man of twenty-four, with the world open to him, sounds more like an expression of despair than of hope.

Early in the following year he ventured upon his first attempt at publishing, which had to be accomplished at the author's risk and expense. In those days there was no benign music-publisher to hand a substantial cheque to a struggling composer for a sonata or modicum of bass and viol music. The composer had to get his work engraved on copper plates and printed—advertise it—hunt up subscribers, and collect the money,—the last process being worse than all. Gentleman that he was, Purcell went to Cross, jun., the first engraver of the day, for his plates; embellished them with a splendid portrait of himself, and obtained the king's dedication; but withal he lost money by the venture. His next attempt at publishing ended in a poor result, and was a vilely printed book. It contained the music and words performed at the first public festival in honour of St Cecilia—November 22, 1683—which patronage it would be a laudable thing to see celebrated nowadays.

In this same year Purcell was appointed "Composer in Ordinary to his most Sacred Majesty the King," a promotion which singled

him out as the leading composer of the time, although he was but twenty-five years old. No particulars are forthcoming of the terms of the appointment; but it should have added materially to the musician's slender income, for, judging from the odes, welcomes, and *pièces d'occasions* which he was called upon to compose, the office was far from being a sinecure. Purcell's music satisfied Charles II.—that king who, having a favourite singer, — Gostling, — once perpetrated this: "You may talk as much as you please of your nightingales, but I have a *gosling* who excels them all." At Charles's death James II. continued the patronage until he fled, when it extended into the next reign.

In 1684 came that memorable squabble as to who should supply the new organ for the Temple Church. The contest lay between "Father" Smith and Renatus Harris—the Hill and Willis of the day. Smith secured Purcell to show off his instrument, while Harris engaged Draghi, a brilliant performer of the time. Smith was successful, and his organ stands in the Temple Church to this day. In the following year Purcell was busy erecting an organ and composing anthems for the coronation of James II. in the Abbey; but the next three years are marked by little of import beyond domestic happenings, and a long spell at composition.

In 1688 he again assumed the office of "Copyist" of Westminster Abbey, yet only to throw it up once more in 1690. What was his object in taking up and laying down work in this way is not known. It was not from incompetence, or he would hardly have been reappointed. Most likely it was stress of circumstances which obliged him to accept any re-

munerative musical work that came in his way. His close association with royalty, his pluralities of office, with commissions for theatrical music, should have left him comparatively wealthy. His domestic afflictions were not unparalleled, and as we are assured that he was quite an exemplary Good Templar, his income should have been equal to the case. Yet in 1689 we find him running the risk of being suspended by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster on account of a money dispute. At the Coronation of King William and Queen Mary he had received and claimed as his right the money taken for admission into the organ-loft of persons desirous of being near spectators of that ceremony. This was estimated at a considerable sum, for houses opposite the Abbey were letting for £500 for the occasion. Purcell regarded it as a perquisite, and how the matter was settled history relateth not. Such a perquisite could not well be sustained by any organist; and although Hawkins, the musical historian, says that Purcell was right in the matter, we venture to entirely disagree with him on the point.

From now to the time of his death Purcell's life was one spell of activity at composition. Each year surpassed the other in the number and extent of his works, as if intuitively he was making the best of his time, unconscious the while of the short life before him.

In 1695, six brief years after the brilliant Coronation Service, one of the chief actors therein was being laid to rest. Queen Mary had died; and to emphasise the solemn occasion of her funeral Purcell composed two anthems—"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord," and "Thou knowest,

Lord, the secrets of our hearts"—compositions of surpassing loftiness and beauty. The music proved Purcell's own death-knell. On the 21st of November of the same year, within sound of solemn evensong in the old Abbey, this son of song passed to "that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." Priest of the muses, he was beloved by all; for he was one of those gentle creatures who from time to time have adorned the art with their grace and genius—men who, God-loved, have invariably died young. Beneath the organ in the venerable pile was Purcell rested "in a magnificent manner," as became "a very great master of music"—a fit spot for one who had shaped its harmonies so wondrously and so fervently.

Here was a nation's loss. Fittingly enough, the poet-laureate raised the lyre to sing the requiem due. The strains of Dryden's fine ode on the death of Purcell hardly need quoting. How highly the poet estimated the musician, however, will be remembered by his happy allusions to the alarm of the feathered songsters, and to the master's unended labours among the angelic choir:—

"The heavenly choir, who heard his
notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the
sky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the
way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful
voice,
Lament his lot."

Purcell possessed one of those natures of which we are accustomed to say that they are "easily led." Retiring and modest in the extreme, as the prefaces and dedications to his works too well testify, we meet with no single

instance of strife or unfriendliness throughout his career. It is to be feared that his constitution was always delicate, and that this descended to his children. He was beloved by his musical brethren, and joined them at their convivial meetings, which was, perhaps, unwise in the case of one not of robust frame and health. Late hours told upon his fragile frame; and if it is a libel upon Mrs Purcell to lay the immediate cause of his death to the irate wife keeping him all night on the cold doorstep when he was without his latch-key (or its equivalent), it is more than probable that the Glee and Catch Club hours had as much to do with Purcell's untimely decease as had, say, any night duties at the Abbey. Why there should be such a horror of making Purcell other than a saint and Good Templar surpasses our comprehension.

If we would adequately estimate Purcell's work and influence, we must realise what his exact position in musical chronology really is. In 1667, when a boy of nine years of age, Purcell penned the three-part song "Sweet Tyranness, I now resign." This was the first of a long list of compositions, of truly remarkable character—if we remember that they were composed before a note of Handel's music had been heard, and long previous to "Papa" Haydn and Mozart being born.

It is not sufficient to trace the musical situation in England up to Charles II.'s reign to rightly estimate Purcell. We must look around. Bach and Handel were unborn; Scarlatti—given to the world within a year of Purcell—had not even shaped the Oratorio which Handel was to develop so wondrously; fifty years were to elapse ere the Italian Opera was

to be heard in this country; Locke's first English opera, "Psyche," had not been written. Before all this Purcell was. It is singular, and even unfortunate, that such a heaven-endowed genius should have been given to England when everything here and around was so musically sterile. Long and long before his time was this wondrous son of art; and when reflecting upon his doings, therefore, we must remember that a Mozart could have accomplished no more. Musical form, construction, and material were as "young" as they well could be. Lully had not invented the Overture; Recitative had only just been propounded by Carissimi; Italian Opera was a new thing to the Neapolitans or any others; the French nation had not had its first slight opera, "La Pastorale," by Cambert; the orchestra of the period consisted of the violin, tenor and bass viols, the harpsichord,—the precursor of the piano-forte,—the theorbo, flute, trumpet and trombone, hautboy, harp, and drum. This was, indeed, poor musical material compared with what was to follow by way of inventions in wind-brass instruments. Yet with such slender musical possibilities Purcell positively became a vocal and instrumental model even for Handel—a composer whom the giant Saxon could copy in form and colour—he whose works not all the wealth of modern musical resource can dislodge from their position of high excellence both in conception and style.

Purcell's twofold genius for composition—sacred and secular—asserted itself from the first. Wherever we look in his compositions, whether in anthem or opera, we are immediately convinced of the exceptional power and genius that

he possessed to mould either vocal or instrumental music. With Purcell it was a perfectly natural thing to compose. The traditions of the Abbey, two hundred years ago, led older musicians to delight in the abilities of the youthful choristers, and no direction of talent was more regarded than that of compositions. Living in an atmosphere of music, and with great things expected of them, it was not uncommon for boys to be found capable of composing, as occasion required. Music was neither ground out of them, nor was it imparted with a niggardly hand. These choristers were trained for, and expected to become, church musicians, without any fear and trembling as to how soon they would displace their masters. Hence the order of the musician evolved. During Purcell's pupilage there was another particularly clever boy at the Abbey—Pelham Humphrey—"capable of composing the anthem." Pepys is to be trusted, and his Diary says: "The anthem was good after the Sermon, being the fifty-first psalm, made for five voices, by one of Captain Cooke's boys—a pretty boy, and they say there are four or five of them that can do as much."

Considering his brief life, Purcell was a most prolific composer. The length, range, and quality of his compositions seem incompatible with a life of only thirty-seven years. If we look first at his secular compositions, we find that he composed no less than twenty-one Odes or compositions to celebrate the movements and birthdays of royalty, St Cecilia Festivals, &c. From the year 1677 to that of his death not a year passed but one of these odes was written. The first was on the death of Matthew Locke; another

was to celebrate the "King's return from Newmarket"; while the last, "Who can from joy refrain?" was in praise of the Duke of Gloucester's birthday (1695).

Purcell's dramatic music surpassed all other of his time. That he was marvellously gifted in this direction—all the more remarkable remembering his perfect church-style of composition—is attested by the number of works for the stage; the readiness with which theatre managers came to him for their music, and the grace and ease with which he hit off the public taste—this too at a time when all foreign musical element was regarded with far greater favour than native work and merit. His labours in this direction extended from his nineteenth year to the close of his life.

His very first attempt at music for the stage stamped him as a born dramatic composer. This was the incidental music to "Ep-some Wells," a comedy by Shadwell, that was performed at the Duke's Theatre in 1676. He followed this with a setting of "The Libertine"—a fair sample of the music of which is that beautiful four-part chorus, "In these delightful pleasant groves," known to every chor-alist. Imagine such work from a native master 219 years ago! Passing by "Abdelazor," a tragedy, the exceedingly fine music to "Timon of Athens" (including an overture, which seems to have been an invention of Purcell's as much as of Lully's), "The Virtuous Wife," and "Theodosius," produced at the Duke's Theatre, we come to "Dido and Æneas," that early sample of English dramatic music which particularly has made Purcell's name memorable as it is.

"Dido and Æneas," composed

in 1680, was first performed at a boarding-school for young gentlewomen at "Chelsey," kept by one Josiah Priest, a dancing-master. What took the future Abbey organist thus far westwards has not transpired, but possibly—genius that he was—he was not above a regular seat at the harpsichord, while the young ladies benefited by Mr Priest's terpsichorean method and practice. An opera—something that the engaging scholars could act and sing in—would, sooner or later, be a natural consequence; and doubtless this supplies the explanation of the boarding-school connection with "Dido and Æneas," or possibly dancing-master and musician were collaborating, as they did in "King Arthur." Examined by the light of to-day, it is indeed a remarkable work.

In 1685 Purcell composed some masterly dramatic music to "Circe," and in the following year wrote the music that was adapted to the "Lillibullero" song-music, so stirring that it has the credit of contributing to the 1688 Revolution, and of singing "a deluded Prince out of the three kingdoms." Then there followed in rapid succession the "Tyrannic Love" and "A Fool's Preferment" music, in which latter Mountford, "who sang a clear counter-tenor, and had a melodious throat,"¹ used to sing. Still the stage enchained Purcell, and in 1690—the year that gave us "The Tempest" music—no less than three other dramatic works came from the fertile pen—viz., "Diocletian, or, The Prophetess," "The Massacre of Paris," and "Amphitryon." Here was music enough, even were no other branches of the art occupying the master's mind this while. "The Tempest" music, singularly beauti-

¹ Colley Cibber.

ful in its graceful conception and peculiar English harmony, is thoroughly characteristic of the native style. Few who read this will have forgotten the smiling grace of "Come unto these yellow sands," or the lofty dignity of "Full Fathom Five" — two excerpts stamped with the impress of a distinct English-school style.

In 1691 Purcell gave the world the famous "King Arthur" music, the sterling character of which has preserved its fame to this day. Dryden wrote the words, and Mr Josiah Priest contributed the dances. The work was very successful, and pleased so much that the theatre manager so jealously guarded the score that eventually it was "unhappily lost"! Nearly a hundred years after its composer's death the work was performed amid much enthusiasm at Drury Lane Theatre (1770), since which time it has constantly attracted the attention of all musical scholars for its vigorous beauty as well as its striking originality. Three years before his death (1692) Purcell produced among other dramatic music "The Indian Queen"—containing such splendid pieces as "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "By the croaking of the toad," and that lovely song "I attempt from love's sickness," an "Œdipus" setting — and "The Fairy Queen," an opera, the score of which also was lost, and could not be discovered though £20 was offered for it. But that both its instrumental and vocal music was of Purcell's usual high order was certain from the selections which have come down, as well as from the success that attended the production of the work.

The year 1693 brought forth "The Old Bachelor," "The Richmond Heiress," "The Maid's Last Prayer," and a setting of "Henry

the Second"; and in the following year the fertile master's music to "Don Quixote," in which occurs the oft-referred-to "Let the dreadful engines," was given to the world. Four other works for the stage came with this year, and no less than six dramatic compositions mark the fatal—the last—year of this glorious life. In all, Purcell wrote between forty and fifty works for the stage — operas, comedies, tragedies, and incidental music, which, considering their exceeding high order, must be accounted fully worthy of a short life like his.

Among the miscellaneous music composed by Purcell was the Lord Mayor's Show music in 1682; an Elegy on the death of his friend John Playford's son; the St Cecilia's Festival music for 1683; a Yorkshire Feast song, entitled "A Son, Edward, born"; and two Latin Elegies on the Queen. He also wrote the "Sonatas of Three Parts" for two violins and bass to the harpsichord or organ—one of which, more chaste and beautiful than the rest, has won distinction as the "Golden" sonata.

Purcell's sacred music is all important, since he is the brightest ornament among English church musicians. Many such were before and after him; but no name, it may be safely said, will stand out beyond Purcell's as a church musician. His sacred compositions are as numerous as they are grand in lofty dignity and beauty. Under this head there are nearly eighty compositions, embracing anthems, "services," settings of the Canticles, including the famous "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," &c. To this day they are favourites at our cathedrals and churches, and those familiar with church musical practice will readily testify that scarcely a week passes without one of Pur-

cell's anthems finding its way into a choir list. Most of these were written in Purcell's capacity as organist and master of the choir of Westminster Abbey; but a few of them were called forth by special occasions. Thus, "I was glad," and "My heart is inditing," were composed for James II.'s coronation in Westminster Abbey (1685); "Blessed are they that fear the Lord" was written in honour of the Queen's pregnancy in 1688; "Behold, I bring you good tidings," with its double E, was to show off Gostling's stupendous deep bass voice, which Charles II. loved to hear. That yet more remarkable anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," with a bass solo part descending to D, was set by Purcell at Gostling's request, out of deep gratitude for deliverance from a watery grave, when the King, the Duke of York, and party (of which Mr Gostling was a member) were testing a new yacht off the Kentish coast.

Purcell's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" for choir, orchestra, and organ, were composed for a celebration of St Cecilia's Day in 1694 (the year before his death), and were for eighteen years annually performed at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St Paul's. They are the earliest known orchestral setting of these canticles, and if, as seems probable, he had no model, one cannot but be struck with their boldness of design for so early a time.

It is to be regretted that no complete edition of Purcell's compositions is yet prepared; but his music is so widely scattered in various libraries that it is a difficult undertaking to get it together. The Purcell Society took up the matter, but unfortunately the progress is very slow. Messrs Novello have published the chief of the

Anthems and Service settings; and not a little has been produced by Playford (1667), Bently (1681), Carr (1690), May (1695), the "Musical Antiquarian Society," &c. No nobler monument could be erected to Purcell than a complete collection of his works, and it is to be hoped that England will some day have this. It is a pity that it is not to be the permanent memorial of the bicentenary now being celebrated.

Purcell's musical style and influence can never be overrated in this country. No one before him had at all approached his harmonious method and manner—cast in so rare a mould that when that great master of English music, Blow, who shaped the budding genius of young Purcell, came to be buried, it was considered honourable to his memory to grace his tombstone with the words, "Master to the famous Mr H. Purcell."

Purcell was thoroughly English. The charming ideas, the striking rhythm, the appropriate modulation, the whole exalted tenor and drift of his music, were begotten and cultivated amid the London air which he breathed; and although he elected, towards the close of his life, to study and imitate the Italian style, yet nowhere do we find him losing hold of the native musical character. Purcell's was an unfortunate age for indigenous art, there being little or no disposition for scientific music—particularly that which was English. Had matters been otherwise, a permanent national style might have been inaugurated by Purcell, and English art have become once more established in England. Purcell saw that to make professional headway he must work the Italian manner, surely coming into favour.

But for this imitation he might have been the English Handel, equally in fertility as in conception and grandeur.

It was in the "Preface to the Sonatas of Three Parts" that we find Purcell frankly confessing that he has "faithfully endeavoured a just imitation of the most fam'd *Italian Masters*; principally to bring the Seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musick into vogue and reputation among our Countrymen, whose humour 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbours." This work was dated 1683, but a comparison of the composer's work before and after that year fails to impress us with any marked change either in merit or manner. "*Dido and Æneas*" (1680) is not a whit less inspiring and masterly than "*Bonduca, or the British Heroine*" (1695), in which such admirable pieces as "Jack, thou'rt a toper," "To Arms!" and "Britons, strike home!" are to be found.

We learn nothing of any journey to Italy, and probably the state of Purcell's exchequer afforded him as much prospect of seeing Italy as it did Mount Gilboa. He must therefore have acquired his knowledge from available scores in libraries to which he had access. Carissimi, Stradella, Colonna, &c., were his models, and in his sonatas for string instruments and harpsichord—pieces that are spirited and full of fancy—he is alleged to have caught not a little of the Italian melodiousness and eloquence. We submit that he could have possessed all this had he never heard the word "Italian." Purcell's was the pure uncorrupted native musical manner—born of Westminster traditions and usage, and particularly identified by that leaning towards the minor keys and colouring—ever the one

distinguishing feature of primitive British and bardic music. Trained by Blow, Purcell had a firm bold style, with a peculiar floating sublimity, unlike anything else in English music.

Unhappily, Purcell was a hundred years before his time; he should have succeeded Handel instead of antedating him, much as the Saxon giant would have lost by such an arrangement. As it happened, Purcell was fated to give Opera to England; and in "*Dido and Æneas*" (performed here some twenty years before Handel's first opera, "*Almira*," had been heard at Hamburg, and long before Italian Opera had been brought to England) we find everything that a perfect opera-form required—viz., recitative, solos, duets, and choruses, with vocal and instrumental combinations. Thus we may say that he formulated English Opera—no small achievement for one of our own musicians. Yet with this invention the public was not well pleased. Purcell possessed all the qualities for a successful dramatic composer—inspiration, thorough English spirit and "catch," erudition, great dramatic power, and a light touch. With these he should have effected wonders for the English lyric drama; but there was absolutely no demand for music-drama in Purcell's day, while long afterwards, as Handel's experiences amply proved, the public were indifferent to opera.

It is customary to regret Purcell's death ere he had the opportunity of bringing his great genius and accomplishments to bear upon the dramatic art of the country by founding a national opera; but with the English temper what it long was in respect to native art, it is unlikely that he would have accomplished more had he

lived much later. We can but look back with pride upon having once possessed a genuine English master of dramatic art, and, turning to his operas, &c., seek to catch the spirit and vein of what true English lyric music was and should be. The truly beautiful and scholarly music in "*Dido and Æneas*," the dramatic force and realistic effects of "*King Arthur*," the picturesque music to "*The Tempest*," raise Purcell head and shoulders over all previous operatic workers, English or foreign. Had the English people not been so affected this while with a craze for the foreign style—chiefly light French music—Purcell might have enjoyed the honour of planting English Opera in Europe. We should not then have needed the Italian article. He achieved much, however, in formulating Opera; while the healthy vein of his muse—sacred and secular—spreading over the country must have been even more beneficial in his own day than now. No composer of the time possessed the dramatic power and such great loftiness of melodic fluency and freshness as did Purcell. It is these properties which are so strikingly apparent in "*King Arthur*," "*Diocletian*," "*Dido and Æneas*," and "*The Tempest*"—all of it music which no present-day composer would disdain to write, and which can still be performed without being pronounced "wiggy" or antiquated. Songs like "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" ("*Diocletian*"), the stirring and characteristic "Come if you dare" ("*King Arthur*"), or the lovely duet, "Two daughters of this aged stream," are gems of art that will always survive. They are sufficient of themselves, even if we had no other of Purcell's work, to show how highly he was

gifted with the power of expressing human emotion in its every mood. This is just the quality which a great dramatic composer must have, and Purcell possessed it in a superlative degree.

So far as Purcell is concerned with Opera, it may safely be stated that he was the first composer to fix the form of English Opera, and that he sufficiently identified himself with it to provide us with examples which will always stamp him as *the* first great master of dramatic-lyric art. Purcell did not seriously advance English Opera, because the public thought little of musical drama long before and after Purcell's time; but he has shown us very clearly what it could be. Had there been any disposition towards it, he was certainly the man of all Englishmen blessed with the genius to raise lyric music to its greatest heights. His odes, tragedies, melodies, &c., all prove this.

English church music stood in striking contrast to dramatic-lyric art. There had been a splendid line of pre-Reformation and Elizabethan composers, all pledged to home church-art. The high standard of this English church-school declined with the death of Orlando Gibbons (1625), and subsequent national events made matters worse. But its magnificent vitality could not be stifled. With the Restoration came an outburst of new musical life—with Purcell at its head—to assert yet once again the glorious beauty of the cathedral anthem and "service" through a wealth of native ecclesiastical music which, if not so stately and sublime as that which preceded it, was, nevertheless, surpassingly beautiful in its melodic flow and graceful expression.

Charles II. did not relish the church style of Tallis, Byrde, and

Gibbons; and Purcell was forced to frame his church music after the mind of his royal master. This accounts for a marked change in the nature of the Purcell-period anthem and "service" and that of the grand Elizabethan period. The "full" anthem was the fashion before the Restoration; but with Charles II. came "verse" anthems, having light concerted pieces, and twirling accompaniments — all tending to spare the monarch from tedium or monotony. This might have hampered many an earnest musical mind; but Purcell, equal to the occasion, composed anthem after anthem, which for grace and beauty must have astonished Stuart himself. Yet, wherever Purcell introduces a chorus, his power of writing "full" vocal music is unquestionably demonstrated. A splendid instance of this is, "O, all ye people, clap your hands"; while a chaste sample of the "verse" style is the "Bell" anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," or, "Thy word is a lantern." Then, what could be more chaste, classical, and learned than the full anthem in eight parts, "O Lord, God of hosts"? Purcell could have done immeasurably more for church music had it not been for Charles II.'s light and frivolous tendencies in the matter of music, whether for his revels or devotions — a taste which had to be met by the "Composer in Ordinary." He could readily have lifted sacred music to that high level of sublimity and learning which characterised it a hundred years previously, but, like many other creatures of circumstance, he had to think of his "bread and cheese" and play

up to his royal master, who preferred melody to much learning in the music set before him.¹

Yet the demands of taste and fashion, if they affected the outward form, could not reach the spirit of Purcell's music. This was ever lofty and sublime in tone, abounding in grace and beauty. It is here that we find Purcell anticipating the grandeur of Handel, and surpassing all his countrymen — whether before or after him — in the rich drift and vein of his muse. The peculiar and prevailing tone that we find in Purcell is possessed by no other composer, and can only be compared with the great masters at their sweetest, grandest moments. It is this sustaining atmosphere which Purcell has thrown over English music which singles him out from all native musicians. It is the character which Handel caught to such perfection, and but for which his oratorios would never have reached the hearts of the English people. The composer of the "Messiah" studied Purcell intently, and gathered from his works all that spirit and tone which anglicise these Bible settings. It may honestly be declared that if Purcell had never lived Handel's oratorios would never have been written. They contain nothing that Purcell has not anticipated, and whether in their solos, concerted music, choruses, or the like, a comparison with the Purcell scores will demonstrate that our countryman possessed — though he was so ill-starred as not to be able to bring out — all the qualifications which made Handel so successful here.

¹ Not to be too musically hard on this monarch — as witty as he was unwise and courteous — it must be admitted that he rendered great service to music here by bringing Cambert and his violinists from France, as well as in re-establishing the Chapel Royal services.

With Purcell the key to the situation, Handel seized the means and unlocked the hearts of the great British public. A study of Purcell's church music—especially such as the famous "Te Deum" and "Jubilate"—having orchestral accompaniments will disclose his great mastery of fugue, canon, and all that contrapuntal learning combined with fine harmony and brilliant melody which we admire so much in Handel but lose sight of in Purcell. If only for having been helpful to Handel, Purcell's musical worth and reputation must always be ranked exceeding high.

Purcell's influence on Handel is past all estimate. To listen to Purcell's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," and to be familiar with Handel's "Utrecht" "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," is simply a revelation. That Purcell's work formed the model for Handel's, which was written some twenty years later, is palpably apparent in every verse—a point which Dr Chrysander, Handel's German biographer, felt bound to admit. Little blame to Handel. If he could, as he did, find his way to English hearts by this assimilation of our church style, why blame him? Yet let us give Purcell the honour due to him. Here, in every respect, Handel copied him. Instances too numerous to mention could be adduced showing Purcell's influence on Handel. The serenata "Acis and Galatea," for instance, is but a copy in construction of "Dido and Æneas," and the two works abound in astonishing parallels, not only in formal ideas but in feeling.

However we regard Purcell

musically—whether as a composer for the stage or church, or as an organist—he supplies all that we look for in a master of the art. He is veritably England's great tone-poet. As an organist he was unrivalled. As a church composer his noble sublimity of style—coupled with deep theoretical erudition, a rare exuberance of fresh melody, perfect harmony, and a fine perception and expression—carry him into the highest walk of sacred musical art. For stage art he was lavishly endowed. He had wonderful dramatic power, and the scarce gift of inducing realism in music. His splendid imaginative faculties, his sense of character and ability to express it, his fine conception of the English temperament and broad bold way of setting it forth,—these qualities have been found in so high a degree in no English composer since Purcell. In his day Purcell was the greatest dramatic genius in Europe, surpassing even Handel in his stage realisms and achievements. One fatal condition barred Purcell all through—he was far in advance of his time. Truly should we honour him. He exalted our cathedral music; he made English melody; he framed for us a national Opera. Englishman that he was, he was bold and to the fore with every vocal and instrumental possibility; he had no musical equal at home or abroad; his compositions and reputation alike, which have come down to us, single him out as one of the greatest musical minds, not only that England but that the world has produced.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

A FOREIGNER.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LXV.—HIS GRAVE.

So it had come at last. That lurking dread which, unacknowledged, had been ever present to her mind throughout that terrible journey, had received confirmation plain and irrefutable. Leo was dead, and, in spite of all her haste, she had not succeeded in arriving in time. She did not weep or rave aloud at the news, but only her face grew yet a shade paler, if that were possible, and the wild eager questioning look went out of her eyes suddenly, like the light of an extinguished candle. She asked nothing more. There were no more questions to be asked now, since everything was answered.

"Yes, it is very melancholy," she said, mechanically repeating the station-master's last words as she turned away.

The two men looked after her curiously.

"Was that his sweetheart, do you think?" asked the younger official, who was still a stranger in the place, having come here but a few weeks since.

"I don't quite know," returned the station-master, doubtfully. "Yes, I think there was some talk about a lady, but I did not know that this was the one. Her face, too, seems half familiar to me, but I cannot remember her name."

"I have never seen her before, but could lay my oath that she must either have been the dead man's wife or his sweetheart," returned the younger man, with great decision. "I know something of women, and that look in her eyes was not to be mistaken."

Phemie meanwhile had reached the entrance, and went up to a car-

riage, in which mechanically she seated herself. When asked by the driver to which address he should take her, she drew her eyebrows together in a perplexed frown, as though she were trying to reason out some intricate problem. Where should she go to? Where, indeed! To her home? The mere idea made her shudder. How could she bear to re-enter that house, now that there was no one left to receive her? No, that was not what she wanted: it was not for that that she had been travelling day and night, only to find an empty house at her journey's end. She must think of something else. If she wished to rejoin Leo, there was only one place now where she could find him.

"To the churchyard," she said at last, with an effort, having succeeded in regaining her voice.

The drive to the churchyard was not long, scarcely more than ten minutes, but yet sufficient to make her realise that everything about the place bore a familiar everyday aspect, just as though nothing particular had occurred. The carriage jolted over the rough irregular pavement of the narrow twisted streets with the dry heartless rattle of stones in a dice-box. Gaudily decked out Roumanian women were coming away from market with their unsold wares poised jauntily on their heads, and children were playing or quarrelling at the street corners, just as callously as though there were no such thing as breaking hearts in the world. She passed by two officers of the regiment just at the entrance to the town where the road diverged to-

wards the churchyard. One of them was Istvan Szyrmay, in all his newly-acquired glory of the lieutenant's golden stars, and both in riding costume, as though just dismounted from horseback. Apparently they had some difficulty in recognising her, for it was not until the carriage was nearly past that young Lieutenant Szyrmay raised his hand to his cap in a tardy salute.

The carriage now came to a stop in front of the churchyard gate, which stood open. Phemie descended and went in, walking up the broad centre alley with a wavering step. She had no need to ask any one to show her what she wanted, for she felt sure of finding it alone. Nor was she mistaken, for among the freshly thrown-up mounds at the farther end of the cemetery one grave stood out conspicuous from its companions by the wealth and profusion of flowers which adorned it. Even without the name of Leopold Wolfsberg inscribed on a rough temporary cross erected at the head of the mound, and which peeped out from betwixt ivy garlands and wreaths of chrysanthemum, she would have guessed at once that this and no other could be her husband's grave. The flowers had not had time to wither as yet, for scarce forty-eight hours had elapsed since they had been laid here as frail fleeting tokens of friendship or affection. The frost's stealthy action, beginning to produce unsightly brown stains on the edge of delicate camellia-flowers, was effectually masked by the slight powdering of snow fallen overnight, and which lay on the wreaths with as delicate a touch as though a shower of sweet spring blossoms had been flung over them by fairy hands.

A wreath of purple asters, larger and heavier than the others which

lay at the lower end of the grave, had a broad bow of white satin ribbon attached to it, on whose trailing ends the following dedication was inscribed:—

"To our beloved and unforgettable brother-in-arms, from his sorrowing comrades, the officers of the — Hussar regiment."

Another wreath, composed of white chrysanthemums, had a label attached with only these words—

"To my dearly beloved cousin."

"Yes," thought Phemie, bitterly, "Poldi and all the rest were able to give him a last mark of affection; but only from his wife there is not a single flower to say how she loved him."

There were several other garlands besides these two, the richest and fairest amongst them being woven entirely of dark-red and snowy-white camellias, but only here there was no label attached to tell the donor's name.

For some minutes Phemie stood staring down stupidly at the grave, unable even yet to realise the truth of her misfortune. Leo, her husband, lay buried there, underneath this flower-covered mound. She had come too late to tend him on his deathbed, to bid him a last farewell; too late to ask his forgiveness for her previous coldness, and to tell him that it had all been a mistake; too late even to take a last look at his face ere the coffin lid closed upon him. It was all over, their brief dream of happiness that had lasted just five years. She was no longer his wife, but his widow. She repeated the words to herself several times over, but somehow they refused to carry conviction to her mind, even though she knew herself to be standing on the spot that contained his mortal remains. A little while ago the strains of a gipsy fiddler had been able to cause her tears to flow plentifully, but

now even this relief was denied to her. The blow seemed to have stiffened her into a cold senseless statue, as, dry-eyed and apathetic, she stood by Leo's grave. Even when she knelt down and touched the cold, damp, clammy earth with her fingers, the spell refused to yield; try as she might, she could not succeed in realising that only a few feet of clay divided her from Leo. The sound of a weird kind of chuckle caused her to raise her head. There, crouched among the grave-mounds a little way off, was the sinister figure of the Prikolitsia, crooning softly to herself as she plied the distaff between her fingers. Her black eyes, flashing out through the tousled fringe of snow-white hair, seemed to be shining with the malicious glee of a malevolent sorceress as she watched this latest mourner by the new-made grave.

The sight of this creature suddenly evoked within Phemie's mind the recollection of that mountain excursion, during which, as now looked at by the light of after-revelation, the seeds of the coming tragedy had so unmistakably been sown. They had already been on the verge of an open quarrel that day, she now clearly remembered, as with an agonised sense of tardy comprehension she now recalled many little words and incidents disregarded or overlooked at the moment, but all tending to mark and accentuate the steadily-growing animosity between the two men. Oh, why had she not perceived the danger in time and averted it? For that it would have been in her power to avert the catastrophe had she been present, Phemie could not doubt. Why had she left her husband alone at this fatal crisis in his life? Why, indeed, but because of that senseless quarrel about the fox which had brought about their subsequent estrangement, and had

indirectly led up to her Scotch journey? But for that trivial, ridiculous incident, she would in all probability have remained quietly at home, and all this misery would have been averted.

As all these painful thoughts shot through her mind, Phemie shuddered, and hid her face in both hands in order to shut out the dreadful mocking vision of the Prikolitsia, who, to her distorted fancy, seemed to be chuckling over her broken heart with fiendish glee, although, in reality, the harmless, half-crazy old woman was merely rejoicing over a half-gnawed crust of bread she had discovered on a grave-mound.

How long Phemie remained here kneeling, plunged in a sort of dreary trance, she did not know: she remembered nothing further till she heard the sexton's voice at her elbow informing her that the coachman outside was growing impatient, and had said that he could not keep his horses any longer waiting in the cold. If the lady wished to prolong her visit to the cemetery, he required to be paid and dismissed.

These words recalled her to a sense of the realities of life. Of course, as she had not the wherewithal to pay the coachman, her only course was to have herself driven home. The Prikolitsia had meanwhile disappeared, and only the long row of snow-tipped mountain-peaks, sparkling in the wintry sunshine, gazed down at her with their cold brilliant smile, supremely, sublimely indifferent to human weal or woe.

Her limbs were cramped and stiff with the long kneeling attitude as she regained the churchyard gate. The carriage was no longer standing at the place where she had left it, but had crossed over to the other side of the road in order to make room for the troop of mounted hus-

sars just coming up that way, returning apparently from the exercising-ground to the cavalry barracks that lay beyond the cemetery. The foremost riders were now but a few paces off, and Phemie, standing on the lowest step that led to the cemetery, decided to wait till the squadron had passed, before crossing the road to regain the carriage.

The sun was full in her eyes as she watched them approach, a dark compact mass, broken here and there by the glitter of steel scabbards, and the flash of horse-irons upturned. At the head of the troop rode the captain, and alongside of him the trumpeter of the squadron was making the still frosty air reverberate with his joyous heart-stirring strains.

CHAPTER LXVI.—THE CAPTAIN OF THE SQUADRON.

The captain of the squadron, looking straight in front of him with a thoughtful frown on his handsome face, would probably have passed on without perceiving the figure of a small dark-clad woman standing on the lowest step that led up into the cemetery, had not his ear been suddenly attracted by the sound of a hoarse inarticulate cry, something between a sob and a wail; and sharply turning his head in the direction from which it came, Leo Wolfsberg saw what in the first moment of bewilderment seemed to be Phemie's ghost just stepped out of the churchyard, and stretching out her arms towards him with a frantic incredulous gesture. He never could afterwards rightly remember how it was that in the next instant he had sprung from his horse, and, oblivious of everything else, callously indifferent to the staring gaping curiosity of men and officers, had caught up his wife in a tight embrace.

"*Liebchen!* Phemie! How is it possible? I thought you were still in Scotland!"

"And I thought you were dead," gasped Phemie, struggling with a terrible inclination to laugh hysterically. "They told me so at the station, and I have just come from your grave."

"Poldi's grave you mean; he died last Thursday, and we buried him on Saturday."

"Poldi is dead! How very, very funny! And I thought it was you, Leo, all the time!" The hysterical impulse to laugh was growing stronger, and Phemie had to put up her hand to her throat in order to stop something that seemed to be rising up there beyond her control.

"Did you not get my letter telling about the duel?"

"I got no letter—I only read of it in the newspaper by accident. That was on Thursday, and I have been travelling ever since."

Leo had now relaxed his grasp of Phemie, and was holding her at arm's-length away from him, looking with anxious scrutiny at her pale drawn face, that had got so much smaller since he saw it last, at her soiled and draggled garments and insufficiently protected feet.

"You have travelled all the way from Scotland without your fur cloak and in that wretched flimsy jacket! and, *ach, mein Gott!* what sort of shoes has the foolish child got on her feet! and her stockings, too, I am sure they are not woollen ones."

This time the hysterical inclination to laugh would no longer be repressed. The anticlimax of the woollen stockings, coming on the

back of all her previous mental agony and physical exhaustion, was too overwhelming not to overthrow the last remnant of Phemie's self-control. She began to laugh, very softly at first, with her head still resting on her husband's shoulder, with an expression of covert enjoyment, like some one savouring an exquisitely humorous joke; then louder, ever louder it grew by degrees, till the laughter burst forth in shrill strident peals, which pierced the ears of the bystanders like the high note of a peacock's voice, and convulsed her frame as a slender birch-tree is tossed by the tempest.

Unspeakingly alarmed on finding that it was impossible to stem the torrent of this terrible laughter, Leo carried his wife to the carriage, and only then was suddenly aroused to the consciousness that all the time his puzzled and bewildered soldiers were standing drawn up in order, waiting till it should please their captain to resume the march. Giving over the command of the squadron to the next officer in rank, he seated himself by Phemie's side in the carriage, after having despatched a galloping hussar to fetch the regimental doctor.

Within half an hour Phemie found herself lying in her own bed, with the doctor in attendance, and Leo bending over her with a face almost as white as had been hers a little while ago.

There was nothing really dangerous about the attack, pronounced Dr Pichler when he had heard the details of the case. It was only a very strong nervous paroxysm, the natural result of all that had gone before, and it was only a wonder that the young Frau Baronin, who looked so delicate, should have been able to accomplish what she did without breaking down long ago;

and a little later, when dining at the officers' mess, where he was eagerly plied with questions regarding the strange scene that had taken place before the cemetery gates that forenoon, the doctor wound up his explanations with the following remarks, for he piqued himself on being a deep student of human nature, and never lost an opportunity of airing his views on psychological subjects:—

“Yes, there is no denying that those English people have a curious power of nervous resistance not to be found in any other race. Now there is that little woman, who usually looks as frail and delicate as a puff of thistledown, and as limply apathetic in manner as though she could not say *Bo* to a goose; yet see how she rises to the occasion. At the first news of an accident happened to her husband she comes flying across Europe all in one breath, overcoming every obstacle in her path, and indifferent to all discomforts and hardships. She arrives here all in rags, looking like a starved rabbit; and then, when she finds out that her husband is not dead and buried as she had supposed, she merely treats herself to a slight attack of hysterics by way of relieving her feelings. Could anything be more reasonable? A German woman under the same circumstances would probably have proved her love for her husband by lying down and dying on the way, and a Pole or Hungarian by becoming a raving maniac; but this little Englishwoman will be all right to-morrow, depend upon it. The sight of her husband well and strong is all the medicine she requires. Yes, they are a marvellous nation those English,—no wonder they conquered at Waterloo and invented the steam-engine!”

CHAPTER LXVII.—POLDI'S STORY.

Dr Pichler's diagnosis proved to be a correct one. Before evening Phemie was able to sit up on the sofa, and, with her hand tightly clasped in her husband's, to listen to the details of the melancholy event which had led to such a strange comedy of errors.

Poldi Wolfsberg, whose term of service at the Archduke's had elapsed some time ago, had unexpectedly and by special favour received his promotion as Captain in the November 'Gazette,' a circumstance of which Phemie was of course unaware, since her husband's last letter to her had been written some days anterior to the date of the 'Gazette.' From this moment forward the events had followed on each other's heels with that rapidity and violence that would seem to be an exclusive characteristic of stage action, but which, if closely looked at, will quite as often be found in real life, where, betwixt long periods of stagnation, are sometimes found condensed into the limits of a single week more emotions and events than have come to us during a stretch of many years. In this particular case it seemed to be the loosening of one single stone which had caused the walls of an apparently solidly-built edifice to fall crashing to the ground without warning or preamble. Since Gold Riki's marriage no breath of scandal had ever dared to attack her fair fame, and whatever girlish flirtations she had previously had were lapsed in oblivion. If not an affectionate and doting wife, she was at least a perfectly correct conventional one, and if she found herself unable to return her rather unprepossessing husband's devotion as it deserved, she had accustomed herself to endure its expression with-

out positive repugnance. She had never set eyes on her former lover since the day when she had heard him pronounce his vows in the little chapel of the Teutonic Order, and no one, least of all her husband, had reason to suppose that she still nourished even a fleeting fancy for the object of her former misplaced affections. And very likely she might not even have discovered it herself, but for the untoward circumstances of their first meeting. It was during the dress rehearsal for the Caroussel arranged by the Brigadier that Poldi, who had arrived from Vienna by the afternoon train, strolled into the riding-school where the performance was taking place. Eight ladies and gentlemen, attired in powdered wigs and velvet jackets, were executing a carefully-prepared quadrille as he entered, and the first figure on whom his eye lighted on entering was that of Gold Riki, looking (thus seen by lamplight) not a day older than when he had seen her last, and shown off to fullest advantage by the tight-fitting velvet bodice trimmed with silver lace, and the jaunty tricorne hat perched on one side of her aristocratic little head. Poldi thought to himself how strangely ill-assorted to her high-bred grace was the dumpy figure of her partner, Captain Immhausen, transformed by the Louis XV. costume into a woful historical caricature.

Recognition had not been mutual. Of that Poldi felt sure, for, absorbed in the execution of the rather intricate quadrille figures, most of the performers were obliged to concentrate their attention on their horses' paces; and so Gold Riki passed twice close beside the place where Poldi was standing, without per-

ceiving him. It was Captain Immhausen who, just as the horses were breaking into the sharp canter in which the final double *ronde* was to be executed, caught sight of the new-comer, and greeted him with a boisterous cry of "Holloa! Poldi Wolfsberg! by all that is wonderful! Dropped down straight from the moon apparently!"

Gold Riki started violently on hearing the name, and in her confusion gave an abrupt twitch to her horse's left rein, which had the result of throwing it out of its place in the figure, and bringing it into collision with another horse belonging to the inner circle. There was a tremendous scuffle for a moment. Gold Riki's horse began to kick out furiously, and losing her seat together with her presence of mind, she presently found herself hanging head downwards from the saddle, while her skirt remained firmly caught by the pommel.

Poldi being on foot had the advantage over his companions in being able immediately to spring to the lady's side and extricate her from her perilous position. She appeared to have fainted, and her eyes were still closed as he carried her in his arms into the little room which adjoined the riding-school, and there carefully placed her upon two chairs. Almost directly she opened her eyes, and neither of them exactly knew how it came about that, as on a former occasion, their lips instinctively met in a long lingering kiss.

The other riders had meanwhile dismounted, and soon came crowding into the room with manifold expression of sympathy and condolence for the accident that had happened to the Frau Oberstin, by no word or look betraying that any one of them had perceived the little sequel to the mishap. Poldi and Riki (who had rapidly regained her

outward composure) believed themselves to have been quite secure from observation, and yet the action must have had a witness, some interested malicious person, who resorted to that most dastardly of all expedients, an anonymous letter, in order to convey the information to the outraged husband.

Who wrote this letter was never known: some averred it to have been penned by a revengeful soldier who had been discharged from the Colonel's stables for disorderly conduct; others said that only a woman would have been capable of such refined malignity; and it was moreover a well-known fact that Gold Riki had often given offence to officers' wives who were her inferiors in social rank and breeding, by the assumption of what they called her high-nosed aristocratic airs.

Be that as it may, that letter it was that led to the catastrophe. Perhaps the letter alone would not have been sufficient to cause such a serious thing as a pistol duel between two men, had it not been for poor Riki's own insane conduct on hearing of it. The letter had been brought by the evening post on the day following the rehearsal, and when Colonel Farkas, as pale with rage as his complexion would permit of his turning, had marched into her bedroom and flung down the sheet of paper before her, and then without saying a word, but with terrible unspoken things in his eyes, had turned to leave the room, her presence of mind completely deserted her. One glance at the letter sufficed to show her the danger in which she stood, and without giving herself time to consider that she was making things ten times worse, she hastily snatched up the first cloak and hat that came to hand, and fled from her husband's house like a guilty creature. A minute of calm reflection would have shown

her that, after all, the evidence of a base anonymous letter is not sufficiently damning to ruin a woman of hitherto irreproachable character, and that even were she to confess the truth to her husband, the most she had to admit was that she had given or received a kiss—she hardly knew which—under circumstances certainly calculated to overthrow the most rigidly well-balanced composure. But poor Riki was incapable of calm reflection to-day. The discovery that her love for Poldi Wolfsberg, which she honestly believed to be a thing of the past, was still living in all its former intensity, had come upon her with the unexpected force of a thunderbolt. A look and a touch of this man had been sufficient to raise up the old love from its ashes in all its giant strength. Startled and bewildered, she had ever since been wrestling with herself and asking how it was all to end; and then when her husband had come upon her unexpectedly, and with that terrible look in his eyes had hurled down the letter before her, it seemed to her distorted vision that her secret must be written on her brow, and that all must be lost indeed. She was disgraced before the world, and had henceforth no other refuge but by Poldi's side.

Through the darkness she fled to Poldi Wolfsberg's lodging, and burst in upon the astonished young man just as he was preparing to nail up on the walls of his new domicile some sporting pictures he had brought with him from Vienna. Poldi, though not exactly characterised by common-sense as a rule, was yet dumfounded on realising the insanity of Gold Riki's step—a step which, if it came to be known, must inevitably ruin them both, for his reputation as a Teutonic knight required to be as carefully

shielded before the world as that of the most immaculate virgin. After taking a rapid and comprehensive view of the situation, Poldi decided that all was not lost as yet. Luckily it was already dark, and the thick lace veil which she had worn on entering the house might well have baffled the recognition of any chance acquaintance. The Immhausens lived but a few doors off, as he happened to know; and since she had made the mistake of quitting her husband's house, and if she were really afraid to return to it, why should she not throw herself for this one night on the hospitality of that benevolent couple, whose fat good-humoured faces were the very best guarantee of honour and respectability? By to-morrow morning it might perhaps be possible to convince the Colonel that the contents of that anonymous letter were but a mere piece of malignant gossip, beneath his notice; and even if it came to be known that she had spent a night at the Immhausens', nothing worse would probably be said of her but that she had had a quarrel with her husband and had made it up again.

With some difficulty Gold Riki had been brought to see the sense of this suggestion, and expressed herself willing to accept it; but just as she was about to leave the room, hoping to gain the street unobserved, the door was rudely flung open, and there in the entrance stood the Colonel, with an expression of face by comparison with which that of an infuriated man-eating tiger is soothing and reassuring.

Riki screamed and hid her face on Poldi's shoulder, but attempted no other self-defence or explanation. Neither did Poldi attempt any. Appearances were damningly against him, and anything he said now would have seemed only dictated

by dastardly cowardice unbecoming a man of honour.

The duel, which had thus become inevitable, took place on the following day, with what result is already known. Despite the most able surgical assistance obtained from Vienna, despite Leo's devoted nursing, assisted by the heart-broken Riki, who, having now nothing more to lose, had openly flung down the glove to society by affording herself the melancholy consolation of tending her lover on his deathbed, Poldi did not survive the effects of his wound, but sank from exhaustion

two days after the ball had been withdrawn.

He was perfectly conscious up to nearly the end, and with a last feeble flicker of his former humorous ignorance, he remarked to his cousin on the day preceding his death—

"It is just like the story of Joshua, is it not, Leo? You know I mean the fellow who didn't run away with somebody's wife, and had the deuce to pay in consequence. I have been making blunders all my life, but this has been the worst one of all."

CONCLUSION.

And thus it came about that this tragic event, which for long was remembered and talked of in the quiet little Transylvanian town, was directly instrumental in bringing back Phemie to her husband, for so strange and fitful are sometimes the ways of fate that it had required the error of one woman in order to save another from a yet worse pitfall. Without this terrible lesson Phemie might never have realised, as she now did, that stronger yet than the ties which draw us to kin and country are the bonds between husband and wife, and that all other considerations are but light as feathers in the balance when weighed against the pure unalloyed gold of true conjugal love. Perhaps Phemie never exactly knew how much she had to be thankful for; but when, as afterwards transpired, Mr Hamilton was forced to appear as co-respondent in the notorious Gordon divorce case, of whose repulsive details all the papers were presently full, some vague suspicion of what she had possibly escaped was conveyed to her mind in a faint and shadowy fashion.

Chrissy, who kept her sister regularly supplied with English literature, had sent her, along with some 'Punches' and 'Saturday Reviews,' one of the Society papers, in which a full and authentic account of the Gordon divorce case was given, along with portraits of the chief actors in the drama; and Phemie read this article one balmy spring afternoon as she sat in the little garden that lay to the back of their dwelling. That is to say, she had been reading it a little while ago; but now she had suffered the paper to drop down idly on the grass beside her, where proud yellow daffodils, looking like golden stars that had fallen down here from the sky, were eclipsing the patches of purple violets and the fragile loveliness of pale-blue hepaticas. The garden, no more than a mere strip running along the top of what used to be the fortified walls of the town, had a ruined tower at its farther end. Time had been when these walls had re-echoed with the fierce clamour of warfare, and when out of that old tower arrows had thickly rained on to the besieging Saracen legions standing before the town

gates; but now its interior merely served as a shed for keeping garden tools, and its crumbling old face as a pretext for hanging the garlands of ivy and wild hop that were struggling here for the predominance. A few steps away from this turret grew a hoary apple-tree whose fruit-bearing days were irrevocably past, but which nevertheless gave convenient shade to the rustic bench placed against its gnarled and lichen-incrusted trunk.

Phemie was sitting on this bench just now, and her eyes had a wonderfully soft, almost moist expression, as she leant back enjoying the whiffs of violet scent occasionally wafted up from the flowers at her feet. A thrush was singing somewhere from its nest placed in an ivy tangle in the adjoining garden; and the first early cockchafer, scarcely issued from its chrysalis, was buzzing doubtfully about the daffodils, as though trying to make up its mind as to whether or not it approved of this new unknown world into which it had just made its entry.

Phemie wore a loose blue cashmere wrapper trimmed with lace, and it had lately been remarked in the town that this year the young Frau Baronin had not resumed the daily rides that had hitherto formed her chief pleasure. Just now, in reading the account of the Gordon divorce suit, a passing flash of intuition, like a streak of summer lightning throwing out part of an unknown landscape into broad relief, had seemed to show Phemie what might have been her own story had circumstances turned out only a little differently; and with this new-born knowledge in her mind, she had been putting to herself the question as to whether it would not be well to tell Leo all the circumstances of her renewed acquaintance last autumn with

Ronald Hamilton. Hitherto, strange though it may appear, Mr Hamilton's name had not been mentioned between them. There had certainly been no thought of concealment in Phemie's mind, but simply the events which had immediately followed upon her Scotch visit had been of such an overwhelming nature as almost to have erased from her mind all recollection of what had gone before; and whenever, at long intervals, she had remembered that leave-taking scene at the Waverley Station, a feeling of unacknowledged shame had kept her silent,—for, although unconscious of any danger that had existed for herself, it was decidedly galling to have discovered at the end that her flower, which had been made to play such a part in their relations, had been meanwhile keeping company with love-pledges of dairy- or kitchen-maids. The whole incident had seemed to her more of a comic than a tragic nature, but it was a sort of comedy that afforded her but small cause for merriment since the laugh was partly turned against herself. But now, as she sat beneath the apple-tree on this lovely spring evening, she was vaguely thinking to herself that perhaps after all she should have been more explicit towards Leo, and so she resolved to tell him all about it that very evening if a convenient opportunity occurred. She was not conscious of any feeling of anxiety as to the result; the confidence between them was too complete and entire to be disturbed by any allusion to the past.

Her eyes kept watching the little gate at the other end of the garden, which presently opened to admit Leo, attired in undress uniform and riding-boots, with a whip in one hand and in the other some printed sheets that also looked like part of a newspaper.

"Guess my news, *Liebchen*," he said, not, however, before he had taken possession of both his wife's hands and treated them alternately to a long and fervent pressure of the lips.

"Is that a newspaper?" asked Phemie, looking up at him with a serenely happy smile.

"It is the May 'Gazette' which has just arrived, and it contains two pieces of news regarding members of the regiment. Now guess."

"How can I guess? Tell me, Leo, is it anything about us? Why do you look so pleased?"

Leo for all answer pointed to a paragraph in the newly issued 'Gazette' in which Baron Leopold Wolfsberg, Captain in the — Hussar Regiment, was appointed to the post of riding-master at the Reitlehrer-Institut in Vienna—a special distinction only accorded to first-rate cavalry officers.

"There now! what do you say to that?" he asked, when she had finished reading.

"Of course I am pleased, Leo, if you are," she said rather soberly; "but one place or another, it is all the same to me after all. You know quite well that as long as I am with you——" She did not finish the phrase except by laying her face against his sleeve with an eloquent gesture.

"And yet not quite all the same," he said, slipping his arm round her waist; "for in Vienna you will have less far to travel next time you want to revisit your own country; and feeling yourself to be so much nearer home, you will be less likely to feel *Heimweh* there than here."

"I have quite stopped having *Heimweh*, and shall never go again alone to Scotland," she said quickly, and though this April evening was as warm as June, he felt a slight shudder run through her frame.

"You are cold, *Liebchen*!" he

exclaimed, starting up quickly. "Let me fetch you a shawl from the house."

"Nonsense, you foolish boy!" said Phemie, laughing. "That is only again your old *idée fixe* about draughts and cold feet. I tell you I am as warm as a toast."

But Leo was not to be convinced, and refused to go on talking until he had brought a warm knitted shawl and securely wrapped it round his little wife; and she, who a little while ago used to grow so impatient at these marks of superfluous care, now gracefully submitted to being treated like a piece of delicate biscuit china, or a rare exotic plant.

"We shall go together to Scotland next time," he said, resuming the conversation that had been interrupted just now. "I have been thinking lately that it is a shame I do not know my wife's country better than I do. In order rightly to understand where it is that you have got that queer wistful look in your eyes that I have never seen in any other woman's face before, I ought to have visited your mountains and lakes, and seen all your ruined castles and purple moors. Perhaps that will give me the clue to the riddle. Next year I shall take a two months' leave of absence, and then we shall make a tour in the Scotch Highlands, and together revisit your old home."

"Yes, that will be delightful, Leo!" exclaimed Phemie; "and we shall also pay a visit to my Austrian friend Lady Nevyl that I told you about. She was quite the nicest person I saw all the time I was away." Then after a pause she added, half shyly—

"But perhaps next year it will not be possible, Leo. You know we could not leave *it* alone so far away."

"Then we shall take *it* with us," laughed Leo. "If it has as good a travelling constitution as its mother,

it will take to railways and steam-boats like a duck to the water. Only, for the honour of the name of Wolfsberg, I trust it will never degrade itself as she did by travelling third class and scraping acquaintance with such spurious rabble as Puszta shepherds and gipsy fiddlers," he added, slyly, pinching her ear ever so slightly between his fingers, for he could not sometimes deny himself the pleasure of twitting Phemie on the subject of some of her travelling experiences.

She however remained grave, and there was no responding smile on her lips. That journey was, and would ever remain to her, such a terribly serious thing, that even now, after the lapse of six months, she could not hear it referred to without experiencing by retrospection some touch of that aching suspense which had accompanied her all the way from Scotland to Transylvania, just as sometimes the sight of a dentist's waiting-room will vividly recall the pain of a forgotten operation.

Phemie therefore made no answer to her husband's last words otherwise than by nestling a little closer to the arm which had again found its way round her waist; but after a pause she seemed to remember something, and looked up quickly to ask—

"You said there were two pieces of news contained in the 'Gazette,' Leo?"

"Yes; the second piece of news is that Colonel Farkas has been appointed brigadier at Barnow in Galicia. He will not be sorry to leave the place, I fancy, nor will any one regret him; and yet I cannot help feeling sorry for him, even though he caused the death of my own cousin, for he has been visited with the heaviest misfortune which can befall a man. It is pitiable to

see how he has changed within the last six months. I verily believe that were all the regimental horses to be metamorphosed into skeletons to-morrow, he could hardly contrive to get into a rage. I feel sure that he loves his wife as much as ever, and to have lost her in that way, by no fault of his own, is sufficient to break the strongest heart."

"And do you think," began Phemie a little diffidently—"do you think, Leo, that there is absolutely no chance of Riki being reconciled to her husband in time? After all, she has done nothing actually wrong, and it was only a piece of insane terror that made her do what she did. I had a letter from Baroness Gabelstein this afternoon; she writes from a little village near Ischl where they are staying together. It seems that Baroness Gabelstein is likely to be her permanent companion, since her own family has refused to take her back, and she writes that poor Riki's state of depression is terrible, and that her health is evidently breaking down under the weight of her remorse. Why should he, then, go on punishing himself and her for something that was really all a mistake on both sides? He only needs to forgive her, and it will be all right again."

Leo shook his head.

"Some men might possibly do so, but Farkas is not that sort of man. He will rather suffer his inward grief to consume him slowly like a cancer than speak a word of forgiveness; and I cannot blame him, for I feel that in his place I should have acted in precisely the same manner. There are cases in which a man owes it to himself to be unforgiving."

Phemie looked up at her husband, and she saw that his blue eyes had darkened by a shade, and that his mouth was set as it sometimes was when he was riding a dangerous

horse. The sunset lights, just beginning to be reflected on the turret wall behind them, were forming a sort of golden background to his figure, and once more she was struck by his remarkable resemblance to that old painting in the library at Laird's Hill.

"No, decidedly," she thought to herself, "this is not the right moment to begin speaking of Mr Hamilton. He looks too terribly like the picture at home of St George killing the dragon."

So she did not attempt to break the pause that followed these words, but waited till Leo began to talk again, as he did presently, with his usual expression, half grave, half gay. There were so many things to be discussed between them, bearing on the subject of their new plans and of the flitting to Vienna, which would have to take place in about a fortnight, and their talk was so engrossing, that twilight was beginning to fall before either of them remembered that it must be long past supper-time. Leo began to collect the papers and letters that lay strewn about, and as he picked up a newspaper that had been lying close to Phemie's feet, he perceived a man's portrait upon the uppermost page.

"That is a face that I must have seen, but I cannot remember where. It is certainly familiar, only I cannot recall the name," he remarked.

"That is Mr Hamilton," said Phemie, trying to speak carelessly—"the same whom you met at a dinner-party at the Colendars'."

"Ah yes! I remember now—the same man whose ears you boxed as a child, and who afterwards tried to flirt with you before our marriage, if I remember right."

"And he tried to flirt with me again since our marriage," blurted out Phemie with a little effort.

"Indeed!" replied Leo, calmly.

"That only shows his good taste, my dear, for you certainly are twice as pretty as you were five years ago; only I wonder that, knowing your fierce and revengeful disposition, he was not deterred by fear of having his ears boxed a second time."

"And what would you say, Leo, if I told you that I nearly repeated the operation last autumn?"

Phemie almost held her breath as she waited for Leo's answer; but a singular obtuseness seemed to have taken possession of him this evening, for he merely remarked as he folded up the newspaper—

"I should say that my little wife had been probably quite right, as in everything she does. But that is scarcely the reason, I presume, why his portrait has been put in the papers. Pray, what has the friend of your childhood been doing in order to be treated as a hero? Has he won a battle, or invented a new breechloader?"

"He has stolen another man's wife," said Phemie, turning rather red, and glad that the fast-gathering shadows were throwing a veil over the circumstance.

"And that other man—the husband, I mean—he has shot him, I suppose, as Farkas did our poor dear Poldi?"

"No," said Phemie, demurely; "we do not shoot men in England any more than we do foxes. A man in Mr Hamilton's position is dragged into the divorce court, and if proved guilty, has to pay heavy damages to the injured husband."

"A queer way of doing things," said Leo, thoughtfully. "More practical, perhaps, but decidedly less romantic, than our system. Upon the whole, I decidedly prefer the old-fashioned medieval plan of killing the man who has taken our wife. It is much simpler and more direct, and far more satisfactory to the feelings, to stand opposite one's

enemy, pistol in hand, than to have the most delicate family secrets aired in the newspapers, in order to amuse a gaping crowd and fill the lawyers' pockets."

"And I prefer the English way," said Phemie, with just a very slight touch of her old obstinacy. "It is much more sensible, for, don't you see, it is always a toss-up whether the injured husband is not shot himself, instead of punishing the culprit."

"Very well," returned Leo, calmly: "then, as ours is an international marriage, we shall follow the customs of both countries in this respect, should occasion arise. So, whenever you try to run away from me, *Liebchen*, we shall have the duel first, and then the divorce court, in order that both our feelings may be equally gratified."

"Leo! now you are talking terrible nonsense, and it really is not right to joke about such serious things," said Phemie, rather hastily, as she rose from her chair with a decisive movement. She had suddenly come to the conclusion that it would not do to begin any confessions this evening on the topic which had been in her mind. A little while ago Leo's mood had been too serious, and now it was not serious enough, to encourage her to speak; and was it her fault if he had been so slow to comprehend the hints she had so clearly thrown out? So, on the whole, she felt that it would be a pity to mar the beauty of this exquisite spring evening by the introduction of any distasteful topic. She must wait for some more fitting opportunity, she finally decided.

And perhaps she was right in thus thinking. The moments of perfect happiness that come to us in life are so rare and fleeting that it seems almost a crime to disturb them by any untoward suggestion; and even if the right opportunity to tell her husband never came, could even the sternest of moralists have found it in his heart to blame her for keeping silence? Are we bound, indeed, to confess all our uncommitted sins, or to render account of vague sensations which have had scarcely more substance than passing dreams? If poor human hearts could be turned inside out and searched like pockets, should we not discover even in the purest some specks less white than the prevailing tint? Flesh and blood can never be taught to behave in precisely the same manner as stone or iron might do; and has not even the most steadfast conjugal fidelity known moments when it has rocked on its socket, if never so slightly?

The wisest among us, therefore, are possibly those who do not expect too much either from others or from themselves, but, resting content with what happiness they have achieved in life, forbear to poison it by morbid analysis on the subject of those precipices which they have avoided, if only by the breadth of an inch.

Nothing is absolutely perfect in this world, and we must all fain resign ourselves to the thought that even in the hearts of our nearest and dearest there will ever remain some tiny crannies into which we have never looked.

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER—AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.¹

A RETROSPECT, ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO CIVILIANS.

"PUNISHMENT parade at 6.30, sir," shouted out my gunner servant, backing up his efforts to rouse me to a sense of my duties one pitch-dark December morning in 1861, by noisily stumping about my Aldershot barrack-room. I had but just turned in after a midnight journey by the "Cold-meat Train," grimly so called as being the conveyance of corpses to Woking cemetery; and fatigue and fasting, raw fog and darkness, combined to impress on me a long-remembered horror at the gruesome spectacle which I, as a young subaltern, was compelled to witness. The experience seems worth recording, because it was characteristic of a tone of military discipline which has long since passed by; but I would urge my civilian readers not to be carried away into the pernicious regions of morbid sentiment. The description, however accurate, will appear worse than the reality; and I even venture to assert that the sight was more repugnant to the beholders than the infliction was to the criminal.

The batteries were drawn up in the riding-school on three sides of a square. On the fourth side were the prisoner, armed escort, and surgeon, and also a gun-carriage, alongside of which were some ominous-looking implements, to be regarded much as a patient regards the dentist's case of instruments. The space was dimly lighted by the fitful glare of gas-jets; a dread of what was impending hushed all

voices; the very words of command sounded hollow; the footfalls were noiseless on the tannin flooring, and the general sensation was as though we were enacting a spectre tragedy. Then the stillness was broken by the adjutant reading aloud the proceedings of the court-martial which sentenced Gunner Rogers to fifty lashes. "Go on, sergeant-major," said the commanding officer, and after the fashion of silent drill the prisoner divested himself of jacket and shirt, and extended his arms to be strapped spread-eagle-wise to the felloes of the gun-wheel. A sturdy shoeing-smith, with countenance lowering at his hated task, stepped forward, picked up the instrument of punishment—a postilion-like whip-handle, furnished with nine knotted heavy leather "tails," and awaited further orders. A nod from his senior, a swishing hiss from the cat, and the sharply spoken record of the sergeant-major, "One," followed in quick succession by "two," "three," "four." Then we were startled by the sudden word "Stop!" from the officer in charge of the parade, a kindly hearted man who has recently filled illustrious positions as a general, and who spake to the following effect: "The punishment is being inflicted in a manner which is tampering with the law, for those strokes would scarcely have hurt a child. To see that it is carried out according to law is my duty; shoeing-smith, do you do your duty?" No. 5 lash was accordingly of an entirely different nature from its

¹ A sequel to "The English Officer—as he was, and as he is," in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1895.

predecessors. The tails were whirled aloft, and after a circular sweep, were brought down fair and square with a thud between the shoulders of the prisoner, who, by the involuntary struggle of his lashed arms and the spasmodic wince of his whole frame, gave evidence of his suffering. Instantaneously red weals, caused by each separate thong, glowed on the firm white muscles of the powerful prisoner, and as lash after lash descended, these weals became merged into a large surface of bleeding flesh. At the twenty-fifth stroke the shoeing-smith tossed his cat on the ground with a gesture of relief that his share of the infliction was over, and another man, taking his place, proceeded to complete the tale. By this time the prisoner had apparently grown numb to pain; at all events, he endured it with the silence and the stoicism of a Red Indian, although his shoulders presented a ghastly aspect, and the surgeon, standing close at hand, kept a keen watch lest nature should be overwrought. Many of us turned away from beholding; but some triviality seemed continually to force back our glances to the prisoner, and every now and then a slight shuffling in the ranks showed that some young officer or soldier was staggering aside in sickly faintness at the revolting sight. Scarcely had the sergeant-major recorded the final "Fifty" ere, with nervous speed, the prisoner's arms were unlashd, his shirt and coat were huddled on, and he was led off to hospital; while the rest of the parade was marched back to breakfast, "with what appetite they might." When the promptings of illogical emotion had subsided, no trace of genuine sympathy could be detected, and the general verdict of the prisoner's comrades was, "Serve him right;

he is a first-class blackguard; he cannot possibly be rendered worse by flogging, and, after all, he would certainly much prefer the lash to an alternative of extra imprisonment." Indeed, in certain cases, such as theft from a comrade, when the whole battery considered itself aggrieved by the crime, approval of this punishment was so hearty that the shoeing-smith would increase its severity by a twist of his descending wrist.

When the abolition of the cat, except on active service or under very exceptional circumstances, was first mooted, urgent was the "plea for poor pussy," and some were not ashamed to declare that its retention was necessary for the discipline of the worst men, who make the best soldiers. This odious and unworthy maxim had its admirers amongst the old-age officers; but will a single new-age officer, whose opinion is worth consideration, deny that we get on very well without having recourse to the lash?—that we have gained in repute by sweeping away every pretext for the lie contained in Thiers' sneer applied to our Peninsula army, "The English soldier is beaten almost to death for the slightest error"? and will either young or old dispute that the nation would not endure for twenty-four hours the possibility of the enactment of such scenes as I have described?

Altered circumstances, irrespectively of the promptings of rectitude, have necessitated an entire change in the principles as well as in the details of administration by which the old private soldier was governed. Civilians are aware of a general improvement herein, but are unacquainted with its magnitude and with the full extent of its success. In order that we may estimate the present-

day contrast, let us in imagination make a tour through barracks as they were thirty-five years ago. The rooms are so crowded, and the air is so vitiated, that we might expect a candle to be extinguished by the excess of carbonic acid gas. In 1855 the newly constructed Aldershot huts were calculated to accommodate twenty-four men each; in 1881 fourteen was held the limit of a wholesome number. Commanding officers would have been indignant were the ugliness of the whitewashed walls violated by a single print, photograph, looking-glass, or other elementary ornament fixed about the bed-heads. The very cleanliness of the floors is disagreeable, because it is attended with the dank clamminess of incessant slushing and the grittiness of thickly strewn sand. The allowance of fuel is scanty, and only for a few hours in the afternoon is the bitter cold of austere winter slightly relieved by a few embers smoking in the huge coffin-shaped grate, which bears on its ironwork the cipher of George III. The soldier's personal possessions are limited by regulation to a scantiness which involves his great discomfort. No matter how wide the spare space unoccupied and available, official rules, which every pedant can obey, but which the wise man uses his discretion to relax, restrict the articles piled in pernicketty symmetry over the grating at the head of his bed to the regulated kit. "*Trois aiguilles au lieu de deux! Voyez comme on surcharge le soldat,*" as the French caricaturist makes the inspecting officer exclaim. The orderly officer who rigidly followed the prescriptions of his colonel would unrelentingly banish an extra pair of boots or an addi-

tional box of blacking; and the foolish odds and ends of possession which represent kindly associations must be stuffed anyhow into the secret recesses of a small squad-bag. By the way, sometimes the nature of these mementoes illustrates the curious lines on which the sentiment of the private soldier runs. During the expedition of 1862 to Canada, on the occurrence of what was called the "Trent incident," my battery, after twenty days' stormy voyage from England, followed by the toil and privation of long sleigh-marches, when baggage was cut down to the lowest possible ounce, reached its remote destination at Hamilton, Canada West. There we found that one of our rugged old soldiers had managed to convey secretly with his scanty kit some pounds' weight of iron fragments—bits of shell which he had collected at home during practice eighteen months previously, and to which he clung with the same sentimental affection as that with which a lover regards a lock of his mistress' hair.

Should a chance and infrequent requirement of duty bring us into the men's barrack-rooms at about 8.30 P.M., we no longer discern the features of squalid discomfort, because we no longer discern anything at all. The large, cellar-like space is in dreary darkness, save for the feeble twinkling of a couple of guttering, spluttering, Government dips, which just serve to reveal the ghost-like forms of a few defaulters confined to barracks and debarred from resort to the public-house. And the night season! My most vivid experience in this respect was on occasions during a New Brunswick winter, when exceptional circumstances had entailed on me the duty of ascer-

taining, by personal inspection, at a late hour, that the men were in quarters. Accompanied by the sergeant-major and by the battery orderly carrying a dimly burning lantern, I recoiled on first entry owing to the very atmosphere, stifling hot through the glowing stoves, steaming with the moisture from snow, sodden clothes, and fetid with the breath of forty or fifty individuals. A few, loath to resort to recumbent repose under such circumstances, had propped themselves, dozing and undressed, against angles and corners; but the majority, strewn about the floor—shapeless forms swathed in grey rugs—only revealed to me their human identity as I stumbled about this Erebus-and-Terror lazar by the stertorous breathings of intemperance, by a curse of vexation at being awakened, or a groan of weariness at being hustled.

To resume our daylight survey of the barrack-room as it was. Repugnance reaches its climax when we investigate yon corner, imperfectly screened off by two or three hanging barrack-rugs. Here is the married soldier's domicile, or rather his lair. Here the wife, whether a girl fresh from the country or an old campaigner versed in baggage-waggon experience, lives her domestic life. Here, in the incessant presence of about twenty bachelors, some of whom are rough young scamps free in coarse behaviour, unmeasured in vicious language, the married couple, perhaps with a baby, pass their days and their nights in shameful publicity. Here—No; we forbear from further details. The subject may be likened to a heap of garbage—too noisome to be approached and too filthy to be stirred. "Were such things here as we do speak about?" Did

the English public acquiesce in such an outrage within so recent a period as less than thirty-five years back?

"After all," it might have been urged, "displeasing as was the condition of the barrack-rooms, the soldier passes therein but a small part of the twenty-four hours. Let us visit the canteen, the coffee-shop, the reading and recreation rooms." You cannot, for the incontestable reason that they do not exist—at all events in their present sense; they have been scarcely dreamed of, and if suggested would be scouted and flouted as reforms which are "unnecessary and therefore mischievous." The old so-called canteen was little better than an inferior pot-house within barrack precincts. A few, a very few, thoughtful progressionists, restless with a longing to render their men better and happier, had, it is true, made tentative efforts to set aside some small corners where the private soldier could read the newspaper in tolerable comfort, or write a letter in fair quietude. But they were held meddlesome visionaries. An officer's duties did not then comprise the furtherance of his men's happiness. If the regiment as a whole were well drilled, well disciplined, and well dressed on parade, the required maximum of excellence had been attained.

From lodging let us turn to food, which was much on a par. For breakfast, a brew concocted out of coarse black coffee, stewed in camp-kettles, with milk and sugar tossed in wholesale, and then ladled out into basins. It does not sound nice, but it was more comforting and substantial than the description would warrant, as I have often found when striking camp at 5.30 A.M., preparatory to

an early march. It was supplemented solely by a piece of dry bread, if the individual had reserved some portion of the previous day's loaf. For dinner, commissariat beef or mutton—plain boiled, never roasted or stewed—and potatoes. This meal did not vary from one end of the year to the other, and apart from its monotony, lumps of bone, to which adhered fragments of coarse flesh, swimming in a flood of greasy water, certainly would not appeal to "those who live to eat," and could barely be faced by "those who eat to live." I may add that the food was of leather toughness; but this constituted no drawback to the soldiers. They were even disposed to find fault with tender meat, on the ground that "they could not feel it between their teeth." The enjoyment of the meal was, however, concentrated on the daily pint of porter per man, defrayed by each individual whether he were a habitual soaker or a total abstainer. The strong, dark liquor was reverentially brought in in a large tin pail; sometimes it received a coat of pepper to give it a further body, and sometimes it semi-simmered on a stove to elicit its further flavour. It was solemnly ladled out, with the careful adjustment due to the precious fluid, after the eating process had been completed; for one of the trivial peculiarities of the soldier is that he never drinks during dinner, but prefers to accumulate an enjoyable thirst for the conclusion.

The tea-meal resembled breakfast, except that instead of coffee, large bitter leaves were stewed in the camp-kettles, released from their functions of boiling meat and

potatoes. But at the time of which I am writing, this meal was a startling innovation. Formerly the men had tided over as best they might the fasting gap between 1 P.M. and 7 A.M. the next day; or, when they could afford the outlay, by means of quarts of beer or noggins of gin. Colonel, afterwards General Sir William, Knollys, when in command of the Scots Fusilier Guards¹ in 1848, was the first to try the experiment of a third meal, and the fame of its success was such that a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of introducing it into the army generally. One of the members, the late Sir James Scarlett, told me that a certain witness from the Household Cavalry answered questions on the subject with great indifference. "Tea-meal, sir, yes; I should have no particular objection to a tea-meal." But when it was further explained to him that this provision would involve a fractional deduction from his pay, he bristled with indignation. "Pay for it! No, sir. A Life-Guardsman must be a precious ugly fellow if the servant-gals will not give him his tea for nothing." In those days the private soldier would often have felt extenuated with hunger but for vicarious generosity; for be it remembered there was no retail then of food in barracks at cost price, and the slender balance of his pay, perhaps averaging 2½d. per diem, was insufficient to enable him to buy provisions outside. This feature leads us to the consideration of his pay and clothing.

Formerly even the most economical and steady found that to keep clear of debt involved a hard and constant struggle. His meat-ration

¹ Now designated the Scots Guards.

was not then, as now, free ; his unsuitable, his almost grotesque equipment, with its multiplicity of unnecessary “necessaries,” and, above all, the stoppages for articles which are now issued at Government cost, subjected him to incessant deductions. The very careful reserved a decent kit for inspection, and clothed themselves in clouts whenever possible. “Really, Driver Wade, your forage-cap is too bad for anything ; you must get another,” I once remonstrated with an old soldier ; and he replied with as much astonished indignation as was consistent with respect, “Too bad, sir ! You’re the very fust officer I’ve heard say so. Why, I had that cap in the Crimea, and I’ve shown kit with it nigh upon eight years.”

In the daily routine of duty comparatively little alteration has taken place. Drill must ever hold the foremost place ; but it used to be complicated, dull, and senseless, instead of appealing to interest, intelligence, and utility. Marching past in slow time, which always possesses an element of the grotesque, was considered the surest guarantee for steadiness in action ; battalion and company movements were characterised by the oddest combination of intricacy and uselessness ; sleight-of-hand feats, acquired only after months’ practice, were requisite for the proper performance of the manual exercise ; and twenty-five motions were enforced in the “platoon” ere the soldier was permitted to fire off his musket. There was the same expenditure of time and labour in fatigues ; the same recourse was had to the united services of a non-commissioned officer, a driver, a pair of horses, a large ponderous cart, and a working-party of four men, in order to remove a small

heap of dirt which could be easily wheeled away by a boy with a barrow. Offences and punishments have varied but little in their nature ; but the former were more aggravated in degree, and the latter were more frequently referred to courts-martial, whose awards were of startling severity. The provision of amusements for the privates, such as cricket and football, rarely enlisted the solicitude of the officers ; and the soldier, when off duty, finding at hand no particular occupation which was harmless, was indirectly driven to that which was vicious. He therefore frequently betook himself to the “free-and-easy” entertainments of robber publicans, whose gratis provision of stupid and coarse fun was recouped by heavy expenditure in drink ; or to some even more disreputable resort. The pleasure of gardening was cold-shouldered ; for gardens are inevitably attended with weeds, and weeds refuse to grow symmetrically, so a casual blade of grass was expelled as an irregular intruder. In 1861 I furtively potted with a few mignonette seeds along the outside edging of my hut, and was immediately called to order by the Quartermaster-General’s department fulminating through my colonel. That fine old hero of Meanee and Inkerman, Sir John Pennefather, never relaxed his efforts to preserve the parade-plains in the Aldershot camp in their spotless sand-and-gravel dreariness ; and when his successor, Sir James Scarlett, suffered some vagrant heather to obtrude their purple blossoms, poor Sir John figuratively wept at the desecration. “The sight quite pains me,” he exclaimed, in piteous tones and with averted eyes.

The old system of military ad-

ministration has been cast out, never to be recalled, by the same inexorable law of altered circumstances which has swept away stage-coaches, flint-locks, and the obligations of passive obedience to sovereigns, however infamous. *Pari passu*, the race of the typical old soldier has become extinct, never to be revived.

“Be to his faults a little blind,
And to his virtues very kind.”

But we need by no means

“Put a padlock on our mind,”

for if we must assign to him some characteristics which were evil, we must also concede to him many features so transcendently illustrious that by their influence he surmounted the difficulties, endured the privations, and achieved the feats of arms so vividly narrated by the English Thucydides, Sir William Napier. Perhaps his most valuable virtue was the sacred light in which he regarded his superiors—the facility with which, under ordinary circumstances, he could be checked by a reprimand, or, if need be, humbled by a sarcasm. He little cared if his officer were a fool, provided he was not a cur; or an ignoramus, provided he was not a cad. With singular intuition, the private soldier quickly discovered if his officer were “hairy about the heels,” and a “ranker” was his abhorrence. A worthy old captain, who had served throughout all the non-commissioned grades, once confessed to me: “Notwithstanding all my service and experience, I never can get the men to carry out my orders with the same cheerful, unquestioning promptitude with which they obey the instructions of an ignorant boy-ensign fresh from a public school.” The figurative halo about

the officers’ heads was manifested in a variety of details. The old soldier was more than usually obedient to them in times of emergency, and careful of them in moments of danger; he was solicitous for their comfort, and vexed, as it were, if in the vicissitudes of the profession they were called on to encounter privations or to perform functions usually outside the scope of a gentleman’s experience. He even fitted his language to their presence. “Hush-h-h! there is the officer,” was often the signal for the suppression of an eloquent flow of Billingsgate.

Again, the old soldier, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, encountered toil and hardship with extraordinary vigour, and with undaunted readiness, solaced only with a smothered growl, of which the wise officer took little heed unless it rose to the proportions of a roar. In February 1862, on the occasion of the Trent expedition (see p. 852), my field-battery, with its guns and equipment, was conveyed about 350 miles across the snow- and ice-bound country of New Brunswick. The labour was most severe and tedious, and the cold was intense, to a degree which can only be appreciated by those who have had experience of winter in those regions. The thermometer sometimes marked 52° Fahrenheit of frost, and the wind, driving the snow-dust against our faces, produced a violent smarting, which was occasionally followed by the first stages of severe frost-bite. The sleigh-horses dragged their heavy loads at an average rate little exceeding a slow jog, and occasionally an animal would drop dead on the march, through exhaustion and the weather. The men, huddled eight in a sleigh from

7 A.M. until 4 P.M., were unable to restore circulation by getting out to walk, and at the mid-day halt in the open for three-quarters of an hour, the rations in their haversacks were not merely frozen, according to our English experience, but hardened into such stony fragments as to be uneatable until thawed. These hardships were endured for several days with the most cheerful patience, unchecked by a murmur. At last arrangements were concerted whereby at a halting-place a large bowl of strong, steaming hot coffee was served out to each traveller gratuitously. When I attended its issue I expected to find the men beaming at the unexpected comfort, instead of which it furnished an opportunity for the perverse grumbling in which the good old soldier used to delight. Sour discontent was the pervading expression of their countenances. "Any complaints?" was my routine query. "Yes, sir," said an old gunner, spokesman for the smothered wrath of his comrades; "this here coffee ain't got enough sugar in it. 'Tain't fit to drink."

It was formerly the unworthy custom to speak of soldiers as altogether destitute of the finer moral principles of honour. Seldom has there been a more stupid calumny. Their code was anomalous, but it was sharply defined and rigidly enforced. Some offences entailing heavy punishments were "white," quite white, and were lightly considered. Such was drunkenness, making away with kit, and absence without leave. Others were abhorred as "black," such as theft from a comrade, or outrage against a popular sergeant. Many years ago I was endeavouring to hearten-up a non-commissioned officer who considered—not without a show of reason—that he

had been unjustly treated in a matter of great importance to himself. My efforts were in vain, and at last he gave me pretty clearly to understand that if he could not obtain redress he should desert. "Oh no, you won't," I remarked; "you are much too honourable a fellow to have recourse to such a dirty proceeding." Before I dismissed him I devised an excuse for committing to his custody a considerable sum of money, convinced that he would not leave me in the lurch by bolting. My confidence in him was fully justified by the success of my expedient.

"Black" offences were sometimes subjected to a sort of *Vehmgericht*, or barrack-room court-martial composed of old soldiers, which awarded a hearty thrashing to the offender. Although the officers were aware of this irregular institution, they ignored it, inasmuch as it was often more advantageous to leave certain crimes to be adjudicated by the culprit's comrades than by his colonel. "Cannot the barrack-room deal with that unworthy soldier?" was my comparatively recent, significant inquiry of my sergeant-major, who answered with a smile, equally meaning, "I know what you mean, sir, but we cannot do that now—we dare not. I wish we dared. The offender would not improbably get the case into the papers, or bruited otherwise abroad, and you would be forced to notice its illegality."

Although I have laid stress on the array of military virtues formerly extant, it will not, I hope, be impossible—though it may be somewhat difficult—to convince the civilian reader that the new pattern is, on the whole, superior to the old, and that the 1895 soldier is better adapted to the requirements of the age than his predecessor.

Let us now suppose that the visitor whom we have already introduced to the reader has been slumbering for a generation in Washington Irving's "Sleepy Hollow," and that, starting awake, he makes with us a second tour of inspection through the barracks. The innate bareness and uniformity of the men's rooms are now wonderfully toned down by the admission of numerous touches of taste and sentiment. The unwritten law is that officers ignore the exercise of minor decorations, provided strict neatness is preserved. The white-washed walls around each man's space are relieved with prints, photographs, small mirrors, &c.; while "Dumb Chummy's" allotment—*i.e.*, the corners claimed by the oldest soldiers—may be almost called bright and snug. Of course, the married couple's former partition has been entirely swept away. The rooms are far less crowded; the shelves are filled with kit without restriction of quantity, but with the old enforcement of orderly arrangement, and each soldier may keep his private penates-treasures in a lock-up box made after a uniform pattern and stowed away under his bed. The floors—from which sand has been banished—are only subjected to slushing once a-week, and chiefly owe their cleanliness to dry rubbing. Finally, thanks to extra supplies of coal and to three or four serviceable lamps—often provided out of canteen credits—the men can spend their evenings by the barrack-room fire in reasonable comfort.

Improvement in food has kept pace with improvement in quarters, and during the past six years especially barrack-feeding has made brilliant strides. Dishes of meat are supplied for breakfast; roasts, stews, curries, pies, and puddings for dinner; and even the despised

tea-meal is generally supplemented by some appetising article of diet. In fact, the former sordid, insufficient repasts have been replaced not only by an abundance but by such a variety of savoury food that the soldier who still complains of hunger must be either a fool or a glutton. He can even obtain delicacies at the coffee-shop at an easy cost, which his augmented resources—of which more anon—fully allow him to meet. This amelioration has been effected almost in defiance of the individual benefited, for the peculiarities of the private soldier are such that he has an ungracious tendency to reject suggested comforts—they must be thrust down his throat. Once, as a lieutenant-colonel, indignant at the wholesale waste of excellent soup-bones, I ordered the master-cook to ensure, under pain of my displeasure, that large caldrons filled with the otherwise unutilised materials should be kept simmering for my inspection three times a-week. To this he was to add pea-meal, seasoning, &c., at the cost of a few pence not charged to the men; and as a guarantee of obedience he was habitually to send in to my orderly-room, just before the men's dinners, a specimen of his brew. Respectful remonstrances from cooks and sergeants, to which I blandly replied, "Yes, I understand your objections; but—the soup shall be made." I found it—oh, so good,—on a cold day nearly equivalent to a hot meal. After a week's trial, spokesmen from the messes addressed to me further and urgent complaints, always with the utmost respect. "We don't like this here soup, sir; nasty, thick, greasy, poor stuff, with nothing to feel between the teeth, we do not like to see it on the table." "But you do not pay one farthing for it," I

pointed out to the malcontents. "You need not consume this gratuitous food if you do not like it, and you are not deprived of one ounce of your ration meat. My instructions must be carried out, and kettles of soup must be placed in the rooms until further orders." They retired silenced but unconvinced. About three weeks later I ascertained the further development of my innovation. For a few days the soup had continued to be eyed with anger; and, untasted, to be relegated to the gutter. Then by degrees one or two of the men thought they might as well swallow a little of the savoury food; their example was soon followed, and finally it was generally hailed as a delicious addition to their meal.

Similar reasoning has applied to the introduction of reading-rooms, coffee-shops, and the resources of amusement or intellectual occupation. In 1860 they were considered outside the scope of a colonel's duties, and as somewhat tending to render the men effeminate. In 1895 a colonel would be held as neglecting his duty were he to omit exercising extreme solicitude for the efficient administration of the several regimental institutions which, subject to his general supervision, are managed by committees of officers. Cricket, football, and gardening are encouraged, but are attractive to the minority only; whereas recreation-rooms and their annexes are eagerly utilised by the whole corps, and have contributed more than any other feature to brighten and to civilise the whole tenor of barrack life. The economy of their expenditure is so admirable that a civilian, unacquainted with the cheapness of military organisation, would pronounce it utopian; and their comforts are possibly open

to the criticism that they are dangerously close to the margin of inappropriate luxury. The canteens deserve detailed attention, especially from the intemperate advocates of temperance, because their disciplinary rules have diminished drunkenness and have dealt with the disasters of adulteration of liquor. In addition, by the sale of first-class goods at a lower price than is practicable at retail civilian shops, profits are accumulated, which are applied to purposes now considered imperative for the soldier's welfare, and thus save the contributions of the taxpayer. The development of the system furnishes an interesting illustration of some elementary principles of political economy.

About 1864 a few enterprising commanding officers, working simultaneously but without concert, entertained the idea of introducing into the canteens of the period, which were little better than second-class drinking-bars in disguise, the sale at regulated prices of a few articles of food and convenience in daily demand. The object of the scheme was the comfort of the soldier and his protection against unfair tradesmen. It was hoped that it would pay its own way, but profit was not expected. To the surprise, however, of the experimentalists, profit instantly started into existence, and rapidly increased to such a high figure that the working, as it was extended and improved, assumed the phase of small co-operative stores, and was taken up by the War Office. Canteens are now governed by strict official regulations, and constitute an important branch of regimental interior economy. In the Quartermaster-General's department at York, the accounts of at least fifty of these institutions passed through my hands, and the

chief difficulty consisted in checking an excess over the authorised balance-credit of £100. Retail prices were cut down to the lowest margin; money was liberally awarded to libraries, coffee-shops, &c.; special grants were frequent; and yet commanding officers were sorely perplexed in keeping within the regulated limits surplus accumulations, which represented ready money, good value, and integrity, *versus* bad debts, adulteration, and fraud.

As regards drill, momentous as have been the alterations in the principles of modern tactics, the means by which they are put in practice are not materially changed. The constant exercise of habituating men to work simultaneously must, as I have already suggested, inevitably be prolonged and tedious; neither education nor intelligence will materially shorten the process of acquiring the valuable instinct whereby soldiers, in moments of emergency when there is no time to think, intuitively act, in obeying the words of command, without thinking. Only we have discarded much superfluity. The shibboleth jargon, "If right is in front, left is the pivot," is no longer a postulate required for the solution of drill complications which are useless when solved. Rifle practice, outpost duties, and exercises between two opposing forces, impart some interest to field manœuvres; and shelter-trenches, tent-pitching, out-of-door cooking, and the expedients of bivouac, to camps of instruction. Here I may appropriately allude to the incessant precautions now adopted to ward off insanitary effects from the soldier's duties and exercises. Prior to an early march, special measures are taken to fortify him with food; on the

route he is accompanied by ambulances, stretchers, and water-carts; on reaching the destination every officer is in a fuss of anxiety until "the men have had their dinners." Hot coffee is provided for night-duty even in barracks; additional blankets, extra fuel, and tent-boards are issued in adverse weather: while as for gutters, sinks, and smells, they are honoured with unflinching attention.

An improved education has of course materially developed the intelligence of the 1895 soldier, while the national temperament has kept him free from the presumptuous vivacity of French troops, of which their countrymen are so proud. In the Salle des Marechaux at Versailles is an immense battle-piece, wherein a conscript is represented shouting out to Napoleon some defect in his tactical arrangements, and the descriptive letterpress accompanying the picture narrates approvingly how the conscript was subsequently rewarded for his brilliant acumen. We can scarcely imagine a young private yelling forth to Sir Evelyn Wood at an Aldershot field-day that he had better send an additional battalion to reinforce the "Hog's Back."

A slight increase in the soldier's pay, together with the abolition of deductions for the meat-ration and the free issue of many articles of kit, have combined to place at his disposal an amount of pocket-money which many a gentleman's schoolboy son would think liberal, and every labourer would consider luxurious. He is now paid weekly instead of daily, and his possession of a larger lump sum, instead of the constant doling-out of miserable pennies, makes him think twice ere he fritters it away at a pot-house. Under certain circumstances, how-

ever, a commanding officer is allowed discretion to revert to the old system, and the exercise of this power once revealed to me some curious features of the soldier's disposition. Owing to a sudden and serious outbreak of drunkenness, I gave instructions that the modicum of pay should be issued every twenty-four hours to a portion of my command. The men hated this frequency, and in order to display their annoyance a few malcontents combined to "cut off their nose to spite their face," and to destroy some hot-water apparatus which I had provided for the benefit of those returning from leave.

Among the former requirements of a soldier's duty, the alleviation of one special evil has proved of incalculable advantage to the general health of our troops. Guards, with their attendant stress of night-work, have been reduced to a minimum. Formerly, whenever an excuse could be devised for posting a sentry, whether to safeguard a patch of grass which would have been all the better for being trodden on, or to watch over a locked-up store, entirely destitute of stores, there a relief of three men was told off. The statements connected with this point made to me by discharged old soldiers may be thought worth attention. "Though I am only forty-five years old, sir, I am a broken-down old man compared with civilians of the same age. Drink, you will say, and tropical service. I know that hurt our constitutions badly, but our night-work did us no less harm. It was not only short sleep every fourth or fifth night for years, it was the contrast of turning out from the hot guard-room in trying weather for 'sentry-go.' Exhausted with pacing up and down for a couple of hours, soaked to

the skin, chilled to the marrow—no hot coffee at relief as now—we laid ourselves down in our sodden clothes before the fire, and slept in our own steam. It often happened that in the morning we felt precious bad, and though of course we kept out of hospital as much as possible, the trial constantly repeated showed mischief at last, sowed the seeds of various maladies, and impaired our health for the rest of our lives."

In 1867, Sir James Scarlett, when commanding at Aldershot, began to attack the evil. "I do not wish to take up the services, day and night, of 1095 men, reckoning the entire year—*i.e.*, a relief of three for 365 days—solely in presenting arms to me when I mount and dismount at my office. Abolish the post." Brigadiers could not do less than dispense with similar pomp. Minor offices felt constrained to follow suit, although some dignitaries, whose pretensions were high and whose status was low, resented being shorn of their honours. The Government Golcondas of wealth were not looted, and the reform was imitated throughout the service, with the result that there was a universal curtailment of a senseless display which had been attended with grievously pernicious consequences.

Officers who have had opportunities of studying the disposition and the proclivities of the private soldier, well know that whatever the attractions provided for him in barracks, a gap at times exists which imperatively demands to be filled up. He longs to get away from barracks after his day's work is over. His process of preening his feathers for the occasion is curious. He splutters and splashes in a pail of soapy water; oils his head until it is as smooth

as that of a seal; adjusts his forage-cap with a jaunty cock; takes down a cane; sticks a pipe into his mouth; and by means of a hand-mirror critically scrutinises the general effect. Coat, trousers, belts, &c., are obvious matters which will take care of themselves. Now, where shall he betake himself? He has had enough of the regimental library and recreation-rooms. If he be a sensible, well-disposed young fellow, he derives no pleasure in bemusing himself at a tavern, or in participating in the stupid obscenities of a music-saloon, or in loafing about the streets with rowdy night-birds. Here that high aspiration which urges some men—and more women—to render their fellow-creatures happier and better has stepped in to fill the gap, and to establish Soldiers' Institutes—a benefit entirely unknown to our forefathers. Here all non-commissioned ranks are made warmly welcome, and from none is the payment of a penny demanded. The pleasant apartments bear just sufficient resemblance to barrack resorts to prevent the visitors feeling like fish out of water, and just sufficient distinction to supply the craving for change, freedom from restraint, and an element of civilian home-life and society. As in recreation-rooms, books, games, and refreshments are available; but far more value is attached to music, readings aloud, and facilities for writing letters. Above all, if he chooses, he will be eagerly met in sympathising conversation by ladies, whom he will especially honour because they are above his own social class. To them he will often confide his trivial perplexities and cares, and from them he will respectfully accept persuasions to the strife of self-reform which he would condemn from that clerical

functionary the army chaplain. Not a few blackguards who have come to the Soldiers' Home to scoff have remained for the other alternative. In some cases the soldier may be accompanied by his sister, or by the respectable "girl he left behind him," who may have come to pay him a visit, and who would be dazed and scared in a strange garrison town were no haven of refuge available for her. The value of these institutions has been greatly enhanced by the latitude conceded with respect to leave. Well-behaved soldiers are now granted standing passes to remain out until twelve at night, and the former general restrictions have been considerably relaxed.

I am aware that Soldiers' Institutes—established with heavy private expenditure, and with still more valuable individual toil—are not regarded with universal approval. I may concede—though but for argument's sake—that their supporters are not free from a propensity to curse divergent theological opinions—that their bigotry is occasionally of the same nature which, *mutatis mutandis* by the lapse of centuries, actuated the Inquisition, the Jacquerie, and the anti-Huguenots. But ought we to condemn the good fruit because of the nettle at the stem of the tree? I challenge every impartial and competent officer and soldier to deny that the fruit is good, that on the whole the effects have been of momentous advantage to thousands—ay, I might say to tens of thousands, were the influences of Christianity substituted for those of "Churchianity."

In comparing the modern with the former private soldier, it must be admitted the new product is marked by one specially grievous defect, the converse of which specially distinguished his predecessor,

and which I have already emphasised. His reverence for his officers has greatly diminished; his respect for their intellectual cultivation and his appreciation of their superiority as "gentlemen" have become much attenuated. He is no longer proud of their professional and social repute, no longer anxious to cover from the outside world derelictions, either inside or outside the regiment, which even wounded his own pride. He will obey officers whom he dislikes in order that he may avoid the penalties of disobedience, not because they are invested with a sanctity which he would hate to see violated, and with an infallibility akin to the confidence which bigots entertain for their favourite fetich. I may perhaps better illustrate my statement by an incident which came within my experience about four years ago in my capacity of lieutenant-colonel. I had had occasion to order the performance of some very laborious armament work, and I had been especially careful that the duty should be carried out in a leisurely manner, justified by the semi-tropical heat of the station. At last, however, an unexpected emergency arose—the circumstances of which I caused to be made known—rendering urgent a couple of hours extra "fatigues" for three days. The morning after I had issued corresponding instructions, the major commanding the battery spoke to me confidentially to the following effect: "I hope, sir, you will not attribute to me the slightest backwardness in carrying out your orders, and that you will not suppose that even in my secret mind I think these extra two hours the least unreasonable. If you adhere to your instructions I will execute them with the utmost loyalty. But will you permit me to confide in you my anticipation

of the result? When the men are paraded for work they will hiss me from the ranks; the occurrence will be published in broad type in the newspapers, and I shall be professionally ruined." "Hiss on parade!" I exclaimed; "then the interior discipline of your battery is not of that satisfactory nature which I had supposed." "No, sir; in this possibility it is not worse than every other battery and regiment in the service. Only within the last few years—subsequent to your promotion to lieutenant-colonel—have we majors fully realised a fact which was not in existence when you held a similar command. An order is not held in the same reverence by the present-day rank-and-file. The non-military press has constituted itself a critic adverse to a discipline which it cannot understand. The men have become perfectly aware of their own power. They know that their resistance will be bruited abroad, and will be regarded with tacit sympathy. They consult and combine, and if a duty is imposed on them which they greatly dislike, they throw duty to the winds, and, heedless both of immediate and ultimate consequences, they retaliate by some public outrage. Look at the lessons we learned from the outbreak in the Grenadier Guards." To render my story complete, I may add that by a diplomatic readjustment of arrangements, I succeeded in maintaining the dignity of discipline, in obviating the hissing on parade, and in saving the interests of Major X. But this readiness to ruin an officer generally popular would have been incomprehensible to the private soldier of former days.

To sum up the case. Have our soldiers increased or diminished in value during the past thirty-five years? "Unquestionably they

have diminished," vehemently asserts, without any corroborative testimony, the veteran officer of the old school who, replete with many military virtues, nevertheless sometimes labours under the infirmity of an inability to learn anything or to forget anything. "Without a shadow of doubt they have greatly increased," replies the modern officer, not less versed in his profession, not less solicitous for its welfare, but refusing to ignore the evidence of his own experience. I admit that in some respects they may be inferior, taking them man for man; I submit that they are superior, taking our former and our present army *en masse* respectively. To the reproaches of isolated cases of misbehaviour in recent days, of irregularities in quarters, and of shortcomings in the field, it must be answered, Were even our best troops in the Peninsula free from frequent flaws? To point out their weaknesses is not to undervalue their fortitude; and if we allow the brilliancy of their exploits to obliterate its shadows, we shall be dealing unjustly towards the present generation. We may attenuate the gravity of their flagitious plunder of English magazines at Villafranca, the flight of English cavalry at Calcabellos, the violations of discipline between Benevento and Coruña, and the burlesque incident which so enraged the Duke of Wellington, when a whole division, during its leisurely retreat from Burgos in 1812, indulged in a skirmishing battue against wild pigs. We may possibly minimise the justice of his repeatedly written statements in 1810, that "the conduct of the [English] soldiers is infamous"; but can we forbear glowing with shame and shuddering with horror at the atrocities perpetrated by the

paladins of Talavera, of Albuera, of Salamanca, when they broke loose at Ciudad Rodrigo, at Badajoz, and at San Sebastian? However, no one but a fool will deny that 40,000 trained, tested, seasoned veterans such as we had in Spain were worth far more than 40,000 soldiers with an average of, say, five years' service, such as we could produce now. But only a fool will insist that the same number of 1814 would be as powerful as, say, 100,000 younger soldiers of 1895 backed up by 80,000 more or less mature Reservists; and the necessity that we must have permanently at our disposal an army numerically considerably stronger than eighty years ago does not admit of argument. "Multitudes of men do not make a force; we ought to augment our standing army," may be the reply. No, that is impracticable. The country will not endure a material addition to our existing huge estimates, and therefore our only expedient is to train an increased number by passing them more rapidly through the ranks—to form soldiers, and then to dismiss them until wanted. "Don't you wish you may get them, when you do want them?" retorted a certain authority opposed to the existing system. "But we did want them during the Russian scare, and we did get them," was the incontestable reply. "Yes, once; they won't come again: try once more." "No, sir; it is not fair to demand incessant experiments. You test a Derby colt on a single preliminary occasion, you do not impair his prospects by repeated trials. Moreover, it is highly improbable that the same Reserve men would be subjected to the same stress of duty twice over."

After all, the fact that our soldiers have increased in value goes

hand-in-hand with the theory that such must have been the inevitable result. Is it possible to believe that wise and experienced men, soldier executives as well as civilian administrators, have for thirty-five years pondered, and consulted, and toiled, and spent vast sums from the State with the approval of a critical public, to no purpose? Doubtless we have not obtained the full worth of our money—an expectation which is cherished only in the regions of utopia or in the resorts of horse-copers; but it is as certain that considerable success has been achieved, as it is certain that Christianity has tended to render men more unselfish, more virtuous, more strenuous to do their duty. The modern private soldier is drawn from a class distinctly superior to that which furnished recruits in 1860; he is somewhat better paid and clothed; a great deal better lodged and instructed; incomparably better fed and cared for in every professional, social, and sanatory detail. Are all these advantages to be estimated as

naught? If so, we must face the paradox that good is evil. Can it be disputed that he must needs be better as a man? Dare it be asserted that he is therefore worse as a soldier?

Impending changes in our army departments are opening out fresh opportunities for persisting in improvements which some love to curse only because they are innovations. Let us further them by hopefulness, not dwarf them by pessimism. Let us be encouraged by a justifiable conviction that modern English soldiers could and would accomplish as much as—perhaps even more than—their illustrious forbears, and that when emergencies arise, the promptings of duty, the powers of endurance, and the features of national character will combine with their higher barrack training to attain results as brilliant as those achieved by the Duke of Wellington with his best army at Vittoria, or with his worst army at Waterloo.

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Col. h.p., R.A.

THE LIFE OF 'PUNCH.'

It is now wellnigh fifty years since Aytoun, in one of the happiest articles he ever contributed to 'Maga,' affected, half in jest, half in earnest, to deprecate the attentions of the modern biographer, and to congratulate the ancients upon their freedom from the terror which that formidable gentleman inspires. They — lucky dogs — might go to the pyre without the hideous suspicion that some industrious gossip of their acquaintance "would incontinently sit down to the task of laborious compilation and collection of their literary scraps." But in these times, "the waiter with the bandy-legs, who hands round the negus at a blue-stocking coterie, is in all probability a leading contributor to a fifth-rate periodical; and, in a few days after you have been rash enough to accept the insidious beverage, M'Tavish will be correcting the proof of an article in which your appearance and conversation are described." It will scarcely be contended that since Aytoun's time the meshes of the biographer's net have grown larger; and the well-founded complaint that that net is cast wider than ever is familiar enough to our ears. When, therefore, every man keeps his own Boswell to look after his posthumous reputation, and his own Paul Pry to record in his lifetime his most intimate affairs (for this, we fear, and no other, *must* be the true solution of a problem which baffled Mr Crummles), it would be churlishness itself to grudge *Mr Punch* a biography. For *Mr Punch* is emphatically a public character — nay, a national institution. He is a politician of no little prescience, and of profound wisdom after the

event. Yet he finds time to mingle in what Mr Pecksniff called the sparkling throng; and he combines with unprecedented success the polished man of the world (we may even say the courtier) with the man of letters and of taste. *Homo sum*, &c., he might well remark with characteristic modesty, if he shared his biographer's amiable weakness for somewhat musty quotations; nor would a couple of equally well-known lines from Juvenal come less appropriately from his lips. If it be objected that he is, by the side of 'Maga,' a mere boy, that he never was, to all appearance, in higher vigour, and that decrease or at least senility is an indispensable condition of biography, the obvious answer is that the lifetime of the youngest inhabitant at present in existence would not witness the appearance of *his* Life — so distant seem decrepitude and decay from that manly, if eccentric, frame. No; *Mr Punch* deserves a biography, and deserves a good one.

It is not, however, without a certain pang or misgiving that we perceive the last shred of privacy removed from what, in the main, has been an honourable and blameless existence. Every day that anonymity, which has long been so valuable a characteristic of English journalism, becomes less and less of a reality. The public knows all about its prime favourites, Hoolan and Doolan and their princely salaries; Archer escapes no one's notice twanging his longbow; and the portrait of Captain Shandon, of Marshalsea Mansions, S.W., and the *Daily Bludgeon*, recurs as regularly in the illustrated papers as that of the Prince of Wales himself. The curiosity

of the reader grows by what it feeds on. "Ance show a cat the road to the kirn and ye may whistle for the cream." Doubtless one's regret at such a state of matters is, in some degree, selfish. No scrap of literary information has now the charm of being exclusive; the exquisite delight of sharing with an appreciative crony some delicious morsel of gossip can rarely be tasted; the authorship of the latest skit, or parody, or pun is a mere *sécret de polichinelle*; and no one need plume himself on being "in the know," if we may borrow a highly expressive and convenient phrase from the turf, because he has heard of Mr Du Maurier's Saint Bernard, or Mr Sambourne's photographs, or Charles Keene's pipes. Joking apart, however, we are not at all sure that the abandonment of the old-fashioned reticence and the sacrifice of the old-fashioned privacy (due in great measure though that sacrifice be to a natural and praiseworthy desire to give honour where honour is due) are in the long-run good for the writers themselves, for the public, or for the press as a whole. We must, nevertheless, take matters as we find them; and if we are to have a complete revelation of the mysteries of the "banqueting hall" in Bouverie Street, and the "mahogany-tree" which is *not* mahogany, better far that the disclosure should be accurate, trustworthy, and authentic. Now, to Mr Spielmann's History of *Punch*¹ these epithets may most justly and cheerfully be applied.

Not, to be sure, that the book is all perfection. We like not, in the first place, Mr Spielmann's style, which is invariably bald, sometimes obscure, and freely

sprinkled with mixed metaphors. He says, for example, that Mr Lucy, before he joined the *Punch* staff, had already "*graduated* as the Pepys of Parliament," and avers that Douglas Jerrold "focussed all his brilliancy on the opportunity *Punch* afforded of tilting at the windmills on the plain." At the celebrated weekly dinner, it should seem that "the mist of talk slowly develops a bright nebulous point, round which the discussion revolves and revolves, until at last it takes form, slowly and carefully, though changed a dozen times, and finally, after being threshed and threshed again, stands in the ultimate form in which next week it meets the public eye." The repeated threshing of a nebulous point which has been changed a dozen times is, perhaps, Mr Spielmann's supreme achievement; but he is hardly more fortunate in his ungainly description of the volumes of *Punch* as "shining in their shelves like the teeth in the great laughing mouth of humour itself." Beneath such phrases, it is true, some meaning may be detected, and one can see what he is driving at when he calls some of the more severe cartoons "artistic instruments of political torture." But we are wholly at a loss to conjecture what is signified by "linked aestheticism long drawn out," or by the expression that "dinner was not always a vested interest" to some one or other. In truth, Mr Spielmann's vocabulary being naturally poor, he has tried to eke it out with more zeal than discretion, though the *per contra*, as Mr Owen would term it, shows that he never calls *Mr Punch* the "genial little hunchback," or, with the *Fontetik Nuz*, the "kaustik pupet."

¹ The History of *Punch*. By M. H. Spielmann. London: Cassell & Co., 1895.

Proud as he is to "range himself among *Mr Punch's* occasional contributors," a keen sense of humour is plainly not Mr Spielmann's strong point; or he would surely not have observed with unconscious satire of the younger Kean that he "was recognised at last as our leading tragedian, *though to the end he was never accepted as a great actor.*" He is apt, moreover, to take his hero too seriously. *Mr Punch* is to him always "the teacher" rather than the jester. He speaks with bated breath of *Punch's* "solemn and lofty purpose," and of the "odour of culture" which he "diffused so to speak," even in the days of his first democratic fervour. He never shakes off the awful sense that *Mr Punch* is now a gentleman, and long ago passed from the public-house of his birth to the libraries and drawing-rooms of what are called the "best houses." In a word, his critical faculty is throughout hampered by an overwhelming sense of responsibility, and by the very laudable desire to say a good word for everybody all round.

We have noted here and there a few errors and omissions. Mr Spielmann says, for instance, that when Thackeray first wrote for *Punch* in 1842 he entered the *Punch* circle "with the credentials of 'Fraser' and the 'Irish Sketch-Book.'" It so happens that the 'Irish Sketch-Book' did not appear till 1843. He describes Sir John Tenniel's first cartoon as representing Lord John Russell in the character of David attacking the Roman Goliath, Dr Wiseman. The title of the picture, "Lord Jack the Giant-killer," might have put him on his guard against this slip. He seems to imply that Mr Du Maurier's "Vers Nonsensiques" appeared in 1868. As a matter of fact, those admirable

compositions saw the light in 1877. He assigns Charles Keene's last *Punch* sketch to the Paris Exhibition number in 1889; whereas Keene continued to contribute more or less regularly for a year after that, and his last sketch appeared in August 1890. Once more, if Mr Spielmann goes a little further into the matter, we believe he will find that the name of the "F. W.," whose initials appear in a sketch of Keene's in January 1874, vol. lxvi. p. 21, was not Woods, but something quite different; and that it is in fact the property of a lady, the accomplished daughter of an accomplished father, 'Maga's' old contributor, the late Mr George Moir. But perhaps the most curious error into which Mr Spielmann has fallen is contained in the following paragraph:—

"On one occasion in 1877 it was confidently expected that Lord Beaconsfield's Government would be thrown out on the Monday night or Tuesday morning, when, of course, it would be too late to begin to think of drawing and engraving a cartoon; besides, the matter was a foregone conclusion. So Beaconsfield was represented in his robes, leaning back 'in a heap' upon his bench, his chin on his breast and his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, the very picture of a beaten Minister. But, as it happened, the Government was *not* defeated—and there was the cartoon! Providentially, however, the Government had been severely badgered about some matter of trivial importance, such as the amount of sealing-wax employed in her Majesty's Stationery Office, and the cartoon was used with a legend to the effect: 'After all the big things I have been in, to be pulled up for *this!*' The public wondered, and thought that *Punch* had taken the situation too seriously; but it was a *pis aller*, and the best had been made of a shocking bad job."

The whole story is preposterous

from beginning to end. At no time in the course of its history, it may safely be said, was the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's Government a "foregone conclusion," or even "confidently expected." On the 14th of May of the year in question it had actually defeated the first of Mr Gladstone's five resolutions by a majority of no less than 131. On Monday the 16th of July, however, on the vote for the Stationery Office, the Government was attacked by Mr Holms, then member for Hackney, for disregarding the report of a Select Committee over which he had presided, and for promoting Mr Pigott, then a junior clerk in the War Office, to the controllership of the Stationery Office; and on a division the Government was beaten by 156 votes to 152. Three days later, on the 19th of July, Lord Beaconsfield defended the appointment in the House of Lords in a singularly brilliant and adroit speech, as *Mr Punch* himself ungraciously acknowledges. The cartoon alluded to, dealing with the defeat of the Government on the question of Mr Pigott's appointment, appeared in the number for 28th July (published 25th); so that, instead of being a *pis aller*, it must have been deliberately suggested and approved of at the *Punch* dinner two days after the event it commemorated! Mr Spielmann will find the dates and facts as above set forth in the *Essence of Parliament*.

Again, to his list of the jokes or ideas which *Punch* has illustrated more than once, Mr Spielmann might have added Keene's picture of the fat man whistling for the dog between his legs, the same artist's illustration of "I'm no' feelin' vera weel mysel'," the jape about "Whuskey makkin' the skin unco tender" (Mr

Ralston, vol. lix. p. 273; Keene, vol. lxxii. p. 132), Sir John Tenniel's celebrated "Janus" (Lord John Russell, vol. xxxviii. p. 183; Mr Gladstone, vol. xciii. p. 247), and the same artist's parachute (Disraeli, vol. xxiii. p. 159; Mr Ritchie, vol. xc. p. 66). In enumerating unintentional plagiarisms from other periodicals, he might have mentioned Mr Gilbert's "Sing to the garish eye," which appeared, with an elaborate initial letter from Mr Sambourne's pencil, in vol. lxiv. p. 176. In treating of Shirley Brooks, he should not have omitted to refer to "The Naggletons," or to the "Rise and Fall of the Jack Spratts," in dealing with Mr Du Maurier. In his chapters on "*Punch* on the War-path," he should have included some account of an amusing skirmish with the *World*. In 1877, *Punch* ventured to burlesque the "Celebrities at Home" in a series of "Célébrités chez Eux," afterwards changed to "chez Elles." Mr Yates retaliated in a burlesque of the burlesque, in which "Tum-taler" was so savagely chaffed about his French, that *Punch's* series came to an abrupt conclusion. Finally, Mr Spielmann should not have failed to note the brush with the *Saturday Review*, apropos of *Punch's* sweeping description of Rabelais as a "dirty old blackguard" (vol. lxxxv. p. 179),—a piece of criticism in no way unworthy even of the Baron de Book-Worms.

These, after all, are not much more than trifles, insignificant in number and importance when compared with the enormous mass of facts which it has fallen to Mr Spielmann's lot to collect and arrange for this volume. It is difficult to over-estimate the labour he must have expended, or to

over-praise the indefatigable industry which has brought the work to a successful conclusion. It is a monument of perseverance and zeal, if of nothing else, and can never be superseded as a leading authority on this branch of the history of the press.

The life of *Punch* falls naturally into four periods, corresponding to the respective reigns of its different editors: Mark Lemon (1841-70), Shirley Brooks (1870-74), Tom Taylor (1874-80), and Mr Burnand (1880 to the present day). Of these divisions the earliest is by far the most important. It was then that the paper came substantially to be what we know it now, that its character became settled and its tone fixed. The various stages of that most interesting evolution whereby *Mr Punch*, from a shrill and devil-may-care puppet, developed into a staid and respectable gentleman with a handsome balance at his banker's, a fashionable tailor, and an assured position, need not here be traced. Has the transition not been described once for all in Thackeray's charming 'Quarterly' article? Yet if the primary agent in this startling transformation was unquestionably John Leech, let it not be forgotten that his efforts would have come to nought but for the valuable, though possibly tacit, co-operation of Mark Lemon. "A mealy-mouthed hypocrite" Lemon may have been. But this, at all events, is certain, that, like Douglas Cook, he was a born editor. Nor can his have been a small share of tact and address who could successfully counteract the baleful influence of Douglas Jerrold. For Jerrold, to be plain, was *Punch's* evil genius,—indispensable, we admit, but an indispensable evil. Brilliant as were his contributions, striking as was

the contemporary success they achieved, they are one and all tinctured with a rancorous and septic malignity which has practically destroyed their chance of a long life. "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures," once *Mr Punch's* chief glory, seem to a later generation to be little less than *Mr Punch's* chief disgrace. That they are clever—terribly clever—is beyond dispute; and it is precisely their cleverness which brings into prominence their brutal and merciless vulgarity. They disclose to the shocked, yet fascinated, reader a world where all is base, sordid, hideous—unspeakably degrading; where everything that is pleasant, or gracious, or of good report, is blasted in the bud. Our fathers laughed loudly at the odious shrew; on our lips the peal dies away, and with a secret satisfaction we commiserate the taste of the "early-Victorians," little concerned to speculate what will be said fifty years hence of some of our own late-Victorian idols. Meantime, Mr Spielmann says no more than the truth when he remarks that it is doubtful whether Jerrold would make the same mark in *Punch* if he were alive to-day; "he would have to seek another publication and another public, or else adopt an utter change of tone."

The contributions of Thackeray to *Punch* are incomparably superior in literary quality to anything within the capacity of Jerrold, whom he detested with all his heart, and from whose extreme political views he instinctively recoiled. Yet, though Thackeray was a warm supporter of the respectable, as opposed to the irresponsible and Bohemian, *Punch*, it cannot be said that he did much to purge the pages of the paper from the taint of acerbity and malice. In

the "Prize Novels," it is true, there is not much more than legitimate ridicule and fair, though pungent, criticism; nor in the immortal lucubrations of Jeames Plush is there any tincture of spite or venom sufficient to distract the mind from revelling in the bad spelling, an artifice in the employment of which Thackeray excels both Smollett and his own successors. Surely such masterpieces as "candig apinium," or as "dellixy" for delicacy, or, best of all, as "ormnack" for almanack, betray genius. But what of Thackeray's greatest *Punch* work, the 'Book of Snobs'? There assuredly is a performance which must be (and never is) reckoned with by those who will have it that "kindliness" was the chief ingredient in Thackeray's composition. To our mind, it is one of the most exquisitely painful books in the language; an unrivalled effect of concentrated bitterness, yet wholly lacking in that air of lonely greatness with which Swift's *sæva indignatio* invests even the most virulent of his diatribes against the human race. Mr Spielmann repeats, and indorses, the shallow view that Thackeray himself was somewhat of a snob. But, even if that parrot-cry proclaimed any truth, it would be wholly inadequate to account for the Snob papers; for this spectacle of a Timon railing, in ecstasies of chagrin and disappointment, against, not the vices, but the foibles of mankind. (We recommend, by the bye, to Mr Spielmann's notice those of the papers which were not republished. He may find in them some warrant for modifying the opinion that *Punch's* loyalty has always been "above suspicion and above proof.") But how truly marvellous are the talismanic pro-

perties of success, which could transmute the vitriol of the 'Book of Snobs' into the grateful anodyne of the 'Roundabout Papers'!

As the opening of Mark Lemon's reign had been distinguished by the atrabilious outpourings of Jerrold, so its close was cheered and lightened by the warm and mellow rays of "Happy Thoughts." Mr Burnand had made a most successful beginning, in 1864, with "Mokeanna," which the editor of *Fun* had rejected, but "Happy Thoughts" revealed a fresh and rarer gift, which it took many years to exhaust. Mr Burnand, however, did not neglect his talent of parody, as a long string of works amply testifies. "One-and-Three, by Fictor Nogo;" "Gone Wrong, by Miss Rhody Dendron;" "What's the Odds? by Major Jawley Sharp;" "Strapmore, a Romance, by Weed-er;" "The Beadle, by Anthony Dollop,"—it is a goodly collection of most minute, accurate, and ludicrous imitations, out of which it is difficult to pick the best. Latterly, it may be, the trick of good spirits has become mechanical, the jokes have become stereotyped, the fun has lost spontaneity; for we more than suspect that the fine edge of Mr Burnand's wit has been something blunted by going too often to the grindstone for the purpose of striking out those wretched puns, which every week make the judicious grieve, and that the superhuman efforts required to galvanise that unmitigated old bore, Mrs R., have made too heavy a call upon his mental vigour.

The dominion of Shirley Brooks lasted barely four years, but short as it was, it stamped him as the best of *Mr Punch's* editors. It was not so much that any important contributions of exceptional

merit appeared under his auspices, or that he unearthed any new and unexpected talent. It was rather that he enveloped the paper, as it were, in an indescribably benignant and cheerful atmosphere, and that the general letterpress was unusually excellent. Under his sway, be sure, there were no "Scraps from Chaps," no Mrs R.'s, no "Baron de Book-Worms." Somehow or other, he managed to impart to the reading matter a share of the mingled shrewdness, good nature, and personal charm which for nearly twenty years informed his *Essence of Parliament*. For, good though "The Naggletons" and others of his writings are, it is that preparation for which he principally deserves to be remembered. The brilliant narrative of the doings of Parliament is instinct with candour, sympathy, and moderation; it is touched off with the lightest hand, and is the best reading imaginable. The moderate Whig cause had never so engaging an advocate as Shirley Brooks, and a diligent study of his *Essence* will take a man no inconsiderable distance along the path of understanding the political history of the time. Above all, be it recorded to his credit that he alone of the *Punch* writers seems to have had something like a due appreciation of the greatness of Lord Beaconsfield.

If Shirley Brooks was the greatest of *Punch's* editors, it is equally certain that Tom Taylor was by much the worst. From the moment of his entering upon office, a gloom sank upon the letterpress of the paper which not even "One-and-Three" or "Strapmore" could dispel. All *Punch's* little crotchets were intensified; he waxed hotter than ever against Romanists and Puseyites; Mr Gladstone became his Pope, who could do no wrong; and he delivered himself

over, hand and foot, to the straitest sect of the Little Englanders. Mr Spielmann fondly believes that his hero "has ever opposed the advocacy of 'Little Peddlington' in Imperial Politics"; but a reference to Tom Taylor's weekly political sermons during the Russo-Turkish war will banish the delusion. As for the *Essence of Parliament*, the less said about it the better. The one prominent contributor who joined the board in Tom Taylor's time, Mr E. J. Milliken, has never quite succeeded in throwing off his first chief's influence, and his political pieces always smack of the solemn Radicalism of the later seventies. One great feat he has achieved—the invention of 'Arry; but most of his verse, though technically correct and satisfying the test of the foot-rule, is hopelessly destitute of movement, beauty, and charm, and cannot compare for a moment with Mr Traill's or Mr Graves's. In his more ambitious attempts, such as "Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage," "The Modern Ars Amandi," and "Untiled, or the Modern Asmodeus," these defects are especially obvious, while the humour is of the sourest and the satire merely painstaking. It must not, however, be forgotten that the most felicitous single article (not one, that is to say, of a series) which has ever adorned the paper appeared *consule* Tom Taylor—we mean "*Punch's* Account of the Boat-Race, warranted" (vol. lxxvi. p. 146); though "How to get out of it" (vol. xcv. p. 53)—an inimitable parody of a certain kind of dramatic criticism—runs it extremely close for first place; nor that, so long as Tom Taylor was alive, there was no place in *Punch* for Mr Clement Scott's appalling ballads about Station-Masters, City Clerks, and Life-Boats.

The editorship of Mr Burnand

has made one or two changes in the views and tone of *Mr Punch*. He no longer makes the Pope a regular subject of attack; and in political matters generally he strives rather more palpably than he used to follow public opinion rather than to lead it. The Taylorian gloom has been dissipated, and its place has been taken by an unquenchable, and sometimes fatiguing, flippancy. This quality is particularly apt to run to excess in *Mr Punch's* dramatic, literary, and artistic judgments, where the voice of *Punch*, the cultured and urbane, seems often scarce sufficient to disguise the bray of his own 'Arry. Of the steady supply of feeble, meaningless, and exasperating puns we have already spoken. In regard to his staff of contributors, Mr Burnand has from the outset pursued a different system from his predecessors, and has not hesitated to solicit assistance whencesoever he was likely to get it. We think that, upon the whole, this policy has been attended with success, though possibly at some cost to the solidarity (to use a clumsy word) of the paper. It has procured us, among other things, the Messrs Gros-smith's "Diary of a Nobody," and some excellent verse, including Mr Lang's fine sonnet upon the death of Burnaby, which must have made the Russophil Tom Taylor turn in his grave. In his facetious contributions, Mr Lang has done himself something less than justice, and the "Confessions of a Duffer," though the subject is promising, and is adorned with all Mr Lang's familiar *clichés*, do not over-stimulate.

Of the recruits enlisted by Mr Burnand under *Punch's* banner, the three most prominent are Mr Lucy, Mr Lehmann, and Mr Anstey. Mr Lucy's work, in conjunction with Mr Furniss's illus-

trations, has enjoyed immense popularity. To him belongs the distinction of having effectually revived the moribund *Essence* of Parliament, and of being the first to acquaint the public with those inner and domestic aspects of parliamentary life which probably by this time form an important subject of instruction in our board schools. But we may be permitted to express the opinion that Mr Lucy's "*Essence*" is immeasurably inferior, both in matter and in manner, to Shirley Brooks's. The jerky convention of a diary has become monotonous and unpleasing with use; the humour of calling Lord Salisbury "the Markiss," or Mr Goschen "Jokim," or Sir William Harcourt "the Squire of Malwood," or Mr Balfour "Prince Arthur," has, if it ever existed, vanished long ago through incessant repetition; and if Mr Lucy has always stopped short on the right side of the march between good taste and bad, he has taken care never to let the Tory dogs have the best of it. Mr Lehmann is another of *Mr Punch's* young men who has shown a strong Radical bias. For the last five or six years he has been a most industrious contributor, and his work has never fallen below a certain standard of merit, his most successful effort, perhaps, being the "Hints to Young Shooters." But the great bulk of it lacks the freshness and ease of "Harry Fludyer," and his various elaborate series, like "Modern Types," have been noteworthy merely as specimens in prose of the kind of wooden, plodding, and conscientious satire which is Mr Milliken's speciality in verse. Peculiarly ineffective have been the short parodies on popular novelists of the day; and the title of one of them, "The Fondman, by Called Abel, author of 'The Teamster,'"

is an accurate index of the far-fetched and tedious humour which animates the whole series. Mr Anstey's writings have been of a very different order; and, indeed, he may be pronounced the most valuable acquisition to *Mr Punch's* board during the last thirty years—since, in fact, Mr Burnand was the “new boy.” It is hard to say in which branch of his art Mr Anstey excels: in verse, as in the “Manual for Young Reciters”; in the detached “Voces Populi”; in the elaborate stories which he carries on through the medium of dialogue; or in amazingly subtle and faithful parody. He leaves the impress of an artist's hand on everything he touches, and by a masterstroke of convention he has contrived to reproduce with startling fidelity and vividness the vocabulary and modes of expression—we had almost said the modes of thought—of every class of the community. Each character is a type, not by reason of its vagueness, but in virtue of its pronounced and unmistakable individuality. It is rash to select, but we are inclined to think that Mr Anstey has never surpassed “Juniper Jem,” “Pill-Doctor Herdal” (who can forget how Mrs Herdal dresses the table for supper with *dried fish and punch*?), “Lyre and Lancet,” and a dialogue which appeared during the recent general election, in which the principal figure is the wife of a Radical candidate canvassing in a working-class neighbourhood in London. There can be no doubt, we conceive, that Charles Keene's hope has been justified, and that in Mr Anstey the table acquired a staunch (though not a stern) and unflinching Conservative.

But, after all, the great feature of *Punch* is the pictures—or rather, the pictures *plus* their legends. If the contrast between

the modern and the ancient *Punch* in respect of letterpress is a striking one, what shall be said of the revolution in the illustrations? An almost impassable gulf seems to yawn between the *Punch* of the earlier volumes, with their rude woodcuts and their “blackies” (so pleasantly revived in a more dignified form by Dumb Crambo, junior), and the *Punch* of 1895. The engineer who bridged that gulf was John Leech, and he, take him all in all, was the best servant *Punch* ever had. The last word about Leech was spoken by Thackeray many years ago, and there is nothing new for us to bring forward now. It is difficult, for one thing, to examine critically the man's life-work, which overflows with kindness and humour, and which has been from one's childhood the subject, not merely of admiration and delight, but even of warm affection. Yet two things may be hinted. In the first place, though Leech's technical excellence fell short of Keene's (as whose does not?), it was far greater than it is now generally assumed to be. In the second place, we demur altogether to the common contention that Leech, however happy in depicting the humours of the middle and lower classes, failed when he attempted to delineate good society. There never was a greater misconception. It is true that the society (using the word in its more limited sense) which Leech portrays seems a good deal less complicated and less self-conscious than that which has afforded such copious material for Mr Du Maurier's pencil. The line between the gentleman and the cad, or “snob,” was drawn hard and fast: there was no room for those infinite gradations, those subtle distinctions, with which the later artist has familiarised us. But the fact appears to be that

Mr Du Maurier has concerned himself with but a small section of English society, and that a section which is to be found almost exclusively in London. The vast mass of good society in England is *not* engaged in an endless struggle for pre-eminence, is assured of its own position, is *not* composed of Mr Bellamy Tabbys or Mrs Ponsonby de Tompkinses, does *not* hold as the sum and substance of its creed that "the only people worth *our* knowing are the people who *don't* want to know us!" And the inquiring foreigner who desires to obtain a correct conception of English society "at home" will, we maintain, find John Leech's pictures a far more trustworthy guide than Mr Du Maurier's, admirable as those of the latter may be. It is worth noting, too, that it was Leech who, through his hunting sketches, imbued *Mr Punch* with sane and sensible views about sport,—views which he has but rarely abandoned to join in the ignorant ravings of those who denounce what they are pleased to term "battues."

The four artists upon whom, in addition to Leech, the fabric of *Mr Punch's* artistic reputation mainly rests, all, curiously enough, "took the shilling" in Mark Lemon's time, and three of them, we rejoice to say, remain until this present. Of Sir John Tenniel—Sir John the inexhaustible, the ever fresh—what remains to be said? Think what it means that, a *Punch* man for five-and-forty years (to be strictly accurate, from vol. xix. p. 224), he has drawn every weekly cartoon for the last thirty years with scarcely a dozen exceptions! Not one of his designs but has the note of distinction, not one but reveals a fastidious taste and a strong bent towards and affinity with the classical and the correct. How many have not

only been the hit of the week, but have retained an enduring place in the national memory! Mr Spielmann has enumerated his great successes; among his "failures" we recall "The Battle of the Spurs" (vol. liv. p. 148), "Mosé in Egitto" (vol. lxix. p. 245), "The Bear tightening the Grip" (vol. lxxiii. p. 247), "The British Lion prepares for the Jubilee" (vol. xcii. p. 295), "Panic amongst the Pigs" (vol. xciv. p. 222), one of his most spirited and consummate achievements in pure draughtsmanship, and the fine representation of "The Lion and his Friends" (vol. xcvi. p. 67). One more cartoon, and one only, we will recall, not specially distinguished by artistic excellence, but fraught with the most melancholy associations. Who can look up "The Idle and the Industrious Apprentice" (vol. ci. p. 223) without pausing to reflect on the mutability of human affairs, or without feeling one pang of regret at the premature arrested career of Randolph Churchill?

For the great part of his career Charles Keene worked without receiving aught of the appreciation or reward due to his unrivalled artistic abilities. About a year before his death, the delighted applause of foreign judges suggested to British pressmen that a genius of no ordinary rank was with us. So startling was the revelation that, while it has become a truism—twenty years after it became a manifest truth—that Charles Keene was one of the greatest of black-and-white artists, the proclamation of the fact has generally been couched in the language of patronage rather than of deference, while wholly unnecessary apologies have been made for his inability to draw a "gentleman." No doubt certain subjects were more congenial to Keene's pencil than others, and, no doubt, to the end

there remained a trace of the early-Victorian leaven, which led him to find a perpetual source of fun in a mother-in-law *per se*, as well as in the extraordinary conception of a man who has gone out for a day's shooting replenishing his bag on the way home at the poulterer's—the last survival we take it of the great cockney-sportsman myth (see vol. xcvi. p. 170). Even these somewhat fishlike witticisms were partially redeemed by the drawing, and a really daring fragment of robust realism—the dialogue between Mrs Fleshpottle and Mrs Gumblewag (vol. lxxxv. p. 131)—is, perhaps, only rendered tolerable by the vigour of the design. But, setting this limitation aside, the resources of language are insufficient to do justice to the resources of his art. What masterly handling of a complex subject is to be found in his "View of the Volunteers as they will never be seen by the Enemy" (vol. xxxix. p. 234), or his picture of the crowd at the boat-race (vol. lxxii. p. 135)! How full of the very breath of life are the street Arabs who ask, "What's the good of vaccinating the police? They never catches nuffin" (vol. xci. p. 207), or the Irish ruffians waiting behind the wall for the landlord ("Sure, I hope the ould gentleman hasn't mit with an accident!" vol. lxxv. p. 27), or the drunken bridegroom (vol. lxxv. p. 180), or the old gentleman who proposes to fight with the new hatstand in his hall (Almanack, 1875), or the various men and animals who participate in the adventures of Miss Lavinia Brown-Jones (vol. li.)! What admirable landscapes he drew, as in the Suffolk sketch, vol. lxi. p. 86, and in "Behind the Distillery at Sligo" (vol. lxi. p. 67)! What graceful fancy, what control of his medium, do the headings and the tailpieces of index and of preface

disclose! What astonishing effects of light and shade he compasses in "The Comet as seen from our Area" (vol. xxxv. p. 190), in the gent. who "hears steps following him down-stairs" (vol. lxxviii. p. 88), and in the picture of the old lady invited to look through the astronomical telescope (Almanack, 1868)! In one respect, probably, the most captious will allow that Keene's loss is irreparable—in regard, namely, to his Scotch pictures. The costumes may be a trifle conventional or theatrical, but the faces are all right, and the dialect is right too, unless Tom Taylor had been tampering with it. His only possible rival in this department is Mr Ralston, whose recent return to *Punch* we note with great satisfaction. None of *his* characters, at all events, will allege that they "kups [*sic*] a whuskey-shop" (vol. cv. p. 118). Mr Ralston, too, may, like Keene (vol. xcvi. p. 39), produce a picture purporting to represent the game of golf which shall bear a reasonable resemblance to the original, and not merely reproduce the pastime as "she is played in England"! and one even of Keene's caddies is carrying his clubs "reversed." But what wonder when *Mr Punch's* favourite pun on Mr Balfour's name ("Arthur Golfour") depends upon a radical mistake as to the true pronunciation of the word, and is pointless unless that statesman's name is to be called "Botler"!

For many years Mr Du Maurier has been displaying in the pages of *Punch* his marvellous powers of observation, his irresistible knack of analysis. While Leech may not unfairly be compared with Scott in his view of society, Mr Du Maurier has been faithfully following the precepts and the practice of his master, Thackeray. His pure artistic gift, we rather think,

lies in those fields whence the grotesque is not excluded: witness some of his work in the late sixties, and his wonderful series of nightmares in recent almanacks. Few, at any rate, of his pictures tell their own tale, and, delicate and refined as they are, almost all would be robbed of their supreme and telling effect but for the consummate nicety with which the legend is adjusted. Legend and drawing together compose a whole, where no strokes are superfluous, where there are no vague or random touches, and where all the means are skilfully subordinated to the desired end. How much Mr Du Maurier's is a literary rather than an artistic triumph may be inferred from some of the "social" cuts from other pencils which have appeared during the last two or three years. The drawings, if not first-rate, have been up to a high standard; but the total effect has been spoiled by a clumsy and inartistic manipulation of the "cackle," in consequence of which the characters have been robbed of the intense *vraisemblance*, of the close relationship to real life, of the typical and essential quality, possessed by all such of Mr Du Maurier's subjects as move in "le highlif." Mr and Mrs Ponsonby de Tompkins, "The Duchess," Lady Clara Robinson (*née* Vere de Vere), Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas, Sopely, Todeson, Sir Pompey Bedell, and Grigsby have become as much a portion of the national tradition as Mr Briggs.

No member of *Mr Punch's* staff has reached greater things from more unpromising beginnings than Mr Sambourne—not even Mr E. T. Reed. The gap that stretches between his earliest sketches—commonplace in conception, cramped and amateurish in execution—and a triumph of bold perspective like the Rhodes Colossus (vol. ciii. p.

266) seems beyond the stride even of that Colossus to cover. Mr Sambourne, indeed, may claim to be second only to Sir John Tenniel in felicitously hitting off the political situation of the day. But what strikes one most, even about performances like "The Elephant and the Eel" (vol. xvi. p. 146) or "The *Times* tacking" (vol. lxxviii. p. 170), is less the aptness of the thought than the copiousness of fancy and the complexity of method with which it is expressed. There is no economy of means about Mr Sambourne. Compositions like "Birds of a Feather" (vol. lxviii.), or his annual designs to commemorate the opening of the Academy, or his contributions to the almanacks, or to the Jubilee number, are miracles of ingenuity and elaboration; while a glance at the convention by which the check trousers of a yahoo are represented (vol. lxxiii. p. 122), or at the inextricable network of lines which evolves itself into the "cartoon junior," "Patchwork, or making up a British Regiment" (vol. lxxvi. p. 107), makes one tremble at the manual work which the engraver must have undergone to give effect to his meaning. In Mr Sambourne's case, too, intricacy of detail and superabundance of shading are no mere devices to cover poverty of design. His outline is as bold, nervous, unflinching, and correct as that of Mr Phil May himself; nor could it be more characteristically exhibited than in an amusing little thumbnail-sketch of 1875 (vol. lxix. p. 95), where Lord Tennyson, poker in hand, is represented as driving an unfortunate interviewer from his presence, through the window.

Of the remainder of *Mr Punch's* Academy of Arts mention must be brief. Mr Bernard Partridge won his diploma, so to speak, by his admirable illustrations of Mr An-

stey's dialogues, and it is still in that species of work that he shows at his best. Mr Phil May, we should judge, scarcely feels at ease as yet in his new quarters. Perhaps he has been handicapped by the inferior quality of the jokes which he has had to draw up to. At all events, the quite recent illustration of "Wheelin', old man, wheelin'," seems to us the only example comparable to the best of his previous work. Mr Furniss's secession was a distinct loss; but it may be questioned if, so far as *Punch* is concerned, his bolt had not been shot. Every member of Parliament had been drawn playing golf in some hopelessly impossible and unprecedented attitude, and Sir Richard Temple had assumed every posture of which even the most supple and elastic human frame is incapable. In Mr Reed we fancy we detect a much more original talent, of which some of the choice fruit has been gathered in the "Pre-historic Peeps." He has made remarkable progress already, and the old-fashioned note of grotesque exaggeration and caricature which marks his works is by no means amiss.

We have already said something by the way of *Mr Punch's* political views, with which, of course, in the main we have little sympathy. The bitter Radicalism of his youth has long been toned down; the family feud with Jack Ketch, so conspicuous in the early volumes, has been healed, nor, in all probability, would our sagacious friend now work himself into a fever of indignation if the Home Secretary very properly took it upon himself to open an anarchist's private correspondence. Moderation has come with advancing years; and as *Mr Punch* must "please to live," he has for a long time done

his best to keep in touch with popular feeling. He was a keen free-trader, for that was the winning side, and Sir Robert Peel never got a "hand" from him until he had for the second time betrayed his party. His devotion to Lord Palmerston was heroic, and he equally disliked and distrusted Mr Disraeli and Mr Bright. Thanks to keeping his pulse on public opinion, he has almost never been factious, and he has generally risen to a great occasion. His cartoons during the Crimean war are a noble and worthy expression of patriotic feeling, and surely must have troubled his conscience when eighteen years ago he took the Russian bear into his good graces, and assailed our old ally the Turk. He has lived long enough to be inconsistent; after the extinction of John Company, for example, he (quite ultroneously) styled the Queen "Empress" in the preface to vol. xxxv., but he bitterly opposed the Royal Titles Bill in vol. lxx. He has been systematically unfair to almost no body of his fellow-countrymen except to the High Church party, which he has never attempted to understand and never ceased to lampoon. His conceptions of John Bull and Britannia have been universally accepted as happy; but by another symbolical figure he has done something to foster the mischievous conception of Ireland as a distressed and beautiful female. He would probably pretend to hold the balance as true as possible between both political parties; but the real strength of his inclination to Liberalism, or at all events to Mr Gladstone and his policy, may be inferred from the facts that in no cartoon is any expression given to the fierce indignation and shame with which every Englishman

heard of Mr Gladstone's disgraceful surrender to the Boers after Majuba Hill, and that no adequate commemoration is anywhere made of the result of the general elections of 1886 and 1895,—by far the most momentous events in our recent history. If Home Rule had then carried the day, what cartoons should we have had in *Punch*! Mr Gladstone as an armed knight carrying the fainting Hibernia out of some vague wood; Mr Gladstone as Perseus releasing Hibernia as Andromeda from a monster labelled "Coercion"; Mr Gladstone as Hercules slaying some Hydra; Mr Gladstone, his legs swathed like a brigand's or like Mr Tupman's, and a viking's helmet on his head, borne aloft on a shield by his faithful and triumphant men-at-arms,—one or other of these subjects would Sir John Tenniel's pencil have been infallibly called upon to illustrate. The Union, on the contrary, wins, a revolution is averted, and the leader of the victorious party is depicted as a successful "ped.," or as the hero of a bicycle race!

One word on a single topic and we have done. It has always been the boast—the just boast—of *Punch* that he has never permitted his columns to be polluted by any of those topics which appear so largely to provoke the wit of "our lively neighbour the Gaul," as Mr Micawber has it. A few years ago, so strict were the canons of British taste, it would have been needless to emphasise this characteristic of *Punch*, which every self-respecting paper would not willingly have renounced its claim to share. Now, however, our bookstalls and our club-tables are covered with prints, at

any price from a penny to sixpence, whose sole and only title to popularity is the licence they assume in dealing with hitherto forbidden matters. It is true that, in endeavouring to borrow a leaf from our Continental neighbours' book, they have left behind that small portion of wit which might have been pleaded in mitigation of the original offence, and that their jests are as old and as stupid as they are offensive. But they seem to appeal to a large public none the less, and *Mr Punch* deserves the warmest thanks of the community at large for abiding by his traditional policy, for steadfastly eschewing this perilous stuff, stolen (and spoilt in the stealing) from France, and for continuing to provide us with a periodical which no honest man and no honest woman need be ashamed to read.

With this sincere tribute of respect and admiration, 'Maga' takes leave of its very good friend. He has often been charged with dulness; but the wonder is, not that in the course of more than a century of volumes he should have been sometimes stupid, but that he should have been so consistently witty. Luckily, there is small prospect of his material giving out. The world, though many are unwilling to believe it, changes but little, and the folly of to-day will be either the folly or the wisdom of to-morrow, so that half a century hence *Mr Punch's* playful raillery will doubtless find ample scope in much the same crazes that engaged it fifty years since or that engage it to-day. Long life, then, to the sage; and long life to the fortunate nation which can boast so kindly, so sagacious, and so upright a censor!

OXFORD IN FACT AND FICTION.

THERE are many charming and well-known views of Oxford from one point or another—from Christ Church meadows, for instance, or from the fields beyond Holywell, or from Shotover, or from the hill above Hinksey, where Turner painted his famous picture; but to our mind by far the most charming and picturesque of all must have been from the old approach by the London road, over Magdalen Bridge, as represented in a frontispiece to Ingram's 'Memorials.' In those days (1834), the villas of brick and stucco and the dingy purlieus of St Clement's that now block out the prospect did not exist; and from the top of the coach the visitor looked straight across the present Christ Church cricket-ground to the meadows beyond the Cherwell, and had an uninterrupted view of every tower in the city from Magdalen to the Cathedral. The first impression of Oxford, seen thus, by the approaching traveller, especially at sunset, was that of a fairy-land of spires and pinnacles, rising from a foreground of trees and verdure, and from a picturesque point of view, at all events, thoroughly justified Macaulay's epithet, "the noblest of English cities." And not only is it the noblest, but also in many respects the most interesting; for of no other city in the British Isles can it be said with greater truth that wherever we tread, a history is beneath our feet. From the time when Queen Maud escaped from the keep of Norman Castle, which the visitor passes on his way from the station, Oxford has been for centuries not

only the home of "lost causes and impossible loyalties," but the reflex and echo of our national life, and there is scarcely a college which is not associated with some political struggle or crisis of the past. Merton became the early home of religion and learning—*inspirante Deo, ut credimus*¹—in the most turbulent period of the Barons' War. Exeter recalls a still darker time, for the founder, Bishop Stapleton, was treasurer to the unfortunate Edward II., and was foully murdered like his master. Queen's, again, was founded by Queen Philippa's chaplain, and All Souls' by Henry V.'s chancellor, it was said by way of expiation and in memory of those who had fallen on French battle-fields. At Magdalen a Tudor rose, once red and afterwards painted white, may still be seen carved beneath one of the arches of the Founder's Tower, where Richard III. once lodged, recalling the struggle of York and Lancaster; while at a later date "Rupert's trumpets had been heard sounding to horse in those quiet cloisters." St John's owes its garden front, "perhaps the loveliest thing in Oxford," to the munificence of Laud, whose body, with that of Juxon, rests beneath the altar in the chapel; while the statue of James II. in University reminds us that he attended vespers in an adjacent chamber, on his memorable visit, when the stout resistance offered by the Fellows of a neighbouring college led to the expulsion "of that wise old gentleman who" (as his friend Louis XIV. said) "lost three kingdoms for a Mass."²

¹ From a letter of Edward III. to the Pope, quoted by Ingram, vol. ii. p. 4.

² Obadiah Walker was then Master of University, and his memory was long

Owing in a great measure to the crumbling nature of the stone drawn from the Headington quarries, the colleges have a specious air of antiquity which is not altogether justified by their history. As a matter of fact there is little medieval architecture remaining in modern Oxford, with some exceptions, that we shall note presently. Most of the older buildings date from Henry VIII. or from the Stuarts—in fact many of the finest and most imposing structures, such as the great Quadrangle of the Schools, were executed in the reign of James I. Few cities have suffered more than Oxford from the destructive mania of one generation and the tasteless restoration, or still more tasteless rebuilding, carried out by the next. It is lamentable to think of the number of ancient fabrics which have been ruthlessly swept away, and which a little timely outlay might have preserved to us. As it is, one only has to glance at some of the old collections of prints, such as Loggan's 'Oxoniana,' to see how much we have lost and yet how much might have been spared to us. Even in Hearne's time, this mischievous tendency had shown itself, and he mourns over the old chapel and refectory of Queen's, which were lying in dishonoured ruin on the side next the High Street. Probably the oldest colleges have suffered most. At University not a single stone is left of William of Durham's original building. At Balliol "the refectory, kitchen, and outhouses," ascribed by Wood to the Lady Devorguilla, have long since disappeared. Merton, fortunately,

still preserves its old quadrangle and muniment-room. At All Souls' the front quad. remains as Chichele left it, while New College and Magdalen happily retain much of the original work of the two great bishops who founded these colleges. In the last century several ancient monuments were wantonly destroyed, under the pretence of improvements, that might well have been allowed to stand. Among them was the picturesque Turl Gate, the ancient "chamber in St Aldate's," and the archway across Grand Pont or Folly Bridge, above which was the study of the great Franciscan, Friar Bacon, the master of the Black Art and the hero of monkish legends. The still more interesting gate of Bocardo, close to St Michael's Church, was pulled down as an obstruction in 1771. Above it was the chamber where Cranmer was imprisoned, and from the roof he is said to have watched the flames that consumed Ridley and Latimer in the open space near the city wall. However, we are told on good authority that

"The wiser mind
Grieves less for what time takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

Certainly we have good cause for grief when we reflect what our "time"—the Victorian age—will have left behind it in the way of architectural achievements at Oxford—the new buildings at Merton, which disfigure the once charming view from Christ Church meadows; the huge barrack of red brick, known as Keble College; the new Museum, with its glaring inconsistency of styles; and the new Schools, which are as much in

preserved by the popular couplet "Old Obadiah sings *Ave Maria*." A very interesting collection of documents connected with these transactions was edited by Dr Bloxam for the Oxford Historical Society in 1886.

keeping with the older buildings near them as the Alhambra would be if placed next door to Westminster Abbey. There is nothing to be said against the new buildings at Christ Church, New College, Trinity, and St Swithin's Quad. at Magdalen, which are in excellent taste, and only need time to harmonise with their surroundings; but these are the exceptions to the general list of melancholy failures, which appal and oppress the visitor, not only for their intrinsic ugliness, but for their utter incongruity with the architecture of the seventeenth century. Assuredly, as Mr Lang very mildly puts the case, "They [the Fellows of Colleges] should think twice or even thrice before leaving on Oxford, for many centuries, the uncomely mark of an unfortunate judgment."

Naturally enough, Oxford has always been a tempting subject to writers of fiction; and countless novels have appeared, in which university life has been idealised or caricatured according to the fancy or prejudice of the author. But they all suffer as a rule from the types of character being unreal and exaggerated. "The hero and his friends are too large, too noisy, too bibulous, too extravagant, too pugnacious. . . . They seem to stride down the High, prodigious, disproportionate figures, like the kings of Egypt or the monuments, overshadowing the crowd of dons, tradesmen, and bargees."¹ After all, our old familiar friend 'Verdant Green' is still the best and most popular account of an Oxford undergraduate's life. There is no plot to speak of, it is true, any more than there is in 'Pickwick'; the style is often slipshod, and the love-scenes at the end of the volume

are deplorably poor stuff. The hero himself is too much of a fool to be exactly interesting, and the freshest of "freshers" nowadays would hardly be taken in by such transparent fictions as the explanation of the "F. P.," or the proceedings in the "Lodge of Cemented Bricks." But the one character that redeems the book, and indeed has almost raised it to the dignity of an English classic, is the immortal "Mr Bouncer." We knew the author well, and a more amiable and highly cultured man it would be difficult to find; but after reading Cuthbert Bede's contributions to the 'Leisure Hour' and so forth, it was always a source of wonder to us how he came to create that humorous and festive little gentleman, who is quite as good and original a character in his way as Thackeray's "Harry Foker." Even now one cannot turn over these familiar pages without feeling something of one's former delight in Mr Bouncer's irrepressible personality; his unfailing spirits and good-humour; his unlimited vocabulary of somewhat antiquated slang; his terriers Huz and Buz; his letter to "the Mum," stating that "he is short and wants two ponies," and his dismay when "the Mum" sends him in response Shetland ponies instead of bank-notes; and then the famous "Panjandrum" examination paper, the real meaning of which we never properly understood till we saw Randolph Caldecott's clever illustrations. In short, we have a personal affection and esteem for the little man—so joyous in prosperity, and so brave in misfortune; and we feel a pang of regret when, though he goes to the extent of shaving his head and covering his wristbands with hieroglyphics, he

¹ Oxford, by Andrew Lang, p. 256.

is finally defeated by "the small but well-armed tribe of examiners," and has to migrate to "the Tavern."¹ One other character in 'Verdant Green' is singularly true to life, and that is Mr Robert Filcher, the Scout. Could any college servant have put his views on the vexed question of "commons" and "perquisites" with such delicacy, and yet with such distinctness, as Mr Filcher on the first morning when he cleared away his master's breakfast things?—

"Put away these bits o' things as is left, sir!' And then he added, with an air of mild correction, 'You see, sir, you's fresh to the place, and don't know that gentlemen never likes that sort o' thing done *here*, sir; but you gets your commons, sir, fresh and fresh every morning and evening, which must be much more agreeable to the 'ealth than a heating of stale bread and suchlike. No, sir!' continued Mr Filcher, with a manner that was truly parental, 'no, sir! you trust to me, and I'll take care of your things, I will.' And from the way he carried off the eatables, it seemed probable that he would make good his words."²

To pass from 'Verdant Green' to Dean Farrar's extraordinary romance 'Julian Home,' is like passing from a pleasant and healthy comedy to the blood and thunder of a transpontine melodrama. It has always been a matter of surprise to us where, when, and how the Dean could have picked up his wonderful experience of university life, or made the acquaintance of a set of young men most of whom might as well have belonged to the Court of Nero as to Oxford in the nineteenth century. There is not a single natural or unaffected character among them all; and well as we know Oxford, we have never yet

come across such a collection of saints and sinners as the angelic De Vayne, the sanctimonious Hazlitt, the coarse and spiteful Brogden, and the abandoned reprobate Bruce. What Tommy Atkins says of his comrades might equally well be said to the author by some indignant youth, who felt aggrieved at these incarnations of the virtues and the vices—about as much like human beings as the stone figures round Magdalen Quad. :—

"We ain't no thin red heroes, and we ain't no blackguards too, But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you."

Undergraduates have too much good taste, as a rule, to open a conversation by asking, "How is it with your immortal soul?" They do not talk of the "hyperdulia of the Virgin Mary" (whatever this may mean), nor do they make long quotations from the 'Agamemnon' and the 'Odyssey' when talking with their lady visitors. Still less do they put laudanum in a friend's glass of port, or draw knives upon one another in a paroxysm of rage; and though their wine-parties have been noisy enough on occasions, they are not usually enlivened by "screams of laughter, ghastly as those that might have sounded round a witches' caldron over diabolical orgies."³ Surely this last sentence must have crept into the text by mistake, and have been intended to heighten the effect of one of those delectable scenes we have recently had set before us in 'Darkness and Dawn'!

'Tom Brown' is cast in a manlier and healthier mould than the preceding; but, like most sequels, it is a somewhat disappointing book.

¹ New Inn Hall.

² Verdant Green, p. 47.

³ Julian Home, p. 265.

It is rather a series of disjointed sketches than a connected story, and the hero is too vacillating and easily led to be a proper representative of Rugby under Arnold. The boating set is of course much in evidence—"the strong Gyas and the strong Cloanthes"—Hardy the athletic sizar, and that Admirable Crichton, Mr Blake. As for Messrs Drysdale, St Cloud, and the "fast set," the intrigue at "the Choughs," and the senseless orgie described in the second volume—the less said about them the better; but they give a bad impression of Oxford in Mr Hughes' time—a state of things which we hope has passed away along with "the sparring cribs, the Coal Hole, and the Cider Cellars," where these young gentlemen were wont to resort on their visits to London. Some of the incidental sketches are clever enough. There is Mr Schloss, the tailor, for instance, "a tall florid man, with a half-servile, half-impudent manner, and a foreign accent; dressed in a sumptuous costume, with a velvet coat and a gorgeous plush waistcoat." We fancy we have met Mr Schloss or his counterpart somewhere in actual life. Then there is "Joe Muggles, the dog-fancier," by whom we suppose that old rascal "Filthy Lucre" is meant—well known to many generations of Oxford men in bygone times. He kept a badger for the delectation of such undergraduates as were the happy owners of terriers like Jim Crawley's "celebrated dawg Forceps"; and he occasionally intruded his offensive personality at breakfast-time, with a view to orders, bringing with him a strong flavour of dogs, ferrets, gin, and aniseed. It was reported that one of his young patrons, moved with compassion at his dirty and dilapidated appearance,

had given him a suit of cast-off clothes, and persuaded him to take a bath. But "Filthy Lucre" brought back the clothes the next morning with tears in his eyes, and told the young philanthropist that the street-boys had jeered him, the dogs howled at him, and *the badger didn't know him!*

We may pass over with slight notice the numerous minor novels which have appeared from time to time, giving the author's impressions of Oxford life from his (or her) point of view, and very curious some of these impressions seem to be. In one of these novels, for instance, the hero is made to propose to the heroine on the top of Magdalen Tower, of all places in the world. In another, a young lady marries a professor twice her own age, and flirtations and entanglements with sympathetic undergraduates follow as a matter of course. In a third, 'Faucit of Balliol,' by the late Herman Merivale, there is a really excellent account of Commemoration Week, and the idyl between Guy Faucit and Daisy Fairfield in the first volume is the pleasantest and most natural episode in what is otherwise a somewhat florid and sensational romance. 'John-a-Dreams,' by Mr Julian Sturgis, is an amusing and good-humoured satire on the blue-china school, the poets, the Union orator, and the young enthusiasts of art and culture as they appeared thirty years ago. But, naturally enough, it is in the pages of 'Robert Elsmere' that one seeks and finds the truest pictures of life and character in modern Oxford. In that fascinating, if somewhat repulsive, story there is no more interesting chapter than that which describes the young and impressionable exhibitor of St Anselm's; no more striking picture than the masterly

sketch of Langham, the college tutor, with his morbid self-consciousness, his fastidious contempt for his surroundings, his cynicism, and his self-enforced isolation from all that makes life worth living. Perhaps the saddest passage in the book (and there are many sad ones) is that in which the scholar lays bare the secret of his intellectual death in life:—

“Of the gradual dismal failure of all his efforts, the dying down of desire and ambition; of his first ardent worship of knowledge, and passion to communicate it; and of the first intuitions, of something cold, impotent, and baffling in himself, which was to stand for ever between him and action, between him and human affection; the growth of the critical pessimist sense which laid the axe to the root of enthusiasm after enthusiasm, friendship after friendship—which made other men feel him inhuman, intangible, a skeleton at the feast; and the persistence through it all of a kind of hunger for life and its satisfactions, which the will was more and more powerless to satisfy.”¹

It would be idle to inquire if Langham is a sketch from real life—certainly not, we should say, as regards personal appearance, for we never yet encountered a college tutor with a Greek profile, “a classical delicacy and precision of feature,” “a pale clear complexion,” and “closely curling jet black hair.” But his mannerism, his ironical affectation of ignorance, his caustic answers, his hesitation and dislike to give a categorical answer to the simplest question, are all characteristic of a certain school of thought. The late Mark Pattison, for instance, would have been quite capable of saying contemptuously to some ardent

youth fresh from Cuddesdon what Langham said to Elsmere, “You may as well preach a respectable mythology as anything else.”² Then again in his passion for music, his morbid aversion to strangers, his hatred of boards and committees, this “microscopic student of texts” had much in common with the late Professor Chandler. But Chandler, though a recluse, was by no means morose or unsympathetic. He was certainly no woman-hater, and would never have treated Rose in the heartless fashion of his counterpart; indeed, the happiest moments of his life were probably those passed in a neighbouring drawing-room, and his best and truest friend was the lady to whom he bequeathed his library. Again, those who had the privilege of reading with him as private pupils will always remember with gratitude his genial welcome and his kindly interest in their work; they will remember also his clear and incisive criticisms, his wit and readiness, his power of illustration, and, above all, his marvellous knowledge of Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy, cognate in many respects (so at least we are told by two competent critics) to that of Sir William Hamilton himself.³ It is a pity that almost the only memorial of so much learning and research should be an exhaustive treatise on the Greek Accents.

There can be no question as to the identity of “Mr Grey,” another character in ‘Robert Elsmere,’ with his “massive head, deep eyes sunk under the brows, and Midland accent.” He can be clearly no other than the late Professor Thomas Hill Green, to whom the work is

¹ Robert Elsmere (post 8vo edition), p. 218.

² *Ibid.*, p. 65.

³ Introduction to Sir William Hamilton’s Lectures (vol. iii.) by Professors Mansel and Veitch.

dedicated. It would be quite out of place here to do more than glance at his life and opinions. It is sufficient to say that he headed the reaction against materialism; and that his lectures, delivered with a force and vigour that were all his own, were a development of the *a priori* systems of Kant and Hegel. But his teaching was something more than "galvanised Kantism"; it was clear and dogmatic; and there was nothing of the vague idealism of those "nebulous professors" satirised by Lord Beaconsfield and the late Dean Mansel. For a quarter of a century "Green of Balliol" was a living force in Oxford, an unconventional preacher, whose influence and ascendancy did much to stir that wave of religious feeling which of recent years has found its outcome partly in the publication of 'Lux Mundi,' partly in the foundation of the Oxford House and Toynbee Hall, and partly also, we may add, in 'Robert Elsmere.'

The intellectual and social aspects of modern Oxford are well described in a set of interesting papers by some of the resident Fellows, published a few years ago.¹ One striking feature of undergraduate life at present seems to be the number of clubs and societies of one sort or another that pervade the University—public school clubs, such as those of Eton and Winchester; purely social clubs, such as "Vincent's," the chosen resort of athletes and celebrities; and "Bullingdon," beloved of Christ Church men, "a happy combination of cricket, colour, and festivity"; political clubs, such as the Canning and the Palmerston; musical societies; Shakespeare societies; and, more important than all, the

great University club known as "the Union." The last-named has all the comforts and conveniences of a good London club, except that you cannot dine there; but there is a newspaper-room with some 300 journals, a smoking-room with luxurious chairs and Japanese wall-papers, billiard and coffee rooms, an excellent reference library, and the great hall arranged with rows of benches and with galleries running round it, used for the weekly debates in term-time. Here all the burning questions of the day are discussed by the rising generation of politicians, and it may be safely said that the debates are far livelier than they would be on corresponding subjects in the House itself. There is a happy rule which limits every speaker to twenty minutes; and then there is a terribly critical audience, which likes to be excited or amused, but does not at all care to be instructed or informed, still less pelted with statistics. A clever retort or a brilliant paradox, a happy allusion or illustration, a personal attack on an opponent or some obnoxious scheme or institution, are the things that strike the popular fancy most, and evoke the "cheers and laughter" so grateful to a youthful Cicero; but fine flights of oratory, or anything like sentiment, are, except in very rare cases, discouraged, or—shall we say?—howled down. If, however, a speaker has made a short and telling speech, he may be allowed the luxury of a peroration at the end of it. We can remember a stirring debate on the abolition of University Tests many years ago, when the present President of the Divorce Court depicted the awful consequences that would ensue if

¹ Oxford and Oxford Life. Edited by J. Wells, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford. London, 1892.

these religious barriers were broken down, when we might have a Baptist meeting-house in one corner of the Quad. and a Roman Catholic chapel in the other, and might even see the Car of Juggernaut rolling down the High! After all, Sir Francis Jeune was not far wrong in his prophecy; for have we not two Nonconformist colleges and the tramcar?

In the line of politics that he takes up, the young orator at the Union is guided, as he would probably tell you himself, by the exigencies of the moment; and, should occasion require it, he will change his party with no more scruple than he would change his coat. If he has been a Conservative at school, the probability is that he will be an extreme Radical at Oxford; or he may diverge from his original opinions after he has come into residence. But, whichever side he takes, we may be pretty certain that our young politician will model his style on that of some famous statesman whom he has heard at a political dinner or in the House itself. His choice is regulated by personal predilection and by his natural temperament. If he is languid and loosely built, with a taste for metaphysics, he obviously selects Mr Arthur Balfour as his guide and model. If he is fluent, glib, quick at retort, and has a turn for sarcasm, he fixes the House with the glittering eye—or rather eye-glass—of Mr Chamberlain. But, if he is a born jester, a master of quips and cranks, and has a touch of sentiment as well, it is Sir William Harcourt to whom he “plays the sedulous ape.” But, again, if he is sweating under a sense of injuries, real or imaginary, with a *quantum* of self-conceit and a sufficient command of strong language, Mr Sexton or Mr O’Brien will claim his allegiance, and he

will pulverise his opponents with all the impassioned eloquence of the Irish patriot. A few years ago, two young Balliol men actually went over to Donegal to redress Irish grievances and settle the Home Rule question for themselves there and then upon the spot. Whether they were attacked by moonlighters or “run in” by the minions of Dublin Castle, we cannot precisely remember; but in any case their experiences were unpleasant, and they had to return ingloriously, with the slight satisfaction of having achieved notoriety at the cost of some personal discomfort, and of being actually the subject of a “question” in the House of Commons.

The oldest, and formerly by far the most distinguished, political club in Oxford is the “Canning.” It was founded somewhere about the year ’60 by Mr Auberon Herbert (the late Lord Carnarvon’s brother), then a Fellow of St John’s, and at that time as “stern and unbending a Tory” as Mr Gladstone himself had been in his youth. Afterwards, as might have been confidently predicted, he went from one extreme to the other, and became an equally uncompromising Radical. But the club, which he had founded in his unregenerate days, survived and prospered, numbering among its members most of the rising talent of the day. It remained strictly Conservative, and every member was required to sign a test at his admission to the effect that he would do his best to preserve the Constitution as at present established in Church and State. There were weekly meetings, held by turns in the rooms of different members: a paper on some political question of the day was read, and a short and informal debate usually followed. Flagons of ale and long

pipes and tobacco were provided by the host of the evening. There was always plenty of talk and a general atmosphere of good-fellowship and festivity; and if the sallies of wit and humour were not quite equal to those in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' good epigrams and clever repartees were by no means unfrequent. The club motto is (or was) a model of condensed Latinity, "*Sceptra fide, frenis plebs eget, ara metu.*" Some members regarded it as rather a truculent expression of their political creed, while others were somewhat hazy as to the exact meaning of the words themselves. A newly elected member, whose classical attainments had (in the opinion of his examiners) left much to be desired, once remarked confidentially to the present writer, "Now, you know, I like the first part of the motto about the Crown wanting loyalty, and I quite agree that the people want curbs; but isn't *plough them with fear* just a little too strong?"¹

Besides his club, an undergraduate must have a journal or gazette, where he may air his views, ventilate his grievances, and, if the spirit moves him, rush into poetry. There is a long and melancholy list of these gazettes or journals in the catalogue of the British Museum Library. For the most part they are ephemeral productions, lasting a few terms, or, in some cases, a few years, and then passing into the vast limbo of defunct and forgotten literature. Their very names have in most cases perished with them. Who, for instance, ever heard of—much less read—'*Il Vagabondo*,' '*Olla Podrida*,' or '*Waifs and Strays*'? Even in some of the older and

better known periodicals there is little that seems worth preserving. In all that dreary collection of stale gossip and scurrilous anecdotes there is scarcely a story worth recording, except perhaps that of the Balliol undergraduate who was sconced five shillings by the Master for attempting to cut his throat.

Passing on to more recent times, the 'Oxford Spectator' has perhaps more cleverness and originality than any previous or subsequent undergraduate publication. It was written, in the year 1867, by three young men of conspicuous ability—Copleston, the present Bishop of Colombo; Nolan, a scholar of St John's, whose brilliant prospects were cut short by an untimely death; and Humphry Ward, whose '*History of English Poetry*' is a standard work, and whose wife is the gifted authoress of '*Robert Elsmere*.' Nothing can be more delightful than the playful satire on the men and manners of the time in these charming essays, written chiefly in the style of Steele and Addison, varied now and then by a clever imitation of some classical author, such as the description of the various colleges after the manner of Herodotus.

Another interesting contribution to university literature is the '*Pelican Record*,'—a series of papers written by members of Corpus Christi College, and commencing in 1891. Among them are two most ingenious essays proving that Shakespeare was an Oxford man; and, after all, the internal evidence from the plays themselves is as convincing as Mr Ignatius Donnelly's arguments to prove that he was Bacon. For are there not constant allusions to

¹ It may be perhaps necessary to explain that *arā* means "altar," and *arā* is the imperative of the verb "plough." The sense of the line is, "We require loyalty to the Crown, restraint for the people, reverence for the Church."

"scouts," "battels," and the dons of the Elizabethan period? "'Nature,' says Shakespeare, 'hath formed strange Fellows in her time.' There were among them 'learned and authentic Fellows,' and 'a Fellow of infinite jest.' There were also a 'periwig-pated Fellow,' a 'scurvy Fellow,' a 'snipt-taffeta Fellow,' and 'an old fat Fellow.'" All this is excellent fooling; but, to pass on to Fellows in actual history, 'The Pelican' gives us some interesting glimpses of Common-Room life at the beginning of this century in the Fellows' Betting-Book, ranging from 1775 to 1808. The object of these bets was the extremely laudable one of supplying wine for the Corpus Common-Room, and the wagers were usually made in the traditional "rump and dozen" of port. As in the historical betting-book at White's Club, every imaginable subject, *quicquid agunt homines*, supplied materials for a wager—the weather, the war, the turf, the elections, the weight of certain Fellows, feats of activity, the race between "Firetail" and "Pumpkin," the comparative merits of mighty boxers, such as "Big Ben," "The Pig," and "Dutch Sam": and, when other subjects failed, a wager was even laid as to whether there were more Smiths than Joneses on the Graduates' register, or whether the Proctor would be thrown off his horse the next time he rode out.

In recent years, the 'Oxford Magazine' has been the usual medium of bringing the literary talent of aspiring undergraduates before the public; and with the large and increasing number of local residents, all more or less interested in university matters, this journal has enjoyed a success

and a circulation unknown to any of its predecessors. The original matter in it is naturally of variable quality; but a judicious selection from the poetical contributions was recently published, and contains some clever imitations of well-known poets. Among them we may select one poem, in the style of Præd, which throws a curious side-light on the modern "Extension Lectures." Mr Algernon Dexter, an undergraduate, sends a pressing invitation to an old flame of his, Miss Kitty Tremaine, to come up for the Encænïa of June 1888, and paints in glowing terms all the delights and dissipations of "Commem." Miss Tremaine, however, declines her young friend's offer, as she proposes to attend the "Extension Lectures" in the Long Vacation, and to go through a regular course of Greek, metaphysics, and mathematics; and then she somewhat cruelly hints at the delight of literary gossip with Deans and Professors, the communion of kindred spirits, &c.—

"I can gaze at the stars from your towers,

Till the summer nights pale into dawns;

I can wander with Readers in bowers,

I can walk with Professors on lawns; And oh, if from skies unpropitious

Gentle rain in soft drizzle should fall, There are chances of converse delicious, *Tête-à-tête* in the Cloister or Hall.

There's a feeling one has towards one's teacher—

Dear Algy, don't say that it's wrong— This communion of souls is a feature Of our shy student life in the Long."¹

But Mr Algernon Dexter is far from being convinced by Miss Kitty's eloquence; in fact, he is so much annoyed that, as his editor puts it, "he forgets alike his scholarship and his Præd, and responds in the fresh and nervous

¹ Echoes from the Oxford Magazine, p. 109.

vernacular of the undergraduate of the period":—

"DEAR KITTY,

You used to be jolly,

And I'd stand a good deal for your sake,

But, Great Scot! of all possible folly

This last fad of yours takes the cake.

Why, you'd come up a mere carpet-bagger,

And though Bishops and Dons boss the show,

And you think that it's awfully swagger,

You would find that it's awfully slow.

Your friends say you're trying to rile 'em,

And your enemies snigger and grin;

If they run you for Earlswood Asylum,

By Jingo! you'd simply romp in.

You were always a bit of a dreamer,

But you're coming it rather too strong,

And I'll write you a regular screamer

If you dare to come up in the Long."

We confess that our sympathies are entirely with Mr Algernon Dexter, who has the gravest reasons for complaint. We suspect, indeed, that Nuneham and Godstow, Magdalen Walks and Worcester Gardens, see more of the young ladies and their attendant cavaliers (or professors) than the lecture-room or the Museum; and we have no great faith in this education by picnic, which is what the Long Vacation Extension Lectures seem to amount to, though, possibly, after all, it may in one sense be "the higher education of women."

The poem from which we have made the above extracts is spirited and amusing; but as a rule there is little force or originality in the effusions of undergraduate bards. The "Newdigates" themselves are too often a string of bombastic commonplaces, and as tame and lifeless as the duller parts of the "Excursion." Of course

there are notable exceptions, and some famous names occur at once, such as Heber, Milman, Stanley, Roundell Palmer, Edwin Arnold, where the poems rise far above the dead level of mediocrity; but the lines usually recited from the rostrum on Commemoration-day are neither better nor worse than "Mr Pope-Scott's" peroration on Athens, preserved to us by Mr Herman Merivale, with its monotonous cadence, its sham sentiment, and its unblushing plagiarisms:—

"Though the deft voice of fair Pen-
telicus

Be in her sweeter secrets mute for us;

Though lost the painter's and the sculptor's
lore,

Yet still for ever (as I said before)

Thy name, fair city of the violet crown,
Shall travel on the wings of memory
down,

And live embalmed, until the death of
time,

Linked with all virtues and a single
crime."¹

As a rule, the undergraduate is a tractable and reasonable being, who submits readily enough to the necessary rules laid down by the college authorities, especially if he comes from a public school, such as Harrow or Winchester, where he is imbued with the traditions of command and obedience. If he persistently absents himself from morning chapel or roll-call, if he knocks in late, or is found in a billiard-room after nine, he will pay the fine or undergo the penalty imposed without the slightest animus or ill feeling against the official who has done his duty, provided that he has done it in a gentlemanly manner. But an undergraduate is intensely conservative, and strongly resents unconstitutional methods or any needless interference with time-honoured

¹ Faucit of Balliol, vol. i. p. 76.

rights and traditions; and both Heads of Houses and tutors, if they are well-advised, carefully avoid infringing these unwritten laws which define the liberties of their pupils and subjects. But there must be, of course, every now and then turbulent spirits in every college, who take advantage of some real or fancied injustice to show their discontent with existing authority in various ways, all more or less objectionable. Sometimes it takes the form of noise pure and simple—blowing horns in the quadrangle or yelling out the chorus of the last popular song under the dean's windows, with "a running accompaniment of fire-shovels and poker *obligato*." Sometimes a bonfire is lighted, and the figure of some obnoxious don is burnt in effigy; or resort is had to the ancient practice of "screwing up," which dates from the reign of Henry VIII., when the commissioner sent down to demand a favourable decision on the question of his divorce was ignominiously screwed up at Lincoln College. The manner of procedure is both simple and effective. Long nails, or, better still, gimlets, are noiselessly driven into the jambs of the outer door or oak; the handles are then broken off, and the unfortunate inmate of the rooms remains a close prisoner till a carpenter can undo the mischief. "There is scarcely a more touching story," says Mr Lang, "than that of the don who found himself for the first time screwed up and fastened within his own oak. 'What am I to do?' the victim asked his sympathising scout, who was on the other,—the free side of the oak.

'Well, sir, Mr Muff when 'e's screwed up, 'e sends for the blacksmith.' What a position for a man in authority, to be in the constant habit of sending for the blacksmith!"¹ Evidently this must have been the same college where a few years ago the usual formula of a scout when he called his master was popularly supposed to be something of this kind, "Half-past seven, sir; dean screwed up again; what will you have for breakfast, sir?"

For some reason or other Christ Church has always enjoyed an unenviable notoriety as the scene of periodical outbreaks.² The doors of the Deanery have on more than one occasion been painted red, and the shrubs and flowers in the garden wantonly destroyed. But the most senseless outrage took place some thirty years ago, when the statues and manuscripts were taken from the college library and set fire to in Peckwater Quad. The ringleaders, among whom was a prominent member of her Majesty's late Government, were deservedly sent down. A little time after this, a stranger happened to be dining at Christ Church, and, according to a weekly paper, the following scene took place:—

"During the dinner some one asked the host, Mr —, whether he expected any recurrence of the disorder, and he replied that Christ Church had become much quieter, and a marked change for the better had taken place among the undergraduates. At that very moment a violent explosion outside shook the college to its foundations, and caused all at the table to start up from their seats and rush to the windows. On looking

¹ Oxford, p. 222.

² Some Balliol men broke out of, or into, College—we forget which—when Jowett was a tutor. A friend remarked to him somewhat inopportunistically that the affair reminded him of prisoners breaking out of jail. "Worse than that," said Jowett, in his shrillest recitative,—"reminds me of Christ Church."

out, they perceived a large cloud of smoke rising slowly from the centre of the quadrangle; beneath there yawned a huge chasm, a witness to the skill and ingenuity of the amateur engineers. A young undergraduate hailing from the Antipodes was seated in the middle of the hole. In excess of modesty he concealed himself as much as possible with an enormous umbrella, adorned with innumerable small Chinese lanterns, and, to the no little amusement of the guests and the indescribable horror and disgust of Mr —, he sang in the sweetest yet most resonant of voices the latest production of the Muses, entitled, 'Have you seen the Shah?' The singer, if I remember rightly, betook himself back to his antipodean wilds very shortly afterwards."

This young gentleman (if he existed) must have been closely related to "the Exeter Sioux," described by Mr Andrew Lang, "a half-reclaimed savage, who disappeared on the war-path after failing to scalp the junior proctor."

For obvious reasons it is unadvisable to do more than glance at the *Émeute* which took place after the Bullingdon Club dinner last year, when five hundred panes of glass were broken, chiefly in Peck water Quad., by some mischievous individuals, who were probably not even members of "the House," but were certainly "flown with insolence and wine." It was obviously necessary to make an example of somebody; and, accordingly, some twenty youths, who had been dining at Bullingdon, were selected as scapegoats, although there was nothing to prove that they had broken the windows or done anything more than make a noise in the quadrangle. They were incontinently sent down, *pour encourager les autres*; and though a strong remonstrance, signed by all the parents of the victims, appeared in the 'Times' some months afterwards, it was then too late to

remedy the injustice, if it was one. The mischief had been done, and these scions of noble houses had lost a term. The parents were not alone in thinking their sons had been harshly treated, for there was a strong feeling expressed, not only in the daily papers, but in general society at Oxford and elsewhere, that the punishment had fallen on the wrong shoulders, and that a little more common-sense and forbearance on the part of the authorities (especially in the matter of the Blenheim Ball) would have prevented this deplorable outrage, repeated (if we mistake not) in the October term.

Another form of "rowdyism," as objectionable in its way as breaking college windows, is happily extinct. This was the practice of wrenching off door-knockers and bell-handles on winter evenings. There was a mania for this amusement in 1835, and Cox (the old esquire-bedell) tells us that when Mercury (the Christ Church fountain) was cleaned out shortly afterwards, it was found to be literally floored with knockers and the broken fragments of boards and ornaments; and he was himself only just in time to rescue a favourite old brass knocker on his house in Merton Street from the clutches of these "noctivagous heroes." This detestable practice was revived about thirty years afterwards by a band of young Mohocks, who wrenched off knockers and bell-handles in all directions, and had even the effrontery to carry off the signboard over the county police station. The last-named trophy is still, we believe, a cherished heirloom in an ancestral mansion in the north of England.

Even the classic Town and Gown Row, a survival from the Dark Ages, is more or less a thing of the past,

and there is no fear of a modern "Coddingsby" having to confront a gigantic bargee, or to provide for his victim's family after the funeral. There was an attempted revival of the feud in 1859, on the Prince of Wales' birthday, and we can ourselves remember, as a schoolboy, watching a line of gownsmen arm-in-arm sweeping all before them in the High Street. There were a good many "excursions and alarms" on that evening; the proctors and their satellites were much in evidence, and heads as well as windows were broken. What were known as the "Bread Riots"—some ten years later—was probably the last occasion on which any serious conflict took place between the gownsmen and the citizens. An unpopular baker (Mr Alderman Grubb) had his windows broken, the streets were filled by an infuriated and half-famished mob; and so serious was the aspect of affairs that the magistrates swore in a number of special constables to restore order. As may be supposed, the undergraduates were only too eager to be enrolled; and a number of them took the requisite oath, and were provided with the orthodox short staves, which they used with considerable effect on the heads and shoulders of the rioters. There was a tradition at the time that a well-known member of the University Eight had actually killed a man by a blow from his truncheon. In any case, it is certain that the victim never left the hospital, where he was carried after the occurrence.

As matters stand at present, an

excellent feeling prevails between the citizens and the members of the University, except that there is occasional jealousy on the subject of the unusual privileges enjoyed by the proctors and the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor's Court. As for the modern undergraduate, as a rule he is the most quiet and peaceable of mortals, and has long since given up such violent delights as wrenching off door-knockers, assaulting policemen, or squaring up to bargees. Not that he is the least deficient in spirit or courage, as those who have watched the football-matches in the parks will readily testify; but except at such licensed saturnalia as a college "Rag" or a bump-supper, he keeps his voice and temper under perfect control, and cultivates a dignified repose of manner which would do credit to a member of White's or Arthur's. Anything like loudness or ostentation is vetoed as bad taste, and it may be added that his dress is as quiet as his deportment. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the contrast between the costume of the undergraduate of half a century ago, as depicted by Leech or Cuthbert Bede, and that of his successor of the present day. The velvet coats, the gaudy scarves, the embroidered waistcoats, and the trousers "with patterns of oriental gorgeousness" worn by the insufferable coxcombs of the year '45, have been replaced by a costume which, from the Norfolk jacket to the boots and gaiters, is a sober and carefully blended harmony in grey or brown.¹ It is only when he

¹ Two of the best lines in Calverley's ingenious version of the "Carmen Sæculare" ('Verses and Translations,' p. 149) are those in which he describes the dress of the undergraduates of his day:—

"Admiramus opus tunice, vestem que sororem
Iridis, et erunt non enarrabile tegmen."

In the notes, which are in the best manner of Orellius, he explains that *opus tunice* = "shirt-work," and *vestem* = "waistcoat."

puts on a smoking-suit (if he has one), or equips himself for the river, that the undergraduate—so to speak—rushes into colour. Then indeed it is a case of *quot homines, tot colores*. Every club and college has its distinguishing ribbon and uniform; and the brilliant scarlet of Magdalen (the original “blazer”), the blue and cardinal’s hat of Christ Church, and the famous black and yellow of Brasenose carry with them a prestige and significance which, like the stars worn by statesmen and ambassadors, represent “the poetry of dress.”¹

These colours give additional life and picturesqueness to the familiar scene by the river-side, with the long line of gaily painted barges, the background of ancestral elms, and the spires and towers of the fair city just appearing in the distance. We can well remember one afternoon in May, many years ago, on one of those rare occasions when the summer term did not belie its name, looking at the Eights practising, from the vantage-ground of the University Barge, with the late Mr John Blackwood and Colonel Lockhart. Our hearts were strangely stirred as we watched the life and animation, the grace and energy of the youthful figures, and listened to the joyous shouts and gay laughter from the scattered groups of boating-men, while every now and then there came

“The measured pulse of racing oars
Between the willows,”

and an Eight flashed past us, with that swing and precision that seems the very poetry of motion, and with the oar-blades sparkling in the sunlight. We all three of

us grew sentimental as we watched “our young barbarians,” and the Editor, with something like a sigh, declared, “Ay, it’s the finest sight in England. There is nothing in the world like it.” Clearly, if a scene like this could touch and interest the casual visitor or the prosaic man of the world, almost in spite of himself, what must be its charm and fascination to these young and impressionable spirits to whom it is part and parcel of their lives? A man may forget much that has pleased and attracted him in the past; but we may be certain that he never forgets the fairy land, the golden hours, “the life in ideal gardens” of his first summer term. Mr Lang, who knows his Oxford almost as well as he knows his St Andrews—and that is saying a good deal—has given us a charming picture of the ineffaceable memories of his youth when he was a scholar at Balliol:—

“The cream of university life is the first summer term. Debts as yet are not; the schools are too far off to cast their shadow over the unlimited enjoyment which begins when lecture is over at one o’clock. There are so many things to do—

‘When wickets are bowled and defended,
When I-is is glad with the Eights,
When music and sunset are blended,
When Youth and the Summer are mates,
When freshmen are heedless of ‘Greats,’
When note-books are scribbled with rhyme,
Ah! these are the hours that one rates;
Sweet hours, and the fleetest of Time!’

.

“What day can be happier than that of which the morning is given (after a lively college breakfast, or a ‘commonising’ with a friend) to study, while cricket occupies the afternoon, till music and sunset fill the grassy

¹ Lord Beaconsfield said that Byron’s famous line should be—

“Ye stars, which are the poetry of dress!”

stretches above Illey, and the college Eights flash past among cheering and splashing? Then there is supper in the cool halls, darkling, and half lit up; and after supper talk till the birds twitter in the elms, and the roofs and the chapel-spire look unfamiliar in the blue of dawn."

To the undergraduate as well as to his "sisters, aunts, and cousins," the crowning glory of the summer term is undoubtedly the Commemoration; though probably he and his lady friends would find it difficult to explain what it is exactly that they are commemorating, unless it is the founder of lobster salad and dry champagne. The proceedings in the theatre—the Encenia proper or the Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors—are stately and imposing enough, when not marred by the exuberant spirits of the young gentlemen in the galleries. Yet their noisy chaff has, like most things in Oxford, its historical significance. For are not the undergraduates, on this occasion of licensed saturnalia, acting the part of the *Terre Filius*, the privileged jester of the middle ages, whom we have mentioned elsewhere? They certainly make more noise, but are not so offensively rude and scurrilous as that chartered libertine. Formerly nothing used to astonish the intelligent foreigner more than the storm of yells and groans directed against some innocent stranger in a straw hat or a red necktie; and on more than one occasion we believe the Encenia has had to be dissolved, and the prize essays and poems left unrecited in consequence of the terrific uproar. Of recent years, the presence of the ladies in the galleries has had a sobering effect upon the turbulent (or shall we say

rowdy?) youths, who not unfrequently turned the most stately and dignified ceremony that can be seen in England into a meaningless dumb show performed in a howling bear-garden.

The present arrangement of the Encenia probably dates from the installation of Lord Westmoreland as Chancellor in 1759, except that it then lasted three days instead of three hours as at present. Lord North's installation in 1773 was a magnificent ceremonial; but even that was eclipsed at the Duke of Portland's installation twenty years later, when the galleries were crowded with all that was noble and distinguished in England, including Windham and Burke, to see the Duke of Devonshire and twelve other peers receive the D.C.L. degree. Croker has given us an animated account of the installation of the Duke of Wellington in 1834, and considers the spectacle the most striking thing he ever saw in his life.¹ The Duke got his physician, Sir Henry Hallford, to write his Latin speech for him—"as most likely from his prescriptions to know Latin"—and delivered it effectively, in spite of one or two false quantities. But he was woefully bored by the prize poems and recitations, and "sat like a statue" during the tremendous burst of applause which followed the allusion to the "victor of Waterloo" in the Newdigate of the year. As may be supposed, the sympathies of the vast audience were with the Tories, and "the young men in the galleries amused themselves with hooting Lord Brougham, Lord Grey and his cousins, the Whigs and pick-pockets."

Lord Derby was installed as the Duke's successor in 1853, and prob-

¹ Croker's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 226, 227.

ably no more imposing or stately figure ever wore the Chancellor's robes; but though he was loudly cheered by the undergraduates, it was Disraeli who received the ovation of the day according to Sir William Fraser, who was present, and who also tells us of the touching incident, when Lord Derby received his son (Lord Stanley) within the magic circle of the Doctors, and varied the usual formula of *vir honoratissime*, by *fili mi dilectissime*.¹ There must be still many residents in Oxford who can remember Lord Derby presiding at the Encenia ten years later, when the Prince of Wales received an honorary degree; and no one who heard it can ever forget his eloquent speech on the occasion. As sentence after sentence flowed in sonorous accents from his lips, Latin for the first time seemed a living language. There were many fine passages in the speech, such as the touching reference to the late Prince Consort and the charming tribute to the Princess of Wales, seated close beside him—"De cæ quid loquar? Ipsa adest." There was no need to say more; and one can imagine the burst of cheering which shook the theatre.

It is not our purpose to go into the question of college expenses, which, from all accounts, remain practically much what they were twenty years ago. It seems pretty well agreed that unless a man is at Keble, or an unattached student, his allowance should not be less than £150 if he is to live comfortably and take his part in the social life around him. Even then he will have to exercise care and economy, and will find that he has little to spare for travelling in the vacations, for entertaining his friends, still less for such lux-

uries as books, pictures, or blue china. This seems a large sum for what is practically only six months' residence; but, as a writer puts it, "the whole tradition of the place is against economy. Prices are high; men expect the best of everything, and have to pay for it." Moreover, Oxford hospitality is proverbial, and, in the summer term especially, the University seems to entertain all its relations and half London as well at the Eights and Commemoration. It is always difficult for a youth, who has little idea of the value of money, and finds himself for the first time his own master, to live within his income. The attractions of society, the facilities of almost unlimited credit, the influence of the set in which he finds himself, are all temptations to a naturally generous disposition; and from the days of the Prodigal Son, the youthful spendthrift has been a commonplace of fiction, and also, alas! a terrible reality in home circles. But it is to be hoped that the modern generation does not imitate the senseless extravagance of the "fast set" described in 'Tom Brown,' and which M. Taine apparently believed to represent the normal rate of expenditure: "London wine-merchants furnished them with liqueurs at a guinea a bottle, and wine at five guineas a dozen. . . . Pine-apples, forced fruits, and rare preserves figured at their wine-parties. . . . They dined like *gourmets*; drove tandems, scattering silver in all the taverns of Oxford and the neighbouring roads. . . . They rode steeple-chases by day, played billiards until the gates closed, and were then ready for vingt-un, unlimited loo, and hot drink in their own rooms."

¹ Sir William Fraser, 'Disraeli and his Day,' p. 348.

It will be noticed in the above account, as well as in the list of his debts which Mr Arthur Pendennis drew up for his uncle's benefit, how largely the London tradesmen figure in the transaction. Whatever may be the case now, they certainly had numerous patrons among undergraduates a quarter of a century ago. Young men, who came up to London for the season when term ended, naturally continued their custom with Bond Street and Saville Row; while others, who only made occasional trips to town, found it convenient to be able to book places for the theatre without paying in cash, or to stop at a hotel in Jermyn Street without being troubled for the bill the next morning. We can ourselves recall a curious scene at a breakfast-party in Christ Church, given in one of those large suites of rooms on the ground-floor of Canterbury Quad. Our host was a young earl, a handsome and high-spirited youth, who died very sadly a few years later. It was a large party, some twenty or thirty guests being present; and everything was on the usual lavish scale of an Oxford breakfast. Towards the end of the meal the door opened, and a dapper little man, faultlessly attired in a black frock-coat, put his head in, and was greeted with noisy welcome. "What! you here again, Pete? How did you get through? I thought the porter knew you by this time," and so on. "Pete"—as we have chosen to christen him—bowed gracefully to the company, and then began literally to unbosom himself. His frock-coat was lined with jewellery and his pockets were crammed with suggestive little red cases. All these were opened and spread out upon the table, and there lay a collection of watches, locket,

studs, scarf-pins, and enough jewellery of every description to have stocked a window in Bond Street, where indeed Mr Pete himself hailed from. There was much excitement, and a brisk competition ensued for the various trinkets. Nearly every one present bought something or other; and there were frequent cries of, "Put this down to me," "And this to me," varied once or twice by, "And this to my brother"—the last exclamation probably coming from a younger son. Our host bought among other trifles a jewelled bird on a clock-work stand, which sang melodiously on being wound up, at the modest price of thirty guineas. It is needless to say that no ready money changed hands; but when Mr Pete finally took his departure, his stock of jewellery had considerably diminished, while several pages of his little black memorandum-book were embellished with names and figures. It was altogether a curious scene—suggestive of the first stage in the "Road to Ruin"—and it has dwelt in the writer's memory, as the experience was new to him, though probably familiar enough to the majority of the guests. Such a scene, however, would, we believe, be impossible in Oxford at the present day. The modern undergraduate is altogether a more reasonable, self-controlled, and practical personage than his predecessors; and though there may be exceptional cases of extravagance, when some young gentleman of sporting tastes imitates the "Jubilee Plunger" on a smaller scale, the general tone of manners and society is that of good sense and decorum. The exaggerated types of character depicted in the early novels on university life have practically disappeared, and there is no longer any broad line of dis-

inction drawn between reading and non-reading men. It is computed that nearly half the men in residence nowadays go in for honours in one or other of the numerous schools; while the remainder are expected to read sufficiently hard to enable them to pass their Schools within a reasonable time. If they do not, the authorities have probably something unpleasant to say at the end of term, and it becomes a question of *Aut disce, aut discede*. College hospitality, again, has taken a more sensible form. Big breakfasts are still given now and then—the scouts probably insisting on this traditional increment of their perquisites; but the “savage form of entertainment known as a bump-supper,” as well as the crowded wine-party, with its noisy accompaniments—

“Of songs and clapping hands, and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor”—

have been superseded by modest parties of a few friends after hall, or by the decorous festivity of the Junior Common-Room. As a matter of fact, comparatively little wine is drunk by the younger men; and the allowance of nineteen bottles for eleven guests, which “Tom Brown’s” father considered necessary at his first wine-party, would probably last his degenerate great-grandson during the whole period of his university career.

To tell the truth, Oxford has long ceased to be “an aristocratic club” or “an ecclesiastical preserve,” to use the cant phrases current among reformers half-a-century ago. Men of rank and position are conspicuous by their absence, not only from the class

lists, but from the University itself. A degree nowadays carries not a tenth part of the value or distinction with it that it did formerly, and is not even a necessary qualification for Holy Orders. The prestige of a “first class” has decreased in proportion, and is no longer regarded as the first and most necessary step of a brilliant career. It is unlikely that any future Government will contain so many “first-class” men as Mr Gladstone’s did in 1868; and it is still more unlikely that we shall ever again see such a distinguished body of young men collected together as attended Biscoe’s lectures at Christ Church in 1831. Among them were Mr Gladstone himself; George Cornwall Lewis, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle and Secretary of War; Lords Canning, Elgin, and Dalhousie, who all three became Governors-General of India; Lord Abercorn, a future Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Curzon (afterwards Lord Zouch), the historian of Levantine monasteries; the late Sir Walter Phillimore, subsequently Dean of Arches; Scott (Master of Balliol) and Liddell (Dean of Christ Church), the compilers of the famous Lexicon; Sir Francis Doyle, Professor of Poetry; the Earl of Selkirk, a distinguished mathematician; Hamilton, Denison, and Wordsworth, who all three became bishops. Sidney Herbert sometimes came from Oriel and Robert Lowe from University.¹ The mere recital of this roll of distinguished names almost takes one’s breath away. But it must be remembered that in those days Christ Church nearly monopolised the class list, and was the

¹ From Martin Tupper’s ‘Life as an Author,’ quoted in Pyecroft, vol. i. p. 160.

focus and centre of the intellectual life of the University.

At present it is calculated that there are four thousand ways in which a man may take his B.A. degree. There is an intricate and elaborate system of examination in almost every conceivable subject, controlled by an equally elaborate system of Boards and Committees. The list of University officers and examiners takes up twenty pages of close print in the Calendar. There are about eighty professors and "readers" paid out of the College revenues, who give public lectures on such subjects, amongst others, as the Burmese, Chinese, and Russian languages, on Rabbinical Literature and Medieval Paleography. This ambitious affectation of universal knowledge, this parade of instruction *urbi et orbi*, reminds us of the inscriptions on the confessionals ranged under the dome of St Peter's, "*Pro Lingua Japonicâ*," "*Pro Lingua Ethiopicâ*," and so forth; and probably in both cases—that is, of the lectures and confessionals—the nomenclature is purely ornamental. It would be interesting to know the average attendance of students at lectures on the above-named subjects—if indeed these professors ever think it worth while to lecture at all. As to the school of *Litteræ Humaniores*, which still retains something of its old importance, a well-informed writer says that the system is if anything "too perfect"; the limits are too well known; and a clever tutor, by a skilful system of cram, can practically save his pupils the trouble of reading their books at all.¹ Original thought is discouraged, and a man confines his reading entirely to the special subjects which he thinks will pay in the

Schools. As an illustration of this, it may be noted that formerly the University prizes, given annually by the Chancellor or founded in memory of some illustrious Oxonian, attracted the more intellectual and ambitious undergraduates. But of recent years the competition seems to have signally fallen off. The Latin Essay was not awarded at all on seven occasions between 1876 and 1893. The Arnold Essay was not awarded at all in 1872 and 1880; while in 1874, 1881, and 1882 there were no candidates. The Latin verse was not awarded in two successive years, 1881 and 1882; and what seems stranger still, is that the Conington Essay, a valuable prize of £120 given once in three years and open to B.A.'s, was not awarded on four occasions out of six since its foundation in 1875. It is not for us to assign the reason of this apparent intellectual apathy.

A good deal has been said in these pages about the undergraduate, as indeed was only right and fitting, for is he not the cause and object of the University's existence? *Paullo majora canamus*: let us say something about superior beings, the Fellows of the Colleges. Some interesting chapters on the subject have recently appeared by a writer who modestly signs himself "A Mere Don," but whose identity it would perhaps be not difficult to guess. As he justly points out, with much force and pathos, the popular conception of a Fellow as "an incarnate sinecure and vested interest," who draws a fabulous income from the college estates, is far—very far—removed from reality. In fact, the Fellows of the present day have to suffer for the sins and shortcomings of

¹ Wells, Oxford and Oxford Life, p. 41.

their predecessors, who, from time immemorial, have been the object of flouts and jeers whenever a writer has condescended to notice their existence at all. Anthony Wood is severe upon their wine-bibbing propensities, and tells us that they kept bottles instead of books in their studies, and swagged about in periwigs. That dyspeptic antiquary, Thomas Hearne, loads them with abuse. The "Terra Filius"—the University buffoon—year after year made them the subject of his impudent jests. The 'Oxford Spy,' at the beginning of this century, is full of sarcastic comments on their laziness and venality, and we are told

"How some gay tutor, glad to pocket pounds,
More rarely sees his pupils than the hounds:
For let them fail or prosper, sink or swim,
Most mighty Nimrod! What are they to him?"

Then Gibbon takes up the parable, and talks of "the dull and deep potations" of the Magdalen Fellows of his day. Dr Johnson complained that his tutor was "a heavy man," and that he had scolded him twopence for a lecture that was not worth a penny. Southey makes unamiable remarks on the dulness of the Fellows' intellects and the size of their wigs. Thackeray has gibbeted the tuft-hunting Mr Hugby in his 'Book of Snobs'; and even Lord Tennyson could not resist the easy temptation of sneering at his college tutor—

"Rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord."

Then, again, every local guide or cicerone (as "A Mere Don" mournfully points out) has done his best to perpetuate the tradition, and when he escorts the unsuspecting

stranger round Christ Church Meadows or the Magdalen Walks, emphasises his eulogium on the surrounding beauties of nature and art by caustic references to the hardened sybarites who dwell in the cloistered halls across the way. "There they sits," he exclaims in the style of Mr Wegg apostrophising Mr Botlin—"there they sits on their Turkey carpets, a-drinking of their Burgundy, and their Madeiry, and their Tokay." And then, perhaps, in response to an inquiry, he will continue, in tones of bitter irony, "What, *them?* Them's Fellows! What do they do? Why, them that likes preaching, preaches, and them that likes teaching, teaches, and them as don't like preaching or teaching, why, they walks about all day with their 'ands in their pockets."

It is gratifying to record that on one occasion, at all events, a Magdalen Fellow, N——, whose humour was of a practical kind, completely turned the tables on one of his detractors. He had been away from Oxford for some time, and on his return he happened to encounter a guide who did not know him by sight, and possibly mistook him for an American bishop. N—— obligingly allowed himself to be escorted round his own college, was full of curiosity, asked countless questions, peered into every nook and corner, and duly admired the various objects of interest—the hall, the chapel, and the deer-park—as they were pointed out to him. "And where may that door lead to?" he asked, as they passed a low archway in the cloisters. "*That!* Why, that's the Fellows' Common-Room," replied the guide; "there they sits on their Turkey carpets," &c., &c. "Oh, I think I'll go in," said N——; and in spite of the horrified protestations of the guide,

he opened the door and walked in. "It seems a comfortable room—I think I'll stop here;" and then he went up to the fireplace and rang the bell, while his companion stood speechless with terror at the entrance. Presently a servant appeared. "John," said N—, "bring me a glass of sherry." Then at last the comedy was played out; the truth dawned upon the unhappy guide, and he beat a hasty retreat.

It must be confessed that, before the stringent reforms of the last Commission, many of the Fellows elected on the old system had a very easy time of it, unless indeed they happened to be tutors or bursars of their college, or otherwise engaged in the work of the University. A late breakfast, a glance at the newspapers, a stroll up the High Street to order the fish at Tester's, agreeably filled up the morning. After lunch, a saunter round the Parks or a walk up Headington Hill, varied occasionally by a day among the pheasants in Bagley Wood or a run with Morrell's Harriers. Then came afternoon chapel, dinner in hall, and the old port, the small talk, and mild chaff of the Senior Common-Room, where they certainly did not trouble themselves with the abstruse metaphysical questions which vexed the souls of Oriel Fellows in the days of Whiteley and Blanco White.¹ After all, a luxurious life of this kind, though it hardly came within the intentions of the "Pious Founder," was no worse than many men lead at a London club; and whether their Fellowship were regarded as the reward of merit in the past or as simply the accident of an accident—that is to say, Founder's kin—

mattered very little to the actual holder. Then it must be added that they were the kindest of hosts and the best of friends—good fellows and pleasant company—living together in an easy and sociable fashion like a well-regulated army mess. We can well remember Anthony Trollope dining once at Magdalen. We believe it was the first time he had dined at a college High Table in his life, and he felt a little nervous. He was not very certain of his Latin, still less so of his Greek, and he thought the conversation might turn on "the enclitic δέ." Never was a man more agreeably surprised. He found himself at his ease at once, and was vastly entertained by the surroundings and the society. "Capital dinner! capital company!" he said afterwards. "Talk Greek! Why, the vice-president talked of hunting and silver-mines. The man on my right knew all about the Hampshire trout-streams; and that jovial bursar told me some good stories about convict-life in Australia." All the members of that pleasant company have (we believe), with one or two exceptions, now passed "to the sunless land," and with them has also passed away a host of interesting associations and traditions. Some of the older Fellows could remember in their youth the crush at the theatre when the Allied Sovereigns visited Oxford—a crush which Blucher declared to be "the hottest struggle he ever was in"; they could remember the time when Beaumont Street was the historical "pig-market"; when the college barber still went his rounds in the morning with his box of hair-powder; and when the Proctors walked the High in full dress,

¹ *E.g.*, "An chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones?"

including bands, silk stockings, and knee-breeches. Others had known Dr Routh, the aged President, with his "awful wig, his overhanging eyebrows, and solemn carriage." Routh, again, had seen Dr Johnson himself, "in a brown tradesman's wig," stumbling up the steps of University College, and had talked with a lady whose mother remembered Charles II. walking with his dogs round "the Parks," when the Court was at Oxford during the Great Plague. In fact (as Dean Burgon puts it), one had a chain of almost unbroken tradition for two centuries.¹

Though Trollope, as we have said, found his evening at Magdalen pleasant enough as a new experience, we doubt if he would have cared to repeat his visit often. To the actual Fellows the Common-Room must have seemed intolerably dull at times, with its atmosphere of old-world anecdotes, time-worn jests, and all the petty details and routine of a life bounded by the college walls. "A long lane with a church at the end of it," said a Cambridge don as he looked up that well-known vista at the back of St John's, and thought of his own dreary future. But nowadays, unless indeed he happens to be a "picturesque survival," a College Fellow is rarely in Holy Orders. He either holds an "official" Fellowship—that is, some college office terminable at the end of ten years, but which is practically renewable—or he holds a "Prize" Fellowship for seven years, which leaves him free to devote his time to his profession, whatever it may be. But in no case does his Fellowship *per se* bring him more than £200 a-year—a sum which a latter-day curate would not regard as excessive, and which a public school-

master would reject with scorn. The "Official Fellow" is usually a tutor as well, and it is from that source that he draws the main part of his income. "No man," says Mr Lang, "is so hardworked as the conscientious college tutor." The whole morning is occupied by lectures—one set of pupils succeeding another from ten till one. The afternoon is frittered away by sitting at one of the numerous Boards, or attending Convocation, to vote for or against some trifling change in the wording of the Statutes. If he is unmarried and dines in hall, he finds himself one of a dreary company of three or four tutors as careworn and preoccupied as himself; and, after a glass or two of claret in the Common-Room, he has to hurry off to meet "the man who comes at nine." One private pupil brings an essay; another a copy of verses; and then he has to look up his notes for the next morning's lectures, and it is late at night before his work is finally done:—

"As a matter of fact, the unfortunate man is always doing something—working vehemently with a laudable desire to get that into eight weeks which should properly take twelve; or taking his recreation violently, riding forty miles on a bicycle, with a spurt at the finish so as not to miss his five o'clock pupil; sitting on interminable committees—everything in Oxford is managed by a committee, partly because 'Boards are very often screens'; or sitting on a disorderly undergraduate. On the whole, the kicks are many, and the halfpence comparatively few. He has the Long Vacation, of course, but then he is always employed in writing his lectures for next term, or compiling a school edition, or a hand-book, or an abridgment of somebody else's school edition or hand-book, in order to keep

¹ Dean Burgon's 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' vol. i. p. 2.

the pot boiling,—more especially if he has fallen a victim to matrimony, and established himself in the red brick part of Oxford.”¹

These red-brick villas, or, as the local architect calls them, “desirable residences in the modern Elizabethan style,” which excited Mr Ruskin’s wrath, form the new town to the north of Oxford along the Banbury road, where retired tradesmen and married tutors take their ease and bring up their families. The last are very much in evidence—especially in the early morning and late in the afternoon. Nurserymaids and perambulators block up the roads leading to the Parks; earnest and preoccupied tutors are seen waiting at the corners for the tram-car to take them down to Carfax; groups of young ladies, attired in the latest fashion but one, are hurrying to and fro with notebooks on their way to hear Palgrave or “that dear Professor Herkomer” lecture on poetry and art. It struck us, on reading the report of one of the recent lectures, that the “dear Professor” must have been laughing in his sleeve most of the time at the incomprehensible nonsense he was talking. But he probably knows his audience. On these occasions the ladies are decidedly in a majority. Sir Francis Doyle complained that there were more bonnets and frocks among his hearers than caps and gowns; and Ruskin was once so irritated by seeing his proper audience—the undergraduates—literally crowded out by the young women, who thronged the lecture-room, that he told the latter frankly that they were only there on sufferance—a remark which was applauded by the vic-

tics of feminine aggressiveness. Society in “the Parks,” of which, as may be supposed, there is no lack, is (to use John Bright’s expression) “provincial with a difference.” The difference, we suppose, is that it is, or thinks it is, more highly cultured. And what is culture? Let the author of ‘John-a-Dreams’ answer the question:—

“‘I don’t think much of Oxford culture,’ observed Kerison, who had won all sorts of university honours, and carried them lightly, and who was a non-resident fellow of an idle college. ‘I know what you will find it,’ he added: ‘Taylorian institute; hours in the Bodleian; walks round the Parks; talks round the tea-table; discovery of lads of promise who listen to you, of lads of money who do up their rooms; the classical; the pseudo-classical; the Renaissance; the renaissance; Gothic; Queen Anne; the Greek drama; the last burlesque in London; Antigone, and Polly Darvel. They don’t do the thing well in Oxford.’”²

However, whether the residents in the Parks do the thing well or not, they certainly enjoy life and entertain their friends in a manner pleasant to themselves. In the summer term there is an incessant round of gaiety in this city of villas. Afternoon teas, dinners, and even dances follow in rapid succession; as well as tennis-parties, where brisk flirtations are carried on between eligible undergraduates and the married tutors’ daughters, under the benignant eyes of ambitious mammas. Everywhere, in fact, as Redgauntlet said on a famous occasion, “a feminine influence predominates.” How far that influence extends, it is not within our province to determine; but in

¹ Aspects of Modern Oxford, by a Mere Don, p. 130.

² John-a-Dreams, p. 140.

a recent novel a curious picture is given of the way in which the lady of the Parks may, if she does not actually, control affairs of State in the University.

Mrs Douglas, a professor's wife, is, we are told, "the recognised wire-puller and leader of Oxford tutorial society." She has a great belief in what she calls "blue blood," and takes under her special protection a clever young Christ Church commoner, who is a baronet's son, though his father, Sir Emery, is only a respectable edition of Sir Pitt Crawley in reduced circumstances—being, in fact, a fly-man. Mrs Douglas not only gets as many private pupils for young Gascoigne as he has time to take; but when she hears that he is writing for the "Marlborough Prize Essay," she enlists the favour of no less a person than the Senior Proctor himself (a Mr Wayles), with the result that he passes on the essays

to his brother examiners, with Paul Gascoigne's manuscript indorsed *optimè meritis est*. His colleagues after a hasty glance indorse his opinion, and the fortunate youth gains the coveted prize of fifty guineas.¹

All this seems very dreadful to us, if it be true. Probably Mr Grant Allen does not intend to be taken seriously; otherwise, one might ask if Senior Proctors are susceptible to the warm pressure of a lady's hand, and do they actually "fortify their intellect" with brandy-and-soda in the manner of Mr Pickwick? As for Mrs Douglas, the moving spirit, or shall we say guiding star, of this little drama, she is clearly the "New Woman" appearing in an unexpected quarter; and if things go much farther in this direction, we shall soon not only have "prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans," but a Vice-Chancellor in petticoats!

¹ The Scallywag, p. 122.

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE Looker-on could not have a less favourable moment than this for the exercise of his harmless office, for indeed a more quiet year and tranquil period could not be than this mild day rising grey over the British Isles, wrapping them in that most questionable of all beatitudes, the position admired by philosophers as happiest both in public and private life, the condition of which there is nothing to be told. We, for our own part, have no faith in that kind of happiness. It may be the happiest condition for a duck-pond, but not for any other field of life—indeed even the duck-pond would not relish the blessedness of its stagnation were it not for the new brood every year who push the weeds away from some portion of its bosom. As a fact, however, there is nothing at present to free us from the slow encroachment of that green fictitious film of vegetation. Nothing is happening—there may be danger-signals all round the horizon, and we may be alarmed and anxious whether at any moment there may not be a flare mounting up to the skies; but at home we are still as if we were under a spell. Since the great stir of the elections nobody seems to have been doing anything in Great Britain. Happy is the woman, happy the country, of whom there is nothing, &c. We all know the formula. Like the immortal Sir William Thornton, otherwise Burchell, who went about the world, as we have reason to believe, with his coat well buttoned over the insignia of the Bath, which he carried about him to prove his dignity when necessary, we stand by and say, Fudge!

For our own part, we prefer that there should be something going on. When the evening papers come in, in that blank hour before dinner, we dearly love to find something sensational in them. Even at the more tranquil time of breakfast, we wish for a little news with the inevitable bacon which ushers in the day in every house in London that respects itself. That there should be nothing in the papers is the deepest grievance of those good people who have themselves very little in their lives: at least all that is in the papers is about “unhappy far-off things,” which we devoutly hope, at this safe distance, may come to nothing. Or even, if they were to set the Continent and, what is still more important, our own island on fire, what could we do? We must eat our dinner this evening, and make some shift to amuse ourselves after, even if we were sure that the flames would burst forth to-morrow—nay, if the flames had already burst forth. For it is certain that, whatever convulsion may happen, it will still be the one thing most prominently before most individuals, and certainly every household, how to get our dinner. Kingdoms may rise or fall, battles may be fought, and massacres may go on, and still that perennial anxiety would be our first care. Indeed, it is the strange fact that even when the fate of a nation is hanging in the balance, nothing prevents a man from endeavouring to make himself as comfortable as possible, and even to snatch a little furtive amusement if he can by the light of the watch-fires. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has

not an easy time of it; but we, what can we do? if we could be of any use to him, indeed—— But that being impossible, what have we for dinner?—

“What entertainment have we for the evening,
What mirth, what music? how shall we beguile
The lingering hours if not with some delight?”

Perhaps, however, if we were to tell the truth, the thing above all others that throws a burden on our spirits, is that the entertainments for the evening have somewhat failed us as well as the events of the day. There is nothing particular to see, “nothing to do,” which is perhaps the most pathetic outcry of this generation. Nothing to do means very different things in different regions. It means (perhaps—but our minds are so confused with all that is said for and against this hypothesis, that we do not know what to think on the subject), in one place, starvation; in another place, the almost more piteous case of nothing to play at. This last, we allow, is a fine distress which a large portion of the population is inclined to scoff at. But it is a very real one, perhaps (according to what people say) more real than the other.

Here the Looker-on can hardly find words in which to express the perplexity of his mind. There are a great many people in the world who believe that starvation is rife in the London streets, and that not only the reduction of vital energy is tremendous, but that actual death takes place not unfrequently from that dreadful cause; and, on the other hand, there are a great many people who say that this is not so. If it is, it is a shame and sin to speak a light

word on the subject—but if it is not——? What are we to say? How can we tell that the tramp to whom we cannot refuse a sixpence wears that pallid look from want of food or from want of drink, which latter is not a desire we have any call to satisfy. Then we are told it is mere wickedness, indolence, selfishness, to give that sixpence, and we give it with the most uneasy feelings, anything but complacent about our charity. On the other hand, we know a clergyman, a man of Charity Organisation Societies and every kind of formulated beneficence, who will not refuse the sixpence, for the excellent reason that once in his life he had the dreadful experience of finding that the poor stray whom he had refused had actually died of starvation—an appalling thought. One would rather lose a good many sixpences and encourage pauperism as far as they will go, than risk that terrible chance.

One of the evening papers has been publishing a series of articles upon charities which are still more confusing to the simple mind than the great controversy about the objects of charity. To believe this lady, charities are bad things altogether. One should not give meals—which the Looker-on had a naïve belief in, as things that could never do harm but always more or less good—nor boots to the barefooted, nor indeed anything to speak of. Above all, we are not to give sixpences. If the other is foolish, this is immoral. Even hospitals, she tells us, are a dubious good. She is all for cheap dinners which the working people can pay for, and cheap paying infirmaries where the well-to-do poor, both in fustian and broadcloth, may get themselves looked after without any loss of self-respect. According to this

authority, it is the respectable and honest section of the poor that ought to have our chief care, and require most looking after, the other mendacious and predatory classes having wonderful ways of getting their wants supplied. The "submerged Tenth"—which Mr Charles Booth has so scattered, notwithstanding that it was his namesake who invented it—can, it appears, according to a very shrewd and experienced observer, shift for itself much better than the virtuous. This is very confusing doctrine, indeed, and calculated to make a plain man lose his head altogether. What is he to do? The same writer who discourages the sixpence tells him roundly that if he passes by the tramp to whom he has refused that sixpence he is a brute and a villain. He must go with the poor wretch to his lair; he must confront him with the Charity Organisation Society, which probably knows everything that is to be known about him; and he is not to leave the object of his charity until he has placed him in the right way. This is a responsibility much more serious than the sixpence.

Such are the opinions of one of the most vigorous and intelligent of the ladies who speak under the singularly inappropriate name of Autolyca in the lively pages of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' Why that pleasant vagabond should be made the leader of the feminine side we are unable to divine. It is one of those mysterious inspirations that, never having had, we presume, any meaning to begin with, grows into a sort of dark significance as time goes on, by dint of the languid guesses at a possible meaning which idle readers indulge in. It is so perplexing that some of the writers themselves, probably not deeply acquainted with the personages of

poetical history, evidently imagine their standard-bearer to be of their own sex—a sort of Chevalier d'Eon, if we may venture to suggest such an obscure comparison to the Autolyca of the press. The series came to great distinction the other day in consequence of the notice given to it by Mr Coventry Patmore in his curious recommendation, which some people seem to have taken seriously, of Mrs Meynell for the laureateship. This lady holds the world entranced, Mr Patmore tells us, once a-week in these extremely varied pages, under the insignia of the pedlar. Hers is the "lawn as white as driven snow," no doubt, of the travelling merchant. It is not she, we need not say, who, boldly as Don Quixote himself, charges the hospital, the schools, the social bounties of the time. Mrs Meynell's discourings are upon perfectly intangible subjects, and are often harmonious, sweet, and precious as the finest exquisite in words could desire. She talks of clouds, of voices, with the strangest (though most flattering to our countrywomen—for whose sake we would fain accept the compliment: but truth must prevail) mistaken coupling of Frenchwomen and Scotswomen as the prettiest of speakers. Now, the Looker-on is the last man in the world to assert that the Scotch female voice is not the sweetest of organs. But its distinctive qualities are not, we think, those which this amiable critic attributes to it. She says it is pitched in a high key, and we are of opinion that its prevailing note is low. It is "the sound as of a hidden brook." We know a Scotch lady who protests that she never can make herself heard, and that all English servants and uneducated persons are slow to understand her, pre-

cisely because of this lower modulation. And to be sure, so large a conclusion is always apt to be erroneous, since Scotland, like every other country, has strong distinctions between one district and another. The same lady whom we have just quoted was once, we remember, most deeply outraged by hearing "the pretty Scotch accent" commented on, of a Woman whose every breath was of Glasgow. But perhaps this distinction exists only for a Scotch ear.

About the Frenchwoman, we agree in part with Mrs Meynell. There is no such pretty talk as that of a well-bred, well-educated French lady of the highest class. The delicate intonations that express so much, the liquid flow of the words, the innumerable *nuances* of tone and feeling, that put meaning into phrases even imperfectly understood in the ordinary sense, is a delight to the ear. But we doubt whether we should extend this praise to the conversation of a room full of Parisians in the warmth of talk, when tones are apt to get higher and utterance more rapid. The uneducated have often "voices like peacocks," as the late Lord Lytton unkindly and not very justly said of the Italians. Perhaps the wisest thing is always to avoid classifications, and allow the fact that in every nation now and then one meets with a delightful voice, the most ingratiating of social gifts, and can only be thankful for it when it comes, but can never be sure whether it will be German, or Scandinavian, or Italian, or French, or Scotch. The last, with its caressing tones and soft fallings and risings, has a right to be specially dear to 'Maga,' who accordingly makes Mrs Meynell her best curtsy.

But we fear we cannot recom-

mend her for the Laureateship all the same. There is in Mr Patmore's trumpet-blast in her favour a tone of not unnatural wrath: "If you have not the sense or understanding to see where that laurel should properly come, give it to a lady and be hanged to you! Nobody can feel injured by her promotion." This is what the poet seems to say: but perhaps we attribute the sentiment to him chiefly because of Mr Sargent's recent portrait, in which the singer of virtuous love has an air irate and indignant, the air *sdegnoso* of Dante, and

"S'ergea col petto e colla fronte
Come avesse," both a stupid world
and the laurel crown, "in gran
dispetto."

This is no doubt the painter's fault, who has imprinted a pugnacity upon the delicate features of the poet, which, so far as we are aware, has never got vent in verse, his proper medium. If Miss Christina Rossetti had lived, there might have been something not inappropriate in the appointment of the author of the *Madonna Innominata*, as the chief singer to a royal lady, whose memorial in poetic history will be, besides all her other honours, that of the most faithful and constant Lover and Wife. But there is no analogy between the elegant artist in words which Mrs Meynell has proved herself to be, and the Queen, whose simple style of her own has, in its rejection of all ornament, and in the homeliness, which is almost *recherché*, of its plain statements and transparent feeling, a force which the elaborate worker in a fine material can scarcely hope to attain. We have ourselves got a little tired, if truth must be told, of words. The Looker-on stands by and sees them pour out of the press in shallow rivers and floods,

till he is almost carried away by the stream. Style is a beautiful thing in its proper place. It is delightful when it clothes ideas, when it tells a story even, or makes the cadence of a fine thought dwell and linger on the ear. But when it is words, and not much more, the soul soon begins to sicken of it. Even Stevenson: and even Swinburne. If the dilutions in broken lines and in regular ones which are going on daily—especially of the former model—continue much longer, we shall probably be able to get it laid on in the most expensive houses, like the water which every dirty town is now bringing in, to the desolation of some mountain glen or other. Oh yes! we allow it is a fine thing, and perhaps justifiable on the greatest-happiness-of-the-greatest-number principle, to rob the lakes and the lochs for Manchester and for Glasgow; but in the spiritual point of view we would rather have the household well, even if a refuge for microbes, than the sparkle and the ripple which come from afar. Men will presently forget, and women also, at least those of a literary frame of mind, that the use of words is to say something. We used to believe in our dark days, those days for which we sometimes sigh, that canvas and paint were of use to express human meaning also: but that delusion is scattered to the winds. And it is a sign of the completest ignorance and poverty of soul to expect that Music should mean anything. "I would rather hear a fine air sung to Do, Re, Mi than to what you call words," said once a musician in our hearing. And now Words themselves are going the way of all the other fine materials. We look forward dolefully to the time when they shall be arranged

according to tone, and punctuated with pauses and musical rests instead of old-fashioned commas and colons. To follow the fashion to its end, we have no doubt the New Arts Club would like nothing better than to make its harmonies of colour and its learned brushwork independent of any image of anything that is in heaven or earth; so that we shall probably end by having picture-galleries, through which we shall walk untouched by any human similitude, where a learned and exquisite balance of lines and dots and splashes of pure or modified colour will stand instead of all the Madonnas; and listen to music in elaborate notes of mathematical combination; and read books in which Do, Re, Mi are sublimated into harmonies of syllable and letter; and nothing will mean anything any more.

This, however, is a great digression from the original point at which we began, which was an echo of the lament which unfortunate parents and guardians have to encounter from every schoolboy in holiday times, that there is "nothing to do." We have all been very badly off for something to amuse ourselves with for some time past. Since the elections, which were really too unanimous to be exciting, except for a day or two, there has been a reduction of interest everywhere about, which is very trying to the mind. There has not even been a sensational trial, not a mystery, not a piece of family trouble turned inside out for our amusement. The weather indeed has come to the front with a philanthropy which is truly remarkable. It furnished almost all the necessities of small talk in September—such weather, day rising after day in a serene splendour, too hot for July, without a drop of familiar rain, without a cloud—until in

our complete unpreparedness for anything of the kind we were disposed to wish even for the grimy vicissitude of a fog by way of breaking the spell. Then came October, with so many nights of consecutive frost as have not been known in London for—was it fifty years? That was a very noble effort on the part of the clerk of the weather, who is so much abused among us. Apple-blossoms and wild roses in the end of October—what does every one think of that? There is a still more wonderful sight to be seen, we hear, in all the boulevards and avenues of Paris, where against the shabby bare trees of other descriptions there rise the fresh green leaves and milky pinnacles of blossom of those famous Maronniers which it is the brag of the Parisian to say begin to come in March, but have had nothing to do with October in the memory of man. There is a fine subject, now, for superstitious fancy! The Looker-on had his boyish imagination much influenced in this way by a Swiss *bonne*, who was periodically saddened and depressed by the apparition upon an old apple-tree of one belated blossom in the fall of the year. We do not know if this is a common phenomenon, or if it was only that one gnarled and probably crabbed old grandfather of all the apples which put forth this sign of evil out of a spiteful desire to alarm and intimidate. It certainly frightened Julie almost out of her wits when it appeared: and we confess that the sinister speck of white at the end of a knotty and mossy bough used to fill our silent soul with a thrill of fear. It meant, Julie said, a death in the house. What, then, should all the chestnuts mean, which startle the tourist all along the Champs

Elysées and by the quays, with an ill-omened and unnatural look of spring? Do they mean war and slaughter? Do they mean a great overturn, either white or red? Perhaps they do not mean anything except that the summer was very warm, and lasted very long, and beguiled the silly trees out of their reckoning, making them to believe that for once in a way spring was coming after autumn, and winter was to be left out altogether. That may be all it means—or perhaps it may mean something else. We shall know when the time comes, but not before.

And in the meantime we have little or nothing to play with: there have been no pictures, there have been few books. And as for the theatre! For the people who want to escape from problems, or who have enough of them in the daytime without returning to such investigations in their moments of leisure, the theatre is becoming a species of lecture-hall too severe for the ordinary intellect. There is, to be sure, “*Trilby*,” which contains no particular problem—at least of morals; only a curious case of hypnotism or mesmerism, which is a problem completely adapted to the theatre, and good for all the uses of melodrama, whatever may be its other and more serious influences. “*Trilby*” is not perhaps to be judged by the usual rules of dramatic performance. It is not a play: it is an animated representation of a book which has taken possession of the public mind by one of those great accidental waves of impression which it is impossible to account for. We do not mean to deny that it has a great deal of talent beside, and gives an amusing and lifelike, if at the same time perfectly unreal and

ornamental, picture of a life which never loses its fascination for the public mind—a life in which men, and indeed women too, can live very merrily in the midst of all the immoralities and indecencies, yet remain delicate, generous, and pure. The great mass of readers like to believe this; and to prove it with a dazzle of special pleading is always a popular performance. Heaven knows, the life in the Quartier Latin is squalid and wretched enough; but youth redeems a great many things, and it is only fair that those who look back wistfully upon the time *quand j'avais vingt ans* should do their best to deck and glorify their poor companions who made so great a part of that gaiety. Trilby in herself is a much more natural creature than the Dame aux Camélias. Her little lapses into what we call vice are the lapses of an irresponsible being, perfectly ignorant, knowing no better, understanding that these belong to the common course of life. There is one of Gyp's heroines, we remember, who, anxiously desirous of getting herself into the divorce court, makes one or two attempts to do so, but retreats abashed, mourning over the extreme difficulty *de se mal-conduire*. But she was a lady, and had been trained more or less in another code. To Trilby *de se mal-conduire* is the natural condition of affairs, and her peccadilloes are like those of a boy—committed in the rush of high spirits and vital force, and easily pardoned all round. But she is not a character whom any young English actress could be expected to play. A much experienced woman, knowing all about it, might possibly strike the just note for such a fantastic yet attractive image; but never

any young person of suitable age and appearance, of whom the Latin quarter is not the natural home.

The Looker-on, discoursing from his own feeble instincts, had got thus far, when he suddenly encountered, as it were, in mid-path, one of those young lions of whom there has been lately so remarkable a resuscitation. We are obliged to confess that this young gentleman has driven Trilby out of our head, though it is his own audacious and dashing criticism upon Trilby which affords the occasion for these genial criticisms upon other gods and men, in which he is perhaps greater than in anything specially in hand. It goes without saying that "Trilby" the play is inadequate in every scene and detail; but 'Trilby' the book calls from our youthful friend a piece of criticism which is too delightful to be passed over. He has, as is perhaps natural, a great admiration for Mr Du Maurier; and yet we scarcely know why it should be natural, for Mr Du Maurier, though he writes in the nineties, writes of the sixties, that antediluvian period which to our youth is the age of unfelicity and darkness. It is natural enough, however, that the author of 'Trilby' should suggest Thackeray even to the recently awakened intelligence of youth. The primitive mind, which should recognise Mr Du Maurier as the first and original explorer of the Quartier Latin, would have an additional charm of freshness and originality which our young friend cannot claim. But wanting that supreme quality, he is nearly as delightful as it is possible for a new critic to be. There was once a time when it was Thackeray who was the god of the new critic, and when the so-called cynicism, the leer in the

eye, the tongue in the cheek, which were the vulgar symbols of that great man's mood, were esteemed the very height of advancedness and revolt against the commonplace world. But now Thackeray is nowhere, and it is Mr Du Maurier whose head strikes against the skies. "What Thackeray with his enslaved mind and clumsy hand tried to do in vain, is here brought happily off by the pleasantest of free-thinkers and the most charming of artists," says our young friend.

"Oddly enough, the successful artist has taken the unsuccessful one for his model, greatly improving upon him in every respect save one, to wit, honesty. Thackeray saved his reputation and forced his oppressive books, like sentences of penal servitude, on the reading public by telling the truth in spite of himself. He may protest against it, specially plead against it, exaggerate the extenuating circumstances, be driven into pessimism by it: but it comes raging and snivelling out of him all the same, within the limit of his sense of decency. He exhausts all his feeble pathos in trying to make you sorry for the death of Colonel Newcome, imploring you to regard him as a noble-hearted gentleman instead of an insufferable old fool, developing into a mischievous old swindler; but he gives you the facts about him faithfully. Nothing can be more pitiable than Thackeray chuckling over his poor little stroke of genius in making Becky Sharp admire Rawdon Crawley when he assaults Lord Steyne, in which stroke he shows about as much knowledge of Becky-Sharpness as Prosper Merimée's dragoon did when he went to Carmen to boast how he killed her hateful old husband-proprietor in single combat by a clever sword-thrust. 'You fool,' said Carmen, 'your thrust is all stuff. Why couldn't you buy me honestly? He'd have sold me for fifteen shillings.' Rawdon Crawley's figure would have been higher; but he would have sold Becky for all that."

We fear that the honest birch

has been sadly neglected in this young gentleman's education: yet perhaps it is not so—for it is beyond the omniscience even of a Head-master to divine how far can go the impudence of an impudent little boy. An enlightened fag-master, or even a big fag well brought up at home (though the latter might introduce a principle of insubordination not to be encouraged at school), who should have administered those kicks which temper paternal government, would perhaps have been the most effectual discipline. The "raging and snivelling" with which the truth comes out of the prince of English humourists: his "oppressive books, like sentences of penal servitude": this is something like forcible writing. It is a pleasure to hear it come foaming forth from this Bocca di Leone, the noble new fountain of enlightened criticism which the new editor of the renovated 'Saturday' has called forth like a greater Moses with a stroke from the rock. The reader in want of a sensation may now anticipate that festive day of publication with expectant joy. Almost every week some idol crumbles, some shrine goes down. The dust rises in clouds, and we never know by what street it may be safe to travel. It is curious, however, to find Thackeray figuring as the special butt of the new critic. Is it a piece of poetic justice because he was too good, too charitable, too lenient to all-presuming youth, with a perennial indulgence for the crow of the aspiring cockerel? It is all very funny, and gives us a malign enjoyment; but it is a pity all the same. It is fine, no doubt, to knock down the plaster images which represent our former deities, and shows a daring spirit; but a young man cuts a sorry figure when he is covered with the dust of these easy destructions. It is

not so very long ago (but perhaps too long for the recollection of our new iconoclasts) that a number of silly young men were sent down from Christ Church for throwing down the busts in the quadrangle. Nobody was the least sorry for these heroes, who perhaps felt themselves to be fine fellows, full of dash and daring, as long as the rage of destruction was on them, and the classic noses smashed on the pavements.

There is no more startling question in our day than the influence or popularity of certain books, to which the consideration of 'Trilby' naturally leads us. Much respect is paid to training nowadays in every way—Mr Louis Stevenson's very artificial mode of forming a style having become a sort of book of devotion and religious confession of faith to many people. But here is the extraordinary spectacle of an artist absolutely untrained in that line of art, whose education and development have been entirely directed towards another, but who suddenly arises, when no longer young or pliable, and takes up the pen, the unused implement, and—steps at once to the heights of fame. There is so little sense of proportion in the critics of the day that perhaps some one will suggest that Scott did the same, as a forerunner of Mr Du Maurier. We decline, however, to take that case into consideration. Mr Du Maurier has never laid down his pencil; he has had no time to take much thought of his writing, or of that skilful balance of words which is so much sought after by some. Neither can we say that Mr Du Maurier's subjects have been studied. They are wild as fairy tales, and as entirely free of any consideration of probability, &c. His dream-duchess, his Parisian model, are alike creatures of

the air, having no standing-ground, whether barefooted or in embroidered shoon, upon the natural earth. Yet he has conquered in a moment a popularity which extends to two worlds, which has run over all English-speaking countries like a flame, and which has made him, if not the teacher, at least the entertainer and minstrel of thousands, perhaps millions of people. On the other hand, there is Mrs Humphry Ward, who is exactly the reverse in every way of this extraordinary, spontaneous, yet so long-repressed power. That lady is the impersonation of literary care and conscience, laborious as George Eliot, painstaking as our old beloved but half-forgotten Charles Reade, "getting up" every detail of her work, her *mise en scène*, her personages in every minute particular which can be seen from outside, the very dialect of her inferior characters, with a devotion which is almost pedantic—putting an amount of learning, the quality of which we do not vouch for, but which has evidently been most painfully and carefully acquired, into the books which, for want of a better name, we call novels—which might have sufficed for a philosophical dictionary or any other great laborious work. On the face of things, a musing Looker-on would have said, in view of the overwhelming popularity of Mr Du Maurier, that Mrs Ward must be entirely out of the field. But there never could have been a greater mistake: for if there is any one who keeps Mr Du Maurier from soaring to unparalleled heights, and, in the language of a quite other sphere, beating the record, it is Mrs Ward, who is to him as water is to fire, an entirely contradictory element.

But this is not all. Let us

lead to the front of the stage, with a deeper amazement still imprinted upon our brows, a third figure, smiling, making her curtsy, blowing kisses to the enchanted audience—Miss Marie Corelli. The puzzled Looker-on is not aware whether this lady has ever studied anything in earth or heaven. He thinks probably not, seeing that her themes are such as the uninstructed dare splendidly, but those who have learned even a little, or read anything, have sufficient respect for human sentiment not to touch. Human sentiment, quotha! respect for sacred themes! Miss Marie Corelli's 'Barabbas' has sold—how many million copies? heaven (or another place) and the publisher alone knows.

Here the reader will probably sympathise with, or at all events pity and understand, the bewilderment of the Looker-on. If Mr Du Maurier, why Mrs Humphry Ward? and if either of them, why Miss Marie Corelli? We are capable of asking the question with a much perturbed mind, and no gleam even of intelligence in our troubled gaze into the mysteries of that Public which eludes our best understanding,—but we leave it to some one better inspired to answer. The reader will probably say that there are a great many Publics, and that each has its special favourite, which is not, however, a very satisfactory reply. Excellent Public! it knows what it likes, it may well reply, and no power can compel it to render a reason—which is perfectly true. But we repeat, If Mr Du Maurier, why Mrs Ward? if Mrs Ward, why Miss Marie Corelli? This is a greater problem than any problem play. We know all about and are heartily sick of the woman who would and who wouldn't, who can't, and who did, and all the rest

of it. Let them do their little possible, in heaven's name, and not insist in telling us the nauseous details. Do they, for example, think there is anything new in them? But here, we think, is a problem which is quite new. We are not aware that it ever existed before (if that is possible, for the thing that has been is that that shall be through all time),—certainly it never, at least, was so evident or so dark. If Mr Du Maurier, why, &c., &c.—we will not repeat the formula. We are almost disposed, after the fashion of the children's magazines, to offer the prize of a copy of each author's productions to the gentle reader who will throw some light upon a fact so bewildering.

There have been various discussions lately, in the idle season, as to the pernicious influence of Penny or of Shilling Shockers upon the mind of the time. Was that dreadful little boy, for instance, who killed his mother, moved to that act by the Bloody Barber or any other production of the cheap literature of crime? or is it Mr Grant Allen's story which has inspired the resolution of the young lady at Battersea who has been such a godsend to all the newspapers? We must say that we have no faith in any such influence. We do not believe that all the enchanting adventures of all the highwaymen, who indeed are a very seductive kind of criminal, could lead away one honest lad from the paths of virtue and the obedience of the law: though we recollect the time when 'Dick Turpin' was supposed to account for every juvenile depravity. A healthy boy would naturally love to produce delicious terror in a guilty soul by the sudden production of a pistol and a "Your money or your life!" but it would be, at the worst, in the vein of Robin

Hood, not in that of Turpin or Duval. And to break prison would be a joy for ever, but it would have to be in the noble person of the falsely accused; the sensations of the natural boy thus crime-struck, when he felt in his pocket the first purse that was not his, would be an effectual soberer of the imagination, as well as a fine subject for the moral analysis in which our age delights. Besides all this, we feel sure that there is no Penny Shocker in existence which is not strong on the domestic affections. The costermonger may jump on his mother in the fiction of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, but we may be assured that no such thing would be possible in the genuine diction of the Music Hall. The Bloody Barber always comes to condign punishment, and only virtue is triumphant when the curtain falls. The inexplicable and horrible child of the newspapers would raise as much horror in these regions as in any other, and would be considered as much beyond the range of fancy by the author of that *chef-d'œuvre* of literature as by the most superfine story-teller of the higher Art.

In the case of the young lady it is perhaps different—for, to be sure, a girl with opinions is the most hopeless member of society, and more wholly beyond the reach of conviction than any other human creature conceivable. She has no experience, no sense of responsibility, not even the unescapable conviction, which the dullest man gets into him one way or another, that she will have to stand upon what she does, and answer for it, and brave its punishment. It is involved in every romance, and especially those that are of the highest virtue, that the woman escapes somehow and does not pay the penalty. We say this not-

withstanding the universal clamour of the other opinion that she pays it more bitterly than her companion. In the present case the girl has of course the unalterable conviction that amid all the unfaithful heroes of the world her particular man will be the one who will never forsake the woman of his choice: and perhaps she may be right—for the vagaries of humanity are to be found on the virtuous as well as on the vicious side. Anyhow, we may be certain that the girl in question is sure of it: all (she is sure) will go well with her; the stars in their courses will fight for her that she may escape all penalties. Such was the conviction of Mrs Ward's Marcella, who, we think it very probable, is much more the inspiration of Miss Edith Lanchester than the heroine of Mr Grant Allen. That young lady is not made to pay for her folly: she gets out of all her scrapes in the most perfect way. People die or change their minds, or accept her pretty caprices as if she were a Faun, or the sweet creature, inaccessible to reason, adorable in folly, who was the heroine of fifty years ago. This, we should think, is much more at the bottom of feminine absurdities of that description than any daring innovator like Mr Grant Allen. The woman does pay for it in the end, and often bitterly enough: but she never believes that she will. The boy knows somehow that he will have to bear the brunt; the girl believes that by some happy chance she will be delivered out of it. If we could once convince her of this rule of Providence, there are a great many foolish things that she would not do. Poor Mary Wollstonecraft was of the same opinion as Miss Edith Lanchester. She would not marry, not believing in or approving of

marriage; and the end of it was that she was left stranded in Paris with an unfortunate baby, and had a very miserable time of it till Godwin, who did not approve of marriage either, yet had some sense of justice in his brain of steel, took her up and made, as people then said, an honest—certainly not a happy—woman of her. In the meantime it is a curious question whether anything, either fact or argument, will be enough to quench the determination of a young person who is at once a Socialist and a Woman. We very much doubt whether anything will do it; for, naturally, nothing will ever persuade such a one that it is within the sphere of possibility that she might be wrong. Nor will she believe that if she should be wrong—were such a contingency within the range of things possible—it is inevitable that she would have to pay for it. More likely by far that the world should be turned upside-down and all the experience of man prove folly and delusion.*

Not long since we read a paper in a Review of high reputation upon the opposite side of the question—namely, how it was that women bore a heavier penalty than men for sins of a certain kind. The writer ingeniously argued the reason to be that marriage was in reality the woman's only standing-ground in the world; that by her natural skill and cleverness she long ago made it to be felt by man that she would only sell him the very best of her at this price; that accordingly every woman who sold herself at a less price was guilty of the most fatal high treason to her kind, opening the way to an absolute reduction of their position from that of partner and joint-possessor to that of slave and bondswoman—a view which perhaps may be a little startling

generally to the ladies who disapprove of legal unions. The writer, however, added a corollary which was still more startling, and calculated to make any bystander, unconcerned in the question, open wide eyes of wonder. Almost every man, he said, after, say, twenty years of marriage, would be very glad of the chance of getting something younger and more entertaining to take the place of the middle-aged woman that owned him—and would do so infallibly if she had not secured beforehand that she did own him, and that nothing could free him from her. This is a stimulating, exciting view of the circumstances, which, if generally realised, would bring about a very lively state of feeling in many households. To the Looker-on, safe in the security of his solitude, the prospect was highly comic: which was not perhaps the light in which it would strike the married. He pictured to himself, not the wrath of the lady, which is what most spectators would dwell on—but the exceeding discomposure and embarrassment of the respectable Paterfamilias put in sudden possession of such a privilege. We beheld in imagination the countenance of a certain friend of our own when this breaking up of his household and disruption of his life was suggested to him. It would no doubt be highly comic to the Looker-on; and the position to the outraged wife on her pinnacle of wrong, with her children indignant and furious round her, would at least be picturesque and exciting if tragical;—but the unhappy man! To imagine him plucked out of his home, flung upon the world at his age to seek a new mate among the scoffing girls who would laugh at him to his face! Poor old Smith! The thought of his astonished, troubled countenance,

the tragical confusion of all his habits, subdued the laughter which so ridiculous a situation inevitably called forth. The Reviewer who made so suggestive a statement made it, we presume, in earnest; and we commend it to some of those clever people who are fond of imagining the state of affairs that will ensue when the woman is the predominant partner, and the man plays the rôle of the wife in the affairs of the world. There is a great deal to be got out of this other idea, both of tragedy and comedy, especially the latter. And the position would be new, which is a great matter: usually, we are afraid, those imaginations that deal with the developments of the twentieth century are not at all new.

Apart from these little *divertissements* of popular fancy, Literature, let us be thankful, has now begun to lift up the head which is so heavily bowed down in the holiday season. We are inclined to believe that this is something of a mistake; for if ever books were wanted for the sustenance and support of the spirit of man, it is in the month, let us say, of September, when already the evenings are long, and unless he has been shooting all day, or climbing mountains, or engaged in some other violent physical exercise which is not within the reach of all of us, the hours after dinner hang very heavy on hand. We cannot easily conceive anything more deplorable than those evening hours in the hired house to which a family generally expatriates itself if it has not a country mansion, or a Highland home, or some other agreeable variety of its own, in the months of August and September. It is only less miserable than the *banal* desert of a hotel in the same circumstances, when the misery of having nothing to do is emphasised

by having nothing to fall back upon, not even a customary occupation or the dullest of society. The nights are cold up among the hills and on the sea-beach; there is not always a moon; the young people, if they have not the where-withal to make love, are duller even than their parents. And this is the moment, above all others, when the cheerful labours of the printing-press are suspended, and nothing new is to be looked for! If there should by chance be anything fresh from the press, it is, according to the whim of these conceitful days, a bit of a volume which is no more than a mouthful to a hearty reader. Our personal comfort has been swamped, as is generally the custom nowadays, for the convenience of the shopkeeper, who dictates fashion to suit his own convenience—in books, as in everything else, and has been weakly given into by everybody but the heroic Miss Braddon, to whom we wish more power to her elbow for this as for many other reasons. Where now are the three volumes, over which we used once so delightfully to quarrel, and which when distributed occupied happily three persons? What anxious questions came from the reader of the first volume; what dignified reserve and self-control in the utterances of her who held the third. The one who was to be pitied was he or she who had the second volume; but there was solace even in the bewilderment of being obliged to guess what it was all about. The stories now, alas! are stories which can be swallowed at a sitting; and generally they have no end to them, but leave us confused in all our speculations as to what this or that can mean. It may be fine art, but it is not such satisfactory reading. Mr Darwin, we remember, whose name still tells for

something, only thought a novel worth reading when it ended happily. What would he have said to those that do not end at all?

It is not, however, the perennial novel, the diversion which is most dear to the hard-worked statesman or musing philosopher, and to the poor seamstress over her tea,—which is one of the best things that can be said for any book,—over which we are beginning to rejoice as the early fruits of the publishing season begin to come in. They come to us, in the first place, under the pleasant aspect of two old friends; and we should like—or rather we should not like, if such an ugly dream could ever be realised—to see the company in which the arrival of “Shirley”—to give him the familiar name which he seems to prefer—and Mr Alfred Austin would not make a stir and a brightness. For politeness, and because we are less intimately acquainted with the poet in these northern regions, we give the *pas* to Mr Austin,¹ who, before the winter has finally set in, and while still the trees are in their glory, leads us back in his delightful way into that Garden which we all love. It has changed hands, that refuge of the Muses, for which we are a little doubtful whether we are pleased or not. Things were very well as they were. Marriage (to which the Looker-on has been made to devote so much of his attention) has no doubt its attractive sides. But when it comes into a select little society who were very well indeed as they were, we do not hesitate to say that it is sometimes a Bore—and we have ourselves a great weakness for the occasional household here and there where the master and mistress are brother and sister

instead of husband and wife. It is a delightful relationship, and it is one by which nobody is made to feel as if he were left out in the cold. We feel the faintest shadow of this sentiment in respect to Veronica and her wedded poet. The gentle gardener and whilom ruler of the domain withdraws when the husband comes home, in the delicacy of his feelings, to permit the Pair to have their Paradise to themselves; and we feel vaguely for him what he does not seem to feel for himself—a faint regret. And Veronica is less sympathetic in her character of chief caretaker and worshipper of the Spouse, who has changed rôles with the former Master of the Flowers. But it is a regret which he does not show himself, and neither Veronica’s careful housewifery nor her diverted thoughts excludes or touches himself in his peaceful empire. And what a wonderful empire it is! how green, how flowery! with the great oak-tree throwing immemorial shadow, and the kindly flowers growing in the grass all about it, which we remember was many a year ago our own childish conception of pure delight. Of nothing does Mr Austin muse more delightfully than about this tree. It is “the youngest thing within sight,” he says, “and its newly woven canopy is so dense that it conceals from view what ruined branches I begged to be allowed to spare, knowing that they alone will make the woodpecker and the tree-creeper faithful to the spot,” although “its trunk must have felt the suns and have received the rains of a thousand years.” “They all laugh at me,” he continues, “when I produce my evidence for the belief I have not the slightest

¹ Veronica’s Garden. By Alfred Austin. Macmillan & Co.

intention of abandoning, that it was under this particular oak Alfred held his Witan,"—"at the Hundred-Tree of Swinbeorh, where he made provision for the children of his brother Ethelred."

"But no one could quarrel with me for being arrested by the fitful glimpses of the garden I now obtained through its curving branches, and still more by the irregularly dotted groups of flowers, both wild and cultivated, that grew in full beauty under its protecting shade. The world contains no fairer sight than breadths of bluebells under a newly burgeoned forest-tree; and if the tree be high to some human dwelling and on the fringe of a comely garden, the effect is magical to the sensitive gaze. Here there were groups of bluebells, or wild hyacinths rather, blue, pink, and white; here were tufts of the Poet's Narcissus, little colonies of columbine, white, purple, and yellow; here were the yet green spears of the daffodil leaves, whose golden flowers had passed away; and these gay denizens of May seemed to live and breathe and have their being under the paternal protection of the colossal patriarch that stooped over them so tenderly."

This is winter, alas! but once it was spring; and does not the reader feel the airs of May, the scent of the sweet narcissus, most heavenly of flowers, the flood of golden daffodils under that ever-verdant shade? We do—with a little sense of envy on account of another old tree we know, a glorious hulk of an old oak, no longer with curving boughs to invite the birds or protect the flowers, an old hoary tower of vegetation, immortal as the rock, still covering itself with greenest green and brown-pink tips of foliage, still taking

the trouble to bear its crop of acorns for an ungrateful world, but lopped of branch and shadow in a way that would bring a groan from Mr Austin's sympathetic bosom. We should like to lead the poet (by which we mean not the Poet *en titre*, who has more or less usurped the place) to see the Conqueror's Oak, and shed a tribute of tears at his neglected feet, down to the very roots of which the outraged yet patient sap has descended, clothing them in the young foliage which ought to have fluttered on great branches between us and the sky. Many a pilgrimage have we led to that discrowned but proudly uncomplaining monarch; but we did not know how cruelly he had been treated till we read Mr Austin's beautiful account of his happier brother. *N.B.*—Ours is the older brother of the two, we are ready to stake our honour.

Is it true that the Maker of the Garden is to have the laureate's crown, as people say? We think it must be true; and that Her most Sacred Majesty,

"Sitting in a purple shade
By a bower of roses made,"

at Frogmore, in the morning, before her royal day's work has begun, must have found this book lying at her hand, and felt its mingled prose and verse to be irresistible. It is just the book to lie in the embrasure of the window looking out upon a garden full of tangled sweetness, where lilies have lifted their tall heads, and roses blown from the beginning of time.

If it is not from a garden, it is from a glen that Shirley¹ uplifts a voice which, when he pleases, is

¹ The Table-Talk of Shirley. Reminiscences of and Letters from Froude, Thackeray, Disraeli, Browning, Rossetti, Kingsley, Baynes, Huxley, Tyndall, and Others. By John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

scarcely less poetical than Mr Austin's. It is about men that he professes to tell us, but we do not think he is ever more excellent than when he, too, lightly sketches in the surroundings of his hermitage, and introduces to our ken the creatures that are in the woods and the burn, the gay and simple-hearted and wise and cunning communities which flourish out of doors, and have no lore but that, so varied and so wonderful, which nature teaches them. "There is only a single field," he says, "between us and a great city."

"But our ivy-clad glen is still populous with the shy tenantry of the woods, and as I stroll up the avenue on my way to the day's work I hear the wildfowl splashing in the burn, and bright eyes look at me through the leaves. . . . This green hollow between the hills is, as Mr Courthope might say, *The Paradise of Birds*. Our wood is hardly so thick and tangled as that which enclosed *The Sleeping Beauty*; but within the charmed circle all these shy sensitive bright-eyed flighty creatures feel that they are safe."

The water-hens in this secluded paradise are as full of character and interest as if they had been philosophers and historians ten times over; and we confess that we dwell upon them with even more pleasure than upon the friends more elevated in the scale of being about whom Mr Skelton has so many pleasant things to say. They are passing or have passed away, so many of them, who have helped to make the age of Victoria illustrious, that the heart of the survivor is very soft towards their beloved memories; but perhaps we are still so near to them that there is a little want of perspective, and in view, for instance, of such a lovable and genial personality as Thomas Spencer Baynes, many readers

will be tempted to look up and say, If he were all this, how is it that we know so little of him? which would be a just remark—as also Mr Skelton's admiration and praise is perfectly just.

The most important of these glimpses of notable men is that of Froude, of whom we are told there is to be no biography, so that Mr Skelton's sketch and the extracts of letters by which it is accompanied will probably be as much as we are likely to have for a long time at least. That brilliant personage, with all his personal fascination, and all the curious twists of a mind which was not in character any more than in power like other men's, is no favourite of ours. We think we could show, were we so minded, various tokens of those failings in respect to truth and power of conveying a wrong impression, which were as characteristic of him as his brilliant eyes and style, and personal delightfulness, even in a picture so enthusiastic in friendship as that of Mr Skelton; but we refrain, for it is not our part to examine and elucidate these books, but simply to glance at and offer a momentary commentary upon them, as on any other event of the day. More to our mind is the description of Dizzy, that curious Asian mystery of a man, of whom it is so difficult, at least as yet, to attain any distinct knowledge. It is not perhaps a very great deal that Mr Skelton has to tell; but so little has any one to tell that this is very interesting. To hear, by his own report, that his old wife and he "danced a jig in their bedroom" out of pure pleasure with their reception in Edinburgh is funny enough. But Mr Skelton's description is striking:—

"With his olive complexion and coal black eyes, and the mighty dome

of his forehead (no Christian temple be sure), he is unlike any living creature one ever met. I had never seen him in daylight before, and daylight accentuates the strangeness. The face is more like a mask than ever, and the division between him and mere mortals more marked. I would as soon have thought of sitting down at table with Hamlet or Lear, or the Wandering Jew. They say, and say truly enough, what an actor the man is! and yet the ultimate impression is of absolute sincerity and unreserve. Grant Duff will have it that he is an alien. What's England to him or he to England? There is just where they are wrong. Whig or Radical or Tory don't matter much perhaps: but this mightier Venice, this Imperial Republic on which the sun never sets—that vision fascinates him or I am much mistaken. England is the Israel of his imagination, and he will be the Imperial Minister before he dies."

This was written in 1867, so it was fairly prophetic. We quote it as a very vivid little character-sketch, not blurred in any line by too much enthusiasm of friendship, which perhaps might be a little the case with some other of the sketches. The best as well as the longest of these *aperçus* is, no doubt, that of Mr Froude; but then the Looker-on, who pretends to no sort of celestial impartiality, is free to say that he does not love Mr Froude.

We like the idea of a band of friends standing by each other in life, loyally vouching for each other to the last; the survivor, who has won his survivorship by the fact, among other things, that he was too young to begin with for such a confraternity, telling with a warmth which has something to do with that fact, their glories and excellences. It is a pretty variety upon the other way of presenting a man's worst aspect to the cynical world, as soon as he has gone out of it, with the pretence that he can only gain by

the truth—*i.e.*, the process by which an occasional angry mood is made to appear the constant characteristic of a life. But Mr Skelton is one of the men of whom it is good to be the friend. He sees the noble more keenly than the ignoble, and throws a glamour around him from his friendly eyes which adds to the stature, and glorifies the vision: may we say perhaps a little too much for the sober standard of the living day, especially in his references to friends who still survive. Of Mrs Oliphant, for instance, about whom, without any special reason for it, a good deal is said, we cannot but feel that it is a sort of official position she has, as the one novelist among a certain group of well-remembered figures, which has gained her so much pleasant mention—with the sentiment that after all one's own neighbour, though a poor thing, sir, is nevertheless one's own.

Shirley has had his adventures in his day, though we find him early in the happy position of entertaining and being entertained by the best men of his time. He made the warlike *début*, familiar to so many Scotch periodical writers, in the pages of a wild quixotic newspaper, instituted, with much courage but less capital, for the laudable purpose of driving out the Whigs from Edinburgh; the programme of which was that the lion should lie down with the lamb, and Tory and Radical embrace each other; and "every paradox, theory, and superstition" be preached freely, so long as that common enemy was shut out. "To Shirley, the department entitled 'Things in General' was intrusted, and in the audacity of one-and-twenty he hit so hard all round that more than once the coach threatened to upset." When he came to defend "bribery and corruption on the ground that

if the franchise were an inalienable right, a man was entitled to do what he liked with his own," this strain of fine satirical hyperbole proved too much for the paper and its editor. Then the wild-eyed youth flew off from his native heath to the heterodox band of Fraser, once the rival *en titre*, if never very much in reality, of this present 'Maga,' where many wild doctrines were broached and abundance of extravagant talk poured forth upon the world, including, let us do the opposition establishment justice, the wonderful fooling and noble eloquence of the "Philosophy of Clothes." Many other good things had Fraser: we would not do an honest foe, especially one whose sober age was all friendship and amity, the slightest wrong. This, however, will account for any little divergencies from the most perfect standard in the case of young Shirley, who, had he been better advised, would naturally have kept all his plums for his own native cake, and not wasted them upon the pock-pudding of the Southron—a lesson, however, which maturity has taught. It is curious to inquire why in Scotland we all begin fighting, as if by instinct and some ante-natal tendency. The 'Edinburgh Review' meant nothing if not revolt and slaughter of everybody all around. 'Maga' came into the world brandishing a shining blade, and leaving traces of bloodshed whenever she walked abroad; and Mr Skelton's newspaper, as he tells us, carried out the national tradition and hit so hard as nearly to upset the coach. And yet what a douce and canny people we are, how serious, how unapt to commit ourselves!—or so at least outsiders say.

There are now a great many

people about the world who begin to think that they have heard almost too much of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Looker-on is almost ashamed to say it: his heart tugs at his judgment and thumps it with the sudden strong beat of remorse; but it is true. We have read the sentiment on many faces; we have heard it in many tones. We like the idea, as we have just said, of a band of friends—but the band must not be too large or too exuberant in speech. And we have heard so much of him, a man whom everybody liked and many loved, and whom, alas! many more were fain to brag that they knew, and prone to drag themselves into notice by his coat-tails. And the result is a certain instinctive retreat and pause now before the sight of his name. But it cannot be said that Mr Colvin was otherwise than well advised in publishing the unconsidered wildness of these letters, the curious record of a strange life, the trivial details even, which are mingled with so many fine thoughts.¹ It is not a book to read through at a sitting, yet it is evidently a perfect transcript of a life strange in all its circumstances, yet so completely genuine as not to be strange at all in its vivid, familiar, easy picture of the life so suddenly interrupted. Glancing into this book is like opening the door and looking in upon the life. The record is sometimes hasty, bare, and prosaic, almost flippant. There is no particular reason in heaven or earth why this, for instance, should be printed:—

"For near a fortnight I did not go beyond the verandah: then I found my rush of work run out, and went down for the night to Apia; put in Sunday afternoon with our consul, a 'nice young man,' dined with my friend H. J. Moors in the evening,

¹ Vailima Letters. London: Methuen.

went to church no less, at the white and half-white church. I had never been before, and was much interested: the woman I sat next looked a full-blooded native, and it was in the prettiest and readiest English that she sang the hymns; back to Moors', where we yarned of the islands, being both wide wanderers, till bed-time; bed, sleep, breakfast, horse saddled; round to the mission to get Mr Clarke to be my interpreter; over with him to the King's, whom I have not called upon since my return; received by that mild old gentleman; had some interesting talk with him about Samoan superstitions and my land, the scene of a great battle in his youth; back with Clarke to the mission; had a bit of lunch, and consulted over a queer bit of missionary policy just arisen; then off up the hill."

There was nothing to be gained by publishing this, and many other pages of the same kind; but then mixed up and indivisible from them is the following, and much more of the same kind. One mid-day at home he was indisposed for work, or had finished a chapter, and out he goes, though with a knife which hurts his hand, to work at a road which he is making single-handed.

"I want it to burst on the public complete. Hence with devilish ingenuity I begin it at different places; so that if you stumble on one section you may not even then suspect the fulness of my labours.

"A strange business it was, and infinitely solitary. Away above, the sun was in the high tree-tops; the lianas noosed and tried to hang me; the saplings struggled and came up with that sob of death one gets to know so well; great soft sappy trees fell at a lick of the cutlass, little tough switches laughed at and dared my best endeavours. Soon toiling down in that pit of verdure I heard blows on the far side, and then laughter. I confess a chill settled on my heart. Being so dead alone in a place where by rights nobody should be beyond me, I was aware, upon interrogation, if those blows had drawn

nearer I should (of course quite unaffectedly) have executed a strategic movement to the rear. And only the other day I was lamenting my insensibility to superstition! Am I beginning to be sucked in? Shall I become a midnight twitterer like my neighbours? At times I thought the blows were echoes; at times I thought the laughter was from birds: for our birds are strangely human in their calls. . . . My long silent contests in the forest have had a strange effect on me. The unconcealed vitality of these vegetables, their exuberant numbers and strength, the attempts—I can use no other word—of lianas to enwrap and capture the intruder, the awful silence, the knowledge that all my efforts are only, like the performance of an actor, the thing of a moment, and the wood will silently and slowly heal them up with fresh effervescence; the cunning sense of tiutui (sensitive plant), suffering itself to be touched with wind-swayed grasses and not minding, but let the grass be moved by a man and it shuts up: the whole silent battle, murder, and slow death of the contending forest—weigh upon the imagination."

And here is a sketch of that sensitive plant which he hates, "our deadliest enemy," which "a fool brought into this island in a pot, and used to lecture and sentimentalise over the tender thing."

"The tender thing has now taken charge of this island, and men fight it with torn hands for bread and life. A singular insidious thing, shrinking and biting like a weasel, clutching by its roots as a limpet clutches to a rock. Tiutui is a truly strange beast, and gives food for thought. I am nearly sure—I cannot yet be quite, I mean to experiment when I am less on the hot chase of the beast—that even at the moment he shrivels up his leaves, he strikes his prickles downward so as to catch the uprooting finger; instinctive, say the gabies: but so is man's impulse to strike out. One thing that takes and holds me is to see the strange variation in the propagation of alarm among these rooted beasts. At times it spreads to a radius (I speak by the guess of the

eye) of five or six inches; at times only one individual plant appears frightened at a time. We tried how long it took one to recover: 'tis a sanguine creature: it is all abroad again before two minutes. It is odd how difficult it is in this world to be armed. The double armour of this plant betrays it. In a thick tuft where the leaves disappear I thrust in my hand, and the bite of the thorns betrays the topmost stem. In the open again, and when I hesitate if it be clover, a touch on the leaves, and its fine sense and retractile action betrays its identity at once. Yet it has one gift incomparable. Rome had virtue and knowledge: Rome perished. The sensitive plant has indigestible seeds, so they say—and it will flourish for ever."

Thus the man of genius babbles, sometimes grave and sometimes gay, his monologue varied from heavenly things to things terrestrial, often merry among his "boys," "bossing the labourers," putting every one of them into an acute small picture of the finest touches of character, sometimes stern and angry *aux prises* with that determined nature which resists all his endeavours, and would swallow him as it swallows a stone, and moss him over, and bind him down, if he did not set his teeth and fight with every faculty that God has given him. The tale is often trivial, often solemn; but there is the interest of abounding, exulting, conquering life in every tone. It is such a spectacle as cannot but attract the attention even of the careless. We watch his struggles, and the angry plant, the "rooted beast," that fights him tooth and nail, not without bloodshed, and hold our breath. The man wins, but only by the sweat of his brow, and all the passion of his soul. Does he win? Never was there a problem in which a deeper question was involved! Was he

better fighting thus, with his teeth set, against the forces of nature, or fighting in another way, with endless patience and cheerfulness and vigour, those other secret forces that sap the life unseen? It was as if the doom had gone forth, the sentence had been given; and if he escaped one class of pursuers, another in ambush waited for him grimly till he should reach the point at which their hidden band lay under covert. This is how, when the hour approached, that which was mortal in him began to groan, being burdened, and to divine the enemy who was on his track. It is the last letter of the series:—

"I know I am at a climacteric for all men who live by their wits, so I do not despair. But the truth is, I am pretty nearly useless at literature, and I will ask you to spare St Ives when it goes to you: it is a sort of Count Robert of Paris. No toil has been spared on the ungrateful canvas; and it *will not* come together, and I must live and my family. Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest commonplace trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during these ill years. But do not suppose me to be down in anything else; only for the nonce my skill deserts me, such as it is, or was. It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry. So far I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article, and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys: with these *incipit et explicit* my vogue. I do not think it is possible to have fewer illusions than I. I sometimes wish I had more. They are amusing. But I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are so obvious. I did take myself seriously as a workman of old, but my position

has fallen off. I am now an idler and cumberer of the ground. . . .

"I am in my place once more and very much inclined for a chat. The exact subject I do not know. It will be bitter at least, and that is strange, for my attitude is essentially not bitter; but I have come into these days when a man sees above all the seamy side, and I have dwelt some time in a small place, where he has an opportunity of reading little motives that he would miss in the great world, and indeed to-day I am almost inclined to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my ears, unfriendly trifles from the least to the—well, to the pretty Big. All these that touch me are Pretty Big; and yet none touch me in the least, if rightly looked at, except the one eternal burden to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years and allow the sainted public to support me—if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go just! But we can't have both extremes at once, worse luck! I should like to put my savings into a proprietary investment and retire in the meanwhile into a communistic retreat, which is double dealing. But you men with salaries, don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind."

These were the clouds that surged across his mind as he went on to that unsuspected place where the assassins were lurking. He had no fear of them nor suspicion, but his mind was in a cheerful despair, with a sense of coming to an end. Not long after his steps reached the fatal covert. Here is the record:—

"On the last day of his life he was seen gazing long and wistfully at the mountain summit which he had chosen to be his burial-place. Towards the evening he was talking gaily to his wife, and trying to reassure her under the sense of coming calamity which oppressed her, when the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain laid him, almost in a

moment, unconscious at her feet; and before two hours were over, he had passed away."

Happy poet, blessed dreamer! without a touch or a thought of man's mortality. The stab in the dark was so effectual, dealt by Him who had the right, that he never knew—but wondered over it no doubt, and understood the mystery as soon as he got There.

For there is a very wonderful and startling postscript to this story of life and death, one which for the present we have to take on Mr Sidney Colvin's word, though without a doubt of its perfect good faith:—

"It was not in vain," he says, "that his islanders called him Tusi-tala. Teller of tales he had been first and foremost from his childhood; seer into the hearts and fates of men and women he was growing to be more and more. The time was now ripe, had only the strength sufficed, for his career as creative writer to enter upon a new and ampler phase. The fragment on which he wrought during the last month of his life gives to my mind (as it gave to his own) for the first time the full measure of his powers; and if in the literature of romance there is to be found work more masterly, of more piercing human insight, or more concentrated imaginative vision and beauty, I do not know it."

What then? was this the conclusive cheat of awful, yet also spiteful, envious, and horrible fate? Let who will think so, there is a way more plain, more honest, we think far more reasonable, containing in it all consolation, as well as that pledge of fulfilment and accomplishment for which every human soul longs, yet rarely attains. The accomplishment perhaps was too much for him, for earth: he had to be called in a hurry, that ever-cheerful workman, who had never ceased to put his

talent to usury as best he could—recalled, let us rather say, in haste, to get it out, in the true atmosphere where all things noble come to their full development, and where perfection is possible. The thorns might have caught it and torn it, and nature, so sternly set to test the courage and the heart by every hindrance, have strangled with a fierce but flowery climber, or entangled in an angry thicket, the child of heaven,—Up with him in haste, to utter the perfect word in the land to which perfection belongs!

The Looker-on has many foolish things to note and record. It is perhaps his *rôle* to deal with lighter subjects; yet he cannot but see here and there another kind of scene. And account for them?—how, if not this way? The book of these letters is the last record of an ending life—there is no token of ending in it. That soul had no mind to end, whoever might: it had no movement towards a conclusion. Sick was it not, nor sore, nor failing. Whatever annoyance there had been in temporary failure, that sensation had disappeared in the new spring of energy and grace in which he had begun to mark “the full measure of his power.” The machinery of the body went out of order somehow, being always of frail construction, and the outer life stopped, like a watch with a broken mainspring. But the soul was never of frail constitution: it was not out of order, but living, active, gay. It is seldom one finds such an object-lesson, written, we say with reverence, by the very hand of God. If that broken blood-vessel destroyed the brilliant, audacious, playful spirit which had never veiled its courage for any pain or suffering, why, then, everything we have ever believed or hoped in,

or got word of, whether by divine or human means, must be untrue. Such knowledge is too high for us; yet we have seldom been more deeply moved than by this picture, and the keen swift edge of conviction and certainty that is in it. There are many things in St Paul’s writings in which he describes what he believes and bids us do likewise: but there is one in which, with all the intense meaning of the words, he says *WE KNOW*.

To leave this too serious strain, however, here is a little book—there are nothing but little books nowadays, as we have elsewhere moaned—of the lightest fantastic humour, touched here and there with the gravest edge of thought, the musing and the mystery of things. It is not perhaps an entirely new idea to bring an angel down out of the infinite, into the confusing limitations of human beliefs and affairs. One of our earliest recollections is Miss Jane Taylor’s story, delightful to our childish ear, though saddened by the too evangelical (what a misnomer! but we use it as the symbol of a sect) gloom of the conclusion, “How it Strikes a Stranger”—in which a delightful stray from heaven, after various pleasant wanderings over earth and its concerns, catches sight of a churchyard, and thereupon gives himself up to the study of that somewhat unlovely science, how to die. But the Angel of Mr Wells is not evangelical (in *that* sense of the word) at all. We do not know where the beautiful creature comes from—not from the heavens certainly, according to our idea of them,—from some supernatural place where there is nothing solemn or awe-inspiring, but only innocence and happiness—and where, a remarkable but ingratiating feature of so perfect a place, good English is spoken, with quite

idiomatic freedom and not even an accent. The vicar of the parish in which he is first seen, being an ornithologist, shoots, and hits in the wing and brings to earth, this radiant being; and when he has got him, is more seriously bewildered how to dispose of him than even the captor of the strangest bird of heaven ever was before. For nobody will believe that he is an angel. The doctor recognises the extraordinary malformation—one of the freaks of nature which it is so difficult to account for—which has taken the form of wings. The curate will not hear a word of him in that capacity. The ladies who catch a glimpse of him in his heavenly robes, before he and his wings are packed into the vicar's coat, flee from him as an improper female; the villagers pelt him with nuts and throw hot water over him. He plays the most heavenly music on the violin, but does not know what written music means, which ruins him in the estimation of the higher classes. What is to be done with him? The poor good vicar and the wandering visitor from the skies fall into the bewilderment of despair. The pity, and we think the mistake of it, is that there is really no one except the vicar and the poor little maid-servant, who falls foolishly in love with the kind, beautiful, young gentleman—who has either comprehension or sympathy for the Angel, which even in a hard material village, scarcely could have been the case: but probably this simplifies the tale and makes its unwinding less difficult. It is a curious sign of the times that there is no religious touch of any kind in the book. God, we think, is not even suggested, nor any of those

celestial occupations or surroundings with which we are accustomed to associate the idea. The Angel is a glorious creature, without guile, but we have no indication that he knows any secrets of the spheres. He is pure fantasy, a thing of air, piteous as his bright wings lose their colour and droop and dwindle, and as his guileless spirit is driven against the walls of earth, and feels itself shut in on every side. But the fancy is as beautiful as it is fantastic—gay and light and radiant, full of humour and amusing ingenuity—and the mystery and pathos of the conclusion is well managed, which was much more than was to be hoped for: for every one will allow that though it may be within the reach of a pleasant fancy to get an angel beguiled down to earth, it is a very much more difficult thing—almost impossible with any show of verisimilitude, or by any artifice that will not be too glaringly incomplete—to get him off the scene.

Angels, however, are unusual visitors, few and far between, and we must not be too exacting in our requirements in respect to them. Mr Wells' little book¹ is of no lofty or serious spirit, though the wonderful hero touches some springs of graver thought when misfortune comes. But we think he should on the whole have had a better reception in that village. To think the worst of our fellow-creatures is almost always justifiable by proof, and perhaps the pessimist is less often out in his facts than is the optimist. Still he is no more infallible than the other, which, despite all contradictions, remains in our opinion the better way.

¹ *The Wonderful Visit.* By H. G. Wells. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

No "affairs" in the world can be deemed "foreign" to the scattered but ubiquitous British empire, whose very nucleus is so placed that the mere feeding of the people depends on the political balance of the globe. The world is bound to us and we to the world in a network of arteries through which our very life-blood flows. Our strategists tell us—and may they never cease their monitions—that we are liable to the twin calamities of having our food-supply and our means of purchasing it simultaneously cut off. To provide against these dangers, we keep up a formidable navy as an elementary necessity. Thanks to tradition and incessant reiteration, this cardinal article of faith has touched the intelligence of our people, and every Government now knows that the nation will not for very long tolerate the neglect of the means of securing the freedom of its ocean-trade.

Naval supremacy, as the bed-rock of our foreign policy, can never, indeed, vary. But there is something amiss with us if we have too frequently to expose it to view. It betrays bad management if the schoolmaster is always exhibiting his birch; and we as a nation display great poverty of resource if we cannot discuss the questions which necessarily arise in the world without incontinently falling back on fundamentals. There should be some moderating medium between us and the *ultima ratio*. Having gold in the bank, our credit ought to be good enough to enable us to transact our daily business without laying the hard coin on the table.

The truth is, that of "policy"

we as a people, and even as a State, have but a crude conception, and we easily lose our way in the mazes of the balance of power. In the regions of what is called diplomacy rival Powers have generally the advantage of us, beating us in detail, because they are for the most part able to take at choice one point at a time, whereas we have to face a dozen ways at once. Again, matters which are to the British people almost affairs of life and death, are, by comparison, but recreation to other Powers; and therein lies a permanent source of weakness, which has been conspicuous for a hundred years. Having to weigh the important against the unimportant, we are too ready to secure the first by sacrificing the second. The world trades on our known habit of surrender in details; which was so well described by Mr Goschen a few years ago as our "squeezeability." By incessant nibbling at the fringe our enemies make in the aggregate great encroachments on our imperial integrity.

But such elements of known and unavoidable weakness ought in reason to be balanced by our putting our best political force into the department of Foreign Affairs. There was, indeed, a time when this was done, and British diplomacy was a real power. Are we living on the tradition of those older times, or is even the tradition fading? Avoiding invidious comparisons either of men or parties, it is yet impossible to escape the general conclusion that in the diplomatic field we are, as a rule, overmatched by our national rivals. The pro-

fession, no doubt, occasionally brings out and occasionally takes in a man of mark; but where are the successors of our Dufferins, Cromers, or Whites? The service clearly does not produce them. Confessedly the Foreign Office has not at the present moment a man capable of representing our interests in the Far East; while yet the system is so hidebound as to be apparently unable to admit the services of tried statesmen who have been trained in the best of all schools, India—the school best fitted to prepare men for the Farther East. When not acted on by some vitalising energy, the Foreign Office is but a machine which turns out articles of regulation pattern, and, like a good old clock, chimes out its K.C.B.'s with the regularity of the seasons. But the world is moving, and if our diplomatic forces are only marking time, they must assuredly be "left."

Not only the world at large, but our own national life, has so grown since the beginning of this century that those departments which, not participating in that movement, have got out of touch with the new life, are like a suit of clothes which has been outgrown, and cannot be donned without rending the seams. The "button" theory of diplomacy, so pleasantly expounded the other day by a veteran in the craft, is no doubt appropriate enough to a certain crystallised state of international society in which intercourse has become mellowed into a kind of afternoon tea. When sowing and reaping are the principal functions of life, the relations between country neighbours adjust themselves easily under the tacit sanctions of common law. But when new continents are discovered, or great upheavals derange the very watersheds, new

capacities are called into requisition. Tradition then becomes an incumbrance; originality is the quality in demand.

In the political cosmos such convulsions have actually taken place, and the "button" diplomacy has of course proved itself inadequate to cope with, or even to comprehend, the new conditions. Indeed, to ride Sir Edward Malet's metaphor a little further, while we are contemplating with satisfaction the neat array of brass buttons on our coat, our rivals are stripping theirs off, and tucking up their shirt-sleeves into the bargain. But our diplomacy makes no provision for the pioneer.

Neither the English nor any other people can possibly understand the springs and motives of foreign affairs, at least until they have become dried specimens—that is to say, matters of historical exposition. It is the prerogative of skilled and trained men to recognise history in the egg, and to control the flow of events, when as yet there is a scarce audible trickling at the source. And so long as Governments act out their responsibility, as the Russian and German Governments, for example, do, and as our own formerly did, and will, we hope, do again, the Foreign Office machinery, being directed by thinking minds, works efficiently. But the successive changes which have transformed the British from an aristocratic to a democratic Government seem to have deprived the Foreign Office of its natural inspiration. The department consequently presents at times the appearance of a limb from which the blood-supply has been cut off, but which is subject to violent galvanic action.

It is from the nature of the case impossible to test Sir E. Malet's estimate of the value of the ser-

vice, of which he is such an ornament, in warding off danger :—

“What’s done we partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted ;”

and until our Greville appears we can only in our ignorance give liberally the benefit of the doubt to the preventive services. Their failures are unfortunately conspicuous enough ; and if we range the Crimean war and some others under this, the cup of our diplomatic iniquity will be sufficiently full. Besides, in many other cases where the calamity of war has not ensued, national interests have again and again been surrendered through the *lâches* of our self-existent diplomacy. During the late Administration the paralysis of the department of Foreign Affairs, as well as the causes of it, were sadly exposed to the world. Two years ago, Siam, for example, and our interests generally in the trans-Burman regions, were surrendered to France for the avowed and only avowable reason that her Majesty’s Government had no mandate to defend them. So it comes to this, that the shepherd and his dog have no mandate to keep the wolf from the fold ! They must wait till the flock has been ravaged before the mandate can issue. In Armenia, on the other hand, where our interest was humanitarian or constructive, whence unbiassed information was not forthcoming, where the dangers of complication were frightful, the Foreign Office rushed in, boldly if blindly, with its firebrand among the powder-barrels. Why ? Because it had a mandate. From whom, our readers can no doubt guess, and they will pity Lord Rosebery, a man much sinned against.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. These general reflec-

tions on the present condition of our Foreign representation are naturally suggested by the exhibition it has been making of itself during the past two or three years. We refer more particularly and more confidently to its collapse in the affairs of the Far East, which have reached a definite point whence a retrospect may be taken without immature speculation on open questions. It is rare, indeed, that in international affairs cause follows effect so closely as to admit of a simultaneous view of both ; and deplorable as the upshot has been, it would be a pity that such an object-lesson should be allowed to pass unimproved.

When we consider how diametrically the East differs from the West, we need not wonder that the scheme of diplomacy evolved by the intercourse of Christian Europe should be utterly unsuited for any oriental field whatsoever. Training in European capitals, one would suppose, must be, so far as it goes, a positive disqualification for, say, Constantinople. The square man may do well in his round hole, but he must always be a misfit. But if the accepted rules of European intercourse be out of harmony with the middle East, how completely incongruous must it be in the Farther East ! The recent failure of our diplomacy in China is no new thing, but the exposure of what has been going on for over thirty years. And it would have gone on with the same vacuity of result for another thirty, if not interrupted by external commotion. Yet the system has not prevented the rise here and there of a *man* of whom his countrymen might be proud. No system can wholly suppress genius. The “man” pre-eminently of our Far Eastern records is Sir Harry Parkes—no Foreign Office gradu-

ate he—who played so essential a part in the creation of the empire of Japan that Japanese statesmen frankly admit that without him their national revolution could not have been accomplished. But even were another Parkes to arise in our day, he would be powerless; for his method was to act first and report afterwards, a procedure now rendered impossible by the telegraph.

Our diplomacy in China was doomed to failure from the time it was seen to be based on fiction instead of fact. It was a lever without a fulcrum. It had no resilient substance on which to operate. Dealing with the Tsungli Yamên was described many years ago by the American Minister, Mr Russell Young, as fighting with a feather-bed. Lord Elgin himself, the author of our Peking representation, declared the Government of China “yielded nothing to reason, but everything to fear.” Though this naked fact has been reiterated, after long experience, by successive Ministers to China, notably by Sir Rutherford Alcock, yet our plan of diplomacy, founded on the opposite hypothesis, continued undisturbed by facts. The error was as fundamental as if a ship’s compass pointed east when it should point north. Starting on a false course, every step of our progress in China has taken us farther astray. Every light followed has been an *ignis fatuus*, and such sporadic momentary attempts as have been made to break away from the thralldom of the false have been the spontaneous acts of individuals, only possible in pre-telegraphic days. China was received into the “comity of nations”; but while honours were lavished on her envoys in Europe, the Queen’s Ministers in China were begging in vain for the privilege of seeing the face of the

sovereign! Why, it is not yet three years since the British Minister, presumably under orders from home, broke with his colleagues and disowned the compact of his predecessor by accepting a *quasi-surreptitious* audience of Chinese Majesty under conditions deemed derogatory by the *corps diplomatique*,—that same Majesty which to-day has no alternative but to obey the nod of Russia. How rapidly does the whirligig of time sometimes bring its revenges! For it so happened that that act of alleged disloyalty to colleagues was specially resented by the representative of Russia, and was, in fact, the beginning of the estrangement between the two legations, which has been so efficient a factor in the ruin of British prestige.

Having accredited a diplomatist to a Court where there was no diplomacy, we were forced to fill the vacuum with shams and substitutes,—as the man who lets go his faith in heaven becomes the prey of every charlatan. For thirty years the British Government has listened only to those who were interested in misleading, and who, being interested, took pains to gain their ends. It disbelieved those who had no interest except plain dealing with plain facts, but who, finding truth unwelcome, kept silence. This is no paradox. The best of our representatives in China have chafed grievously under the yoke of the quack. Similar experience has no doubt been made with other parts of the world. Perhaps, indeed, it is the rule rather than the exception. Our present relations with another interesting country in the Far East are not above suspicion of the like taint, and the result can only be, as with China, prejudicial to both parties.

To do her Majesty's Government justice, however, they really had a policy in China. It was to safeguard one of our good markets, and to make friends of that empire with a view to eventualities—a good, sound, far-reaching policy. Unfortunately, however, the Government did not inform itself as to what was meant or implied by friendship with China, and were unhappy in their methods of pursuing it. Starting with the false assumption that China was a formidable Power, an assumption negated by our own experience as well as by information continuously supplied both by official and confidential agents, her Majesty's Government followed a course of conciliation which necessarily defeated its own ends. Everything was conceded to China, nothing taken in return. Chinese officials were permitted to invade our treaty rights almost at will. Without dwelling on the larger international transactions, such as the Burma and Thibet surrenders, our ordinary commercial rights conferred by treaty were disallowed by the Chinese, whenever it suited them, with scarcely a murmur of remonstrance on our part. Two instances will suffice to illustrate this.

By the Chefoo Convention of 1876 the important trade mart Chung-King in Western China was opened, and access to it authorised by means of steamers on the Upper Yangtze. An English company built a steamer expressly to ascend that river, but mandarin difficulties were thrown in her way, and correspondence ensued, with the inevitable result that Great Britain was bamboozled into virtually relinquishing the privilege. So completely, indeed, that a well-informed English writer lately announced to the

world that the port of Chung-King has been opened by Japan by her new treaty with China,—what Great Britain had done being as completely ignored as the legend on a tombstone overgrown with moss!

Another instance of our Government giving away the rights of our countrymen is of more recent occurrence. Under the treaty of 1858 every article of merchandise could be imported into China except war material. Among other things, machinery of all kinds had been regularly imported for fifty years for the operations of docks, shipbuilding-yards, and other industries. But there came a time when certain Chinese officials were persuaded that they could make money for themselves by spinning and weaving cotton, and thereupon they made the preposterous demand that the importation of such machinery by competing foreigners should be prohibited, on the ground that machinery was not specified in the treaty. It is well known that the Chinese officials who tried this on were laughing in their sleeves—that Li Hung-chang, to whom it was referred, wondered how long England would put up with this Chinese pretension. England did, in fact, put up with it altogether; and here again we had to wait for Japan to pull us out of the mire. Now we may import machinery, not in our own right, but indirectly under the ægis of the Japanese treaty.

These are but typical examples of the price we have been paying for the goodwill of the Chinese. And surely it does not need experience of Orientals to perceive that we were actually cutting the ground from under our own feet, earning not the respect but the contempt of China, and depreciating our potential value as an ally.

Of the consular officials who were made the instruments of this philandering policy, those who had a conscience for the national interest were in despair at the gratuitous Sinophilism of the Government, while those who were otherwise minded found an easy road to success in cooing over their inane work in the tone which is so dear to the permanent official. As for the Minister, under the existing *régime* China is to him but a stepping-stone in his journey heavenward, to be left and forgotten as quickly as may be.

The goal of the Government policy was never defined; but the idea had been set afloat that China and India, having, as it was argued, a common enemy, were natural allies. The idea itself was not irrational; but the Government never carried it beyond the nebulous stage. Between the conception and the realisation there was an immense chasm to be filled up, to which the Government contributed but a few spadefuls of earth,—such, for instance, as lending officers to the Chinese navy, and the occupation and subsequent surrender, to China, of Port Hamilton.

Neither had the Chinese, on their part, any clear intelligence on the subject, though they had a vague passive comprehension of the community of interest, and had a certain leaning towards England, if not as their natural protector, at least as the neighbour from whom they had least to fear.

Our high policy in Far Asia may thus be reduced to one article—to maintain China, including Korea, as a barrier against Russia. Military resistance on the Chinese side we of course knew to be out of the question. The published reports of expert travellers like Colonel Mark Bell, Captain Younghusband, and Russian military

explorers would have dispelled any illusion on that point, and it is reasonable to suppose the unpublished were yet more emphatic. Lord Wolseley's opinion of the future of China was formed not on military but psychological grounds; and its apparent falsification by events detracts in nothing from his judgment as a soldier.

In what manner, then, did we imagine that China and Korea were to bar the advance of Russia? To that question her Majesty's Government was too indolent to formulate any answer; and therein lies the secret of our discomfiture to-day. We would and we wouldn't. We raised the issue—going, in fact, much out of our way to do so—and we proved by our continuous sacrifices that we were deeply concerned in it; and then, when the decisive moment came, we ran away and left the solution of the question to the very Power against whom our occult efforts had been directed.

We have purposely laid as much stress as it would legitimately bear on the "system" of our foreign relations, for which neither individuals nor political parties need be held specifically responsible, in order that the blame for the action taken during the several crises of 1894 and 1895 might fall as lightly as possible on the officials directly implicated. As there are men who rise above creeds and systems, so there are men who fall below them, and the facts must show to which of the two classes our Foreign Office staff for the time being belonged. When the opportunity came for testing the stability of our high policy, we opposed a structure of lath-and-plaster to solid masonry. In June 1894 we occupied a finer vantage-ground for settling the affairs of

Asia to our liking than we could ever have dreamed of, which, from what looks uncommonly like perverse incapacity, we threw away. The tide flowed, but we missed it.

Let us briefly outline the course of events. Trouble was brewing in Korea, where the Japanese had been active, where the Government was as weak and corrupt as that of China itself. No one suspected the intention of Japan to invade Korea and China, though every one felt that the position was dangerous. What was the interest of Great Britain, then, if not to preserve the peace and the *status quo*, until at least some alternative could be devised? The King of Korea applied to his suzerain for military aid. But by the Convention of 1885 Japan had acquired an equal right with China to send troops into Korea. That it was hazardous under these circumstances for China to respond to the king's request, might have been understood by all. If China was at that time leaning on England for advice, it is pertinent to ask why we did not dissuade her from the Korean venture? The reason, of course, was that Russia filled our field of vision, and China's asserting herself in the Korean peninsula may have been countenanced as a measure for "heading off" a possible Russian interference in the cause of order. Japan clearly was not thought of as a factor in the problem. Hamlet was left out of the play.

The situation was wholly changed when Japan promptly sent to Korea an expedition of 8000 men against China's 2000, and direct to the capital instead of to the province where the disturbances had occurred. Then China did undoubtedly apply to Great Britain for advice, the response to which might have been

inferred from the character of Lord Rosebery's Government—it was inarticulate. The hour had indeed come, but not, unhappily, the man. A bold stroke, or even an audible note, at that critical moment, would in all probability have deflected the current of events to our advantage. Russia was more clear-sighted. She saw where her interests were threatened, and at once prepared to defend them step by step as necessity might arise. Receiving no light from Great Britain, China turned to Russia, where she found intelligent sympathy and contingent promises. Thus, in the very moment when, if ever, its value to us should have been realised, our whole Chinese barrier scheme melted into air—the phantom for which we had been sacrificing the ready cash of our rights and interests for many years.

The game was not even then irretrievable, for Russia was only too ready to co-operate with us in regulating the affairs of Far Asia. She was equally interested with ourselves in the maintenance of the *status quo*. The sole question, it must be remembered, that had been raised between China and Japan was the position of Korea; and there is good reason to believe that it could have been solved to the satisfaction of everybody by a scheme of neutralisation, under the protection of the interested Powers. That the elaboration of such a scheme would have presented many practical difficulties is true enough; but they would have been nothing to the difficulties that now confront the Powers which may ultimately have to solve the knotty problem. The one important difference to us is, that in the former case Great Britain would have been virtual arbiter, now it is Russia.

Why the incipient *entente* between Great Britain and Russia did not blossom into action is by no means clear to the public, neither do we pretend to be in the secret; but however cordial the relations between the Cabinets might have been, there would always have been the risk of their purposes being thwarted through the absence of a corresponding feeling between their agents. Taking its tone apparently from the press, her Majesty's Government seemed to consider that worrying Russia was the proper course to follow. But to warn China against the designs of Russia, while we ourselves had nothing to suggest, was obviously to exasperate while strengthening the influence of the latter Power, to drive her away from any understanding with us, and to throw her more unreservedly on the support of France, and ultimately of Germany also.

It is true that after thus surrendering China to Russia, her Majesty's Government did make efforts to preserve the peace, but in a pottering, perfunctory, heartless way, without mastery of the facts or comprehension of the forces that had been evoked. To speak plainly, we were consciously playing a losing game, the result a foregone conclusion. One act of real statecraft must, however, be credited to the Foreign Office, though the idea emanated from another quarter—the estuary of the Yangtze and the main arteries of our trade were exempted from the operations of the war.

Let us recall for a moment the actual position of Russia in the Far East. She possesses the northern zone of Asia to the Pacific Ocean. On her southern frontier are fertile lands occupied by industrious unwarlike races. Her population is increasing by leaps

and bounds. It needs but a glance at the map to convince any one that the sheer force of gravity must bring that population to the green pastures and open water that lie southward. Northern China—that is, Manchuria—has indeed been tacitly assigned to her by universal opinion as her natural inheritance; Korea also, with the sole reservation that Japan may dispute it with her. Russia herself, we may be sure, is not less alive to her manifest destiny than the newspaper press. But Russia is never in a hurry. She has but to go on growing and her possessions fall in in the fulness of time, as meteoric stones fall in to the body of our planet. Consequently, in her dealings with China, Russia has been gentle, as careful to avoid quarrels as we have been, and much more successful. Never foregoing her rights, as our method has been, but gradually acquiring new ones, Russia has been imperceptibly tightening her grip, while yet conducting all her intercourse *à l'aimable*. Had she contemplated any premature violence to the sovereignty of China for the sake of obtaining an open seaport, she would have been held back by fear of rousing Great Britain. By biding her time she seems to have been able to eliminate this country as an element in her calculations.

With regard to Korea the position was somewhat complicated by the ill-defined attachment of that kingdom to China. There was doubtless a time when Russia did cast her eyes on the convenient harbours of the peninsula; and she took pains to make her future path thitherward easy by conciliating the Korean people, and by a very quiet kind of political propaganda. She so far succeeded by her mild benevolence that if the population were polled to-day they would to

a man vote for Russian domination, if they must be severed from China. But a change came over Russia's views respecting Korea about ten years ago. The sudden occupation of the island harbour of Port Hamilton by Great Britain in 1885 was accepted by Russia as an intimation that she would not be allowed a free hand in Korea. It was like a word to the wise. Russia revised her estimate of the situation, and her strategists reported that, owing to the innumerable good harbours with which the coast is indented, the possession of Korea could not be maintained against a naval Power, except at a cost not to be dreamed of. Thereupon the energy of Russian defence was concentrated on Vladivostock, which had been neglected for some time while prospecting for a southerly port was going on; and in a few years it was raised to the rank of a first-class fortress. The change, not of policy, but of the immediate objective, was set out in this Magazine two years ago,¹ before there was any question of a Far Eastern war. It is therefore no afterthought. Within the last three years powerful ice-breakers have been employed in the harbour, at first with moderate, but latterly with great success, and Vladivostock is now kept open to navigation throughout the winter. Russia had thus made herself independent of an open-water port when, by a war which she would have prevented if she could, Korea has been virtually brought within her grasp. Since the resolution was taken to strengthen Vladivostock, Russia's policy towards Korea had been passive, but watchful. She had a distinct though unwritten understanding

with China to the effect that Korea would be left exactly as it was unless some other Power—England understood—chose to disturb the equilibrium, in which case Russia would assume liberty of action.

Whatever, therefore, might be thought of the ultimate destiny of Russia, or whatever the hopes or plans of her statesmen might actually be, her policy in Far Asia, for the time being—which is as wide a range as statesmen usually occupy themselves with—was essentially conservative. Russia acquiesced in existing facts, respected the views of Great Britain, and was prepared at a given moment to come to some terms of accommodation with her respecting their several spheres of influence.

Such was the attitude of Russia when Japan sprung her great surprise on the world in the summer of 1894. We need not concern ourselves with the motives of the war, about which the apologists of Japan are in hopeless disagreement, while Japan herself wisely lets her dogs bark but keeps her own counsel. The motives concern Japan; the fact concerns us. The invasion of Korea at once shifted the centre of gravity in Eastern Asia, and forcibly upset the Russo-Chinese understanding. Russia alone, being most directly concerned, realised from the opening the significance of the Japanese gambit. Like a chess-player whose queen is unexpectedly threatened, she had to make sacrifices to defend the piece, and if possible to turn the tables on her assailant. Russia's procedure in the circumstances thus suddenly created was marked by the consistency and absence of flurry which distinguishes her whole diplomacy.

¹ See 'Maga,' September 1893, "Balance of Power in Eastern Asia."

First one representation, then a second, by direct order of the Tsar, was made to Japan, in which Russia laid down her position in language not to be misconstrued, and from which she has not flinched by a hair's-breadth. Japan was informed that her occupation of any part of the Asiatic main would not be tolerated.

It was at this juncture, a clear month before hostilities broke out, when nobody was as yet compromised, that a golden opportunity was offered to Great Britain to raise a voice potential. Everybody was willing. A conference between the four Powers—Russia, China, Japan, and England—could have settled the affairs of Korea to the nominal and official satisfaction of all parties. China, it is certain, was growing sick of the peninsula, which was not only an unremunerative burden, but a chronic source of danger: Japan wanted to free Korea from her Chinese vassalage; Great Britain and Russia, unable to preserve the *status quo*, would have obtained the next best thing, Korea severed from China, and neutralised under international guarantee. We have no desire to disparage the efforts which were actually made to patch up the quarrel which was brewing between Japan and China, but they were timid and superficial, as might have been expected of a Cabinet which had more than it could do to patch up its own domestic quarrels. The word of power, the note of sincerity, were wholly wanting.

Japan then, disregarding the warning of Russia, proceeded to occupy and to administer Korea and the Liao-tung peninsula beyond, and Russia, as necessity demanded, mustered her forces to resist the annexation. This has

been stigmatised as an unfair wresting of the fruits of victory from Japan,—as if Russia, or any other Power for that matter, had not the same right to take territory from Japan by force as Japan had to take territory from China by the same means. The upshot of the whole matter is, that Japan relinquishes both Liao-tung and Korea; that Russia by sheer force of circumstances finds herself virtual Protector of China; and that henceforth the will of the Tsar is the unwritten law of that empire.

A strange commotion has recently been raised throughout the world by the public statement of these obvious facts in a concrete form. A secret treaty, it has been alleged, gives Russia the right to carry the Siberian railway by a short cut across Manchuria, and to bring it out at an open harbour in the Gulf of Pechili. Why should Russia have resorted to such a formality, since Manchuria and the Gulf of Pechili are virtually at her disposal? Nay, with Cossacks in Peking—be they 200 (nominal) or 2000—Russia, unless other Powers intervene, will hold in her hand the one bond of authority which holds China together—the Emperor.

Such, then, is the situation which our happy-go-lucky diplomacy has contributed so largely to bring about. So far from hindering Russia, we have, by incessantly snapping at her heels and flourishing our hostility which was absolutely impotent, provoked her to aggressions which she perhaps never contemplated. Our defeat in the financial campaign, where, if anywhere, we should have been strong, has been as signal as in the pseudo-diplomatic field. It would take more than a Magazine article to expose it, and for our own part we should prefer that it were

buried. The result is only too palpable: we have, by ill-luck or worse management, permitted China to go into pawn to Russia, to the great peril of our commerce.

The reflection must suggest itself to any impartial observer of the phenomena we have touched upon, that if Great Britain had either not the will or the power to keep Russia from the coast of China, she might at least have made a little capital out of her assent, and bargained for a *quid pro quo* which would have relieved India from the crushing burden of her defence. But what does the Foreign Office know or care about India?

Of late our anti-Russian press has changed its tune, and we are now deafened with the chorus of proposals to come to an understanding with Russia respecting Eastern Asia. An excellent idea, were it not an anachronism. If we are frivolous, other Great Powers are not. Alliances do not hang like Christmas turkeys in a poulterer's shop at the call of the first bidder. It had been wiser to agree with our adversary while we were in the way with him, to offer a compromise while the issue was still doubtful—in a word, to bargain while we had something in hand to trade with. Russia has intimated to us clearly that we are too late with our proffer of friendship, for that she has got all she wants without us. Nevertheless, she may still be willing to pay something were it but to legitimise her *de facto* possessions, and Lord Salisbury may thus be able to turn to some account the wreckage of policy which he has inherited.

Of the alliance or friendship with Japan it seems opportune to say a word. There is, unfor-

tunately, no evidence to show that it was entered into with any adequate consideration of the conditions essential to any such agreement. Not to mince words, it was as lightly entered on as the *liaison* with China was lightly abandoned. The connection was not only too sudden to be solid, but it has besides the vices of a *mariage de dépit*, that seed-bed of bitter fruit. It has been described as a "flirtation"; but flirtations are dangerous where one party understands one thing and the other another. True friendship with Japan, or an understanding or alliance based on a clear recognition of common interests and on mutual confidence, would be most welcome. But that is hardly our present case, for Japan expects us to do for her, and we her for us, what neither has any intention of doing. Events move so rapidly that we are already, in fact, in a position to judge a little by results. Have we aided Japan to retain Liao-tung or Korea? That is a crucial question. Is it not rather the fact that the recent strengthening of the position of Russia in East Asia is one of the consequences of the *rapprochement* between Great Britain and Japan?

When the three Powers intervened to modify the treaty of Shimonoseki, a time of dangerous tension ensued, scarcely realised by the world at large, and concerning which the English press was unaccountably reticent. So near, indeed, was war between Russia and Japan, in the first week of May last, that the Russian fleet which was assembled in Chefoo harbour spent several days in landing spars, sails, rope, cabin-fittings, and all combustible material, in painting the ships invisible grey, and making ready for immediate action. (Making free use, be it observed in pass-

ing, of a Chinese port, without any treaty, secret or other.) A portion of the Japanese press affected to jeer at these "demonstrations"; but their Government was wiser. Japan unconditionally relinquished Liao-tung, while Russia, though unpledged, volunteered the assurance that she would not herself lay a hand on the territory. Thus peace was secured,—the evacuation of Korea having been understood between Japan and Russia from the beginning of the war.

But mark the sequel. Japan did not evacuate Liao-tung—in fact she sent reinforcements there; while she made greater efforts than ever to subjugate Korea. She declared at the same time through her press organs that she would accept no money compensation for her promised evacuation of Liao-tung. This announcement was made in a tone as if only enemies and detractors could attribute such mercenary motives to Japan. Yet what do we find six months after these emphatic declarations? Not only that Japan accepts pecuniary compensation, but drives a very hard bargain indeed with the three Powers before she will carry out her undertaking to abandon Liao-tung. The consequence of this action is plain enough. The reluctance of Japan to evacuate Liao-tung and Korea compelled Russia not only to maintain but to increase her forces thereabouts, and to keep them ready for action during six months at a distance from their base. Nothing could have brought home more forcibly to Russia the need of open harbours. The change in the situation naturally freed Russia from her self-denying ordinance respecting the territory, for the necessities of war would have compelled her to make free use of such seaports or lines of communication as might be

available. How very little this has been realised in this country was shown in the sudden revulsion in our press utterances. Not many weeks ago we were scoffing at Russia's presumed impotence as against Japan because she had no ports. Then we become suddenly excited over the announcement that Port Arthur had been ceded to her. Ceded or not ceded, Port Arthur and much more convenient ports, of which nothing is said, are at the disposal of Russia whenever she has need of them.

Most interesting to inquire, What is the history of this change of front on the part of Japan? Great Britain is credited with being in the confidence of Japan, and is naturally debited with her proceedings, as one partner is responsible for the acts of another. It was admittedly by the advice of Great Britain that Japan yielded to the demand of the three Powers. By whose advice, then, did Japan hang back from the fulfilment of her undertaking? That will be an important question for both countries, for once they fairly realise how Russia has been drawn into the two peninsulas by their joint efforts—if they were joint—the gross and grievous failure in the joint policy must inevitably lead to recriminations.

The only tangible service which Great Britain has been able to render to Japan in connection with the war has been in the extraction of a war indemnity large enough to prevent China from raising either a land or a sea force, and to keep her in potential bankruptcy. It was Great Britain that first undertook to prepare China for an enormous indemnity, when as yet the war was in full progress. And it was the English press which, months before Japan had opened her lips, wrote up the large

indemnity which China would have to pay, the journals vieing with each other in pitching the amount at ever-increasing figures. So the big indemnity was in everybody's mouth, and circulated round the world, and when the time came the Japanese negotiators found their task easy, the ground having been so well prepared for them.

We are now circumstantially informed that the indemnity taken from China is to be employed by Japan in preparing for a war of revenge against Russia. Here, then, is another question for this country, Are we ready to back Japan in a war which would be not against Russia, but Europe? If not, what is our friendship worth to Japan, or hers to us?

Let both countries beware of coquetting with matters of such portentous significance, but weigh well the consequences of their teatable prattle.

This stepping down of Great Britain from the highest to the lowest place among the nations having interests in the Far East—What is its true import? We cannot believe it to be part and parcel of the national decadence which both friends and foes predicate of us, but only a temporary lapse, for we are rich in men ready for and capable of any enterprise. It is, however, high time for a strong Government to pull itself together and make a manly effort to save one of our most promising markets.

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